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PHOTOPLAY

JULY
25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada



MARION
DAVIES

**Hysterical
Honeymoons of Hollywood**

She couldn't

BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

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

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

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

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

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . .?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

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

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

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

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

Are you sure about yourself?

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

Its commonest cause is ferment-



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

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

Why Listerine deodorizes

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

odors themselves.

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

Even the onion yields

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

-and even the ONION yields to it!

What a FOOL She is!



She GETS A GRAND TAN . . . BUT REVEALS DINGY TEETH, TENDER GUMS . . . SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young woman should look at her teeth in a clear mirror in bright sunlight! Then she would understand why the dental profession lays so much stress on massage of the gums. Her teeth are dingy because her *gums* need attention!

Dental science explains that since coarse, raw foods have given place to soft, creamy foods—the gums suffer. They tend to become sluggish, and often so tender that they bleed a little—a condition known as "pink tooth brush."

If you want to make certain that your teeth shine out brilliantly, try

massaging your gums every time you clean your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in rousing circulation through the gums. And as your gums become firmer and healthier, not only do your teeth look brighter, but you are safer from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. You need have no worries about "pink tooth brush." And your teeth *themselves* are safer.

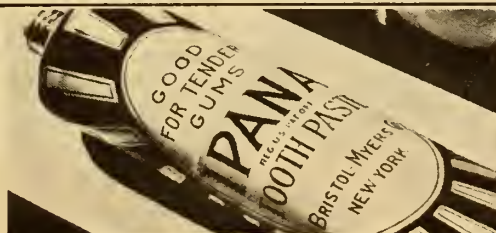
Professional Opinion says:

- From a work on dental health
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- By a director of a dental clinic
"A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- From a dental authority
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

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

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as Alice. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admiral G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (Jan.)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (Jan.)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kerk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Pater-son, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

Gold Medal Balloting

for the best picture released during 1933 is an avalanche!

Because of the remarkable nation-wide interest, the voting time has been extended.

Watch the August issue of

PHOTOPLAY

for further announcement.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (April)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (Jan.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by rail-road magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (Jan.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society debut. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal adviser. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

GRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (Jan.)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (Jan.)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

As always - Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now.



KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

in "D R . M O N I C A"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR * WARREN WILLIAM * VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture

The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

I have noticed an elderly, aristocratic woman attending the theater almost as regularly as I, and that is every time the picture changes.

She enters the theater grimly, almost sneeringly. During the cartoons she wears the perpetual expression of one scandalized. During the newsreel she relaxes somewhat to the normalcy of outrage slightly appeased.

Then the "main picture." As the drama unfolds she becomes but a woman—human—living every moment with the heroine. Her shell of dignity and poise is forgotten. Tears are unchecked. Her hands are tense and restless.

And then it is over. Her hour of life is done. She realizes she is in a public theater. In confusion she banishes all trace of such "wanton expressions of emotion," rises from her seat once more the austere, severe critic. She has had her hour of reprieve.

MILDRED W. FUTCHS, Wilmington, N. C.

THE \$10 LETTER

"Last half of the ninth inning, folks. With two men on base, two out and the score is tied. Let's see who's coming up to bat. The Babe! Looks like a home run. It is a home run! And the game is over."

It might have been Ted Husing himself giving a newsreel announcement of a World Series baseball game, but it was only a twelve-year-old boy astride a huge electric sign, watching two high school teams.

The girl standing just below might have been a Hollywood star. Hair becomingly set, a swagger suit worn with all the style of Kay Francis, and a carriage that was suggestive of Norma Shearer.

Watching the boy and this high school sophomore, I realized what it is that gives the youngsters of today such poise and sophistication. Through films they have become intimately acquainted with fascinating people who have charm and personality to such a marked degree that we eagerly pay for the privilege of being hypnotized by it.

CARRIE HICKMAN, Brunswick, Ga.

THE \$5 LETTER

Just think what a wave of good manners would sweep over the country if some producer should make a series of shorts called "Etiquette of the Table," "Etiquette of the Dance," "Etiquette of the Wedding." And one on "Etiquette of the Theater" wouldn't be a bad idea. I, for one, would see every picture in such a series.

And don't you think some of Sylvia's articles would make good shorts? Many of us listen better with our eyes and ears working together.

R. M. GRACE, Halifax, N. S.

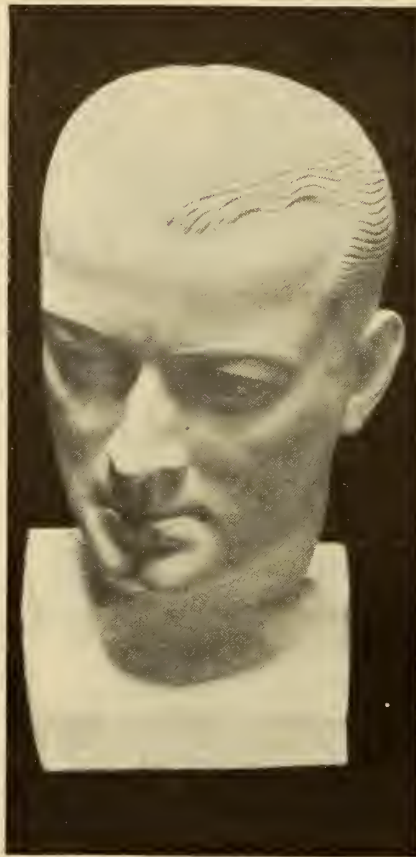
HEAR YE, THEATER MANAGERS

I am "hard of hearing," and until the talkies came in, movies were my greatest pleasure.

But the talkies changed that, as I could not hear all the dialogue.

Then a local theater came to the rescue with an ear phone reserved section. What a blessing!

MRS. JULIA RONNE, Seattle, Wash.



Study of Richard Barthelmess by Ricardo. One reader, referring to article in June issue, says "Dick is more like Napoleon than any of the men who have been considered for the part"

IS the Garbo-Hepburn battle over, or has it really just begun?

The referees decline to name a winner. Rather, they would set each on high to be worshipped as "champion" of her special style.

Is there, then, room for two thrones in the Kingdom of Make-Believe?

Look back at illustrations on "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners," in June issue. Compare Barthelmess' features with the emperor's. Do you, too, see a resemblance? And what of Dick's ability? But perhaps you've another candidate in mind.

Loud cheers continue to resound from all sides for "It Happened One Night."

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 fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

GARBO AND HEPBURN

What could be more beautiful than the picture of Garbo with the luscious grapes poised above her lips—or what could be more heavenly than Hepburn's voice?

We do not say that the petal of the rose is more wonderful than the song of the lark.

From now on, let's say "Garbo and Hepburn" instead of Garbo vs. Hepburn.

L. M. DAVIS, Boston, Mass.

Do we compare the glorious sun to the pale, enchanting moon? Then why the scintillating Hepburn to the mystic Garbo? Both possess their allotted places in the film firmament; both shine therefrom with individual brilliance and power.

Each inimitable star will continue to shine forth from her particular stellar eminence—undimmed by "odious comparisons."

MRS. FRANK KLOHS, El Paso, Texas

How futile is the argument over Garbo and Hepburn, yet how interesting and self-revealing. One cannot compare them. Both are great. Both have the ability of touching the divine spark of creative power so completely that the audience forgets the personality of the actress and is "one" with the character portrayed.

Garbo is the well-seasoned actress in full possession of her powers. Hepburn is not as well-seasoned yet, but just as much of a genius. Our personal likings are what make us say we like one more than the other.

EMEROI C. STACY, Portland, Ore.

GOOD TEAM-WORK

I have always thought George Raft just a clever gangster type—Carole Lombard a glorified, gaspy doll, but after seeing them in "Bolero," I humbly acknowledge my mistake.

They had the power to make me forget they were acting. Maybe it's the savage lurking in most of us—possibly those drums—sobbing, throbbing. While on the stage the most beautiful dance ever screened held me enchanted.

JANE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles, Calif.

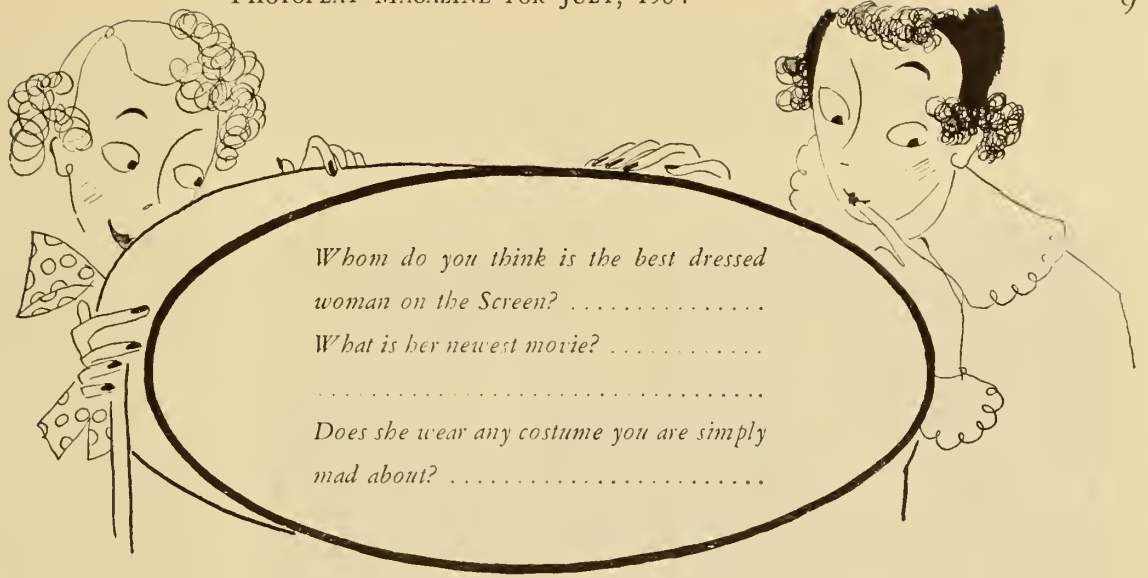
A REAL SERVICE

It was consoling indeed to this pessimist to see the effect a picture like "It Happened One Night" had upon an average audience.

Every girl pictured herself as the charming, young heiress (Claudette Colbert) in love with that lovable scamp of a newspaper man (Clark Gable) in whose shoes every man would liked to have been.

What a relief! Whew! It seems to me that if a movie can put so many people in a good

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Well, nine chances out of ten
 you can get the twin of that very costume in

BAMBERGER'S CINEMA SHOP



● and nowhere else in New Jersey. For Bamberger's Cinema Shop (barely a year old) has already become a mecca for smart photoplay-goers. They find there the newest clothes worn in the newest pictures by the fashion-leaders of the screen. Approved by Photoplay's Fashion Editor, they find each enchanting garment tagged with the name of the star and the picture in which she wears the original. And they find them the very week that the picture opens on Broadway! The Cinema Shop is on Bamberger's third floor. Photoplay cordially urges you to visit it early and often.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.—One of America's Great Stores—Newark, New Jersey

If You Have a Boost or a Knock, Register It Here

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



Wealthy Claudette Colbert and reporter Clark Gable have certainly got tongues wagging over their work in "It Happened One Night!"

mood, it has been of service in promoting a new optimistic outlook among American people.

LENORE M. TOBIAS, New York, N. Y.

I OFFER YOU

Congratulations Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. "It Happened One Night" brings my whole-hearted applause.

It happened one Saturday afternoon for me, however. I came out of the theater singing the praises of the new Clark Gable and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." I advised everyone I met to see the picture and have never seen more beaming countenances or heard more pleasing impressions carried away from a picture play. The entire company was splendid and, of course, that goes for the director and author, too.

LOUISE L. LOOMIS, Indianapolis, Ind.

CLAPPING FOR CLARK

This afternoon I saw Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

This time I went to blame, but I have come away loudly praising. There's a new Clark Gable! A sincere, funny, friendly, human person—the sort we like to meet and know. Why, he didn't even appear to mind having his hair mussed up!

Please—won't the producers give us more of this new Clark Gable? We like our movie heroes handsome, but we like 'em human, too.

MARY C. BROWN, Birmingham, Ala.

WELL DONE

I find that the Athenians miss the old Westerns, but enjoy the other films almost as well. Of course, the audience does not

understand the talking. But seems to enjoy the show just as much. Which proves that the superb acting in our films is sufficient to bring out every thought without words.

BASIL G. SHROPULOS, Athens, Greece.

A TRANSFORMATION

The shades are carefully pulled down, and the door is locked. She is ready for bed, but sleep is impossible. From beneath her pillow, she pulls a copy of PHOTOPLAY. As she glances through the pages, an idea comes to her.

Sleep is forgotten as she sits before her

mirror and applies the make-up with care. Now for the hair. She refers to the beauty pages many times. There! It is fixed just like her favorite star's. Can this be the same woman who was so weary an hour ago?

ANN OSBORNE, Wrangell, Alaska

MADE—A NEW FRIEND

I am a junior high school student. Recently I was asked to lead a Girl Reserve meeting on the subject of movies.

It would take too long to review all our topics, but the last one we discussed was movie magazines. At this point one of the teachers said, "I had never read a movie magazine until I was preparing for this meeting. Then I decided that instead of just blindly condemning them I would see what they were really like. I did—and now I want to say that I think movie magazines have a real value as a guide to current pictures.

"I have always believed in movies as an educational medium and the best way to choose the good from the bad is to take the authority of a reliable magazine."

PHOTOPLAY was voted the "best."

LOUISE GERHART, Houston, Texas

JOAN AND FRANCHOT

So, Joan Crawford's latest picture is "Sadie McKee," with Franchot Tone. I anticipate a splendid acting job and know this team will come through with flying colors.

HELEN O'BRIEN, Kansas City, Mo.

For once, adjectives fail me. The reason for my enthusiasm is that delightful actor, Franchot Tone.

His performance in "Moulin Rouge" is something to stand up and cheer about. Franchot is a true sophisticate, with a great deal of charm, poise.

His splendid speaking voice is one of his most valuable assets.

MURIEL MARKS, New York, N. Y.



Everyone's anxious to get a look in at Crawford's "Sadie McKee." Franchot Tone's being teamed with Joan makes things about perfect

YES, PRONTO!

Something must be done about the ravishing Constance Bennett! She really is fascinating. In "Moulin Rouge" Connie had a chance to show her great acting ability. Let's have more of her excellent work! Pronto!
DOROTHY SCOTT, Sayre, Okla.

A "CALL TO ARMS"

Hear ye! Hedda Hopper devotees! Let's get together and do our durndest for Hedda! Hedda is one of the few "old timers" who has really "weathered the storm of time," and is still a favorite. She is commended highly whether her rôle is big or small.
WENDELL GULDIN, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THE POWER BEHIND THE FILM

As a welfare worker, I often come in contact with prison matrons and attendants. An attendant told me recently that on the day following the weekly movie at one of our state prisons, the attitude of the whole convict family was changed. They were easier to control, better satisfied with conditions and happier at their work. Let's give all shut-ins more movies. Whole-some pictures of life, with humor, hope and encouragement. I say, "On with the movies!"
ELEANOR BERNARD, Raleigh, N. C.

BETTER HURRY!

Five miles out of this city, there is the Carpenters' Home—a magnificent miniature city in itself. Men come from all over the United States to spend their reclining days. They are treated royally, given every entertainment. I believe they enjoy most the Tuesday night "talkie." And who do you think is their favorite? Did you say Mae West? Right! Something must be done about it, and I suggest that you send West East, before these Easterners all go West.
M. LOUISE GODDARD, Lakeland, Fla.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Once a handsome hero favorite of silent pictures, Conway Tearle has turned to character rôles. He is featured in "Stingaree"

IM BORED AND LONESOME. LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE PAPER TONIGHT

ANOTHER LIFEBOUY AD. I ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."

HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM COLUMN... LETTER FROM A GIRL SIGNED "LONESOME. NO FRIENDS, NO DATES, WONDERS WHY. MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!"

WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."... EASY TO OFFEND... FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES...

JUST WHAT THE LIFEBOUY ADS. HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I BEEN FOOLING MYSELF BY DISREGARDING THEM? I'D BETTER GET LIFEBOUY AND PLAY SAFE

A DAILY HABIT NOW

WHAT A GRAND BATH! OCEANS OF LATHER AND HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBOUY ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL

Popularity comes

WHEN "B.O." GOES

LOVE TO GO, TOM, BUT MAKE IT NEXT WEEK I'M ALL DATED UP THIS WEEK!

YOU'RE GETTING SO POPULAR A FELLOW HAS TO STAND IN LINE TO GET A DATE

HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT. THAT'S ANOTHER WAY LIFEBOUY'S HELPED ME!

LIFEBOUY fairly showers benefits upon its users. It gives quantities of rich, creamy lather whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft. It guards daintiness—protects against "B.O." (body odor)—aids the complexion. Gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—brings new radiance.

Danger months here

Hot days make us perspire more freely. Others are quick to notice the merest hint of "B.O." Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you its refreshing lather gives extra protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]



Folks have naught but praise for young Tom Brown. And their plea is that the boy be given his rightful place in the movie sun—a spot truly worthy of his unusual talent

HEAR THAT, TOM?

Isn't it about time that the superlative talents of young Tom Brown be accorded greater recognition?

This boy has given an outstanding performance in every picture in which he has appeared. In my opinion, he is one of the finest artists on the screen today, for his work is consistently good.

EMILY RICHARDS, Los Angeles, Calif.

ACTION WITH THE WORDS

The miracle of the talking screen was aptly demonstrated in the case of a friend, recently immigrated from Poland. Six months ago his efforts to master English caused me to take a few helpful steps.

I secured an English text book, and a child's primer, but soon found that words of more than one syllable taxed his power to enunciate. Accidentally, we stumbled across a solution.

Emerging from his first "talkie," my friend spoke correctly several three and four syllable words which had been used by the characters on the screen. To me it was a revelation.

The drama enacted before his eyes had given those words unforgettable depth and meaning.

GERALD J. LANE, Indianapolis, Ind.

"NAPOLEON'S GHOST"

I am greatly interested in Winifred Aydelotte's article in your June issue, titled "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners."

Why Richard Barthelmess has been overlooked as a possibility for the rôle of Napoleon, is beyond me. Certainly in stature and appearance Dick is more like the famous emperor than any of the men who have been considered for the part. And I feel sure he would give an outstanding performance. So I register a plea that his studio give Richard Barthelmess the break he deserves. He will not fail!

MAY MARSHALL, Baltimore, Md.

In spite of Edward G. Robinson's anxiety to play Napoleon, which prompted him to read extensively on the life of the Little Corporal, and his being just the right height, a certain vital something is lacking. And this entirely aside from the fact that Hollywood experts have had so much difficulty in making him up for Napoleonic screen tests.

Of the men mentioned in your June PHOTOPLAY article, my vote goes to either Charlie Chaplin or Richard Barthelmess.

ROBERT FIELDSTON, Portland, Me.

GARBO, TRIUMPHANT

The Beaux Arts Ball held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, was a brilliant event—gay costumes formed a kaleidoscope against a background of silver.

Ermine and pearls, purple and gold brought no prize to the feet of lovely Marie Antoinette, Victoria the Good, or Queen Elizabeth. But Queen Christina, disguised as a Swedish peasant youth in a black velvet suit with stiff white collar, was crowned winner. When the mysterious one took her bow we cheered, our admiration overwhelming our envy. Miles away from the great cinema center Garbo had scored again!

MOYNA KANE, Goderich, Ont., Canada

EXCELLENT IDEA

You make it easy for your readers to unfasten the staples that bind PHOTOPLAY, slip out the pages of the absorbing new serial, "I Want a Baby," and grip them in a spring binder, so that they may have the completed story for their bookcases.

For several years I have been saving all the portraits that appear in your popular magazine. And now I have two big books of beautiful treasured portraits of the stars.

V. BELGARBO, Chicago, Ill.

A GRAND OLD LADY

Bring me wagons, trucks and baggage cars. I long to fill them with the earth's most aromatic blossoms to pile in admiration at the feet of Henrietta Crosman. To no one would I contribute my posies with a less beatific feeling.

Could there be more? Oh, yes! Last night I saw Miss Crosman as the lovable, attractive matchmaker in "3 On a Honeymoon" overshadow the younger stars and—oh, steadily do her glories mount.

RUBY M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.



With only "Melody in Spring" to his film credit, handsome Lanny Ross of radio fame is already monarch of many feminine hearts. That is, if "Bouquets" from our readers tell any tale

KING OF HEARTS

I have just seen that magnificent musical production, "Melody in Spring," with Lanny Ross.

He is one of the most handsome men on the screen.

Besides, his voice seems to send a thrill through your whole body, and his personality is overwhelming.

KATHERINE FORD, Chicago, Ill.

DUST OFF THE OLD REELS

The other evening I had a very pleasant surprise. Besides the feature picture at our local theater, there was shown a film of 1915 vintage.

It was an old silent, and regardless of jerky sequences I enjoyed it one hundred per cent. The characters' emotions, their clothes, the plot—all tickled my fancy. And I wasn't alone in my amusement.

If producers would resurrect those old "silents" and dish them out to us as present day shorts, how much better they would be than the so-called comedies offered now.

We might not know the stars of '15, but we would enjoy their efforts.

MAEBELLE E. WATTS, Miami, Fla.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (Jan.)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (Jan.)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (Jan.)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (Jan.)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

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FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he hoards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society. Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GUN JUSTICE—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old lokum. (Jan.)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (Jan.)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Anne MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (Jan.)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lillian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for miffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakery, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (Jan.)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (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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★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (Jan.)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (Jan.)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga-film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelvetees has done. Exciting. (Jan.)

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. So simple. So quick. It leaves no trace of hair. It is ideal for face, arms, legs and underarms. Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, ZIP acts immediately and brings lasting results. Why delay? Use ZIP, which permanently destroys hair

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The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]



THE WELCOME MAT IS OUT

After what seems an eternity, Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, our wish has been granted. You are teamed once again.

Why such an inspiring, romantic pair was ever separated on the screen has remained a mystery.

Certainly neither of you has enjoyed the success of co-starring days. But then, I suppose even Hollywood must live and learn.

We welcome you back Janet and Charlie in "Change of Heart." Your loyal followers have eagerly awaited this day of happy reunion.

BERTHA REXFORD, Washington, D. C.

BET YOU CAUGHT THE GERM, TOO

I invented a new game yesterday. Shortly before two o'clock I watched the crowd going into our local theater. Happening to pass the theater around five, I waited to see if I could catch any of the same faces coming out. So many of the in-goers had shown fatigue, and I was curious to see if I could observe any change.

And there was! It was uncanny. I saw at least a dozen that I remembered. And their faces were still alight with the merriment of the glorious picture they had witnessed.

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH, Ottawa, Canada

RAH FOR WESTERNS!

A man beset by worries all day and in need of relaxation chooses a Western in preference to heavy drama. Open air life, astonishing athletic feats, superb horsemanship all have an exhilarating attraction for the average movie-goer who dwells in an apartment the year around.

Plots are simplicity itself, wherein hero and villain are unmistakably defined. Dialogue is comprehensible, action predominates, scenic beauty is inspiring.

W. L. KRING, Hoopston, Ill.

Everyone is eager to see Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in "Change of Heart," their first new co-starring film. It's easy to tell from the volume of mail that there has been no "change of heart" on the part of their devotees

"Let's have more of her excellent work," cries go up in the Constance Bennett camp. "Pronto!" And, as though in answer, "Affairs of Cellini," her next with Fredric March and Frank Morgan, the latter as Duke of Florence, is announced

LET ARTISTRY RULE

I wonder how many of us give a moment's thought to those unsung performers who really make the picture—the supporting players.

Critics may rave over the Barrymores, the Dresslers, the Garbos, and the Hepburns, but what about the long list of players whose names never appear in electric lights?

Year after year they continue giving artistic and satisfying performances, each lending his bit to the pictures. The star system seems to be on the wane and rightly so. Let more attention be paid to turning out an artistic production and less to providing a vehicle in which an individual star can shine.

KENNETH WRIGHT, Hastings, Neb.

CHILDREN'S MATINEE

Every Saturday afternoon a children's movie program is presented in our suburban theater. It is an innovation which I believe should be used over the entire country. What a thrill for a child to be told he can go to see his very own entertainment!

This keeps the child's mind bright and happy, and provides a wholesomeness which is his birthright. And because we can't keep the children away from the movies, selected programs would solve a great problem for the nation's mothers.

J. B. B., Cincinnati, Ohio

WE HOPE IT WON'T

I am a school teacher and am sponsoring a club for girls of adolescent age. A feature of our weekly programs is a discussion of current



films, analyzing them in every department—production, story, cast, cinematography.

Realizing that it is virtually impossible to forbid certain pictures to youngsters, teachers are now trying to educate the tastes and raise the standards of children to a point where they themselves will discriminate in favor of the better productions.

Of course, it is impossible for me to see all the pictures seen by seventy-five girls, and yet I must be ready for questions on every picture introduced. Therefore, I do the next best thing—I buy PHOTOPLAY every month, study "The Shadow Stage," and base my decisions on the reviews. This method has never failed me.

GJERTRUD SMITH, Hollywood, Calif.

The next time a headache won't let you sleep



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At the same time your nerves are soothed . . . you are gently steadied and relaxed. And all the while needed alkali is supplied through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity. Your head clears . . . worry and nervousness disappear . . . and you drift pleasantly into normal sleep before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer— the multi-purpose remedy

Only a balanced preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could work so effectively. No mere pain-killer could do it. Not just one, but *five* separate ingredients are combined in Bromo-Seltzer—each with a special purpose. Consequently, you get *five* needed benefits. And Bromo-Seltzer works *faster* because you take it as a *liquid*.

Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so *dependable*, too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby for over forty years.

Keep the large, economical family-size bottle on hand. Ready at a moment's notice to banish headache, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. You can also get Bromo-

Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful laboratory control. Sold by druggists everywhere. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

EMERSON'S



BROMO-SELTZER



LILLIAN KENTON'S teeth are as smart as her hat—an all-over stitched organza original model by Anne Davis, New York.

Famed New York milliner Lilly Daché created this sport hat worn by BETTY DOUGLAS. Dress from Youthful Fashion.



Lovely

women

NANCY ROGERS smiles for many New York photographers, this time in a black tucked chiffon with pink organza collar from Bergdorf-Goodman.



choose your
tooth paste
for
beauty
results



BABS LEE is always in demand for fashions. Her mushroom leghorn hat is from Saly-mil-Milgrim, New York.

... as they do!

"For those soft high lights... to give my teeth the freshness and sparkle so important in photography... I prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to any other," says Miss Lillian Kenton, popular New York model.

Miss Kenton confirms what millions of other women have learned about Listerine Tooth Paste. Here at only 25¢ a tube is a formula which for thorough cleansing, for the high polish it gives enamel, is liked better than brands costing twice as much!

No wonder this modern dentifrice numbers among its users thousands of women who can pay any amount for clothes—who enjoy the most expen-

LARGE TUBE
25¢



NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

sive luxuries of every kind. It does clean better! Film and stains disappear with a minimum of brushing. And there is that wonderfully fresh, clean feeling of the mouth after its use—the effect you associate with Listerine itself.

Now—in addition to the money-saving 25¢ tube, you can buy Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Double Size,

40¢. This new size contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Protect yourself from loose bristles!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH

with PERMA-GRIP

(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



Scotty Welbourne

SINCE deserting Broadway for Hollywood two years ago, Verree Teasdale has made rapid strides to movie fame. Her most difficult problem has been trying to get her name spelled correctly. And Miss Teasdale is changing that any day now, to Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. She is gowned in pearls and ruffles for her rôle in "Madame Du Barry"



SCULDUGGERY in the offing! And it must be bad if it scares a pirate! *Jim Hawkins* (Jackie Cooper), young hero of "Treasure Island," offers his assistance to *Billie Bones* (Lionel Barrymore). *Billie*, in modern lingo, is "on the spot!" Robert Louis Stevenson's much loved adventure story of a search for treasure is being filmed by M-G-M



Gene Kornman

THIS smiling gentleman has faced cameras thousands of times, but for the child it is a rare experience. It's Harold Lloyd with his youngster, Harold Junior. The Lloyds have been extremely careful to guard their children against publicity, and very few photographs of them have been printed. You'll see Harold Senior soon in "The Cat's-Paw"

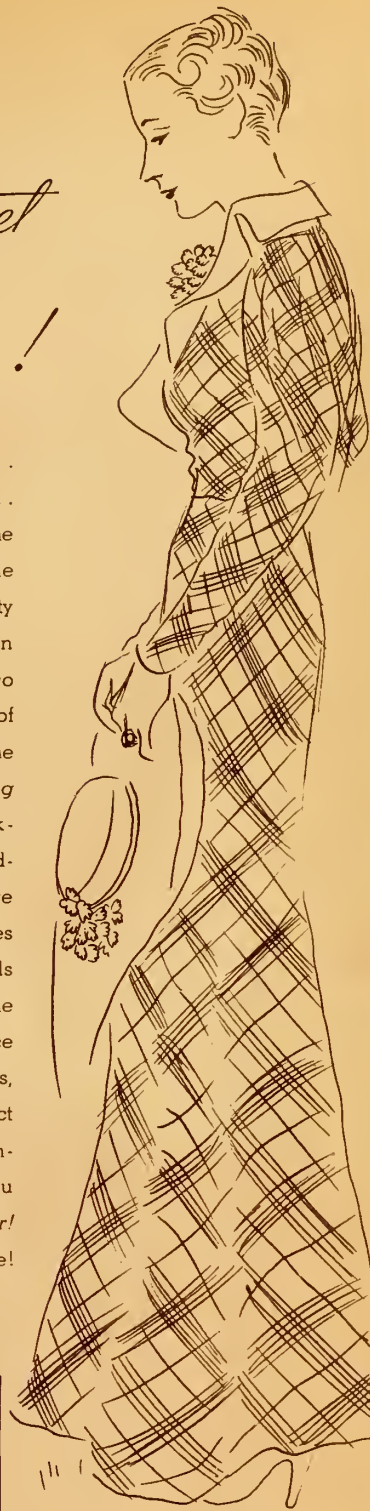
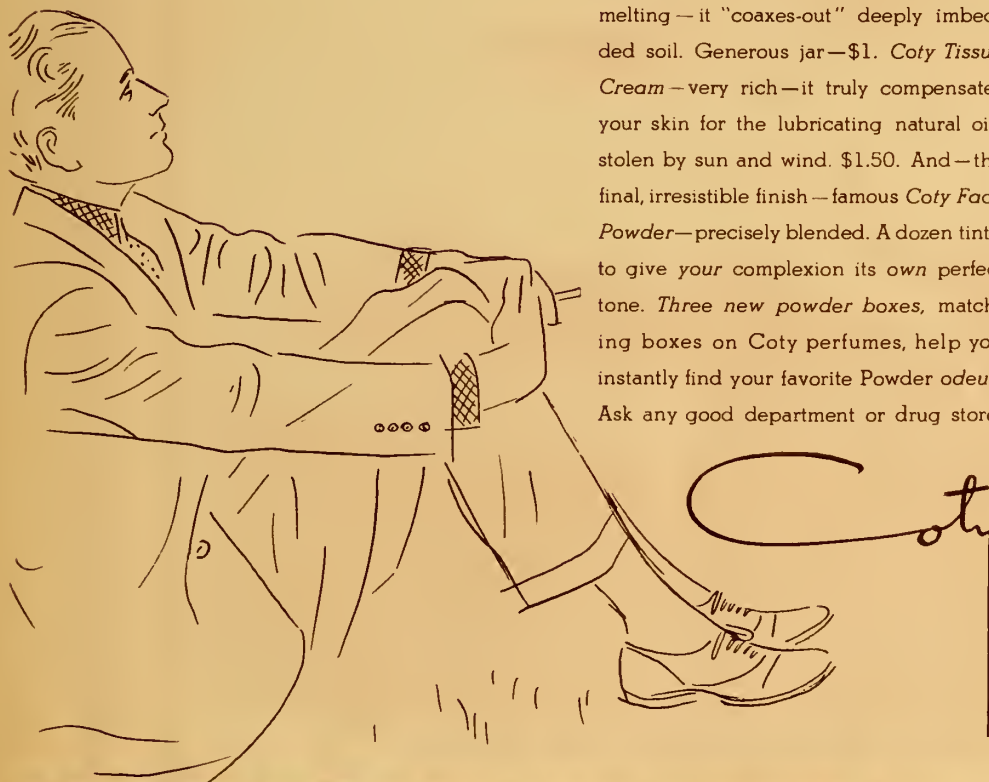


Elmer Fryer

PPROMINENT on Broadway for over thirty years, Helen Lowell has started now on a movie career. This portrait of Miss Lowell, gowned in white chignon for her rôle in "Midnight Alibi," proves that beauty need not be identified exclusively with youth. One of her best stage rôles was *Miss Hazy* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Glorious Summer Sunshine - yet CRUEL to Your Face!

Summer days! Smooth white beaches . . . pleasant motor journeys . . . rose gardens . . . meals *al fresco* . . . your body absorbs the sunshine, but . . . The invisible fingers of the wind *rob* your skin of its natural beauty oils; the otherwise-gracious rays of the sun *etch* tiny wrinkles and lines. There's *no escape* for your face—but there *is* lots of assistance—and Coty here offers you some of the best! For instance: *Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream*—penetrating, quick-melting—it “coaxes-out” deeply imbedded soil. Generous jar—\$1. *Coty Tissue Cream*—very rich—it truly compensates your skin for the lubricating natural oils stolen by sun and wind. \$1.50. And—the final, irresistible finish—famous *Coty Face Powder*—precisely blended. A dozen tints, to give your complexion its own perfect tone. *Three new powder boxes*, matching boxes on Coty perfumes, help you instantly find your favorite Powder *odeur!* Ask any good department or drug store!



Coty



Superbly fine—yet moderately priced—Coty Creams give your face true “under-skin” health . . . the perfect prelude to your use of Coty Face Powder, Coty Lipstick.



he Kornman

UNA MERKEL may look like a lady of leisure, but actually she is one of the hardest workers in all Hollywood. The little M-G-M player has made over thirty pictures in the last four years. One of her most recent movies is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," with Una providing the comedy relief in 20th Century's mystery-romance

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



AT a recent first showing of one of the impressive productions of the year I was moved by the comment of those about me during the intermission. "I just love her in this," remarked one woman back of me, while her companion added, "I think he is grand." Of course, they were referring to the two leading players. Similarly favorable were other words that came to my ears. A man going up the aisle had this to say: "That director is a wonder."

And I got to thinking—audiences heap praise upon the actresses and the actors, on the directors and the authors, but how many think of the "men back of the scenes"—the heads of the producing companies? And I wished that audiences could have the opportunity of meeting and knowing these officials as I do.

EVERY time I meet Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of M-G-M in charge of production, I am re-impressed with his honesty as a producer and his sincerity as a man. To his indefatigable energy, his high ideals and his just and fair dealings with his associates, his players, his subordinates and, lastly, his picture public, may be attributed, in large measure, the phenomenal success and prestige that the M-G-M Studios enjoy.

Froth is not infrequently spun by studio publicity departments and blown everywhere on the gale of ballyhoo, to create or to maintain false reputations. Mr. Mayer's fame needs no such factitious aid. To know him is to admire and respect him.

RUN over in your mind the pictures with whose names you associate these great artists: Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo, Lionel and John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Frank Morgan, Otto Kruger. What a range they represent of great emotional drama! Not one picture you identify with these players is tawdry or "sexy." Each one is a definite, purposeful story; nearly every one measures up to the ideals of the ancient Greeks that the purpose of drama is to purify the emotions.

What could be more moving than "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," more thrilling than "Viva Villa," as touching as "Smilin' Through"? And stored in your memory forever are "Min and Bill," "Queen Christina," "Grand Hotel," "Dinner at Eight" and "The White Sister," among many others.

Honest, sincere, artistic productions. And directly, or indirectly, Louis B. Mayer fathered them all.

It is with that same honesty he greets you. He is outspoken, very much in earnest, and, withal, understanding and kind. I believe that Mr. Mayer would equally comprehend the nobility of a saint and the complexities of a pickpocket.

THE other day I had the pleasure of meeting Jack Holt's son, Tim, a manly, upstanding, incredibly big lad of fourteen. Dressed in a polo outfit, he, with one or two others, joined his father and me at lunch at Jack's charming home. His alert eyes reflected his attention to the table talk in which he took no part.

Two things about the lad impressed me profoundly. When we sat down he unostentatiously said grace. When he rose and departed, he kissed his father on the cheek. A hard-riding devil of a polo player, he is not ashamed of his religious training or his affection for his father.

THE greatest menace to pictures today is the two-for-one theaters. It is a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy for the producing companies. The depression brought it in; with the upturn in business, it is high time this suicidal policy was abandoned.

Two pictures for the price of one was undoubtedly considered a smart business move to stimulate motion picture theater attendance, when the depression was hammering us so hard. It was never particularly successful in achieving its purpose.

First of all, the double feature program tires audiences. Four hours of the best pictures in the world is a little too much. Second, this policy tended to cheapen pictures in the eyes of the public. It is human nature not to appreciate an over-generous bargain. Third, the theaters themselves have suffered, not only because they surfeited the public's appetite, but because they could give but one performance in the time they formerly gave two.

AND as for the producing companies, they felt all the disadvantages that theater managers experienced, plus some of their own. When the depression cast its blight upon the nation, studios found themselves doing business in the same inflated manner as the rest of us. Selling two-for-one to second and third run houses didn't aid the situation. It only intensified losses of producing companies.

Competition, however, forced their hands. At least they thought so. As a matter of fact, if the studios had united and solemnly agreed not to go in for this cut-rate business, there would have been less red in their books.

The pernicious policy still prevails in many quarters. The quicker it is entirely abolished the quicker all the studios will resume their places in the sun of prosperity.

TO see "Queen Christina" for twenty cents is indeed a treat, but it seems incredible that this magnificent film should so soon be on the bargain counter. Yet it is showing now at that price. Greta Garbo, whose screen throne is unassailable—who is regarded by many as the greatest of all feminine stars—to think one can see the greatest of all her pictures for a paltry twenty cents!

Never shall I forget the look in her eyes as she stands on the ship, her lover dead, her hair and her dress blown by the sharp sea breeze, as she holds resolutely on her course, come weal, come woe, like a Viking warrior of old.

Twenty cents! That glimpse alone of Garbo is worth two dollars!

GETTING into pictures still remains a feat completely without rule or formula. You would think that a studio's efforts to train talent for the screen would be the surest and most fruitful. However—last year Universal inaugurated a "Junior Stock Company" to groom promising young actors and actresses. There were three thousand, six hundred applicants.

Seventy were selected. Five graduated from the dramatic school. Two were given short contracts—Lois January and Dean Duncan.

'Twas *the* Night of *the* Banquet

Pairs—occasional and “steady”—
at the M. P. T. O. A. gala festivities



An occasional meeting, but a steady friendship. Jean Harlow is congratulating Leo Carrillo on his fine work in “Viva Villa.” It won Leo an M-G-M contract



They have been “steady” for a long time. Now Joan Crawford isn’t sure an actress should marry. But could any woman resist Franchot Tone’s gaze?



John Boles is happily married, but he enjoys a dance with a new friend, Delphine Meyer, daughter of one of the visiting motion picture theater owners



By rumor, it becomes steadier all the time! Carole Lombard was escorted to the banquet by Russ Columbo. They are seen together lots these nights



Marlene Dietrich and Director Josef Von Sternberg recently spent weeks of steady work together on “Scarlet Empress.” With the picture finished, they greeted the M.P.T.O.A. delegation



Who said they quarreled? Well, anyhow, if the rumors were true, Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy, steadiest of Hollywood steadies, were reconciled for the banquet at the Ambassador Hotel

Phillip Photos

THE REAL FIRST

THE First Lady of the Screen—there can be only one—who is she?

Her name is not Greta Garbo, or Katharine Hepburn; not Joan Crawford, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor or Ann Harding.

It's Norma Shearer.

You may have your favorite actress, your most glamorous screen personality, your box-office queen, or your sex-appeal sensation of the moment. You may have your super-thespian, your exotic orchid, your sweetheart of the world.

But Norma Shearer is the real First Lady.

Her amazing, triumphant return and her sensational, world-wide reception in "Riptide" prove her exclusive right to that enviable title—a title to which she ascended by virtue of what Norma Shearer is and what Norma Shearer has done—continues to do.

Already indignant protests are probably bursting upon these printed words.

Garbophile mutters "Insanity!"—a Hepburnite cries "Libel!"—a Crawford convert screams "Lese majeste!" But just settle back and relax.

Greta Garbo came to Hollywood, kept to herself and started a legend which turned into a grand business asset—mystery. She still has it. But she isn't a social person.

Katharine Hepburn swooped down on the town, perpetrated tomboyish pranks, and revealed enough dramatic genius in her first year to win the Academy award.

Brilliant, certainly, but too erratic and capricious.

Joan Crawford danced her way to hotcha fame and then went Pauline Frederick. Joan is a good sport, excellent



Norma Shearer's popularity survived a year-and-a-half retirement from the screen. The lady with the patrician profile is back again in "Riptide"

Off the set, Norma is always known as Mrs. Thalberg. At home her life with her husband and Irving, Jr. is quiet and well-ordered. She is the kind of woman that other women want to resemble



LADY OF FILMS

For what she is and what she has done, the title ascends to Norma Shearer

By Basil Lee

trouper, but never has contested for the "First Lady" title.

Ann Harding has been through a domestic upset. Dietrich has her trousers to live down. Gaynor inherited Mary Pickford's girlish "America's Sweetheart" badge, which means she must be sweet but not mature.

Not one of them ever successfully, consistently, progressively, artfully portrayed sophisticated ladies of the upper strata of society as Norma Shearer can. None can imbue a daring character with such unmistakable refinement.

Can you imagine Garbo as *Mrs. Cheney*, or Crawford as *Lady Rexford* in "Riptide"? Neither could get away with it. Ruth Chatterton alone, sometimes publicized as "the first lady of the stage and screen," could possibly have rivaled Norma for her position, but Ruth Chatterton has not invariably justified her stage prestige on the screen, and she has run against bumps in her domestic life.



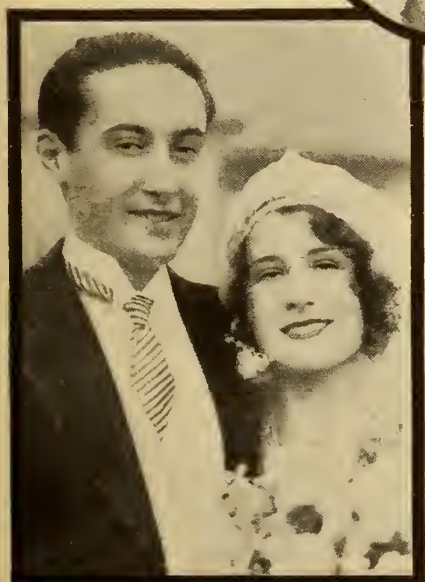
She even gives that ladylike quality to her shadier rôles. Here she is in "A Free Soul," in Clark Gable's embrace



As a fashion model in New York, Norma kept her charm and dignity, as she always has, under any conditions



Norma when an infant, in her mother's arms. There is evidence of good breeding in all the things she has done



One Hollywood couple the gossips let alone! The Thalbergs photographed after their marriage in 1924

Think how cheap and unattractive the characters created by Norma Shearer in her list of successful pictures would have been, if they had been portrayed by an actress lacking that manner which she possesses.

Most of them were women who slipped morally. Some of them slipped more than once. But Norma can slip a bit on the screen and still be a lady. When her characters err, they err on a silken, ladylike scale.

Mrs. Cheney didn't enjoy a spotless reputation. In "The Divorcee" Norma defied convention; she moved smartly and boldly in "Let Us Be Gay"; "Strangers May Kiss" showed her as a young business woman with ideas of her own; she even loved a gangster in "A Free Soul"; and there were important indiscretions in both "Private Lives" and "Strange Interlude."

Yet these were the films—these and "Smilin' Through," a ladylike rôle and a pure one—upon which her tremendous popularity has been built. It is a popularity which survived a retirement of a year-and-a-half from the screen, and paved the way for a return triumph which, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Hysterical Honeymoons of Hollywood

FOR some reason beyond me, engagements, weddings and honeymoons in Hollywood are like nothing that exists on the earth beneath, the heavens above, or you name the place. And why it is, no one can explain or even draw the pictures of it. In normal, everyday places, for instance, two people get engaged and in due time (or a



London was amazed at seeing a blonde leaning from a cab screaming for her husband. Going the other way, a chap yelled for his wife. Eventually Cary and Virginia got together again

little before, maybe) get married. Then, amid considerable healthy rice throwing, they go off to Niagara Falls to see the water rush over the precipice, or whatever it is, and come home and settle down to a nice, quiet existence. And there you are. And there they are. And there is everybody.

But in Hollywood! Tck, tck, tck. No less than fifteen of the oddest people (former wives and things) get involved in the engagements, and sometime as high as fifty or sixty strangers get all mixed up in the wedding itself, which is a busy combination of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, a six day bicycle race and a trip with Stanley through Darkest Africa. And the only rice that's ever thrown has already been baked in a pudding.

Take the blonde Jean Harlow. At midnight Jean and Hal Rosson decided marriage, and not another hamburger, was what they wanted (of course they've changed their minds now; Jean is going to get a divorce. But there must be a honeymoon before there can be a divorce, you know) so they hop a plane, fly to Yuma and, getting out of the plane, Jean hears a slow zzzip and, looking down, discovers runs in both stockings. So, pulling them off and holding them in her hand, they make for a judge. Any judge, justice, or what-not. Finally getting one out of bed, they get married, with Jean still holding the torn hose.

Some brides, of course, carry lilies-of-the-valley and some roses with maiden-blush fern, but we Hollywoodians, ho, we carry stockings. With runs. And when Jean repeated the "I dos" and the "I wills" throughout the ceremony, she gave the stockings, all unconscious of their existence, of course, a decided and sassy little flip that nearly knocked the spectacles of the presiding judge from his presiding nose.

If you've never seen a dream walking with stockings



At midnight, deciding marriage was what they wanted, they got the justice out of bed. Some brides carry lilies. But Jean held a pair of chiffon hose

Everyone laughs but the newlyweds. For what bride can be happy without a kiss? What groom content without a bride?

By Sara Hamilton


ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

atmosphere around them senses the fact that here's Hollywood messing around, and things pop that never before popped in that locale.

For instance, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill were married in England and England will never be the same, let the Prince of Wales knit while he may.

The wedding was all set. And then Virginia didn't have her divorce papers and by the time the papers arrived from the States, Cary was in the hospital, and by the time Cary was out of the hospital, Virginia was in the British movies and the newspapers were in a British dither wondering who was jilting whom and who shot Cock Robin. At last, on the very day they were to leave for Hollywood, they managed to rush to the registry office to be married and found a goodly mob was there, bent

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Half-way down the road the honeymoon coach sunk knee-deep in mud! Joel groaned and Frances wept. The cat had kittens. At dawn the McCreas were still there

clenched tightly in her "patty cakes," Yuma has. For Jean, still holding them tightly in her hand, turned to greet her groom after the ceremony

and found him so scared and confused he'd dashed out the front door leaving Jean alone, at last, with the judge.

Like a shot, the bride was after him, missing the top step and landing "boom" on a dumfounded Yuma sidewalk at four-thirty in the morning and what did I tell you? Can you name, just offhand, say, any other three-minute bride you ever heard of who sat on a Yuma sidewalk at four-thirty in the morning? Go on, just name one.

Anyhow, by this time the groom got over his fright sufficiently to know where, but not altogether why, he was, and, gathering up his bride, the happy husband took her to an all night "jernt" for the wedding breakfast. Thus are the weddings of Hollywood's famous ones, my little magpies.

At six-thirty they were home fighting their way through newspaper reporters and what not, where questions were fired at them for hours. Finally, at two-thirty in the afternoon, Jean (sure, she still had the stockings in her hand) went to bed to get some rest and the groom went to work. It was two days later, with the confusion still at fever heat, that the groom let out a loud scream. "Good gosh," he yelled, "I haven't yet kissed the bride."

Thus are honeymoons in Hollywood, my little daffy-down-dillies. So stay where you are.

Even when the famous ones of movies go clear out of the Golden West of "Callyforny" to be married, it's still no better. Even so, things happen that never happen to another living soul. Couldn't, as a matter of fact. But somehow the very



Johnny didn't say "I do" fast enough. Lupe pinched him. Tarzan's yowl blasted the judge onto the chandelier. The witnesses hid under the couch



Madeleine has been presented to Britain's king and queen. Herself a queen—of the screen—she is over here to make "The World Moves On." Raul Roulien appears with her

MADELEINE CARROLL, although she has been the screen and stage sweetheart of the British for the past six years, is practically unknown in America—unless you saw and remember her in "I Was a Spy," a British-produced picture released here, in which she played opposite Herbert Marshall.

In England, however, crowds fight to get into a theater where she is playing. Not only is she that popular over there, but she is socially prominent, to the point of having been presented at the Court of St. James. Her jewels are worth a

Here Is England's Favorite Charmer

Madeleine Carroll, who packs 'em in overseas, is to be seen in her first Hollywood picture

By Iris Foster

king's ransom. Her frocks and gowns are exclusively from Paris. Her husband is one of England's very wealthy men, and he has a family tree that high—. He was, during the late war, on the staff of the Prince of Wales. He is Captain Philip Astley, and was in Hollywood with Miss Carroll while she made "The World Moves On," with Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien, for Fox.

Madeleine is the first British player in the new reciprocal "charm exchange" between British and American studios. In her case, Warner Baxter is scheduled to go to Gaumont as the Fox representative under the agreement—Baxter being somewhat of a charmer from the feminine viewpoint.

So, Madeleine, in her first made-in-America picture, not only will bring her talents to the notice of American movie-goers, but she will be a test of the "charm exchange" plan. Knowing Madeleine and her work as I do, it is my prediction it will be a highly successful test for her.

You see, despite her stage and screen popularity and her high social background, there is no hoity-toity false pride, no too, too "naice" Englishness about this Carroll girl from London town. There is not an ounce of falsity in her one hundred and twenty-two pounds, not a tendril of it in her ash-blonde hair nor a flicker of it in her deep blue eyes. Even though her stay in Hollywood for her one picture was short, she did not cash in on her overseas glory. That is not her way.

Nor is she uppish before a camera. For instance, in "I Was a Spy" (the story by Martha [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Actresses Clamor for THIS MAN!

YOU never heard such a clamor—
Why?

There are plenty of more handsome leading men than Herbert Marshall. Any number who are better known to the American public.

So why did Norma Shearer want him, far above any of the others, for her first very important picture, "Riptide," after her year-and-a-half absence from the screen?

Why is Constance Bennett insistent on having him to play opposite in "The Green Hat," her first picture under the new M-G-M contract?

Why does Gloria Swanson demand him for "Three Weeks"? Why, oh why?

Taken at face value, he has none of the obvious attributes that are popularly supposed to make up your favorite "great lovers." No dynamics, no flashing black eyes, no bold assurance.

And yet, this is what Norma Shearer says of him as a lover—

"The first time I ever saw Mr. Marshall on the screen was in a picture with Claudette Colbert. I thought I had never seen a lady so thoroughly and convincingly loved!

"He is both manly and wistful. He wins the sympathy of women because his face expresses tenderness and silent suffering."

There. That's one secret out.

Herbert Marshall has the gorgeous leading ladies scrambling for his gracious support

By Ruth Rankin



Feminine stars are all aflutter over the adroit, convincing screen love of the gentlemanly Marshall, after such a siege of hard-boiled, slangy boy friends

cook—which, I suppose, is pretty much the same thing, anyway."

But Norma does not consider Marshall a versatile actor. Sensing our surprise at this, she went on immediately to amplify this opinion. "He is not a versatile actor because he could never convince an audience he is anything but a gentleman." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Frivolous or sedate, girls go for suave, substantial Herbert Marshall. Is he your ideal type for husband and father? Baby Marilyn Spinnert surely is content in his arms

One clear explanation for that devastating charm that has every lovely star pleading fervently in her prayers: "... and oh, please let me have Herbert Marshall for just one picture, and I'll be a good girl forever after!"

Norma added this about the characteristics that distinguish him from so many of the other leading men:

"He has a charm that is always part of him. It is not just put on for special occasions. Also, he has that great faculty of making you feel he never takes himself too seriously!"

And the secret of that charm, Norma explains, "is his gallant and courteous attitude toward women — whether movie star, secretary or somebody's



A Good Pal Is Worth Three Dollars

And not many Englishmen can get enduring affection from an Irishman for that price

By Carl Bosworth

Leslie Howard, who lent Gargan three dollars and found it a very good investment

“MR. HOWARD—”

A very appealing but very broke young Irish actor touched the sleeve of the producer-boss who had snatched him out of the sheriff's clutches by giving him just a small part in his play.

“Mr. Howard, you don't suppose you could lend me five bucks?”

And a cool, sophisticated, dignified Englishman, who had all New York at his feet with his performance in “Berkeley Square,” turned to stare into the pleading, blue Irish eyes. Then his own lighted up with an amused twinkle of understanding.

“I've only got three,” said Leslie Howard to Bill Gargan, turning his pockets inside out, “but they're yours.”

That was five years ago, when Bill Gargan was just an unknown actor behind in his rent, and Leslie Howard, the sensation of Broadway, was rehearsing his cast for “Out of a Blue Sky,” which he was co-producing with Gilbert Miller.

But it was the beginning of one of Hollywood's most enduring friendships — the

Leslie Howard and his wife, Ruth. She is a friend of Patricia Gargan's and the two families are quite inseparable



Leslie Howard-Bill Gargan *entente*, which no one knowing both the shy, reserved Englishman and the boisterous, impulsive Irishman can quite figure out yet.

Because if you searched the world over, you'd have a hard time finding two people who would seem to have less in common than the ebullient Bill and the serene Leslie.

But they're inseparable; Bill and Leslie, Ruth Howard and Patricia Gargan—yes, and the children, Leslie and Ronald Howard and Barrie and Leslie Howard Gargan, too. The latter is named in honor of Bill's friend.

And if you have anything to say against the Howards to Bill Gargan, better smile when you say it. That goes both ways.

Of course, Hollywood remains a little puzzled about it — but Hollywood doesn't know the story of how this friendship started and grew. How this understanding, which you couldn't help but feel if you saw Bill and Leslie together in “Animal Kingdom,” developed from stage lines to real life.

Leslie's venture at producing on Broadway ended in two weeks, and with it Bill's job. Bill



Howard, his son Ronald and daughter Leslie are wandering on the beach at Malibu. Looking for the Gargans, maybe

was debtor for the three dollars, and for plenty of dramatic instruction and advice from Leslie.

Two years rolled around, during which Leslie had become a tremendous success in England, while Bill—well, he was just keeping in cigarettes and clean shirts.

Then one day he read where Leslie Howard had arrived in New York to direct and star in "Animal Kingdom." Bill read *Red Regan's* part. He wanted it, but—

"I felt kind of backward about getting in touch with him," says Bill. "He was a big man now, bigger than before, and I was still hunting a job."



A touch? Not today! Meeting on the set, Gargan and Howard stop to chat. They'll be in "British Agent," their first picture together since the "Animal Kingdom"

Photographed with Papa Bill Gargan at a very tender age, young Leslie Howard Gargan, who was named after his dad's closest friend, scowls at the photographer



Bill Gargan, who borrowed three dollars from Leslie Howard, remembered to pay it back, and thereby found a real friend, and fame

But that three dollar debt worried Bill. It ought to be paid.

So he walked down to the Lyceum Theater, in onto the stage, and once more touched Leslie Howard's sleeve.

"Here's that three bucks I owe you, Mr. Howard," said Bill.

And then, his honor cleansed, his courage rose. "And I'd like to play *Red Regan*," he said.

Howard regarded him coldly. "Sorry," he replied, "but I don't picture you as the type."

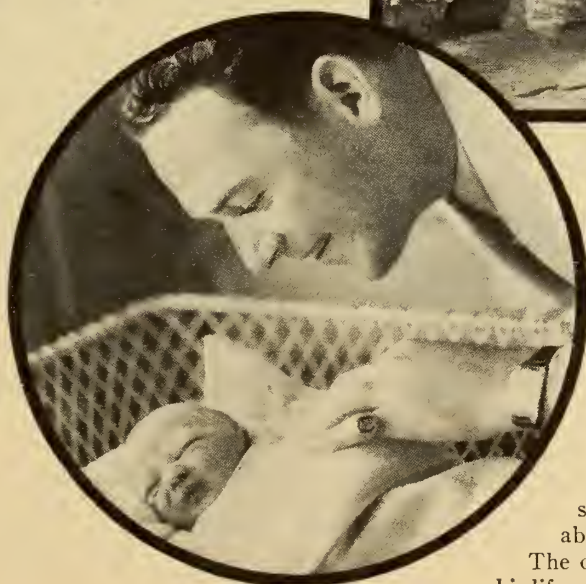
Then he met that anxious, half-funny, half-sad map of Ireland, and the frown dissolved into a smile. Bill grinned back.

"Okay," said Leslie Howard "we'll try it out today." And when rehearsal was over in the evening, he said, "Bill, you're good for my money. The part's yours."

During all the four weeks that Bill Gargan rehearsed



The Gargans, in their desert home: Bill, Patricia and little Barrie. The baby, now ten-months-old, has already been put to bed



"Animal Kingdom" with Leslie Howard, he never could quite make up his mind whether the Englishman liked him. "An Englishman can like you a lot, and still look like he doesn't even know you," Bill explains.

But on the play's opening night in Pittsburgh, something happened which cinched his own mind about one thing.

The opening was what every actor dreams about all his life. Riotous applause, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Thrills and Romance Aplenty on an Indoor Island!

ONE of the most lavish sets created in recent years was this one built in the RKO-Radio studios for "Down to Their Last Yacht"—a comedy of adventure, with music. The scene occupies two entire sound stages and represents a South Sea island and a palatial

yacht which has run up on a sandbar. The ship's deck can accommodate three hundred persons and a thousand can be landed on the beach. Sunken tanks were installed for the ocean. Coconut palms, banana trees and various sorts of tropical foliage were planted

here and there. The island—need we add?—is uncharted, but is known to the "Polynesian" natives as "Malakamokalu." It is a refuge for fugitives from justice, so when the party from the grounded yacht goes ashore, there's plenty of excitement. Glance over the startled



Charles Rhodes

Yacht, Land and Ocean Were Set Up in the Studio!

crowd and you can pick out Polly Moran, in a white officer's outfit with braid draped over her shoulder, facing the native farthest left. At Polly's left is Maurice Black. Eyes right—skip the one gentleman in the white monkey jacket, and you have Sidney Blackmer in a

dress suit, holding petite Sidney Fox in his arms. Bring your gaze forward a few steps—the blonde in spangles and feathers is Hazel Forbes, one-time show girl who inherited a lot of money from her late husband. Protecting her is Tom Kennedy. At the extreme lower

right, with the pipe, is Paul Sloane, the director (the set is so immense Paul had to use a loud-speaker system to direct cast and crew). Standing next to him, wearing a hat and cigar, is Eddie Killey, his assistant. Stupendous, colossal, and just loads of fun, eh what?

Hitting Hollywood's High Spots

Meet Mitzi Cummings

(Notes on an intimate letter writer)

Mitzi is young—peppy.

She came to Hollywood about ten years ago and is a graduate of Hollywood High School. At a studio one day, Ramon Novarro asked her to be his leading lady. She couldn't, because she had to finish school. But Novarro became her favorite movie star that instant.

Since her meeting with Novarro she has become the close friend of some of the best known men and women stars of the screen—she goes everywhere and sees everything.

The people you read about in Mitzi's Hollywood letter are all people she knows intimately, and about whom she will write every month.



Mitzi

DEAREST JOAN:

WELL, lambie, I've just finished making nine copies of a chain letter. Now, don't hoot at this display of superstition. After all, if it's good enough for the Bennetts and their friends, I guess I can attach my name to so quaint a custom, too. First of all, it started out with society. Mrs. Alfred Dupont. After a while, through a devious course including barons, authors, theatrical lawyers (John Wildberg who recently married Ursula Parrot—she wrote "Ex-Wife"), etc., it got to Mama Bennett (known to the theater as Adrienne Morrison). With a true display of maternal interest she sent it on to daughter Barbara (dark-haired wife of singer Morton Downey). Barbara, sisterly to the core, shipped it on to Joan. Joan stopped this family business by skipping Constance, and Spencer Tracy got it next.

Well, after one person and another, it got to Ann Pennington; Vivienne Segal, Ralph Bellamy and the new Warner girl, Barbara (Snooney) Blair. Then to me. And from me to you, baby. So pretty soon now you will be chortling with delight at the names of the mighty. Until you have to make nine copies.

THE luscious Claudette Colbert is, as you probably know, making "Cleopatra." Well, little one, there's only this to say. I don't know how you feel about it, but if you're the type of lady who likes her hips and tummy as svelte as svelte, don't look at Colbert. Gives you an inferiority complex. Such a figger! And in that costume! One which I saw (they were shooting a scene on her balcony and she was vamping *Antony* for all she was worth) was cloth of gold with drapes fore and aft. How it clung!

The hair, too, will interest you. Long, below the shoulders, and perfectly straight with just a very slight curl-up on the ends. Straight bangs. Completely dramatic looking, and for days now I've been harboring the desire to have a head-dress like it. But you know me. As usual, I'm simply defeating my own purpose. Curls and more curls. Oh well, I couldn't look like Colbert anyway.

A little weak from an excess of self-criticism, I next took

myself to the set where my favorite Southern girl, Miriam Hopkins, and your favorite radio pal, Bing Crosby, were making "She Loves Me Not." A cunning story, Joan. She's a night club girl who's hiding from the police in a boy's dormitory. (Something's going to happen to the morale of Joe College when that's released!) Just outside the stage I met Eddie Nugent, who plays Crosby's pal, and he said:

"Hurry in if you want to see Miss Hopkins in her undies."

Joan, I thought of you. I said to myself, "A description of the indescribably lovely Hopkins, clad in French lingerie of a most desirable nature, will sweeten my Joanie's memories forever and ever." So I rushed in.

But lamb, neither the lovely lady nor the lingerie were in sight. All I saw was a blond boy in athletic underwear, who had, strangely enough, a sweet, breathless kind of a voice. I watched Bing Crosby take the lad's hands in his and scrutinize them.

"Off with the polish—and clip the nails," he said sternly.

I gasped. Then:

"And no powder on the nose, either."

"But I look perfectly awful with a shiny nose," said the blond boy in the athletic underwear with a plaintive voice.

Two little minds are better than one, Joan. I turned to my companion with a quizzical face.

"Miriam Hopkins!" he explained. I nearly swooned. Well, all I can say is, that despite the popular delusion that girls look like the very devil in men's unmentionables, Miriam Hopkins looks adorable. Gay and adorable and infinitely desirable. To the four winds with French lingerie!

I HAD a very special night last week. First, dinner at the Beverly Hills Derby. Then to the fights; on to zee Coconut Grove and finally to the new Marathon. Just a little evening. Being methodical by nature, I shall report all goings-on in their proper sequence. But briefly, since I have lots of news, my pet, and writer's cramp is slowly but very surely coming into my left pinkie.

In the Derby we saw Charlie Farrell, Virginia Valli's devoted spouse (with wife) and an odd dozen directors. Also Stuart Erwin with the beautiful June Collyer, who is Mrs. Erwin, as you know. They finished dinner and started to leave just as we came in, but they were still leaving when we finished. Everyone in the place kept calling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Has Mae West Gone High Hat?



Peek-a-boo! Mae insists she still sees old friends, despite her tall feathers

The gossips say money and success have changed her. Well, here's Mae's answer

By Kirtley Baskette

TAKE it from Mae herself—West is still West.

It has only been a matter of months since Mae tossed some mean curves and busted up more repressions than the NRA—only a few months since the undulating Siren of Sex and Sensation became the bad girl friend of the world—the secret passion



Mae, the farmer lass! Ritzy? No, but this is a rare photograph of the early West. She got patriotic during the war and planted this corn. How many gallons per stalk, Mae?



Mae wasn't trying to be ritzy when she heard Joe Ritchie, ex-pug, sing prize-ring ditties in the studio and wrote a part for him in "It Ain't No Sin"

for the banker, the baker and the kiddie-car maker.

Mae was Mae. Unlimited. With the cards laid right out on the table and the curves laid right out on the davenport. You came, you saw and you were conquered—no matter who you were—no matter from where you came—from Pea Ridge, Arkansas, or Park Avenue, New York.

"I ain't ice!" said Mae—and you didn't have to be an iceman to understand her—although being an iceman didn't cramp your style. She belonged to everybody.

That was a few months ago.

Even Hollywood, waiving professional jealousy, thrilled to this new kind of woman, this new world sensation, who boosted picture stock wherever she played.

It capitulated—then cooled.

Today you hear everywhere that Mae West is a changed woman.

She has gone high hat. Money has changed her. Success has gone to her head. She imagines herself a great actress. She'll have nothing to do with anyone; she won't even see people who want to write about her. She's out-Garboing Garbo. She's ashamed of her curves, so she's dieting, getting thinner. She's slipping at the box-office and she knows it—so she's hysterically socking her money. She's going back on her old friends; keeping them away with armed guards. Closing her set to everybody—taking it big. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

The HUSBANDS In Gloria's Career



Wallace Berry, No. 1. She an extra, he an important actor when they first met



Herbert K. Somborn, No. 2. He was a millionaire, and connected with pictures

GLORIA SWANSON has never done anything half-way. Throughout her career when she has made a change in her professional life, there has usually followed an upheaval in her domestic affairs. Or perhaps we had better say the two changes have been simultaneous and parallel.

And once again to Gloria Swanson has come such a situation. This time it is a split with fourth husband Michael Farmer, and, with the split, Gloria has signed with M-G-M under the guidance of Irving Thalberg in a new screen career.

Throughout her four matrimonial ventures, the charming individualist that is Gloria appears to have maintained one axiom, and only one—"My career, first, last and always."

Perhaps Gloria feels that only a lone hand, played hard, fast, without quarter or sentiment, can attain the goal she has set herself to conquer. Only she knows.

The facts are that Wallace Beery, and the late Herbert K. Somborn, divorced Gloria on grounds of desertion. Her eldest child, Gloria the Second, was of the Somborn union. As to her last divorce—from James Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray—Gloria herself secured it on grounds of desertion. And, from instructions given to her attorney, she is evidently about to obtain a divorce from Michael Farmer.

Miss Swanson's spouses seem like mile-stones in measuring her progress

By Mildred Mastin

In the case of Michael, when he stated in Paris that he and Gloria were definitely separated, Gloria appeared distressed. "If we are separated, why doesn't Mike let me know? I hear it from others. If it is so, why doesn't he tell me? I had no idea we were separating for good when he went abroad," cried Gloria.

But the following day, Gloria instructed her attorney to file papers for a divorce.

While this situation was evolving, Gloria was negotiating with Irving Thalberg of M-G-M. She said she believed Thalberg to be the greatest producer in Hollywood.

Some say that to know Gloria is to believe she was much in love with each of the four men she married. That each time, she expected her marriage to last. Others say that each man she married filled her definite need at that time.

It was at the Essanay [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



The cameraman muffed his shot when Gloria attended a Broadway night club with Herbert Marshall, who is only partly shown—in the rear, at her right



Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, No. 3. Romance prevailed in film fashions



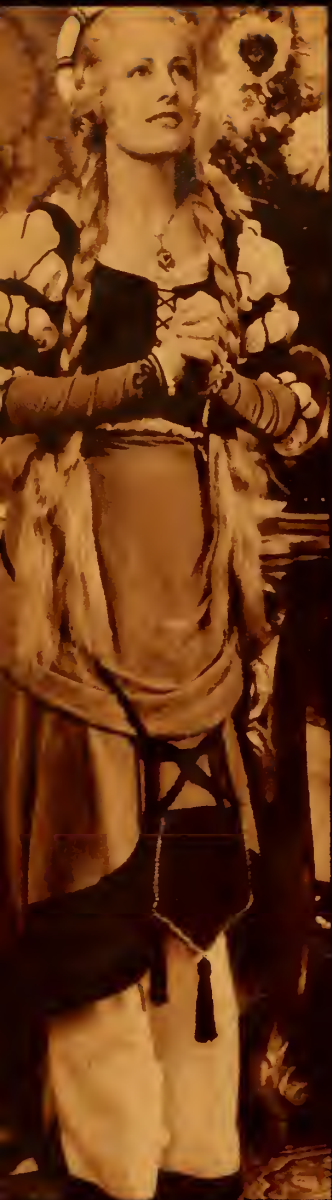
Michael Farmer, No. 4. Just what inspired this union? Read this article and judge!



IT seems only yesterday that Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel electrified the world in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Gloria Swanson will make the same story for M-G-M after completing her run of personal appearances in New York. The incomparable Gloria here gives us some exotic poses, including one on a tigerskin similar to that famous one used in the silent version of "Three Weeks," ten years ago. After nineteen years, Swanson's star shines as brightly as ever. Good luck, Gloria

Clarence Sinclair Bull





Fred Hendrickson

EVERYBODY loves a costume! Irene Dunne dons several in "Stingaree." Looking as lovely as she does, Irene will probably set a style for bustles and long, yellow braids. She employs several sophisticated hair styles in this picture—worth a rave, too. And there's Richard Dix with a romantic gleam in his eye. And Miss Dunne by his side. It's a musical drama, with a good dash of sentiment. The costumes are lovely, copied mostly after the very elaborate fashions of the seventies



Ernest A. Bachrach



John Miehle

AWAY from the set, the lovely Ann Harding spends her leisure hours in her pleasant Hollywood home. Outdoors, the garden and the swimming pool are two of her chief interests. Indoors, Ann enjoys reading or playing "travel"—tracing on the globe the places she plans to visit abroad. Probably it will be some time before Ann has leisure for travel. She is scheduled for several pictures now, the next one to be "The Life of Vergie Winters." Exquisitely lovely, a beauty as natural as Miss Harding's is very rare—on or off the silver screen





Eugene Robert Richee

WARREN WILLIAM sheds the suave manners of the drawing-room and dons the purple toga of the noblest Roman of them all, the imperious *Caesar*. It is for the Cecil B. De Mille epic "*Cleopatra*," the lady who made vipers quite a style

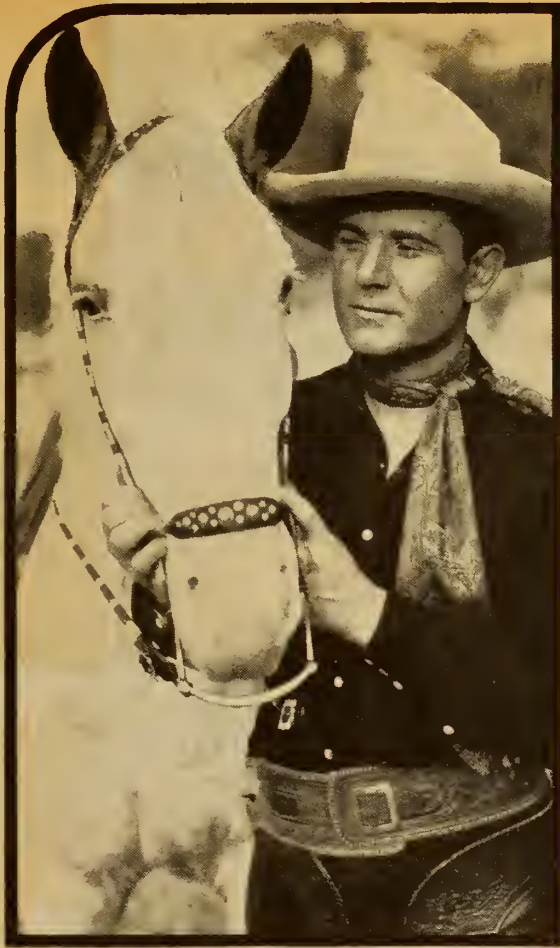


Ray Jones

HENRY WILCOXON takes the part of *Mark Antony* in "*Cleopatra*." It was Mark who succumbed to the beauty's charms to the extent he lost an empire



IF the smile of the original *Cleopatra* could make or break nations, what would the smile of Claudette Colbert, who plays the famous queen's part, have done?



Brawn

Brains

REB" RUSSELL'S first name stands for "rebel." And there are but three things at which he hasn't bucked. They are his selection for a place on the 1930 All-American football team, to the presidency of his senior class at Northwestern and his job as a Western picture star.

But he started rebelling early, as soon as he learned he had been tagged for life with the fancy handle of Lafayette.

Later on, he rebelled at ranch life and took himself off to college, where he did [some high and fancy rebelling against teams aiming to cross the Northwestern goal line. Newspapers printed such things as "Lafayette, here he comes," and "Lafayette, there he goes," for Reb could pack a football places.

At one time, he rebelled successfully against being crippled for life—his back was broken. Then he opposed offers to sell insurance and coach football at Northwestern. He yearned for "a place where I can squall," as he said.

Reb first came to Hollywood when Universal picked him for a part in "The All-American." He stayed to make a serial and play in some Tom Mix Westerns. He was all set to take the place at Tiffany vacated by Ken Maynard, but financial difficulties engulfed the company. Reb went back to football—professional—with the New York Giants.

But he's again in Hollywood, scheduled to star in Harold Bell Wright's "When a Man's a Man," under Sol Lesser as producer. A series of eighteen hard ridin' horse operas are to follow, in which Reb will use a snow white pony from his Oklahoma ranch. The pony's name, by the way, is Rebel.

IRVING PICHEL, one of the more distinguished character actors, considers acting but a minor side of his career. He says he has a puritanical streak which doesn't permit him to quite approve of actors! He prefers to direct, of which he has done considerable. In fact he turned down a directorship in the Theater Guild to do a Greeley and go West. And he enjoys teaching—the Aesthetics of the Theater—on which he has lectured for ten summers at Stanford and U. C. L. A.

His interest in dramatics began when he enrolled at Harvard for an M. D. and found studying medicine did not permit of an outside job, a necessity. So he changed courses. One of his new subjects was labeled "47." It was a course in the drama under Professor Baker. While at Harvard, Pichel edited the monthly magazine and wrote dramatic criticisms for a Boston newspaper.

He has also been identified closely with the Little Theater movement, having established theaters in Boston, St. Louis, St. Paul and Santa Barbara. And he's still in it, even now directing his wife, Violette Wilson, in "Saint Joan" at the Pasadena Community theater, while he is in De Mille's "Cleopatra" at Paramount. Among other things, he's been a stage manager for the Shuberts.

But above all, Pichel would have preferred being a symphonic orchestra conductor. He goes off on music and poetry sprees. He'll read Milton aloud, for hours! At his home in the hills of La Canada, he is a heart-and-soul gardener. His wife is the first girl he fell in love with. His German-Viennese-Bohemian ancestry shows in his enormous vitality.

CAL YORK *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



Colleen Moore, in a satin, jewel-trimmed suit, makes merry with a noble Roman's toga. The Roman is Roy Brooks. The pantalooned lady trying to make Colleen behave is Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis). It happened at the costume party given by the Lloyds

THE diplomatic relations of Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow have never been of the bosom friend variety—but they've been strained even more than usual recently—because of Franchot Tone. It is no secret that Joan wasn't wild to have Franchot cast in the small part with Jean in "The Blonde Bombshell," but she managed to keep her composure. Now Franchot has been chosen as Jean's leading man in her next picture, working under the title "100% Pure," but which may be released as "Eadie Was a Lady." And—so the gossips whisper—*La Crawford* is seething.

ROMANCE of "ex's"—George Brent, Ruth Chatterton's recent "ex," is being seen in the company of Kathryn



A flowery wedding for Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, aboard the S.S. Lurline. The walls were covered with gardenias. The bride and groom and all the guests wore leis—in true Hawaiian style

Carver, who used to sign her name "Mrs. Adolphe Menjou."

IS Dick Powell casting his dancing eyes toward the altar path? Dick's contract at Warners has a clause stipulating he can't marry for a year. Dick now asks to have the contract crossed out. What do you make of it?

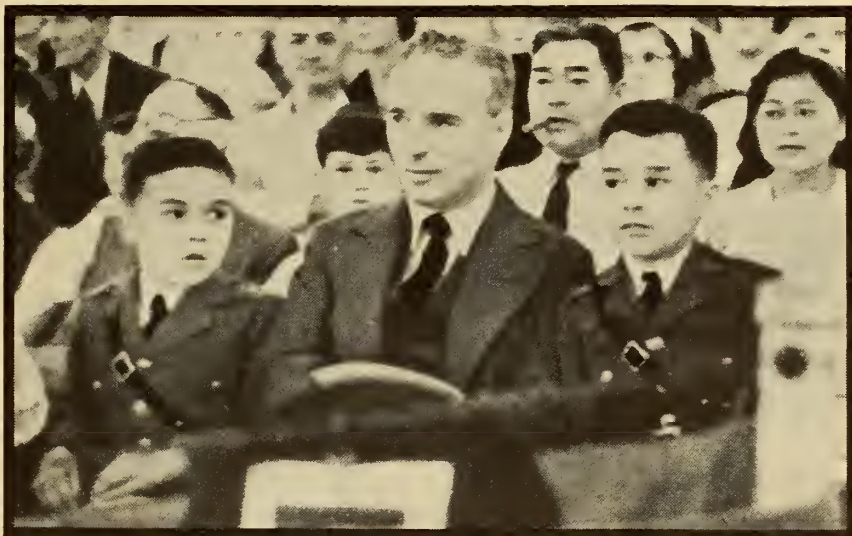


They're off. Bing is watching the horses, but Mrs. Crosby watches Bing. The Crosbys spent their vacation at Agua Caliente. And judging from the expression on Bing's face, he has picked a winner

Hollywood Goings-On!

The heart interests in Dick's life in the past several months have been Margaret Lindsay, Maxine Doyle, Mary Brian and Ginger Rogers—but everyone who knows says Mary Brian hit hardest. But Warners are making Dick stick to his agreement. Cheer up, girls! It's only a few months off!

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S quick action for a divorce from Ludlow Ogden Smith topped a month of rough weather on the Hollywood marital seas. One misalliance after another was dashed against the rocks, among the more prominent being those of Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; the Richard Bennetts and Corinne Griffith and Producer Walter Mitchell Morosco, Jr. Vague rumors were also beginning to arise that all was not so well between Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, his bride of only a few months, while the gossips were anticipating a final legal split between George Raft and his wife, from whom he had been so long separated. Some people believed Raft and Virginia Pine would wed, regardless of what had been said about his lack of such an intention. Another big nuptial bombshell—and a blonde one—brought the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson split into the news. They'll be divorced.



The king of comedians goes to see the clowns. It is Charlie Chaplin with his two sons, Charles, Jr. and Sidney, taking in the circus. Like most Hollywood parents, Chaplin strives to protect the boys from publicity. Thus, pictures of them are rare



Alice White and Neil Hamilton came only half-way out of the water for the cameraman. When they swim, they *swim!* (Beach poses not included.) Alice was a guest at the home of the Hamiltons, helping initiate the swimming pool recently built on their place



A screen queen of silent pictures and a famous comedian are wed: Norma Talmadge and her brand-new husband, George Jessel. They were married nine days after her divorce from Joseph Schenck

IT was on the "Treasure Island" set on the M-G-M lot, and Wally Beery was hobbling about on his wooden leg for the rôle of *Long John Silver*. A car drove up and little Carol Ann, Wally's daughter, rushed out to greet her daddy. Suddenly she spied the leg and stopped. Pain passed over her little face.

"Oh, my poor daddy," she said, her blue eyes full of tears and her delicate chin quivering.

"It's all right, honey," he tried to reassure her. "Daddy's all right."

But it wasn't until Wally unstrapped the leg and walked about on his own two feet, that the look of bewildered anguish passed from the little girl's face.

MR. WALLACE BEERY, foster mother of little Carol Ann, remains at this time in a critical condition with heart trouble.

The Beerys have been ideally happy. They have the sympathy of all Hollywood and wishes for a speedy recovery.



Romantic rumor: Marian Nixon and William Seiter, director, are seen together almost constantly these days. Here they are at the Coconut Grove, at a table for two. Seiter was divorced just recently by pretty Laura La Plante



One of moviedom's proudest fathers is John Barrymore. Little John, Jr., pictured with him, is his and Dolores' youngest child. He is two-years-old. Sister Ethel Mae is all of four years now

DOROTHY MARTIN, first ex-wife of Eddie Hillman, organized a party to cruise out to Eddie's and go swimming, but then thought it might be a good idea to telephone first. The baffled butler hemmed and hawed and finally broke down with, "Maybe you had better make it another day, Mrs. Hillman, because Miss Nixon is out here with a party now!" (P.S.—Marian Nixon is the second ex-Mrs. Hillman!)

CONNIE BENNETT'S selection for the rôle in "The Green Hat," with Herbert Marshall opposite, hasn't set so well with several people in Hollywood—and it isn't professional jealousy either.

A PERT little blonde with a come-hither look in her eye is being talked about in Hollywood. Adolphe Menjou openly displays a signed portrait of her on his dressing-table. And the little blonde is getting away with it—in fact, she is receiving a great deal of encouragement. Her name is Shirley Temple, that cute little armful of five years.

A smash, a wow, a knockout, in "Stand Up and Cheer," Shirley has been assigned to "Baby Take a Bow."

TWENTY Nubian slaves (from Central Avenue) drawing a litter upon which reposed Claudette (*Cleopatra*) Colbert and four leopards. In the midst of the scene, one of the leopards suddenly sprang from the litter. Twenty Nubians went howling off the set and out the front gate, clad only in loin cloths. Everyone on the street thought they'd gone nudist.

JEAN MUIR is just beyond the Warners' understanding. Or nearly so. A splendid actress, the studio is anxious that Jean be seen



Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot are enjoying cowboy thrills at the annual rodeo given by Hoot Gibson at his California ranch. Adrienne may not know much about bull-dogging, but she certainly seems to be well-entertained by Hoot's round-up of bronco-busters and steer riders

places in smart attire. At a rather swanky opening, the studio insisted that Jean attend.

The photographers, they told her, would be there and she should look as lovely as possible.

That night, right behind the elegantly groomed Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, in came Jean—in an old tweed coat, a pair of slacks, no make-up—nothing that any other actress in Hollywood, except Garbo, considers necessary to advancement.

And wearing flat-heeled sport oxfords.

Openings are not mentioned any more to Jean.

HOLLYWOOD'S colossal ribber, Vince Barnett, was handed a speed ticket by the same traffic cop three times in one week. Positive it was a gag concocted by one of his victims out for revenge, Vince, each time, ignored the ticket.

Even when he found himself summoned to court, he still thought it a gag and trustingly confided his belief to the judge who sternly looked him over.

"Mr. Barnett," the judge said, "just to finally convince you this is no rib, you can give this court the sum of one hundred dollars or go to jail for fifteen days."

And so a thousand of Vince's victims are avenged.

WHAT Adrienne Ames missed—

A new, dazzling \$15,000 Rolls-Royce and a grand mansion in Beverly Hills—especially built.

Ex-hubby, millionaire Stephen Ames came through with these love tokens for Raquel Torres, his new wife.

But then, Adrienne has Bruce Cabot.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Col. Victor McLaglen leads a parade of the California Light Horse. A veteran of real and theatrical wars, he organized the company himself. Not for war—just for exercise



Alice Faye attends Hoot's rodeo with a gentleman who knows his ropes, Bill Hart. For many years the hero of Westerns, Bill sits in the grandstand and looks as if he might leap into the arena and show the youngsters a thing or two. With that hat, we bet he'd have a chance!



Jean Harlow is shown at the Del Monte polo games just before her recent split with Hal Rosson. The most strenuous thing Jean did was to present the gold cup at the Steeplechase Meet

\$500.00 in Prizes

Movie Fill-in Contest

A GAIN PHOTOPLAY Magazine presents to its vast reader audience a new, thrilling, exciting contest which will not only provide many hours of entertainment, but bring \$500.00 in cash prizes to the lucky contestants.

"Movie Fill-ins" will prove to be the most fascinating contest ever presented by any magazine. If you know the motion picture players, their backgrounds, their doings and characteristics, you will find the "Movie Fill-in" contest a test of your knowledge.

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter, forming news in the same manner as is done by PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff of experienced writers and interviewers.

When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballot provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. There will be three installments of this puzzle. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each single dash represents a single letter and the total number of dashes gives, in each instance, the total number of letters in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the blank spaces. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite _____¹_____ _____²_____ in some short comedies called "_____³_____ _____⁴_____." _____⁵_____ _____⁶_____ is now married to a screen player whose name is _____⁷_____.

CLUES

ANSWERS

1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel **Harold**
2. The first half of the last name of a British wartime Premier **Lloyd (Lloyd-George)**
3. A solitary state **Lonesome**
4. One of the Apostles **Luke**
5. The first two letters mean *to exist*; the second two letters also, *to exist* **Bebe**
6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name **Daniels**
7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den **Lyon**

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as *actual spelling* when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$125.00
Second Prize.....	75.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Fourth Prize.....	25.00
Ten Prizes of \$10 each.....	100.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$5 each.....	125.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing will appear in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—

1. Harold
2. Lloyd
3. Lonesome

4. \$500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Fill-in" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the

originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

8. 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 may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

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

10. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions should be in by 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the January, 1935, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

CHATTER

FOR JULY

1 _____ 2 _____ was born in _____ 3 _____,
 _____ 4 _____ She came to fame in " _____ 5 _____
 _____ 6 _____" co-featured with a now prominent male star. On
 the same motion picture lot is a charming brunette,
 _____ 7 _____ _____ 8 _____, who comes from _____ 9 _____,
 _____ 10 _____. After a very short period in American films
 she played opposite _____ 11 _____ _____ 12 _____ in
 " _____ 13 _____ _____ 14 _____."

To give you a little gossip: a beautiful girl star, _____ 15 _____
 _____ 16 _____, has been seen a great deal in the company of
 _____ 17 _____ _____ 18 _____ since securing a divorce.

Speaking of advanced surgery, the doctor who operated on
 _____ 19 _____ _____ 20 _____ for appendicitis did not
 leave a scar. She made her screen debut over seven years ago
 in a silent picture, "For the Love of Mike," as a leading woman
 for _____ 21 _____ _____ 22 _____.

One of _____ 23 _____ _____ 24 _____'s favorite occupations when
 off duty is to wander off into the wilds of the Rockies to shoot
 mountain lions. He was co-starred with _____ 25 _____ _____ 26 _____
 in " _____ 27 _____ _____ 28 _____." Both he and she possess what is known
 as *sex menace*.

When it comes to hero worship, _____ 29 _____ _____ 30 _____
 has an autographed picture of _____ 31 _____ _____ 32 _____ which
 hangs in the place of honor in his den. The latter is his hero,
 not only as an actor but as an aviator. To mention still another
 actor-aviator, _____ 33 _____ _____ 34 _____ considers a flight from
 Los Angeles to Central America and back just a mere hop.

A player prominent in the silent days is now coming into his
 own again in the talkies. _____ 35 _____ _____ 36 _____'s most
 recent picture is " _____ 37 _____ _____ 38 _____ _____ 39 _____," and you will find
 him playing opposite _____ 40 _____ _____ 41 _____.

Here's a hard one: one of our most popular players,
 _____ 42 _____ _____ 43 _____, was born in _____ 44 _____.
 A picture that added greatly to his popularity was " _____ 45 _____
 _____ 46 _____."

CLUES

FOR JULY

1. The first two letters—German for *yes*, the remaining three letters—*to snare*.
2. The first three letters—the *act of making merry*, the last three letters—a correlative of *neither*.
3. A Quaker city in the "Keystone State."
4. The first four letters—the name of a great Quaker leader of Colonial days, the remaining eight letters—a forest.
5. A number from one to ten.
6. A habitation of happiness.
7. A small flowering shrub, loved by Scots. (Scotland.)
8. Referred to in the Bible as both good and bad.
9. A city abroad after which a great university is called.
10. A country in Europe.
11. The first syllable has the sound of a word meaning *not so much*, the last three letters—to prevaricate.
12. The first three letters—in *what manner*, the remaining three letters—a Cockney pronunciation of *the opposite of soft*.
13. An early colonial governor of Virginia.
14. To be honest.
15. A French heroine.
16. The first four letters—an *organ of fowls*, the last four letters—to cross a stream on foot.
17. The first five letters—a *French coin*, the last three letters—a *degree of heat*.
18. A character of sound.
19. The first syllable—a *talon*, the second syllable—*that which we owe*. (Be guided by *sound* in each instance.)
20. The first syllable has the sound of a *fuel*, the last four letters—the first name of a famous silent picture star.
21. The same as the second name of a widely selling alarm clock.
22. Suggestive of a member of a feline tribe.
23. English pronunciation of a word applied to a person who waits on customers in a store or shop.
24. Triangular part of an exterior wall of a house or building between the top of the side walls and the slope of the roof.
25. One leg of a pair of pants.
26. The first four letters—the *barb* from a large feather as of a peacock, the last two letters—sound a word meaning to be *indebted for*.
27. A fiery color.
28. The bane of a housewife's existence.
29. This is also the name of the most often used trained lion in pictures.
30. A craftsman who makes tubs and casks.
31. The last name of the author of "Ben Hur."
32. To become loggy with a certain intoxicating liquid.
33. *To know*.
34. The first three letters—one of the twelve months, the remaining four letters—an *aromatic plant*.
35. His first name is the last name of a male star.
36. His last name the same as a daring female star of serial fame.
37. A definite article.
38. A female.
39. To inspect secretly.
40. The first three letters—to *commit to memory*, the final six letters—a *mode of standing*.
41. The first three letters—a masculine name, the remaining four letters or last syllable reveals an instrument for fishing.
42. The first two letters—a popular contraction of a man's name, the last four letters—to *fend off a blow*.
43. The first five letters—a species of bird, the remaining three letters—a male child.
44. A country in Europe—the first three letters has the sound of a three letter word which means to regret, the last five letters—a form of insanity.
45. An acute stinging sensation.
46. Currency.

July Movie "Fill-in" Contest Solution

1	17	33
2	18	34
3	19	35
4	20	36
5	21	37
6	22	38
7	23	39
8	24	40
9	25	41
10	26	42
11	27	43
12	28	44
13	29	45
14	30	46
15	31	
16	32	



What the Well-Dressed



A suede windbreaker, pint-size, is as popular with the younger masculine set in Hollywood as it is with the older. Baby LeRoy wears his for sporting activities. The knitted cap has a visor and pompon. The white jersey suit has a neat crew neckline

Costumes from
Mrs. Alexander
Pantages'
Wee Wear Shop

Just to prove that there's nothing sissy about wearing a seersucker play suit, young Mr. LeRoy goes into a big action pose for the camera. The ships embroidered in blue outline-stitch with a sail motif are just the right sort of nautical touch for any fellow's active sportswear



Er—a little undressed but quite the proper togs for Malibu if a fellow wants to get any suntan at all. Perhaps you will recognize the shorts—a slightly abbreviated version of the costume above, but with the addition of a knitted beret



Neither Toby nor Baby LeRoy is quite certain about this outfit, but when they learn that it is copied from very collegiate overalls, things will brighten up! Washable white corduroy overalls and striped silk blouse

Young Man *Will Wear*

"Hollywood career demands sartorial perfection," says lively Baby LeRoy

Photos by
William Walling, Jr.



A businesslike suit to wear to the studio in a practical navy blue and white knit. The cardigan buttons down the front, a white pull-on and a pair of matching shorts complete that well-tailored look



A little on the dressy side but not too dandified. It has Master LeRoy's approval — or maybe the grin is for the rabbit. Anyway, a dotted Swiss blouse joined to brown linen trousers is the right answer for parties and such. The "trou" stripes are very jaunty!

A last look finds our hero all set for a motoring trip. A blue flannel coat is correctly man-tailored with double-breasted closing and white flannel lining, lapels and cuffs. Nearly all of Baby LeRoy's clothes, as you can see, are copies of adult masculine attire in detail

The STARS! NOW YOU SEE

They scoot out and vanish in thin air every time a studio wants some acting done. It's uncanny!

By Kirtley Baskette

ALL the stars are vanishing out in Hollywood. Every day, right into thin air they melt. Presto, chango!—now you see them, now you don't—and nothing up the sleeves.

If it keeps on, who knows what will happen to the poor bewildered studios? How can you make movies with a flock of slippery stars who would make the late Harry Houdini look like a piker?

If it does keep on, they'll have to outfit casting directors with handy pocket spy-glasses and sign all term contracts with the Bertillon system of fingerprints. At the cry, "Turn out the guard—a star's



A dream who started the fad of walking out on the studios, and fading from the view of wakeful, frenzied searchers. Margaret Sullavan she is, and she loves raw carrots!



Aimlessly, happily Warren William drifted, becalmed, in the blue Pacific. When rescued by harbor police, he stewed at indignities cast at his seamanship

The whole country was covered in the search for Myrna Loy. Every clue followed, every hide-a-way checked. Nobody thought of looking for Myrna at her home



loose!" they'll have to shriek the sirens and put detective false whiskers on all the prop boys.

It's terrible—and Margaret Sullavan is the girl who started it all—started everyone slipping out of sight for days and weeks and months at a time. For no good reason whatsoever.

Walk-outs for more money are everyday items in Hollywood news. Everyone from Jimmy Cagney to Jean Harlow has taken turns running out on a too-reduced paycheck. It has always been considered a neat piece of business for an actor to romp off in the middle of a picture, and stay until a producer tires of holding up a half-million dollar

'EM—NOW YOU DON'T!



A lover of scenery and solitude, Ann Harding pulled a slick disappearing act when she left her car on the edge of the desert to walk a bit, and wasn't seen or heard from for two weeks

investment and writes a new contract. Jack Oakie did, for such business reasons—and Ann Dvorak breezed for a more personal cause—to go on a four-months-delayed honeymoon with Leslie Fenton.

But since the advent of the increasingly enigmatic Miss Sul-lavan, neither rhyme, reason nor routine enters into things at all. Stars step off the sets and the earth swallows them up. Wh-s-s-s-t!—and they're gone, like one of Thurston's magic hours. And nobody, nobody — not even their closest friends, relatives, managers, or fairy godmothers—can even get "warm" in the new Hollywood game of hide-and-go-seek.



It's positively uncanny.

Margaret vanished on the very day she was supposed to arrive to make "Only Yesterday," leaving a group of baffled Universal executives, loaded down with flowers and welcome speeches, to huddle at the airport and speculate whether "Only Yesterday" would turn into "Maybe Tomorrow."

Again, half-way through the picture, she casually strolled off the set after a mild tiff with Director John Stahl. Only some quick detective work, which included checking up on her bank and finding she had drawn out every cent, resulted in her capture as she stepped on a plane that night bound for New York. She was persuaded to return to work.

When the final "cut" came on "Only Yesterday," Margaret vanished once more, and inside of a few hours was on her way to New York. For four months, half the studio thought she was doing a play on Broadway and the other half thought she was in Europe. But nobody was certain where she was all the time nor how to get in touch with her, although her contract said she was an employee of Universal studios.

Every now and then fragmentary reports of her whereabouts drifted Hollywoodwards, and finally Universal got word to her [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Lyle Talbot spent a destination-unknown vacation blissfully, never realizing what his fade-out was going to cost him! Lyle will listen in on KFWB next time

Ginger Rogers blended into the scenery of Arizona, and it took the Bureau of Missing Persons, a sheriff and her mother's plea over the radio to get her home again

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ TARZAN AND HIS MATE—M-G-M

THRILL after thrill for squealing audiences. There is a spirit in this picture that was never before caught in any *Tarzan* opus. Here is a world of make-believe where realism and fantasy so skilfully blend that you will find yourself rubbing your incredulous eyes.

Ju-ju drums, trumpeting elephants, gunfire, chattering apes and Johnny Weissmuller's lung power make a tremendous uproar. And when the jungle takes vengeance on men who attempt to rob the elephant graveyard of ivory, your breath stops.

Delightful Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton, both of the first Weissmuller-*Tarzan* picture, are in the cast. Cedric Gibbons' direction is expert. Possibly a bit sanguine for very young children.



★ MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M

A GRIPPING story of the deep friendship between two men and the melodramatic climax of that friendship. As boys, Clark Gable and William Powell find themselves alone in the world. Gable is a born gambler. Powell, a studious lad determined to get on. He becomes district attorney; Gable, a gambling house proprietor.

The combat between the two, the unflinching integrity of Powell and the devotion of Gable and his respect for his friend's ideals, present an unusual situation.

In order to squelch a scandal against Powell, who is running for Governor, Gable kills a man and it is the duty of Powell, his friend, to send him to death.

Myrna Loy, as the girl who once loved Gable and marries Powell, turns in a beautiful performance. Fine support.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—
20th Century-United Artists

HERE, at last, is a costume picture out of Hollywood (by Darryl Zanuck) as good as any ever conceived in Europe.

It is frothy, naughty, colorful, opulent. The characters are never once obviously aware that they are dressed in the extravagant costume of by-gone Italy.

And the picture is lifted to heights with a performance by Frank Morgan as the *Duke of Florence*, that is so full of wit, of Machiavellian insight and cleverness, that it overshadows the performance of Constance Bennett and even of Fredric March.

In 16th century Florence lives *Benvenuto Cellini* (March), artist and goldsmith, lover and fighter par excellence. His love-life, a date he has to be hanged, and the *Duchess's* golden service plates, get all tangled up.

Cellini's "command" conquest of the *Duchess* (Constance Bennett) is complicated by the *Duke's* sudden passion for *Angela*, a gloriously dumb dame, played beautifully by Fay Wray, whom *Benny Cellini* is trying to save for himself. Follows the hilarious attempts of the *Duke* and *Duchess* to conceal their amorous escapades from each other.

It is all one of those rip-roaring, swashbuckling, slightly bawdy numbers, reminiscent of "The Jest," and gorgeously mounted with costume and background.

You will have a lot of fun at this one! Not for children.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI	20TH CENTURY
TARZAN AND HIS MATE	MANHATTAN MELODRAMA
HANDY ANDY	SADIE McKEE
LITTLE MISS MARKER	WHERE SINNERS MEET
DOUBLE DOOR	SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

The Best Performances of the Month

Frank Morgan in "The Affairs of Cellini"
 John Barrymore in "20th Century"
 Carole Lombard in "20th Century"
 William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama"
 Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama"
 Will Rogers in "Handy Andy"
 Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee"
 Edward Arnold in "Sadie McKee"
 Adolphe Menjou in "Little Miss Marker"
 Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker"
 Reginald Owen in "Where Sinners Meet"
 Mary Morris in "Double Door"
 Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120



★ *HANDY ANDY*—Fox

WILL ROGERS at his very best makes this standard formula picture a real knockout hit. It's all Will—but that happens to be plenty.

As usual, Will is an uncouth husband—an apothecary this time—of an ambitious wife. She badgers him into selling the store for social relaxation, grooms their daughter for a wealthy marriage, forces Will into golf and finally a social excursion to the Mardi Gras, all against his wishes. But it's funny how Will manages to win out with his passive resistance.

Will is seconded by good situations, clever comedy lines and believable burlesque. Supporting cast with Peggy Wood, Frank Melton and Mary Carlisle splendid. Sophisticate or softie, sixteen or sixty, you'll love this.



★ *20TH CENTURY*—Columbia

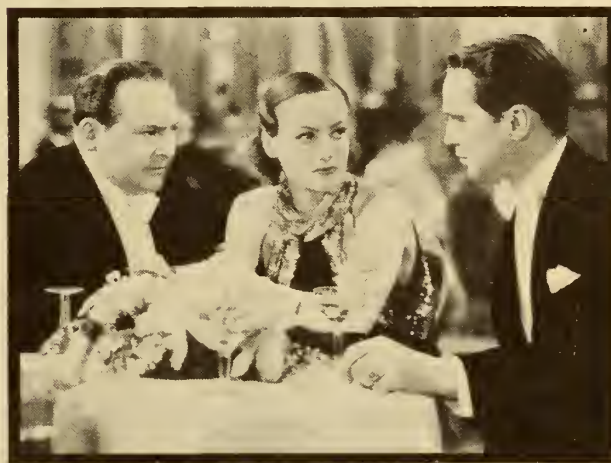
THIS extravagantly funny film is a worthy adaptation of the play that so amused Broadway the season before last. Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, authors of the stage "Twentieth Century," also wrote the picture.

John Barrymore's endless versatility, Carole Lombard's fiery talent which few suspected she had, and Walter Connolly's customarily good performance pack the laughs into the film. It is broad farce with a veneer of satire, moving at a dizzy pace.

Barrymore as *Oscar Jaffe*, theatrical producer with all the idiosyncrasies and poses of his trade, molds a shop girl into a star. This *Lily Garland* (Miss Lombard) becomes as frantically temperamental as *Jaffe*, quits him for Hollywood, and his producing fortunes fade. So he goes after *Lily* with a bagful of cunning schemes. She repulses him with all the egotism of her show-shop personality. This mad war of wits extends cross-country on the Twentieth Century, with *Jaffe* determined she shall sign a new contract with him before the train reaches New York.

Connolly contributes to the hilarity as *Jaffe's* sorely tried right hand man. Roscoe Karns is an effective press agent. Howard Hawks has done an excellent job of directing.

The dialogue has been purged of anything that children shouldn't hear, but retains a sophisticated sparkle.



★ *SADIE McKEE*—M-G-M

A CANNY bit of film production—Joan Crawford in her real dramatic metier, a semi-tragic Cinderella rôle.

Running away from a servant's place in the household of Franchot Tone, Joan tastes her first love tragedy when Gene Raymond deserts her to team with a blues-singer, Esther Ralston. When drunken millionaire Edward Arnold picks her out of a night club and marries her, she first incurs the disgust of his friend, Tone, and then wins his respect by saving her husband from a drunkard's end. But her love for Gene won't die, so she asks for freedom, comforting him before he passes away. Then Franchot brings Joan happiness.

It may sound heavy, but comedy characterizations of Jean Dixon and Zelda Sears, and brilliant scenes of Arnold keep away too many tears. Not recommended for children.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



LITTLE MISS MARKER—
Paramount



THE story is built around Adolphe Menjou but that new find of the film world, delightful little Shirley Temple, creates a sensation—a superb little mimic that overshadows her elders. Menjou, into whose lap the tot is dropped as security for a debt, shares this responsibility with his gambling friends. Charles Bickford, Dorothy Dell, Lynne Overman. Don't miss this picture.



DOUBLE DOOR—
Paramount



THIS drama about the sister (Mary Morris) who cruelly rules over relics of an ancient family (Kent Taylor, Anne Revere) and concentrates her venom on Evelyn Venable, Kent's bride, seems a fantasy out of the past. But the mood seizes you and holds you in rapt horror. A pathological, melodramatic plot, timed expertly for suspense, and a pulse-pounding climax make this picture genuinely thrilling.



WHERE SINNERS MEET—
RKO-Radio



CLIVE BROOK, as an eccentric Englishman who devotes this time to waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, and his four romantically and maritally entangled victims, Billie Burke, Diana Wynyard, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray all do splendidly. But Owen's Wodehouseian thick-headed Lord is priceless. Thoroughly paralyzing comedy situations and brilliant dialogue.



SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—
Fox



A GIRL'S mad infatuation for an older man is a dangerous thing, author Warner Baxter discovers when being kind to a young poetess (Rochelle Hudson) results in her suicide. A clever picture, intelligently directed, with its share of suspense, believable characterization and story logic. Baxter is perfectly cast, Rochelle Hudson does her best work. Rosemary Ames, Mona Barrie, Henrietta Crosman.

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—
Paramount



MYTHICAL-KINGDOM princess, Sylvia Sidney, visits America to raise bond issue—and raises a case of mumps. What to do? Financier swinging the deal finds her “double,” a chorus girl (also Sylvia). The masquerade includes vamping of publisher Cary Grant, who begins by being hostile to the campaign—and ends, completely subjugated and in love. Grand humorous and satirical touches. A-1 performance.

HALF A SINNER—
Universal



IN this film version of “Alias the Deacon,” Berton Churchill scores again. He is the benign benefactor, cheating cheaters in sub rosa poker game, winning back mortgage on Alexandra Carlisle's hotel, presenting it to her, and departing for “other fields.” Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane, also acquainted with the “Deacon,” provide love interest. Young Mickey Rooney does a good comedy job.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE WITCHING HOUR—
Paramount



WE'RE NOT DRESSING—
Paramount



AUGUSTUS THOMAS' famous play seems a bit old-fashioned. However, it probably depends whether you are impressed by the occult. Gambler John Halliday, the possessor of uncanny hunches, unintentionally hypnotizes his prospective son-in-law (Tom Brown) and causes him to commit murder. The romance between Judith Allen and Tom Brown is appealing. A good cast makes it plausible drama.

WITH a dash of comedy that fits like a life preserver, Bing Crosby comes through as a big he-man sailor. When Carole Lombard's yacht sinks, the party is stranded on an island where George Burns and Gracie Allen, of all people, live. Bing and Carole are the romancers. Ethel Merman makes her screen debut teamed with Leon Errol. Plenty of grand new songs. And, besides, there's Bing's huge bear.

STINGAREE
—RKO-Radio



SCARLET EMPRESS—
Paramount



ACTION takes place on Henry Stephenson's Australian sheep ranch in latter part of 18th century. With Richard Dix, swaggering bandit lover, and impresario Conway Tearle both aiding Irene Dunne in attaining fame as concert singer. After triumphing in European capitals, she escapes with *Stingaree* (Dix). Irene sings beautifully. Mary Boland, Una O'Connor and Andy Devine provide hilarity.

HIGHLIGHTED with scenes of wondrous beauty, this history of Catherine of Russia is a dull presentation of the life of the German princess (Marlene Dietrich) brought to Russia by the *Empress* (Louise Dresser) to marry half-wit *Grand Duke Peter* (Sam Jaffee). Embittered at the horrible termination of her romantic ideals, she favors the army officers who succeed in making her Empress. John Lodge effective.

NOW I'LL TELL—
Fox



MANY HAPPY RETURNS—
Paramount



MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN'S story of the life and death of her daring husband. The only thing he recognized as wrong was failure, his only enduring respect was for his wife. He progresses from a small-time gambler to "King" of gamblers, and to his ultimate downfall. Spencer Tracy gives convincing performance as *Rothstein*. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife, and Alice Faye his girl friend. Good support.

GRACIE ALLEN is psychoanalyzed, and drives the analyst crazy, in this uproarious comedy. Gracie, George Burns, Joan Marsh and the rest never make sense once, which is a record in anybody's language. Resume of plot is no use, because Gracie takes care of that—and you can't define Gracie. Guy Lombardo's orchestra, Veloz and Yolanda.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 84]

ACTORS

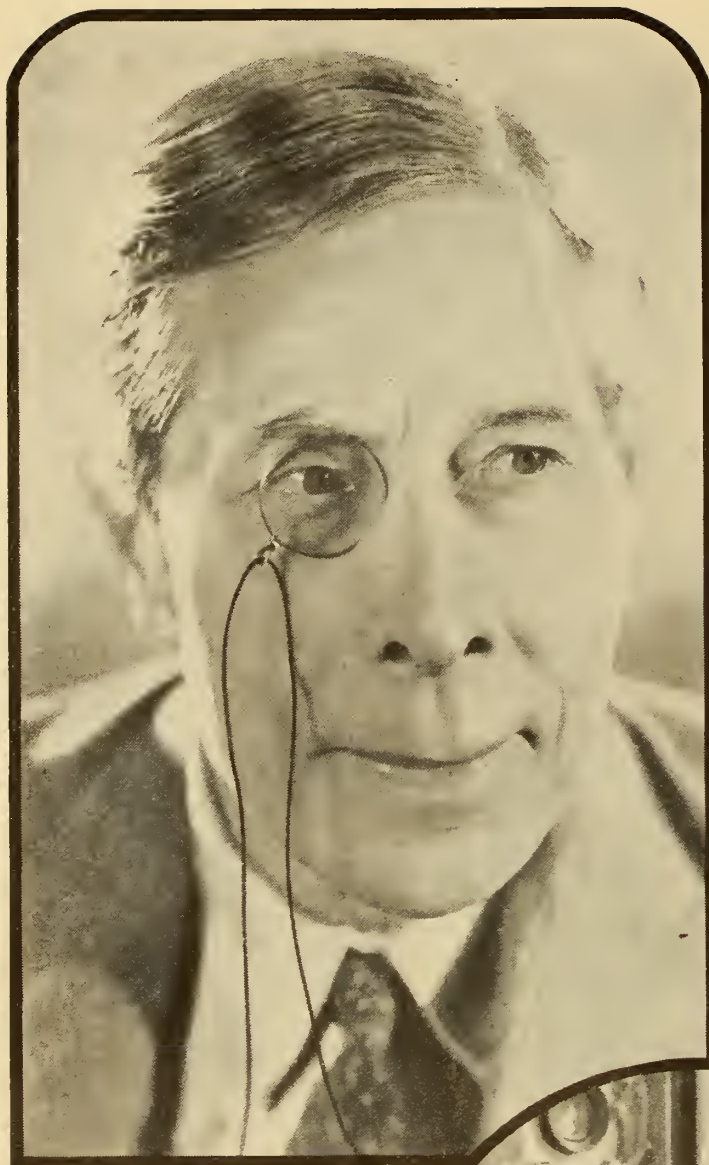
Don't

Grow Old

George Arliss

tells

Elza Schallert



The *Disraelis* or *Rothschilds* of history, or down-to-earth characters—Arliss plays all rôles with equal zest. Variety is freshening to his art



Mr. and Mrs. Arliss are nearing their fiftieth wedding anniversary. She plays with him when the story includes a happy wife

those years, and of recent times a leading film luminary—naturally has observations to make which are illuminating. And these become doubly impressive because they have been reduced by him to their simplest denominators.

Arliss talks in a live, brisk tempo. When he is citing an anecdote or emphasizing a point with humorous inflection, he watches you closely with a sly twinkle in his eyes, to note whether you are catching on. There is a bit of the Peck's Bad Boy quality about him. Mischievous! Incidentally, he has the bluest eyes I've ever seen in a man—the color of Dutch blue glazed pottery (he always wears that monocle, too).

A first meeting with Arliss is something of an austere ceremony. He has never quite lost his native English reserve, despite his many years in America. He does not give spontaneously of himself in the beginning. One feels rather that he holds himself back in order to look over the other fellow with due appraisal. And one also is conscious of being lifted up to a proper realization of who George Arliss is. I don't think Arliss deliberately tries to establish this mood. It is, perhaps, merely the result [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

THERE'S no denying that work takes on something of a thrill when the assignment happens to be an interview with Clark Gable, or Fredric March, or Bob Montgomery, or a dozen other romantic heroes of the screen.

But I must confess that spending the tea hour with Mr. George Arliss in his home overlooking Los Angeles and the Hollywood hills, and listening to him talk about pictures, and the theater, and acting, is an experience of a rare, rare order, indeed. Like rich old wine. And charming, of course. It couldn't be otherwise.

An actor who has spent nearly a half century in the theater, and almost thirty years of that career on the American stage—and who has been a star in his own right for over twenty of

Twinkling his brightest at the age of sixty-six, Arliss talks of the energizing, rejuvenating art of acting

Hot Weather Trifles



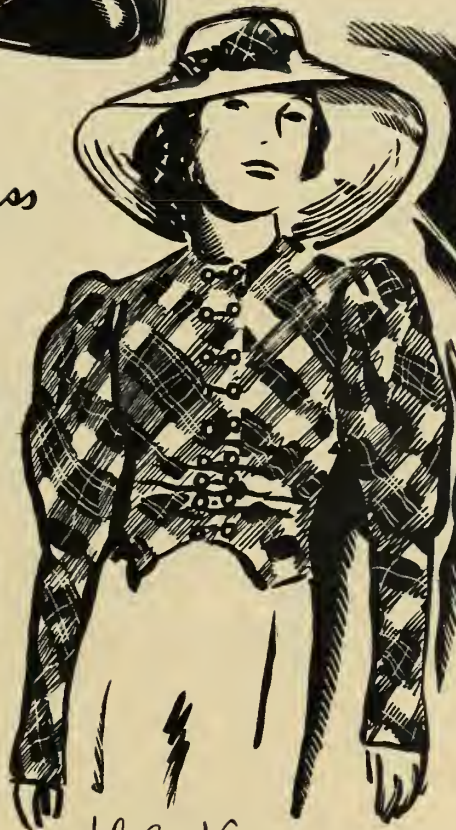
A summer classic, the white and brown pump. Ultimate in graceful line and lightness



A cool wave for feet - Hollywood's pet low heeled white kid sandal that even adds perforation to its straps for perfect "airflow!"



Sketched this enchanting hat at the Brown Derby. It's linen crash with leather flowers and gay streamers in cerise ribbon



Helen Vinson wears an amusing gingham basque waist with her linen slacks



Build a cool foundation to your summer chic by choosing this favorite all-in-one of the cinemaites. Cool as net but firmly restraining

Hollywood Tries White Magic

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTO-PLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

- Seymour



THERE'S a childish lilt to Mary Carlisle's white gob hat with its navy blue streamers, but her reefer coat is nautical sophistication to its last nickel button! Mary has chosen her accessories skilfully—she matches the blue braid on her coat with a navy handbag, scarf and lacings in her white pumps. Her white crocheted string gloves are the right detail for this spectator sports costume. You may buy both hat and coat, copied from "Merry Andrew"



On Costumes And Accessories



PLAIDS are clannish this summer! Diana Wynyard, who appears in "Where Sinners Meet," wears this charming plaid silk in a romantic scene with Clive Brook. The white silk piqué cuffs are reminiscent of the lines in our new off-the-face hats! Unusual buttons



GAIL PATRICK adroitly uses a color accent with her all-white costume. Bright tangerine crepe with confetti dots makes the scarf worn like a vestee, also the pocket handkerchief and wrist ties. Gail's next will be "Murder at the Vanities"



HERE'S a perfect formula for beach dress—a pair of blue and white checked wool slacks made with all the masculine dash, a white short-sleeved blouse also masculine as to tailoring, white open-toed sandals and a knitted beret. The sponsor—Marian Nixon!

From A Picture Setting To Your Own Summer One

- Seymour -



THE cool color of water, Aqua blue, for this summer silk frock which Claire Trevor wears in "Wild Gold." White mousseline de soie frills at collar and sleeves add a crisp detail. Fabric buttons around the neckline are used all the way down the front to provide an effective opening

THE title of the picture is "Call It Luck," and that is just how fortunate you will feel to be able to buy this simple wash frock worn by Pat Paterson. Coolest white cotton with a tucked bodice and great flaring cape-like collar of blue and white eyelet embroidered linen with bow





EVENING frocks are a sheer delight this season. Marian Nixon, in "Embarrassing Moments," wears this gaily printed sheer cotton, above. The bodice has a primness about its turn-over collar which the myriad ruffles below quite belie. Velvet ribbons further add to the old-fashioned charm of the dress

A MORE conservative brim than the huge cartwheels everyone is wearing about Hollywood, is the one which shades Marian Nixon's eyes in this picture at right. All white except for a small twist of bright ribbon in front. The brim has an alluring irregularity, dipping smartly over the eyes



"We're Not Dressing!"

- Seymour



THE hats worn by Chinese coolies have inspired beach hat designs this summer. Fay Wray wears a modified version in the picture above. The brim is medium, sloping down from a peak and flaring out slightly, thus giving sun protection. Fay's is ribbon trimmed



MARIAN NIXON'S hatbox yields so many attractive bonnets this summer that this one can't be left out as a possibility for all of you! Every line of that irregular brim has been copied carefully. It is the perfect small sports hat, being in a ribbed fabric with shallow crown, not too wide brim, and having an arrangement of two ribbons that will go with any costume color scheme

SO perfectly does the title of Carole Lombard's picture fit this beach pajama which she wears in an important scene, that the title was lifted to fit this page! Navy blue jersey is the fabric, enormous plate-like white buttons are the trimming. And that's about all there is to describe this simple sporting outfit. Fussy beach clothes can never hope to equal its practical chic



William A. Fraker

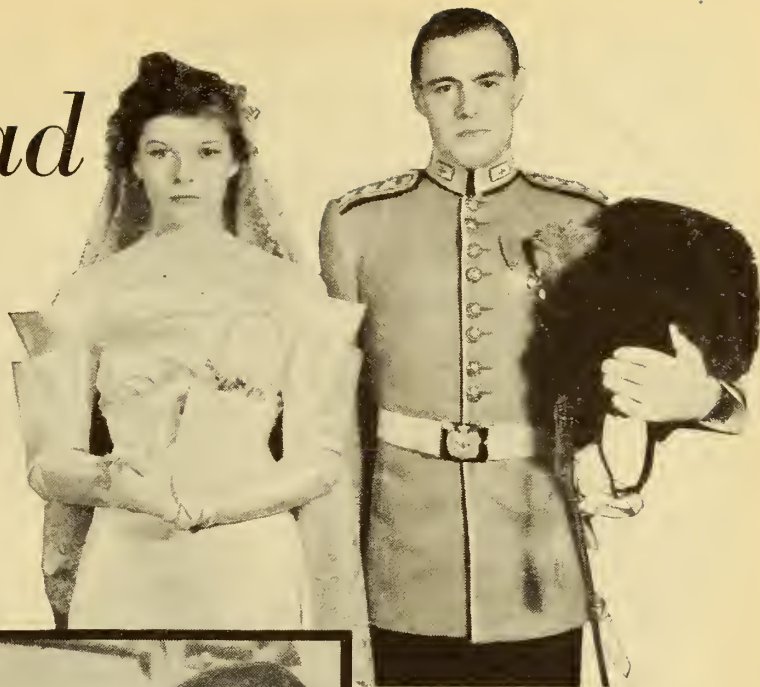
TIME out, on the set, for a lesson on how to stab your rival. Oh, just in fun, of course. Joseph Schildkraut, standing, tells Frank Morgan and Elissa Landi how to handle a fencing foil, while Director David Burton tries to get the trio's attention back to the script. They were supposed to be rehearsing lines for "Sisters Under the Skin"



Mack Elliott

THE stakes must be high, for Mr. Dunn is taking the game seriously! And Miss Gaynor considers carefully before she puts the card down. The spectator is Director John Blystone. Janet and Jimmy played rummy between shots on the "Change of Heart" set. Charlie

What's Ahead for Hepburn?



The director of her film hits says it is up to Kate to overcome the anguish of Broadway's snub

By *Kenneth Baker*

AFTER the most amazingly contradictory first season career any screen actress ever experienced, Katharine Hepburn is facing the second episode of her melodramatic climb to movie greatness.

The first chapter has ended, leaving a bitter-sweet taste in her mouth. She has, in the short space of a few months, sampled the nectar of a world-acclaimed triumph and the wormwood of a dismal frustration of a personal ambition. And she has broken with her first husband.

Her freckled, artistic face is turned toward a future blurred and confused by what would seem to be a chaos of conflicting desires. Her career and her prestige waver in the balance, buoyed on one side by the unparalleled excellence of her record in "Morning Glory" and "Little Women"; and weighed down on the other by her disappointment in "Spitfire" and the failure of her meant-to-be Broadway stage triumph in "The Lake."

She is in the strange position of holding the highest honor screen-dom can give—the Academy award for the best acting of last year—and the worst affront Broadway can offer—the closing of her play after only a few weeks' run.



In the play, "The Lake," with Colin Clive, Hepburn went through the torture of defeat. Some think her failure will affect her movie career

It's an uncomfortable, torturing spot for any actress to stew on. Doubly uncomfortable and twice as torturing for an actress of Katharine Hepburn's extreme sensitivity, ambition and pride.

That her position is one which brought her anguish seems to be proved by the fact that immediately following the closing of the ill-fated "The Lake," she fled from herself, her friends and her public on a vague, purposeless trip abroad, and nervously returned in a few days. Even her bosom friend, Laura Harding, did not accompany her.

Then she hopped down to Yucatan and started proceedings for a Mexican divorce from Ogden Ludlow Smith, financial advisor to a New York company. Laura Harding did go with her on this jaunt. And when Katharine returned she appeared in more gleeful spirits, even making herself accessible to the press. But when she was asked if she intended to marry Leland Hayward, her manager, she said she had no intention of wedding anyone. Hayward's wife, incidentally, also sued for a Mexican divorce. Poor Katie Hepburn!

A public idol—not fallen yet by any means. But super-sensitive and self-willed, creating ob-

Monkey business! Even her staunchest admirers so describe some of Katie's capricious actions. In Hollywood now, Hepburn may fail. Or rise to still greater fame if—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Let the

The title may be a pun on the chair's announcement, "The ayes have it"; but seriously, Jean—



You mustn't squint like that! Your eyes aren't as big as some of the other stars', and, if you are going places and see things—and be seen—you'd better listen to Sylvia



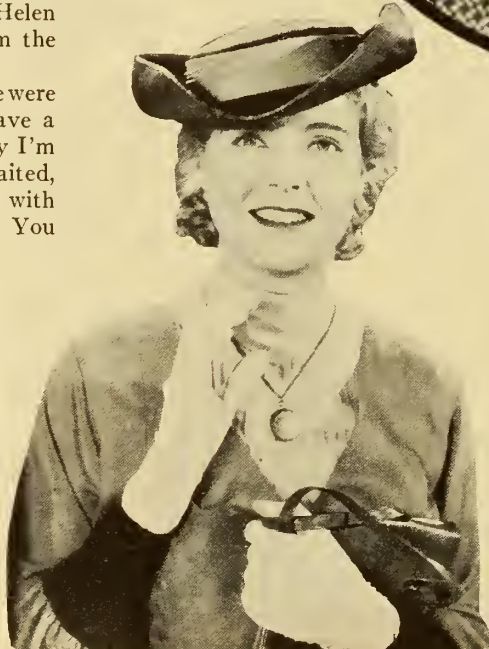
DEAR JEAN: You certainly didn't bother about *climbing* that ladder to success that so many people talk about, did you? You just took it all in one leap and landed on top as a star. More power to you!

A little over a year ago, when you played on the stage in "Saint Wench" with Helen Menken, I saw you many times from the audience.

But the night we were introduced, we were all in such a hurry that I didn't have a chance to chat with you. That's why I'm writing to you now. And I'm glad I waited, because I have much more to discuss with you than I would have had then. You see, your responsibility is much greater now.

To become a movie star is one thing. To remain a movie star is another. I've seen them come and go. Some last six months, a year or two, and then slowly they are pushed aside until they are forgotten. Others continue year after year having greater and greater success. Why? Because they are intelligent enough to realize that to keep the interest of the public they must give the best they have—and that doesn't mean in acting alone. The next most important job for any actress is keeping physically fit and attractive, staying mentally alert and alive.

Some actresses sit back and



You see, Jean, when you smile, that mouth of yours is a joy to behold! That's why Sylvia, with the friendliest intentions, offers these facial exercises that will protect you, and other girls, against drooping lips

Don't let that nice mouth droop at the corners, as it is prone to, Jean; and reduce your bust. So says Sylvia, after seeing our Jean Muir with Richard Barthelmess in "A Modern Hero." And Sylvia offers the remedies

say, "I'm a great movie star." They stop right there, thinking that the public is awed by the very words, "movie star." Well, believe me, darling, the American public is pretty smart. They demand perfection from their idols, and competition is so great that if they don't find that perfection in one star, they watch for another.

Some of our movie stars who have been making personal appearances, now realize that just showing themselves is not enough, particularly when they've allowed themselves to get fat. Stars must be slim and lithe—not bumpy and bulgy. They must walk correctly and gracefully. The distance across a movie theater stage

Eyes Have "It," Sylvia Advises Jean Muir



Sylvia

is considerably longer than that across a Hollywood set, and in the theater the public has a chance to get a good eye-ful of every waddle and bump.

I know, Jean, you are smart enough to realize that what I'm telling you is not idle talk. It is frank, yes, and outspoken—that's my way. But I'm most sincere when I tell you that I want you to be one of our *lasting stars*. I want you to be one of the great artists of the industry. If my humble advice and help can be of any value, you're welcome to it at any time.

Some girls in Hollywood can't take it. But, Jean, for goodness' sake, don't you ever get that way. Remember, darling, when anyone gets the fantastic idea that she can't improve herself, it's the beginning of the end. The way up is glorious. The way down is heartbreaking. And that goes for anyone in any walk of life. So remember that what I'm telling you is for your own good.

I saw you in "As the Earth Turns," and with Dick Barthelmess in "A Modern Hero." Fine performances, both of them. But here are some of the things I noticed. Your eyes aren't as large as some of the stars' eyes. But that doesn't matter, they're expressive. Norma Shearer's eyes aren't large, either, and look what she has done with them with proper make-up. But you, Jean, further handicap yourself by squinting in some of your scenes.

Yes, I know—those lights under which you work are terrible. That's why you must have good,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Jean had to be a stoop-shouldered, rural girl, as here shown with Dorothy Appleby, in "As the Earth Turns." But Sylvia warns her against carrying this slumping off the set



On page 80 Sylvia solves the beauty problems of many who have written to her



Can't Get London Off Her Mind

WHEN Mona Barrie was ten years old, she left London, her birthplace, behind. Many times since, she started out to see London once more, but something always interfered. Not so very long ago, she thought the time had come when she was going to make it. Mona had finished well up in fame on the Australian stage, particularly from her work in "Autumn Crocus" and "Bitter Sweet."

Mona booked passage to London, by way of the United States. She arrived on the West Coast from Australia, but gave not one thought to visiting Hollywood. It was her first trip, too. No, she was headed for home this time, no stop-offs. So, New York was reached. Home was now only five days away.

Then it happened. She was riding on top of a double-deck Fifth Avenue bus when a Fox executive, who was a fellow passenger, saw her. He tracked her to her hotel, learned who she was and arranged for her to take a screen test.

Right then and there her trip home was indefinitely postponed again. Fox liked the test; gave her a contract.

Her first picture was "Sleepers East." "Carolina" followed. Next came "All Men Are Enemies" and "Such Women Are Dangerous." Mona was then loaned to Columbia for a featured part in the Grace Moore picture, "One Night of Love."

But, in Hollywood, Mona keeps pretty much to herself. She has very few friends, lives alone in the Hollywood hills, and there buries herself in books. Not that she couldn't be popular if she wanted to—people around the studio are fond of this smartly gowned, gracious girl. But she even rides and swims alone. And she just can't get London off her mind.



Moral: Don't Be Too Anxious

"I'M too busy," countered the irritated young man, who was born Ralph Zink and changed his name to Donald Woods.

"Can't you see I haven't time to make a picture test?"

It took twenty minutes to revive the picture scout from Warner Brothers' Hollywood studio. The news spread, and two other major studios entered the game. A lively bidding followed for this talented stock leading man, who displayed such indifference toward pictures. He knew about Hollywood—went to high school there, in fact—and two good stock jobs were in hand. His psychology worked perfectly on the movie men.

Forty-eight hours after he arrived in Hollywood with the persevering scout, Donald had settled his wife and two-year-old son, "Splinter," in a house, signed a seven-year-contract with the Warners at a very healthy salary—and gone to work in his first picture, an important lead in "As the Earth Turns."

He is good in it. Why not? In seven years Donald played two hundred and twenty-three parts with stock companies, and two good rôles on Broadway. At twenty-eight, he is a veteran actor. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and brought to California when a baby. He is a naturalized American, played football at the University of California. Broke his nose and says the doctor who fixed it improved his profile.

In college, he met Josephine van der Horck, who would be a baroness if nobility were still in vogue in Germany. They have been married six years.

Donald prefers light comedy, but his nearest approach to it in Hollywood was being "dunked" several times in a cold ocean for "Fog Over 'Frisco." And that wasn't so funny at the time.

He has been loaned to Fox for "Charlie Chan's Courage."

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

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

SUMMER ought to mean the happiest season for us all. A season of gaiety, being yourself and doing things. Bright skies, inviting waters, golf, tennis, vacations, cunning sports clothes and slithery chiffons. All the things that girls like. But, like all good things, there's a darker side. And it's spelled in three words—sunburn, freckles and tan!

Think for a moment of the dollars, time and distress spent in correcting this harvest of summer. Instead of correcting this year, prevent. The whole moral of my story is that a few



Curls go coronet in this original coiffure from Minna Gombell in "Hell Cat." In place of the usual braids, flat curls circle the crown of the head and the smooth back ends in a double roll low at the nape of the neck. The slightly exposed ears invite earrings. The perfect coiffure for your summer chiffons



minutes for prevention will save hours of correction. And to prevent, you will need perhaps just one or two of the following preventives: reliable protective oil or cream, foundation in any form, plenty of powder, and a good bleach and nourishing cream to be used after exposure.

As a matter of fact, you can draw upon mother's pantry closet for several good preventives, but since we've all been educated to lovely containers, sweet smells and a certain sense

A Small Place

for our sunburn, freckle and tan exhibits A to K, because of the great variety in skin tone and texture. These eleven girls were brought to the Coast by Earl Carroll, and the additional ones in the cast chosen from the Paramount studio.

California was the perfect place for our test, because in addition to its brilliant skies and sparkling waters, California can't be beat for a dry, sunburning climate.

We start with Beryl Wallace, a dusky brunette with black hair and eyes and a dead white skin. That's a matchless combination for beauty if you can keep that skin white. Once it is darkened, you're just another brunette. And in spite of the beach and tennis, Beryl is still white by a clever little idea. Before any exposure she covers her face and neck with a dark shade of liquid powder, and over this base puts on her make-up. The sun makes no inroads on her white skin. The liquid powder is, in itself, very protective, but over that, you see, you lay an additional veil of powder, perhaps a little cream rouge. The combination makes you doubly safe from the sun.

You can work the same magic on arms, shoulders, back and legs.

But as perfect as this precaution was for Beryl, it won't work with all. Anya Taranda and Evelyn Kelly are the fairest of blondes, with delicate, pink complexions. They tried Beryl's way, and freckles were generously sprinkled over their respective noses after each outdoor venture.

Anya discovered that by applying a strong bleach to her nose and cheeks as soon as she finished swimming or tennis, the freckles disappeared or became light enough to cover with powder. Evelyn followed this method also. After each bleaching treatment both girls used generous applications of nourishing cream to counteract any dryness that might be caused by sun, wind and bleach.

If you, reader, are blonde, inclined to freckle, you must employ the examples of Beryl, Anya and Evelyn. The trick being to prevent all you can and correct a little as you go along. For your type of skin is "duck soup" to sun and wind. And if you wait until September or Octo-

Linda Parker is wisely planning her campaign for a perfect tan. Plenty of protective oil on shoulders, back and legs is the secret of her sun-tan success

A few sprays of special hair fragrance is one of Helen Vinson's pet nocturnal tricks. This essence blends perfectly with all scents

Skin lotion applied well to the neck prevents discolored circles and V's from wind and sun. Phyllis Barry suggests this for all summer girls

of luxury in our toilet preparations, the temptation to go out and buy something nice in a bottle or jar is very strong. And I'm with you there. Your cup of olive oil and vinegar, half in half, is a great aid to a nice tan, but I'd rather have a sweet-smelling fluid in a smart bottle any day. And so would most of you.

In looking about Hollywood, I chose eleven girls from the cast of "Murder at the Vanities,"



in the Sun

ber for your bleaching, you'll have a long, hard job on your hands—or face, rather.

Leda Nacova, Russian, brown-haired, brown-eyed, found that California dried her skin. And California isn't the only place that has this neat little way of ruining your skin. It happens everywhere.

Leda immediately gave up a soap-and-water facial for the time and resorted to a liquefying cleansing cream.

Then she used a nourishing oil on her skin before retiring, and over her entire body before taking a bath. The pores, opened by the warmth of the bath, absorbed the oil. There are some delightful oils and creams made expressly for this pre-bath treatment, and they leave your body as smooth and fine as a baby's.

Ernestine Anderson found another treatment for the prevailing ailment of feminine skins in the West—dryness. Ernestine has fair skin and red hair, which at once puts her into that class

which shies away from summer as it would a disease. Powder wouldn't stay on Ernestine's face and her nose peeled. So, in addition to the use of cleansing and nourishing cream, she used a foundation cream that left her skin moist, and over this applied make-up. It was the moist quality of the cream that saved Ernestine further skin worry. If your skin is fine and fair, this type of foundation is

perfect, for it not only protects but enhances your appearance. It gives you that fresh, dewy look. Ernestine used it on both face and neck.

Wanda Perry, with brown hair and eyes, had only roughened lips to worry about. After applying her powder, she touched her lips with cold cream, and over the oily base applied lipstick. The result was ravishing. This gives that screen-mouth effect, about which so many of you write me. It gives a tempting gloss, almost, to the lips.

Marion Callahan and Constance Jordan are both ash blondes and their secrets are synonymous. To ward off freckles and burn, both girls used plenty of vanishing cream and powder, and a nightly treatment that comprised steaming the face slightly to open the pores and then applying muscle oil mixed with nourishing cream. That, by the way, is a great night treatment for summer skin. It softens, lubricates and does wonders toward eradicating wrinkles and lines, especially about the eyes. For necks, too, that age prematurely, there's nothing like it. First, scrub lightly with a soft brush to remove any dead skin and arouse circulation, then spread on the muscle oil-nourishing cream mixture. Sleep with it on. It works on the younger and older neck alike.



A thorough application of liquid powder before make-up is one perfect method of dodging painful burn and many freckles, says Sidney Fox



Sidney Fox believes in the good old home remedy of equal parts of olive oil and vinegar sponged on skin to protect against wind and sun while at the beach. Apply this before and after exposure

If you're blonde like Mary Carlisle, you'll find that your legs will burn as painfully as face or neck. Mary rubs a protective oil over thighs and legs. It's a wise self-defense



tan. Since the egg white is also very astringent, Dorothy applied plenty of nourishing cream later on.

This egg-white treatment, by the way, is a splendid pick-me-up after a tiring day when you have a big evening before you. It is especially helpful for the face that is coarse-pored and inclined to droop, because the tightening effect seems virtually to lift the face and refine the skin. If you use this before going out, let the white dry, rinse off in cold water and use a foundation. That night, use a nourishing cream if your skin is inclined to dryness. If it is oily, don't, because you will then need the general drying effect of the white.

Now you know the summer secrets of eleven of the "Murder at the Vanities" cast. Be guided by the type that you are, and the tricks will probably work as well for you as for Earl Carroll's eye-fuls of beauty. And when you see the picture, you can smile to yourself and think, "I know how this one and that and the other one do it."

In casting my eye around Hollywood for other typical summer ideas, I came across Helen Vinson, golden haired, brown-eyed, with a deep peach skin. Helen also resorts to Sidney Fox's trick of olive oil and vinegar to induce a nice tan and to avoid too much.

Helen also passes on another little intimate summer secret. She has a perfect figure, but believing in the virtues of the right girdle to make you stand, sit and walk correctly, Helen wears a light, solid gum-rubber girdle from which she removes the garters, so there can [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Four episodes in the story of the day and night life of a coiffure are told by Gail Patrick. Hair off the face, a few shadow waves and small, tight roll curls brought forward over the cheeks tell the youthful, distinctive day story. An enduring good style for many



Laurie Shevlin, a tiny brunette from Scotland, used a bleaching recipe handed down to her from her grandmother. She mixed equal parts of almond meal and water to a thick paste, and applied it to her cream-cleansed face and neck. When the paste was thoroughly dry, it was removed with warm water, and plenty of nourishing cream was then applied to the skin. This treatment keeps the Shevlin skin camellia-like, even in Hollywood.



Ruth Hilliard, a gray-eyed brunette, scrubbed her face daily with soap and water, but used an oily foundation beneath her make-up. Soap and water is usually the skin salvation of the oily type.

Gail retains similar face hair-lines for her evening coiffure but banks the back hair in a *señorita* manner. A highly romantic, Carioca effect to top your summer dance frock and particularly charming on the dark-haired girl. A hair-dresser is necessary for this style

The pantry shelf came to the aid of the blue-eyed brunette, Dorothy Dawes. After a week-end of tennis and golf, Dorothy found unmistakable signs of suntan. She hurriedly applied the beaten white of an egg to her cream-cleansed face. It's Dorothy's way of combatting too much





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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her col-

lection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels.

Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

M A E W E S T



"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



Ask The Answer Man

ETHEL MERMAN—she's got rhythm and she's got everyone asking about her. Her performance in "We're Not Dressing" has the picture-goers saying that when "better torch songs are sung, Ethel will sing 'em."

Neighbors heard her first lusty try-out when she entered this merry old world on January 16, 1909. The place was Astoria, Long Island, just across the river from the Great White Way. As a youngster she was always called upon to entertain at parties. Won prizes when she sang in contests in neighborhood theaters.

When she graduated from Bryant High School she secured a secretarial position, but spent her evenings singing in local night clubs. An introduction to Archie Mayo, motion picture director, resulted in a six months' movie contract. However, no suitable rôles were available at that time, so she joined Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Engagements at New York and Florida night clubs followed and a vaudeville tour which culminated at the Palace Theater. Next came motion picture shorts at the Astoria Studio and engagements at the New York and Brooklyn Paramount Theaters.

Ethel's first real recognition came when, on the opening night of "Girl Crazy" she stopped the show with her blazing torch singing. Then she appeared in George White's "Scandals" and "Take a Chance."

Her real name is Ethel Agnes Zimmerman. For professional purposes she dropped the "Zim" and thus got the name you know her by. She is 5 feet, 6¼ inches tall, weighs 118 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Is of Scotch-German descent, the Scotch having the upper hand. Her favorite color is red, and her greatest ambition is to be a dramatic actress.

ARDINE ANDERSON, OAKLAND, CAL.—The twin girls who appeared with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch" were Cleora Joan and Glorea Jean Robb.

A SAGINAWIAN, SAGINAW, MICH.—The picture "Court Martial" was produced by Columbia in 1928. The cast included Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Pat Harmon, Doris Hill, Frank Lackteen, Frank Austin, George Cowl and Zack Williams. Pobert Armstrong was born in your home town. His latest picture is "Manhattan Love Song" in which he appears with Dixie Lee. Bob is fancy free at this writing.

CHARLOTTE BRINSTEIN, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Margaret Sullavan was divorced from her husband, Henry Fonda, last year. Her new picture is "Little Man, What Now?"

JOSEPH KIKER, BRECKENRIDGE, TEX. —Buster Crabbe is a native of Oakland, Calif. He was married to Adah Virginia Held, April 13, 1933. His latest picture is "You're Telling Me."

WILLIAM FISHER, NEW YORK CITY.—The last three pictures of that grand character



Ethel Merman, the pretty blues singer, whose work in "We're Not Dressing" won her many new admirers. She gained fame singing in night clubs, vaudeville, musical comedy and radio

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.

actor, Noble Johnson, are "King Kong," "White Woman," and "Son of Kong." I am sorry but I have no address for him at this time.

DAURICE HOYT, WEEDSPORT, N. Y.—Don't waste your time arguing, just send your questions in and I will be glad to settle them for you. Spencer Tracy has been celebrating birthdays since April 5, 1900.

ROBERT H. MCRAE, SAN PEDRO, CAL.—The lad who played *Bradley, Jr.*, in "Dancing Lady" was Maynard Holmes. He will be seen next in "Madame DuBarry" the new Dolores Del Rio picture.

THREE BLONDES, OMAHA, NEBR.—Wouldn't Eddie Tamblin, pint-sized collegian, be pleased to hear that you girls like his acting so much. Well, here's the low-down on Eddie. He was born in Yonkers, N. Y., January 5, 1912. Stands just 5 feet, 5½ inches high (he failed to tell whether that is with or without shoes), weighs 120 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is an expert horseman—he says so himself; plays golf and likes fishing and hunting. He originally intended to be an electrical engineer, but drifted into show business through winning a Charleston contest.

BEATRICE E. HIGGINS.—Lovely Kay Johnson was born in Mount Vernon, New York. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She appeared on the stage prior to making her talkie debut in "Dynamite." In private life she is Mrs. John Cromwell. Kay's latest pictures are "Eight Girls in a Boat" and "This Man Is Mine."

HELEN BOLLMAN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—After a vacation in Europe, New York and Miami, Gene Raymond has settled down to work again. He is appearing with Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee."

ERIC MESSEYER, YORK, ENG.—If you will give me further details on just what information you want on American pictures and stars, I will be pleased to advise you what to do about it. If you are interested in any particular stars and desire to keep in touch with their activities in the studios, you can do so by joining some of the Fan Clubs and corresponding with the officers of the clubs. I'll be waiting to hear from you.

Let the Eyes *Have* "It," Sylvia Advises Jean Muir

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

strong eyes to stand up under those lights. And, first of all, I want you to have my wonderful eye exercise to make you keep your eyes wide open, even when you're doing a great emotional scene. The rest of you girls can listen in, too, so that when you go to the beach this summer you won't squint under the glare of the sun—so you'll look attractive at all times. This exercise is also good for tired eyes.

Here goes. Shut your eyes for the flash of a second. Now look at the object farthest away, preferably something green. Next, look at a closer object and a closer one and still closer, until you're looking at your own lap. Why, your eyes seem rested already. They're not tense and tired any more, are they? Do that just before you begin a scene.

HERE'S another eye exercise. This will strengthen the eye muscles and, therefore, keep away those tiny little lines that cluster about so many otherwise attractive orbs. Sit quiet. Without moving your head, look as far as possible out of the corner of your eyes over your left shoulder. Slowly move the eyes, without moving the head, until you're looking over your right shoulder. Then look up as far as you can. Then slowly, slowly bring the eyes down, and look down as far as you can. But never move your head. That's a marvelous exercise for you, Jean, and for every person who wants strong, bright eyes. Do that once a day, at least.

When the eyes are tired close them and very gently, in a rotary movement, roll two fingers of each hand over the lids. Then, with the thumbs, press right under the eyebrows on that bone. Next, with the palms of the hands press on the temples just as hard as you can. Hard, darling, press plenty hard. That's right. Now, with the palms of the hands, press the forehead as hard as you can. When you've finished all that, rest for a little while, placing two pads of cotton soaked in witch-hazel over your eyelids. Just try that—all of you girls—for a month. You'll be amazed at how strong your eyes will become and how they will snap and sparkle.

Just one more thing about your face. You know, darling, you have lovely hair, a beautiful neck and a wonderful smile. I want you to

smile more often because, at times, your mouth has a tendency to droop at the corners. Well, we've just got to get those corners up, because it makes you look older when you pull them down, and you're really so young.

Put your thumbs right under your cheek bones and work around until you find the muscles that control the corners of your mouth. When you're on the right spot you can feel those drooping corners lifting. Now, with the thumbs, press and move them in a slight rotary movement—just on those muscles. Relax and do it again. Do that any time you think of it. The more the better. The rest of you girls do that when you're sitting at your office desks or when you are reading a book at home. It will give you a much more cheerful expression. And, Jean, smile—smile a lot. You're beautiful when you do.

Now, darling, I want to give you a wonderful exercise for your bust. Even in those country woman costumes you have worn in your most recent pictures—particularly in "As the Earth Turns" and "A Modern Hero," I could see that your bust was too large and also, because you're tall (and tallness is an advantage, not a defect) you are inclined to slump. Well, don't do it, for that makes your bust look as if it sags. Recently, I reduced a woman's bust thirteen inches. You don't need that much of a reduction, but you still have a problem.

With your two hands, squeeze and dig into the flesh and muscles of your back, just over the shoulder-blades. (I don't need to tell you that you mustn't touch the bust. I'm sure you have sense enough not to do that.) Those back muscles support the bust. You must make those muscles hard and firm so that they will support the bust properly. And this pinching and squeezing stimulates the glands so that the busts are pulled up where they belong.

Here's another grand bust exercise. This will reduce the bust and the upper arms, too. You must have someone to help you, and if your maid is shorter than you are, have her stand on a chair. In your stocking feet, stand with your face flat to a wall and reach up with your hands as far as you can. Then have your helper grab you around the arms just below the elbows and hold you up against the wall. While she's trying to hold you up, you try to

pull down until your heels touch the floor. Gosh! You can feel every muscle in your body pulling and stretching. Sure it hurts, but after you've done it, it's a wonderful feeling and particularly will you feel your bust lifting. Your upper arms will become thinner, too.

In working on the bust you mustn't expect miracles. You've got to have unlimited persistence, and don't forget to wear a good brassière as a support.

I want you to eat plenty of red and white cabbage, and raw grated apples with lemon juice. I could give you my famous buttermilk diet for bust reducing, but since you don't need to take an ounce of flesh off your lower hips—in fact you need a couple of pounds there—I'd rather you would try the other methods I've given you first. And, to develop your lower hips, at the back, and also your legs, here's a grand thing for you to do.

At the beach float in that wonderful California salt water and—keeping your arms and the upper part of your body perfectly quiet—paddle vigorously with your legs. In that way you can enjoy the water and, at the same time, build up the lower part of your body. A few tap dancing lessons wouldn't do any harm as a hip builder, either.

JEAN, darling, I'm not going to say anything about your walk—except one thing. I know you affected that droop of your shoulders for the character you played. Your director tells you what to do and I don't claim to be a director. I'll stick to my own job—that of telling you girls in Hollywood and all over the world how to be as beautiful as possible.

But there's just one thing I want to warn you about—since you are playing so many character rôles—be careful not to get into the habit of slumping off-screen as the character demands that you do on. A walk like that can so easily become a habit. Don't take your screen personality into your private life.

There, darling, go to it. I hope not only you but all the other girls and women who read this letter find help in it.

I send you my best wishes for a successful and glamorous career.

Sincerely,
SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I am very anxious to follow your reducing system. I assure you that I will do exactly as you say. There is just one question I want to ask. Should the exercises be taken night or morning?

Mrs. R. J., Pittsburgh, Penna.

That's the spirit! It thrills me to hear somebody say she will follow my advice exactly. Just keep up that spunk and courage, and I assure you that you will be amply rewarded. You can use your own judgment about when to take the exercises. I think a person has more pep in the morning and, therefore, does them more vigorously, but if you're too busy in the morning to do them thoroughly, then

MY, how the troubles come in—but how I like to see them! I know, you see, how I can make them disappear—so you'll understand why Aunt Sylvia says, the more the better. If you have a problem, I'll be glad to help if you'll just write, addressing your letter to Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. For a direct answer, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; otherwise watch these columns. No obligations whatever, of course—I'm only too glad to help. SYLVIA

take the time at night. A lot of the exercises are so simple that they can be taken during the

day when you have a few minutes to spare. Make every moment count. You won't regret it.

My dear Sylvia:

Will you please tell me how to reduce my cheeks?

B. D. N., Riverside, Calif.

You don't tell me in what places you want the cheeks reduced, and you know that certain muscles control other muscles; but, as I have said so many times and now repeat, you can model your own face exactly as a sculptor models moist clay. However, you must be just as careful—if not more so—with your face as an artist is with his masterpiece. Very, very

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

"I Love Summer Clothes"

says Fay Wray



"Lux is marvelous, too, for keeping lingerie fresh and lovely without fading the color," FAY WRAY says. "And how it cuts down stocking runs!"

"It's so easy to keep them fresh and smart with LUX"

"With such exciting new cottons and gorgeous washable silks nowadays, summer clothes have loads of smartness. But, of course, they must be absolutely fresh to look their best.

"That's why Luxable clothes are so heavenly. Just a whisk through a froth of lukewarm Lux suds, and they look grand as new. My maid always tests the color first in clear water—then we know if it's safe in water alone, it can be trusted to gentle Lux."

Why don't YOU try this Hollywood care for your own summer things? Lux will keep them fresh and unfaded. But don't risk cake-soap rubbing or using ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali. These things are often disastrous to color and fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps lovely frocks new looking all summer long.



Kolloch, Columbia stylist, discusses costumes and color with Fay Wray, lovely young star of Columbia's "BLACK MOON."

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios . . .

Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe department, says: "In my job it's important to know how to take the best possible care of costumes and stockings worth many thousands of dollars. I depend on Lux. It has proved an invaluable economy and a wonderful help in cutting down replacement bills. Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments—silk, cotton, wool."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

Even "first timers" get good snapshots with Verichrome. This adaptable film tolerates exposure errors... you'll get good pictures even when the timing is not just right.

VERICHROME
gets the picture

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.



HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Dorothy Dell
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Barbara Fritchue
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Gill
Julia Graham
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Jay Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Fay
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
James Gleason

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chic Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Patricia Caron
Jessie Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Dick Heming
Jack Holt
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell

Grace Moore
Jessie Ralph
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Warburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly

Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Irene Hervey
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy

Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Jean Howard
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Matteson
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Esther Ralston
Donald Reed
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Sterling Holloway
Edward Everett Horton
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

June Knight
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
Ellalee Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Alice White
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Marine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraldine Geary
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye

Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Emily Lowry
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Searva
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

I'm sending some of the latest
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,
and wants to meet you. ^{He's the}

Captain
a hot
I
so he
with
Summer



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox

A NICELY naughty whimsy about what happens to a playboy under the influence of Spring and "a good pure woman." Otto Kruger is a charming *Henry*, and Nigel Bruce is exactly *Johnny*, the smug Britisher who feels playful, too. Nancy Carroll is perfectly cast, as is Heather Angel, the "good woman." Herbert Mundin is the valet.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio

AN astonishingly unfunny picture that should have been amusing, at least, but just isn't. Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez are a radio team in need of good gags (like the film). William Gargan, an agent, procures poet Norman Foster as gag man. He becomes a sensation, but eventually fails, is deserted by everyone and is finally brought back to success by wife Marian Nixon. Sterling Holloway good.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia

SUDDENLY obsessed with desire to recapture his lost youth, forty-nine-year-old Frank Morgan takes a last wild fling at romance (in the person of Elissa Landi). Morgan does a convincing characterization and Doris Lloyd, as his society wife, is superb. Composer Joseph Schildkraut plays Elissa's young sweetheart. Some strong scenes.

THE BLACK CAT—Universal

ALTHOUGH Boris Karloff manages to look reasonably sinister, this isn't the chiller it is intended to be. The film takes you through one night and day in the fanatic's mysterious abode, where Bela Lugosi, who has an all-consuming horror of cats, David Manners and his bride, Jacqueline Wells, stop during a storm. Plot holds little suspense.

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount

ONE of those comedy-murder mysteries which doesn't succeed in being either. However, you'll probably overlook the obvious plot when the laughs start rolling. Story centers around real estate operator Lew Cody's undetermined murder or suicide. Phillips Holmes, fiancee of Lew's daughter, Mary Brian, becomes involved. Ned Sparks, ZaSu Pitts.

SMARTY—Warners

ANOTHER marital mix-up in which Joan Blondell, as the vexatious wife, starts out with Warren William and after a divorce marries Edward Everett Horton. Only to return later to husband Number One. There is a definitely light touch throughout the film, but it attempts to go dramatic in spots that ought to have been entirely devoted to humor. Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd adequate.

WILD GOLD—Fox

THIS misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns come back to life by a long shot. There isn't much excuse for anything that happens and only through efforts of a

good cast does the picture rate notice. John Boles plays a drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, cabaret girl. Roger Imhof, as the old desert prospector, is excellent.

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal

A MURDER mystery solved in a unique way. Camera cleverly goes back of scenes and shows you events that the inspector never finds out. And the whole thing never would have happened if Paul Lukas hadn't used the women in his life as heroines of his novels. Lukas gives a polished performance. Dorothy Burgess handles a perpetual jag well. Sara Haden, Patricia Ellis, Murray Kinnell.

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia

JACK HOLT is excellent in a powerful melodramatic yarn. Railroaded on a murder charge, he fakes a death notice while in prison to free his bride Lila Lee from marriage. Years later, now a big-time gambler, his daughter (a reporter) recognizes him. To protect Lila, remarried, "Enoch Arden" Holt shoots his way—and himself—out of a jam. Jean Arthur charming as daughter. Donald Cook.

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.

GAY, amusing situations, a cast of capable players and grand dialogue make this newspaper story entirely satisfactory entertainment. Professed woman-hater Wallace Ford clears June Clyde, suspected of murdering her husband, and falls in love with her. Fuzzy Knight gives a standout comedy performance. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers, Alexander Carr do nice work, too.

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal

A COMEDY of errors with Edward Everett Horton, as usual, making most of the errors. When Horton decides he loves Renee Gadd, wife Genevieve Tobin agrees to a divorce providing he secures another husband for her. And thereby hangs a tale. Paul Cavanagh, a family friend, plots with the wife to help win back her husband. Plot succeeds, but then Genevieve finds she's in love with Cavanagh. Just fair.

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National

A MODERATELY exciting mystery-romance. The mystery revolves around a wealthy society girl, Bette Davis, who desires excitement and so becomes a "fence" in the stolen security racket. Romance is supplied by Margaret Lindsay, as Bette's younger sister, and Donald Woods, newspaper reporter. Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron also in cast.

THE PARTY'S OVER—Columbia

WHAT might have been a collection of keen characterizations is hereby relegated to the limbo of anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin wants to paint, but instead juggles figures to support his shiftless family. However, his secretary (Ann Sothorn) speeds the break, and then the party is over when Stu gives them the air. Indifferent support.

SMOKING GUNS—Universal

WRONGLY accused of murder, Ken Maynard impersonates the officer who was to bring him in. But he can't fool the policeman's sweetheart (Gloria Shea). No sub. A glaring example of why Westerns are practically washed up. But the youngsters may go for it. Then there's Tarzan, Ken's horse.

CHEATERS—Liberty

BILL BOYD, leader of a group of racketeers just released from prison, picks up June Collyer, also just "out." The gang makes her into a "lady" to capture the heart of wealthy Alan Mowbray. The tables are turned—Bill falls in love with June and makes them all go straight. Dorothy Mackaill is amusingly hard-boiled. William Collier Sr.

THE LOUD SPEAKER—Monogram

AMUSING tale of a small town lad (Ray Walker) who goes to New York, wins a radio audition and becomes a sensation. He falls in love with Jacqueline Wells, a poor but proud actress, and secures her a radio job. But success finally goes to his head and he hits the skids, only to be brought back by Jacqueline. Interesting and well done.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Fox-Gaumont-British

BASED on Margaret Kennedy's popular novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger. As a musician friend of the family, Brian Aherne gives an exquisite portrayal. All cast members are English, including Virginia Hopper, the constant nymph in love with Aherne from girlhood to womanhood. An emotion-stirring drama for intelligent audiences.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram

AFTER reading the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim, one is apt to expect more than this film offers. The night before his wedding to Mary Brian, playboy John Darrow is arrested for murder. He escapes on the way to prison and tracks down the real criminal in Monte Carlo. Excellent photography.

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic

IF it weren't for the credible work of each player, this film about the divorce racket would be of no account whatever. Having always abided by a strict code of ethics, lawyer Edward Arnold resorts to unethical practice only when he finds his wife (Dorothy Revier) is unfaithful. John Miljan, Barry Norton, Arletta Duncan. Not for children.

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British

THIS film version of Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Never Come Back," is a cheery little farce. It boasts an entirely British cast, headed by Tom Walls, as a slick crook. He plans to rob a society leader, but falls in love with her daughter (Carol Goodner). Action takes place aboard a yacht and in Monte Carlo.

Join America's gayest Radio Party! Hear Borden's

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

EVERY SUNDAY AT 10:30 P. M., E. D. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

Never a dull moment . . . something doing every minute in this gala Borden parade of movieland!
There's nothing "made-up" about this

show of thrills. It's fact, not fancy—bringing you the true Hollywood, the glamorous Hollywood!
Tune in *this* Sunday evening on

Borden's "45 Minutes in Hollywood." Make a note now of this: 10:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. (9:30 P. M., E. S. T.), Columbia Broadcasting System.



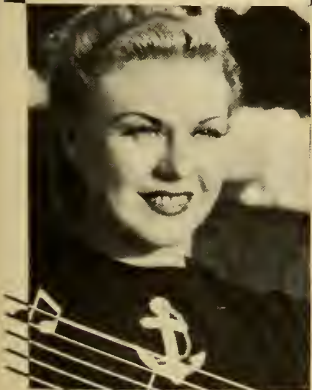
MARGARET SULLAVAN AND DOUGLASS
MONTGOMERY IN UNIVERSAL'S
"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

The stars are going places . . . and you're included! Roam around Hollywood with vivacious Ginger Rogers, RKO star, interviewed on this program.

We're going on location now. Come on along! Learn how a big film is made, right down to the fadeout. The picture is RKO's "Stingaree" with lovely Irene Dunne.

Tonight we dance . . . strike up the band, Mark Warnow! Hear the hits from the latest pictures played by this sparkling orchestra. And just try to keep your feet still!

We've just finished a picture. Preview it with us! It's Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in their new Paramount Picture, "Thirty Day Princess"



Presented by the makers of
BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's Cheeses, and other fine dairy products



*When you
undress for bed—*

**Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly
Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin**

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

***Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way***

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women

are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, **ACTIVE** lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!



**Undress
your FACE
too!**

Precious Elements in this Soap.

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"



I use cosmetics, of course!
But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid
of Cosmetic Skin





You'll need a deep pan such as Helen Vinson is using to prepare the chicken Southern style

Fowl may be fried long before guests arrive, and served cold. Stays crisp and delicious

Buffet Supper—Southern Style

ENTERTAINING Sunday night? And you can't decide what to serve? Then let charming Helen Vinson, who hails from Houston, Texas, come to the rescue with one of her favorite menus—

Peach Cocktail	Southern Fried Chicken
Hot Biscuits	Shredded Raw Carrots
Cold Asparagus Tips	Watermelon Pickle
Egg-nog Float	Coffee

Helen's meal is always carefully planned in advance. And guests are never conscious of any last minute fluttering about on the part of their hostess. All foods are in proper dishes, in refrigerator, ready to be set out at a moment's notice.

Peach Cocktail—Peel and slice peaches and soak one-half hour in brandy, enough to cover.

Southern Fried Chicken—Have fowl cut up, roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper, fry in *deep*, very hot fat.

Biscuits—Sift 4 level teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt with 2 cups flour. Mix in with tips of fingers lard size of an egg and 1 teaspoon butter. Work lightly with water and a very little milk until right consistency, and roll on board. Cut with biscuit cutter, and put in pan. Oven is turned on when guests are eating cocktails. Serve hot.

Orange Mayonnaise is served with finely shredded raw carrots. It is prepared as usual, except that orange instead of lemon juice or vinegar is used as flavoring.

Vinaigrette Dressing is set out in boats, to be served with cold asparagus tips. Method: Mix well 3 cups vinegar, chopped parsley, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, dash of paprika, 1 teaspoon onion juice.

Watermelon Pickle—This can be bought all ready to serve. But you may prefer the home product.

Cut rind into pieces and weigh. One-half melon usually makes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and this recipe is for that amount. Make syrup of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce stick cinnamon and let come to boil.

Cover fruit with hot water and boil until you can pierce with straw. Then drain off water, put fruit into syrup and let boil up once. Put in stone crock and let stay covered for 3 days. Then pour off syrup and boil. Now pour over fruit in jars. It will keep indefinitely.

Egg-nog Float—Whip 2 quarts of cream, mix with 1 cup of sugar, add rye whiskey to taste. Serve in meringue shells.

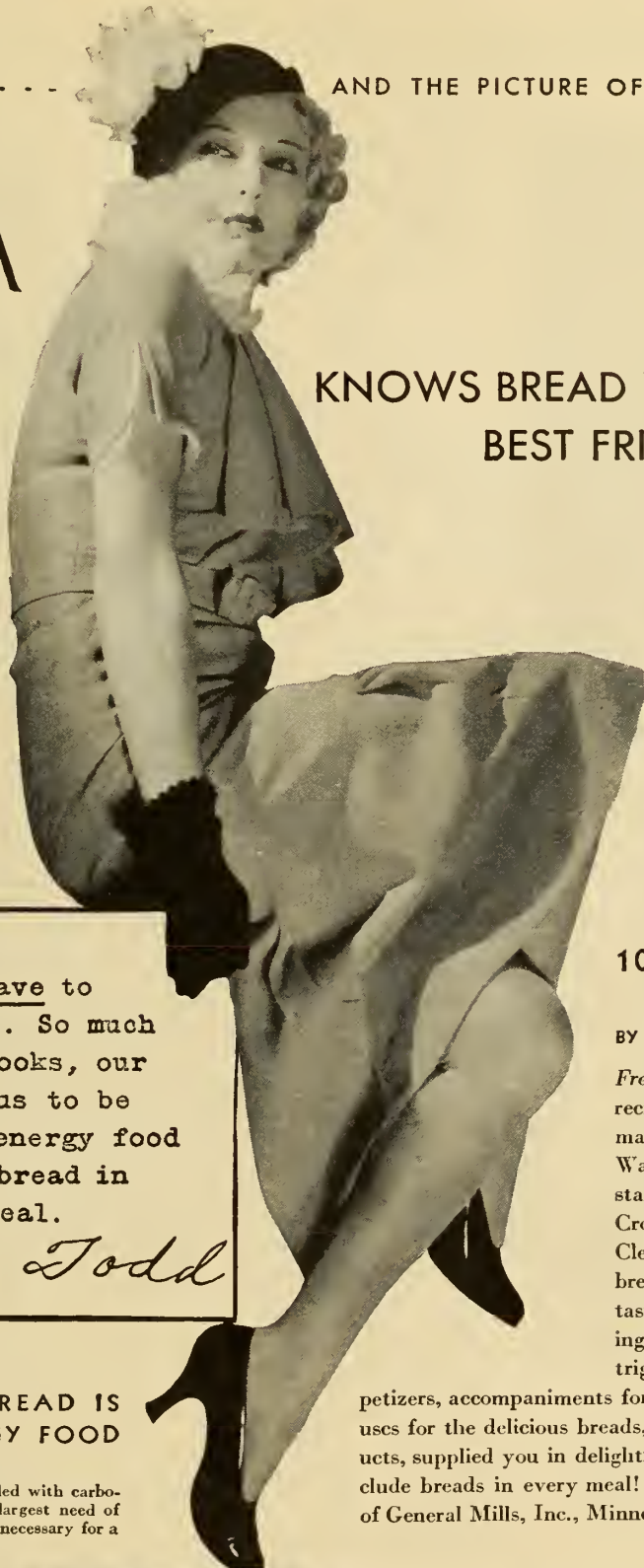
Clever use of liquor as a flavoring is an art in which the Southerner excels. Plug in coffee urn when guests start eating chicken, so coffee is ready with dessert.

BEAUTIFUL . . .

AND THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

THELMA TODD

KNOWS BREAD IS ONE OF HER BEST FRIENDS!



THELMA TODD'S striking blonde beauty is bright with animation. Her health, she knows, is a priceless possession . . . and she plans her diet carefully to provide the energy she needs. That's where *bread* proves a friend! Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

The fascinating Thelma Todd adds many delightful high spots of comedy to the new Wheeler and Woolsey laugh riot, "Cockeyed Cavaliers", an RKO-Radio Picture.

Dear Betty Crocker:

In Hollywood we have to keep up our vitality. So much depends on it—our looks, our ability. They tell us to be sure we get enough energy food—like bread. I eat bread in some form at every meal.

Thelma Todd

109 NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD

BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book of recipes and menus, "*Vitality Demands Energy* (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Clever suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make tasty, well balanced meals. Tempting menus for every occasion. Intriguing ideas for sandwiches, ap-

petizers, accompaniments for soups, salads. Interesting new uses for the delicious breads, and other baked wheat products, supplied you in delightful variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

- 1** *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.
- 2** *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.
- 3** *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "*Vitality Demands Energy.*"



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Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!

"Extremities" In Fashion

By Carolyn
Van Wyck



Greta Nissen presents an interesting theory on hosiery and shoes. Nothing is so flattering to the leg contour as that unbroken line of color. She always matches her tones, tan, beige or bronze

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

be no little bulges under the suavest of frocks. Helen's girdle can be washed every night as easily as a stocking, and is a perfect suggestion for general summer wear, for sports, evening dancing or even the beach under a suit, if you really need it. The rubber should make it mildly reducing, too.

You won't get by this summer without lacquered toes—that is, if your toes ever show. In these pages you will find Betty Furness with matching fingers and toes, and you may be sure they make loveliness—if not music, wherever she goes. Always keep finger and toe tone in harmony.

Another idea that came out last summer and of which you will see more this year is that stocking-toned leg make-up, a cream-like affair that you simply smooth over your legs, then slip on your sports shoes or beach sandals, and away you go without a thought of stockings. It comes in a variety of shades, is easy to apply, and leaves you feeling so cool and free, and looking well leg-groomed. The younger set simply loves it, and it saves stocking cost and bother.

Another summer idea comes to us from the RKO cameramen, who insist that all stars, whether blonde, red, black or brown-haired, use the same colored hairpins in pictures—gray. The camera, it seems, will not pick up gray, whereas black or gold stands out like a beacon light. The point for us is that pins must match your hair. Nothing is more annoying than to see a lovely blonde head marred by a black hairpin here and there. And of course the gold hairpin is just as much out of place on the brunette. If you will take the trouble to investigate at the notions department of any store, you will find hairpins as perfectly styled for your needs as your hat or summer sandals.

Ann Harding's simple madonna coiffure has been the butt of much controversy. Is it or isn't it right for Ann? I think it is. A while ago I published in this department some pictures of Ann nicely curled, just to see what you readers thought. If there is still any doubt in your mind, watch out for "The Life of Vergie Winters," Ann's new picture. Because it covers a period of time from 1910 to 1932, the star will vary her coiffure in keeping with the different times. Watch for the picture and see what you think about Ann's hair.

Virginia Pine has a very homey slant on her beauty methods. Her tastes in both clothes and toilet preparations are very simple.

"I wash my face with soap and water and then apply honey," she said when asked about her pink and white skin. "The honey remains on about twenty minutes and then I sponge it off, adding an ice rub to the treatment."

There are several comfortable ways to use ice. If you prefer it directly on your face, swathe it first in cotton. It's much easier to handle this way and will not slip.

Jean Harlow's method is to toss several cubes in a basin of cold water and bathe her face in this.

At this point, Carolyn is sleuthing about Hollywood trying to find out how the stars manage to look and feel as crisp and cool as a lettuce leaf in August. Watch for Hollywood's solution in the next issue.

A new edition of our leaflet, "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan," offers some practical solutions for your summer skin worries. Leaflets on general skin ailments, hair, lovely eyes and a home manicure are also yours for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Please send a separate envelope for each leaflet. All information offered is based on the beauty practices of the stars plus our own knowledge of what is right and safe for you. Your letters have our conscientious and prompt attention. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Matching nail lacquer for finger and toe adds a flip to your summer costume, beach, evening or boudoir, thinks Betty Furness. Rich rose tone blends perfectly with her blonde skin

Advice to Blondes on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin



GENEVIEVE TOBIN
AND
CARY GRANT IN

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by B. P. Schulberg
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



POWDER... Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.



ROUGE... The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge. Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture make it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.

... As told to Florence Vondelle

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

* * *

Whatever your type... blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.



LIPSTICK... Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up!...for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free. 1-7-82 © 1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LANE'S Color	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



For a gag and comfort, Jack Oakie wore a tweed coat with his tuxedo to a Hollywood party. Prefers an apple to caviar, too

GEORGE JESSEL, after his marriage to Norma Talmadge in Atlantic City, said he has never been happier in his life. "Why—I've been waiting nine years," said George, "and it was worth it." Norma and George are furnishing a Park Avenue, New York, home.

J. P. McEVOY, the writer, talking to a visiting writer said, "The most marvelous and intriguing thing about Hollywood is, that everything you hear, and everything you make up about Hollywood is true. Or comes true."

CLARK GABLE was at the recent Spinsters' Ball, exclusive social soiree of Los Angeles. At the Spinsters, girls cut in on the men. Five hundred eager debutantes!

For Clark, the evening was something like a game of rugby. No sooner would one cooing, little, starry-eyed girl snuggle into his arms than a smack at her elbow would jerk her away and another was in her place. It went on until six the next morning.

NO news of the Marquis' homecoming as yet, and Hollywood is beginning to wonder if the separation is a harbinger of anything permanent. Meanwhile, Connie Bennett doesn't seem to be lonely.

She and Gilbert Roland are stepping out to the screen colony's dining spots. They slipped in late at "The House of Rothschild" première to dodge the photographers, but not late enough.

GEORGE BRENT has moved bag and baggage from the Chatterton bungalow, and is now occupying an ordinary dressing-room. His hair turned quite gray.

AND now Lee Tracy is an angel, even if Mae West isn't.

Isabel Jewell was just about the most disappointed little girl in town when M-G-M failed to take up her option.

But the reporter who hinted it might be because the studio and the boy friend, Lee Tracy, were at odds, got the dressing-down of his life.

"How dare you suggest that 'Angel' had anything to do with it," stormed the faithful little Jewell. "And don't you dare blame him. It was my own fault, not 'Angel's.'"

SHE had to become a mother to do it. Louise Fazenda is Hollywood's latest important "discovery"!

Louise, who masked her talent for years in slapstick rôles, practically went off the screen when the talkies came in. She returned occasionally, but never regained the importance she once enjoyed. Now, after becoming a mother, Louise has blossomed forth and attracted the attention of movie-goers and producers alike. Result—an M-G-M term contract—her first since the old silent days.

"LOOK at me—I'm practically naked!"
Such a disturbing scream came from

Lupe Velez at the Little Club the other night. And the reason was that Lupe was sporting only *one* diamond ring.

All the rest of her famous "ice" was in the safe deposit box at the bank, during the confusion of redecorating her home.

AND of course you've heard about the Earl Carroll "Vanities" cutie who strolled into a famous Hollywood book shop and asked the clerk for the book called, "Little Man, So What?"

ELIZABETH BERGNER'S sensation in the British produced picture, "Catherine the Great," will be followed up by her in person this fall on the New York stage in her current London stage success, "Escape Me Never." Charles B. Cochran, London producer, the manager, is due in America to arrange for the opening of "Escape Me Never." More significant, he will confer with movie executives, particularly Fox.

DOLORES DEL RIO'S bedroom is upstairs, and her husband's, Cedric Gibbon's, is right below hers, downstairs. A ladder and a trapdoor through his closet ceiling leads to Dolores' room. Pretty romantic, we call it.

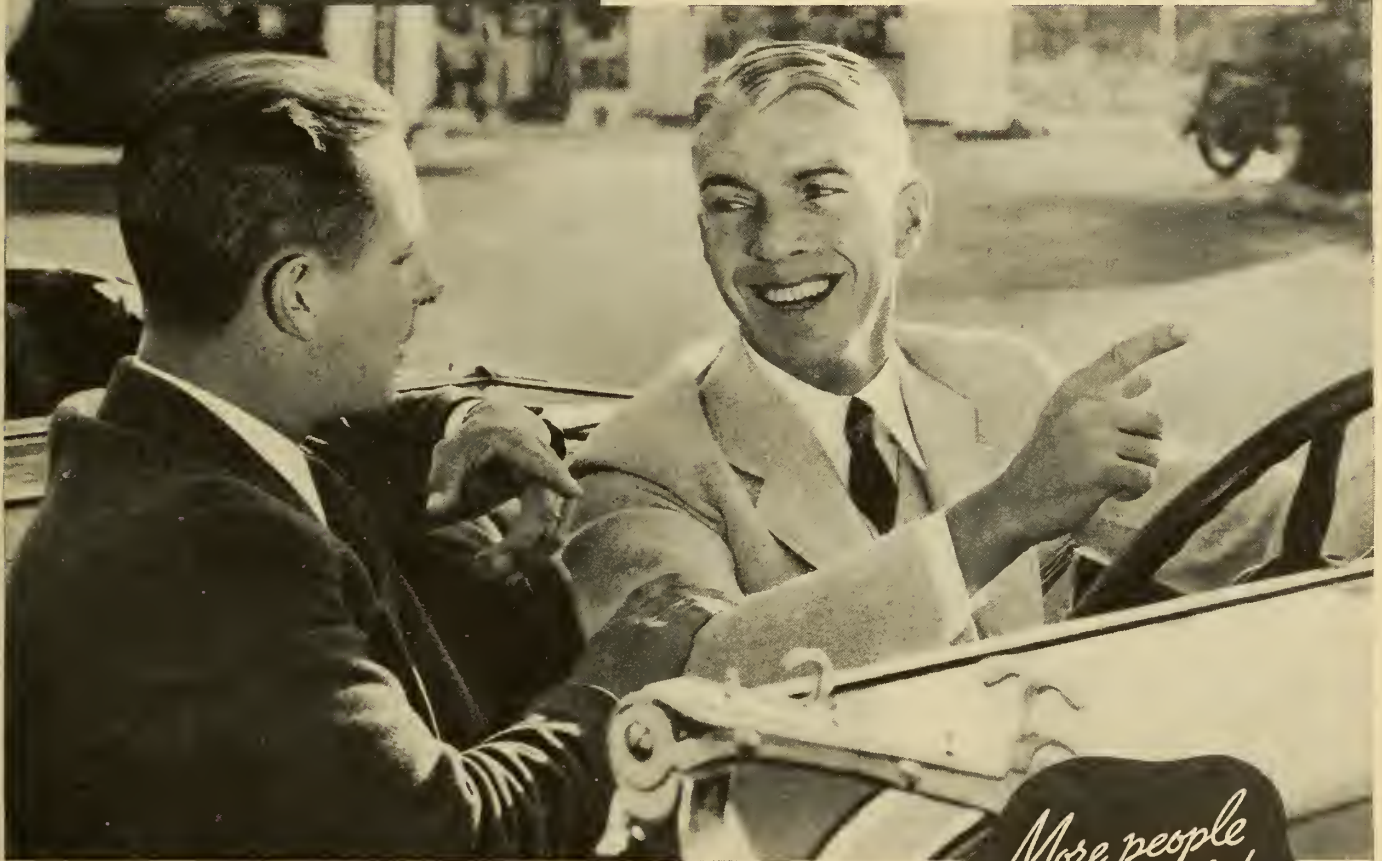
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



"Chu Chin Chow" comes to life on the screen. Anna May Wong, who left Hollywood for English pictures, is dressed for the rôle of Zharat in British-Gaumont's movie version of the musical comedy

"AREN'T YOU GOING TO FILL 'ER UP?"

"SURE...AT THAT MOBIL OIL DEALER'S RIGHT AHEAD!"



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THERE'S SOMETHING behind the big grin on this car-owner's face. It's the grin that comes from owning a smooth-running car—and knowing the secret of how to keep it that way!

He has found out this about modern automobiles. They are *fine* pieces of machinery. Precision built, with parts that fit like a glove.

And because they are such fine mechanisms—the secret of keeping them at their best lies in the oil they

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benefit of this better oil. Mobiloil is the largest-selling motor oil in the world. There are dealers everywhere.

And, every dealer sells from a mistake-proof chart that shows which grade your car should have.

Stations that show the sign of the Flying Red Horse also sell Mobilgas. This gasoline is Mobiloil's quality mate. Try them both in your car.

Mobiloil



SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE... MOBILGAS

The Husbands in Gloria's Career

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Studios, nineteen years ago that Gloria Swanson met Wallace Beery. She was an extra. He was the most important man on the lot. She married him.

It was shortly after her marriage that pictures began to move to California. Gloria moved with them.

On the coast she got a job as a bathing beauty with Mack Sennett, in one and two-reel comedies. Every day, she walked past the gates of Famous Players-Lasky studios. De Mille was inside. And Gloria shrewdly believed that De Mille was slated to do the big things of the future in pictures.

In 1918 came her chance to break from comedies. She was given the lead in a movie drama called "Smoke," on the Triangle lot. In this, her first feature picture, she was a success. She knew now that she need never return to slapstick.

SHORTLY after her graduation from short comedy rôles to dramatic leads, the parallel begins. A change in professional status, a change in the matrimonial alliance. Wallace Beery got a divorce from her on grounds of desertion.

During her first year in De Mille's spectacles, Gloria married Herbert K. Somborn, millionaire with movie connections.

On the screen, she was placed in glittering settings of magnificence. And in private life, too, her public saw her, a dazzling lady on a golden throne, surrounded by the splendors and luxuries Somborn could easily afford.

Four years after their marriage, in 1923, when Gloria was on the crest of her success, Somborn, like Beery, divorced her on a desertion charge. About this time came another change in her career.

The day of vamps was about to end. A lot of gorgeously gowned ladies with spit curls were about to be lost in the shuffle.

Gloria was not to be one of these.

The trend of the movies was toward romance and adventure. So Swanson put aside her headdresses and gorgeous gowns and, dressed as a boy, won further laurels in "The

Humming Bird." This story of a thieving little Paris urchin and her romance with an American soldier brought thunderous applause from the public and praise from critics.

The vogue for romance-adventure grew. Gloria grew with it. Her climactic picture in this era was "Madame Sans Gene."

The volume of feature pictures now produced was rapidly increasing. Gloria kept up with the rapid and ever-changing growth of the movies. In two years, she starred in twelve pictures.

There had been little time for her private life, little time for personal romance. Was she, perhaps, losing some of her glamour in the eyes of the movie-going public?

Gloria went to France. When she returned she was the bride of the Marquis de la Falaise. They had been married in Paris. Her return to Hollywood was a triumph. If her glory had dimmed a little, its luster was quickly restored. For Gloria had a golden crown, a golden crest on her calling-cards and an old-world title a mile long.

The following year, 1926, her contract with Paramount expired. Would Gloria sign a new one? Paramount offered her twenty-five thousand dollars a week for the fifty-two weeks of the year.

Gloria had worked under the Paramount banner for seven years; had made a total of twenty-four pictures under it. She had a horror of becoming a type, set in a mold. She had watched many big stars fall by the wayside when the "type" went out of style.

Back in 1919 ranking stars organized a company to produce their own pictures. It was called United Artists. With one grand gesture, therefore, Gloria turned down Paramount's offer of one million and three hundred thousand dollars a year. She decided to produce her own pictures. She joined the United Artists group—Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin.

Gloria tossed in her money and went to work on "The Love of Sunya."

The picture was a terrible flop. There was a reason—the trend toward realism had set in.

Gloria recognized the trend and started on another picture. She chose "Rain," the stage play adapted from Somerset Maugham's story. The play, she knew, was highly censorable for the movies. She submitted it in story form to Hays office under the title of "Sadie Thompson." Apparently the Hays office saw no connection between "Sadie" and "Rain." The script was approved and work began.

"Sadie Thompson" was a tremendous box-office success.

Once again Swanson was on top of the world.

She immediately went to work on "Queen Kelly." This picture was almost finished when sound hit Hollywood like a tornado. Gloria knew that the silent "Queen Kelly" would be obsolete by the time it was released. She began the tedious job of retakes, dubbing in sound. When she saw the rushes, however, she realized it was hopeless. She simply was not ready to cope with the talkies. The picture was too poor to release. She scrapped it. It had cost her nine hundred thousand dollars and months of exhausting labor.

HER problem now was to meet the exacting demands of the talkies on voice and diction. After intensive work, she chose her first talkie, "The Trespasser." It was hailed as one of the best talkies up to that time. Gloria had sailed triumphantly forward on the waves of sound.

It was that year, 1930, when her success in talkies was assured, that she lost the Marquis. Many believe the cause of their break was due to her absorption in "Queen Kelly" and "The Trespasser."

New impetus for her movie career—and with it husband Michael Farmer, passes out of Gloria's marital life, with the latest shift in her screen fortunes.

Motion pictures have become works of art. Gloria has made her choice. She believes the band wagon is M-G-M. History has repeated itself, for her—on more than one occasion.

Rumor says she may soon find a new marital mate. The parallel still stands. It remains to see whether Gloria will continue the cycle.

Actresses Clamor for This Man!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

And Norma is right. You will probably never see "Bart" playing a gangster. But it doesn't matter, does it, so long as you can see him as a gentleman? There are so many who can play gangsters.

Edmund Goulding, director and writer of "Riptide," has still another and unique reason to advance for Marshall's appeal.

"It is his voice. He has the most seductive voice on the screen," Goulding says.

And how does Claudette Colbert, the lady who was "so thoroughly and convincingly loved," feel about him?

"He has a miraculous quality of sincerity and great sympathy, which he conveys to the person playing with him. He makes every scene so real that at no time did I have the feel-

ing we were merely acting. It all seemed to be living, and a part of our own very personal existence. Absolutely no artificial note.

"His charm on the screen is doubled off. He kept everyone in a good frame of mind on that hazardous trip we made for 'Four Frightened People.' His remarkably good disposition under the most trying circumstances—his even, unruffled temper, stood up infallibly under the test. I think women sense this as soon as they see him, and it adds a permanence and stability to his unmistakable romantic charm."

This from Claudette, who had more opportunity to judge the real Herbert Marshall than any star he has played opposite.

There is certainly a very subdued but definite challenge in the Marshall eye. No woman

alive could miss it. But he sits back and smiles when a lot of other men would make the mistake of being busy. He may appear to be remote and detached, but you can bet there isn't a woman in the room who is not alertly conscious of him in every nerve and fibre!

He has an impersonal politeness that never chills. It is warm—the one enjoying it feels favored, yet knows he is exactly the same toward everyone. He has an extraordinary memory for names that has surprised many persons in Hollywood. Days after they meet him casually in a large group, he greets them by name—and is surprised at their surprise! It is typical of the man's graciousness.

Marshall is not a sheik or a lounge-lizard or a gigolo type—nor is he arrogantly a he-man.

He is simply a cultured, well-bred, instinctive gentleman.

There is a good word that has been sadly misused, which describes him with perfect accuracy. *Gentel*.

Another man tells us that Marshall's presence always makes him feel a trifle uncouth, but he is never antagonistic toward him for it. Just a little sad. He wishes he had worn a different scarf, and shaved more carefully that morning. That he could erase the Hollywood *argot* from his conversation.

"It is the same feeling, I imagine," this man says, "that women have when watching an incomparably graceful dancer on the stage. A wistful yearning toward perfection and ease which they know is not for them."

Marshall has established a new standard among leading men.

He has successfully conveyed the idea to a number of women that it must be great to be loved by a gentleman.

After the push-in-the-face, the "hi yah, baby," and "scram" attitude that has dominated the screen for the past few seasons, they have turned to Herbert with one great universal sigh of relief—and longing. And if he can't convey more in the way of sex-conflict, urgent desire, and you-name-it, with one long intense look and nary a move—then he'll do till one comes along who can.

Marshall is a real sophisticate. He doesn't represent the night club, party hound, smart crack, bold business that used to pass for sophistication. He is the type to make any woman, on the screen or off, know she was having an unusual and worldly experience which would set her apart from her sisters and flatter her vanity. His is superb *finesse*.

GABLE has flash, and suggests a latent cruelty. Montgomery is light, airy, gay—the perfect companion for two weeks on the Riviera. Jack Barrymore has a fantastic, Afternoon-of-a-Faun unreality that defies capture.

And Marshall is a Rock of Gibraltar—a very suave Rock. He is the combination of romance, stability and dependability that wise women dream about. He would never say extravagant things, he would say only what he meant. They would not be voiced with calculated purpose, but with sincerity.

After "Riptide," several women broke down and told us that Herbert Marshall was the nearest to their ideal of the perfect husband of any man on the screen. And yet, when you analyze it, he played rather an ugly part.

His was a character bitten raw with jealousy and suspicion, who refused to believe or trust a woman who was being honest with him. There probably was not a woman in the audience who had not had a similar experience. But they did not blame him for doing just what he did.

The answer, I presume, is that the female prefers her man that way, no matter how violently she denies it. It gives her a good head start, and keeps the man so busy catching up he has no time to glance off-side.

In spite of his fatal fascination and the aura of romance around him, there is a "good provider" quality about Marshall which can very nearly take preeminence over the other irresistible attributes. There isn't a woman who is not alert to it—and there are few men on the screen who have it. Will Rogers is the other most outstanding example. But you wouldn't say Rogers and Marshall were remotely alike, offhand, would you?

A very frivolous girl went to see Marshall and described him this way: "He is the kind of

WHAT WAS KAY'S *Summer Secret?*



What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summertime she's especially careful to take odorless Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your

skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies*. It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{4}{100}$ % PURE · IT FLOATS

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND

man who would always have bread and beans—and *pâté de fois gras*—in a pantry, and a roof overhead. A roof probably in Beverly Hills. And if he had an affair, his most intimate man friend would never hear about it—from him."

Proving that frivolous women, as well as practical ones, are far from immune to the stable virtues and advantages.

And to continue the thought, she imagined him as the perfect, the ideal father. Patient, tolerant and understanding with his children.

If a man can convey all this through the medium of the screen, you know what effect he must have on the beautiful ladies who play flesh-and-blood-scenes with him before the camera. Do you wonder that they are all screaming for him?

The Real First Lady of Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

under the circumstances, should have been extremely doubtful.

Norma Shearer is a woman's idol. Her biggest following is not among men, but among women. To them she personifies a wistful longing—a lament. She is what every woman thinks she might have been—or would like to be. Her gorgeous, ultra-smart clothes are designed and worn for women to admire and crave. Most of her pictures have been constructed to appeal to the feminine mind.

More women would rather be like Norma Shearer than like Garbo, Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford or Minnie Mouse—you can bet on that. Which is another reason why she qualifies as the First Lady—professionally.

It's a personal distinction, too.

Norma Shearer is one big feminine star about whom Hollywood has nothing to whisper, has never had anything to whisper. Gossip has flown about the heads of every one of her rivals at one time or another.

She has maintained in her personal life a patrician dignity—not a remoteness or spectacular seclusion—but an aloofness from the town talk of the gossipers, which completely defeats rumors.

She has never stepped down from her fresh, assured, smiling ladylike character. She has never been seen anywhere she should not have been, doing anything she should not have been doing. Her life, like her home, is smoothly ordered and serenely right. And her taste, in the affairs of life, as in her home, is flawless. She has never been guilty of bad taste in handling the wealth and fame which Hollywood has brought her.

Norma Shearer is always "Mrs. Thalberg" in her home. She is "Miss Shearer" only on the set. The Thalbergs entertain frequently, but you don't read much about it, because the parties are smooth, well-ordered, poised affairs—not spectacles. She doesn't conduct her home like a movie set, and her quality does not rely on the glamour of motion pictures.

How can a woman whose education ended in the first year of high school impress polished people? How can a woman whose formative years were spent battling for a living in theatrical New York instead of being devoted to acquiring social graces—how can such a woman with such a background ring true as a sophisticate and a lady? What could she possibly have for the sophisticates to admire?

Here's a guess—that back of that patrician



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Guest-room overlooking the Park



Exquisitely decorated bedroom

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A five-room tower apartment, lifted high over New York and Central Park . . . furnished individually, as a charming private home, occupying the entire floor. Living-room, dining-room, two master bedrooms with boudoir dressing-rooms and baths. Guest-room and bath. Maid's room and bath. Refrigerated serving pantry. Smart visitors prefer the spacious restfulness of The Sherry-Netherland, for even flying visits.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET • ON CENTRAL PARK • NEW YORK

profile of Norma Shearer's lie generations of breeding whose heritage instinctively causes her to lend good taste to her screen lives as well as her real life.

Norma Shearer would be the last person to pretend to aristocracy. Her father was a moneyed man, importantly established in the life of Montreal, her birthplace. Her uncle was a professor at Cambridge University, England—but their father was an emigrant carpenter from the Shetland Islands.

Norma's mother came from a family fairly loaded down with Church of England clergymen. Not even Norma has traced her lineage very far. There might have been lords and ladies, regents and royalty—who knows?

BACK somewhere, something gave Norma Shearer the mettle to meet both adversity and opulence and remain a lady, no matter what happened.

Life early forced her out of the luxurious surroundings into which she was born. From Montreal's fashionable Westmont Heights section she was plunged into a shabby Manhattan theatrical boarding-house.

She fought hunger, cold, poverty and discouragement in New York for four of her teen years, but still held her head up. She deported herself with a lean pocketbook—when she was a fashion and commercial art model—with as much self-respect and assurance as she does today as a successful and wealthy star in Hollywood.

Recently, while in New York, Norma and Irving Thalberg strolled from their hotel suite and visited Columbus Circle, where her likeness smiled for years on the passing crowd, warning them pleasantly that it was "time to retire." Intrinsicly, there was no difference between the successful and glamorous star who recalled memories and the poor little girl who had posed in the red tam o'shanter for that sign.

Hundreds of times in those days gone by, she came home from the heartbreaking business of hunting a job to the little gray, gas-lit room that was home, and worked far into the night brushing and pressing her clothes. Often she was down to her last dollar, but she was never frowzy. She won the admiration and respect of everyone with whom and for whom she worked then, with her pride and self-respect—and her gameness, too.

PERHAPS that's a reason why leisure-class, sophisticated audiences admire Norma Shearer; she represents something which they, with idle lives, are forced to admire. She is a lady who came through in a pinch—who got out and did something against tremendous odds. And still remained a lady.

Maybe there are other reasons why. But if there are still lingering doubts as to whether or not Norma Shearer is the First Lady of the Screen, consider this:

Every studio in Hollywood would have liked to screen "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

But the central character, *Elizabeth Barrett*, demanded an actress who looked like a lady, could act like a lady, and actually be a lady, and still be an actress of enough depth to unmistakably imply the emotional unrest of the character.

Katharine Cornell, who starred in the part successfully on the stage, wasn't available for pictures, and only one actress in Hollywood was considered capable of playing the rôle.

M-G-M had that actress, so they bought the play. And Norma Shearer is playing *Elizabeth Barrett* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



In the *Charmed Circle* walking becomes a new joy

Summer shoes to send you gaily on your way, out where the fun begins... Vitality Health Shoes! When you wear them, you'll find new joy in walking... a new sense of smart vitality in the way you look and feel. Cleverly conforming to your foot, their "vitality principle" gives you grateful, poised support. They are light, too, and splendidly made of fine quality materials by true craftsmen. Note particularly the selection of white shoes featured here and their moderate prices. Don't they urge you to walk in the *charmed circle* that Vitality Health Shoes place around your feet?

VITALITY SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS Division of International Shoe Co.

• And don't forget that Vitality Health Shoes are also featured for children and youngsters in their teens. Their long wear and good looks make them popular values. Priced \$2.00 to \$5.00 according to size.

VITALITY
health shoes



SIZES 2 TO 11 • • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE

HOW PERFECTLY SIMPLE



A NEW DEODORANT CREAM APPLIED LIKE A LIPSTICK *Instantly banishes odor for the day*

BEAUTY advisers to more than 10 million women have poured their praises upon Perstik because it is the *dainty* new way to rob perspiration of its offensive odor. Your fingers hold the handsome lipstick case—they never come in contact with the cream.

A few quick strokes each morning gives you unflinching all-day protection against odor.

Physicians' Wives Use Perstik

Wives of thousands of physicians are daily users of Perstik because it is just as safe as it is easy to use. Perstik never irritates, even after shaving. Not greasy. Heartily approved by Good Housekeeping.

Perstik is as friendly to fabrics as it is to your skin. You can apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

On Sanitary Pads
Perstik is just the grandest thing in the world for sanitary napkins. Two strokes across the pad—and your secret is your own.

All the best department stores and druggists supply genuine Perstik at 50¢. Beware of imitations.



Doctors say that perspiration increases during moments of excitement. To freshen up before your "big moments", carry an extra Perstik in your bag.



PERSTIK,
Fifth Avenue, New York

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Voting Goes On

For The Best Picture Of 1933

WE are giving you more time to cast your ballot for the best motion picture released during 1933. Each week shows a marked increase over the preceding week in the number of ballots cast. Because of this deluge of coupons it is hardly possible to set a closing date now, but be sure to watch August PHOTOPLAY for further announcements.

As you have been told in previous issues of this magazine, since 1920 when PHOTOPLAY Magazine inaugurated the famous Gold Medal contest, thirteen pictures have been awarded this signal honor by readers of this magazine. This year we add the fourteenth. To recapitulate what we have said in previous issues:

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st is eligible. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are qualified.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of players, story, photography, direction and the spirit behind the making of the picture.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and

is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award is the highest honor in the movie world—the Nobel prize of the Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of movie-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable screen dramas.

It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to vote. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all so many pleasant hours.

Regardless of the fact that there has been an extension of time, we still urge you to send your ballots early.

Because of the tremendous volume of mail, counting the votes will take just that much longer. So don't delay. Mail your ballot now!

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

<i>Adorable</i>	<i>Hold Your Man</i>	<i>Prizefighter and the Lady,</i>
<i>Another Language</i>	<i>I'm No Angel</i>	<i>The</i>
<i>Berkeley Square</i>	<i>King Kong</i>	<i>Reunion in Vienna</i>
<i>Blonde Bombshell, The</i>	<i>Lady for a Day</i>	<i>Roman Scandals</i>
<i>Bowery, The</i>	<i>Little Women</i>	<i>She Done Him Wrong</i>
<i>Cavalcade</i>	<i>Mama Loves Papa</i>	<i>Sign of the Cross</i>
<i>College Humor</i>	<i>Masquerader, The</i>	<i>State Fair</i>
<i>Counsellor-at-Law</i>	<i>Morning Glory, The</i>	<i>Sweepings</i>
<i>Dancing Lady</i>	<i>Night Flight</i>	<i>This Day and Age</i>
<i>Dinner at Eight</i>	<i>One Man's Journey</i>	<i>Today We Live</i>
<i>Double Harness</i>	<i>Only Yesterday</i>	<i>Too Much Harmony</i>
<i>Farewell to Arms, A</i>	<i>Paddy, the Next Best Thing</i>	<i>Topaze</i>
<i>Footlight Parade</i>	<i>Peg o' My Heart</i>	<i>Tugboat Annie</i>
<i>42nd Street</i>	<i>Picture Snatcher</i>	<i>Turn Back the Clock</i>
<i>Gabriel Over the White</i>	<i>Pilgrimage</i>	<i>Voltaire</i>
<i>House</i>	<i>Power and the Glory, The</i>	<i>When Ladies Meet</i>
<i>Gold Diggers of 1933</i>	<i>Private Life of Henry VIII,</i>	<i>White Sister, The</i>
	<i>The</i>	<i>Zoo in Budapest</i>

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Send

in

This

Ballot

Answers by Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

gently, with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, press away the flesh you want to get rid of. Be sure your face and fingers are both generously smeared with cold cream and work very carefully and gently, but keep at it and the flesh will roll off. Of course, if your face is fat all over, what you need is my reducing diet. Because, nine times out of ten, if you have a fat face, you also have a fat body.

Dear Sylvia:

I am rather thin, but not too thin, except my waistline. I'm sure that it's out of proportion. Can you tell me how to enlarge it?

D. D. R., Cripple Creek, Colo.

Well, for goodness sake! In my long experience teaching women how to be beautiful, this is the first time I ever had anyone ask me how to increase the waistline. Most women beg me on bended knees to get rid of the spare tire around the waist for them. You should be thankful that you have a small waist. Of course, if you're too thin all over, you need my building-up diet; but you say you're not—that it's just the waist you want bigger.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am underweight but am carefully following your diets and exercises. I noticed that you say it is good to give one's self a gentle massage to relax the nerves. How is this done?

T. K., St. Joseph, Mo.

Just rub your body gently but firmly all over with the flat of your hands. Have both your body and your hands smeared with cocoa butter. Don't rub too hard, but rub all over—with the exception of the bust.

Dear Sylvia:

I have a job in which I read all day. My eyes have never seemed to feel the strain, but I notice that I now have lines around them. I would like to stop these before they become too pronounced.

H. T., New York, N. Y.

Well, you're a smart girl. You remember that old saying about an "ounce of prevention," don't you? And that's right, too. I wish a lot more women and girls would nip the beginning of a defect in the bud. Read my letter to Jean Muir in this issue, and do for your eyes everything that I have told her to for yours. The way to keep those lines away is to strengthen the muscles around the eyes.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Sometimes in my office I feel so nervous that I could scream. Is there anything I can do for immediate relief?

S. W., Chicago, Ill.

Tight neck muscles, caused by leaning over a desk, will invariably make you feel jumpy. With your two hands, rub and squeeze the back of your neck until those muscles relax. Then take a couple of minutes off and stand with your arms stretched out in front of you and your head bent as far forward as it will go. Move the upper part of your body slowly from side to side. Repeat eight or ten times. Be sure to feel the spine pulling, especially at the back of the neck.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

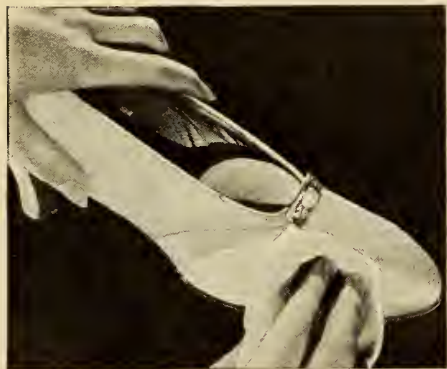


When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools".... (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U.S. Playing Cards and other attractive merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville, Ky.

CORK-TIPPED... 15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ IN CANADA

NEW 10¢ CLEANER FOR WHITE SHOES IN BIG DEMAND!



All can now clean stains off white shoes easily, quickly with Shinola...and save money

A new cleaner called Shinola White was introduced last season. Women tried it. Found it cleaned all kinds of white shoes quicker, easier, better, yet it sold for only 10¢! Delighted, they told friends. Soon, thousands were asking for Shinola. The demand exceeded the supply.

This season we promise plenty of Shinola White Cleaner for all. No one shall be disappointed. Stores everywhere are now stocked with this marvelous new cleaner that costs only 10¢!

No more worrying about stains on women's shoes, children's shoes, men's shoes. Shinola cleans in a jiffy. Makes shoes white as new. Choice of liquid, tube or cake. Try Shinola. You'll be delighted!



Actors Don't Grow Old

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

of his naturally imposing and impressive demeanor.

If one wins his approval, there is a second meeting one day, and on such occasion he is charming and amiable. And then, when the third meeting has come about, he is friendly and warm-hearted, and his manner indicates that one has his confidence.

CERTAIN players who have appeared in pictures with him have told me how uncomfortable they felt in his presence the first few days of a production, but that after a while he warmed up, for one reason or another, and then was graciousness and simplicity itself.

However, all players in an Arliss cast see to it that they are on their mettle in speaking lines, and in matters of diction. Because the star is very exacting on the point of clear, clean enunciation from actors and actresses in his pictures.

Arliss has completed his second picture under his new contract with 20th Century Pictures, called "The Last Gentleman." ("The House of Rothschild," of course, was his first.) The story, laid in New England, is one of his popular down-to-earth rôles, which he can make so amazingly human and understandable. After finishing this film he returned to England for his usual summer vacation. In the fall he will again come back to Hollywood.

Before he left I asked him which kind of rôle he prefers playing, the historical character in the setting of splendor, such as his *Nathan Rothschild* or *Disraeli*, or the man in the middle stratum of society.

He replied roguishly: "I prefer them both!" And then he continued:

"I have no preference for particular rôles, because I think it is a mistake for an actor to allow himself to become prejudiced. If he did, he might give a better performance one time than another. His work would soon show unevenness and, ultimately, he would restrict if not imperil, his interpretative faculties. The danger signal for the actor is similarity of rôles. He should constantly seek variety, and he should never be bored by a rôle, otherwise he will bore his audience. And that's disastrous! It would appear wise for an actor, also, always to feel that the rôle he is playing at the time is his best."

AS to which he thought was the more artistically fruitful period of an actor's career—when he is unknown or when he reaches stardom—Arliss answered:

"The best work, I feel, every actor does during his career is when he is unknown," he replied. "Of course, in making that statement, I am reminded of the actor who spends many long years in the theater getting ready and who has the advantage of playing a broad repertory and also supporting artists who have already arrived. It is during that period he puts forth the very best and highest effort, hoping in each rôle to make his artistic strike, to achieve his goal. However, only a comparatively few actors are touched by the luck of stardom."

Then I questioned him as to whether he felt an actor lets down after he reaches stardom, and if it is harder to sustain success than to achieve it. He replied:

"After fame comes—and stardom—the best parts, the best lines and the most favorable working conditions are offered the actor. Naturally, the way is made easier for him, in certain respects, yet stardom entails newer and greater responsibilities. Obviously, he cannot lay down. But he adopts a different psychology with stardom, because his painting, so to speak, has been mounted in a more dazzling frame. Despite that, he may never excel or even approach his work of a less renowned day, artistically or from the standpoint of earnest, undying effort."

Arliss recently celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday. His has been a full and active life.

He and Mrs. Arliss are as devoted to each other as they were the day they were married, which was long, long ago in England—just about the time an enterprising, young actor named George Arliss was gaining somewhat of a steady foothold in the theater, after many years of hard struggle. Before another decade, the distinguished couple will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

MRS. ARLISS often appears in a picture with her husband. It is stipulated in his contract that she is always to play the part of his wife in a production, providing the character is a happily wedded woman.

That was a very tender tribute Arliss paid his wife, when he inscribed his charming autobiography to her with these words: "To the Girl with the Nice Arms." He tells of how he first noticed her pretty arms when she played the piano at a party given by him and a young theatrical manager for a group of their friends, at which they had "supper, music and games."

That happened a long while ago, yet Arliss speaks of it as if it occurred yesterday.

Certainly he is a remarkable study in energy and alertness. He explains:

"Acting is the cause of it all! Because acting preserves one's youth. It never allows you to grow old, for the reason that you are lifted out of yourself for a definite period each day.

"You may go to the theater or a picture studio, as the case may be, feeling very glum over your personal worries. Then for a number of hours you are transported into a different realm—the world of playing another character. His worries become yours, his problems, griefs and joys. By the time the day's or night's work is over, you have forgotten your own troubles. This demand of the profession, concentrating on someone besides yourself, is the grace that keeps actors from aging."

No piece on Arliss would be complete without telling about his four to six mile walks every day of his life, and about Jenner, who has been his "man" for more than twenty-five years.

It's quite amazing, this systematic walking. When Arliss is working, he leaves his home early in the morning at a given hour, and then some thirty or forty minutes later the chauffeur and Jenner leave to follow him. They pick him up at a certain point along the road and take him to the studio. Then at sundown, he usually walks again.

On the dot at three-thirty each afternoon, Jenner serves his master with two cups of sweetened tea, into which hot milk has been

poured. This ritual is as regular and unailing as Jenner's own heart-beats.

There's another thing that he does at precisely an hour later each afternoon, when Arliss is working. Jenner takes him off the set, and announces that it is time to finish for the day. No retakes can be made, delaying matters for fifteen minutes. As sure as destiny, Jenner steers Arliss homeward at exactly four-thirty!

Devious schemes have been perpetrated on Jenner by the directors and assistants at various times to get rid of him by sending him on wild errands, when it seems necessary to overstay the time limit.

ON one such occasion, Jenner was diplomatically edged off the set, presumably to get something for Arliss, and the entrances to the stage were locked and guarded. It was a sound picture and, of course, absolute silence must reign during the shooting. The scene progressed until a terrific banging on the main stage door, equal only to the roar of cannons, made the director stop. The banging continued louder and longer, until sound experts and assistants gave up in despair.

On opening the door, Jenner was discovered in irate mood, red in the face, and with a brick in each hand! The director felt his behavior had been an outrage and said so, but Arliss turned to him chuckling, and said:

"It must be apparent to you now why I have to obey Jenner's orders."

Hysterical Honeymoons

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

on seeing them do it. First Cary fought through the mob and lost Virginia, and then Virginia fought through and lost Cary, and then they both fought through and lost the license, and it was terrific.

"Now, after the ceremony," Cary told Virginia, "in case we get separated, you take that taxi parked right out in front and wait for me. If I get shoved through first, I'll wait for you."

So after the ceremony Cary, swept along by the mob, got shoved into the wrong taxi, which blithely and gaily went galloping off to the races. Looking behind, he spied Virginia in the other taxi, driving off in the opposite direction, toward Ireland, screaming like mad, "I want my husband."

WELL, sir, the sight of a brunette young man leaning from a cab yelling, "I want my wife!" and a blonde young lady leaning from another cab going the other way screaming, "I want my husband!" just about finished the good old "Lunnoners" for all time. Just as the gangplank was being lifted the couple somehow made the boat, but the shock left them weak and jittery the whole trip over.

During their two days in New York, Cary insisted Virginia tramp for miles looking at smelly boarding-houses in which he had once lived while getting a foothold on fame, until she practically died from the effects, and no sooner had they walked into their Hollywood home than Archibald, Cary's pet Sealyham, gave one sniff and walked out the back door. Somewhere else.

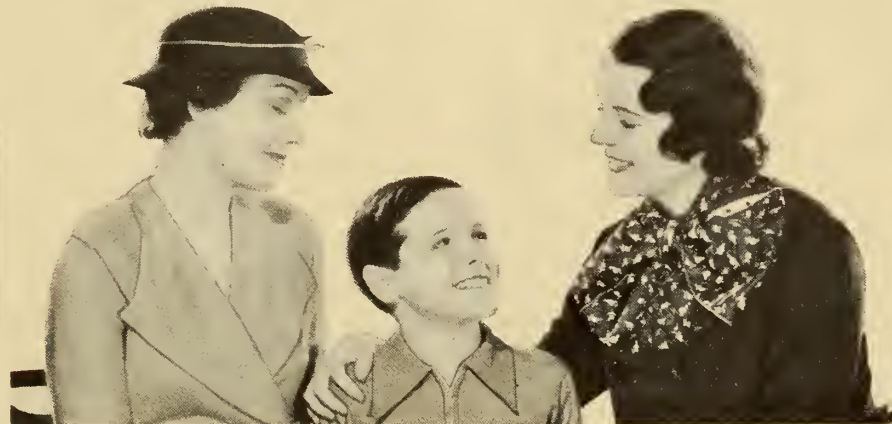
The confusion, the weeping, the advertising that followed, beat anything yet. For five



"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"



"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."



"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

• "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

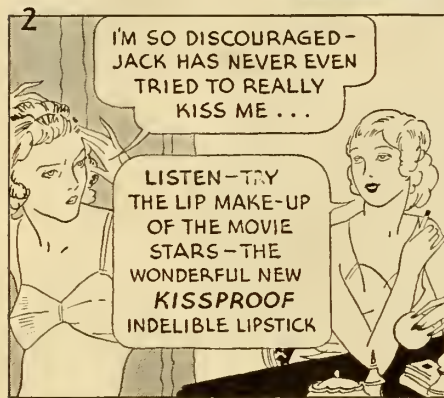
The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.



Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

nights from midnight till five in the morning the phone rang with strange people screaming, "Hold everything. Think I have Archibald!"

Well sir, after the Grants were near prostration what with the lack of sleep from the phone ringing and all, Archibald returned.

Just honeymoons in Hollywood, that's all. Just honeymoons.

Of course, there was the wedding and honeymoon of Connie Cummings and Benn Levy over in England, also at the registry's office (the wedding was; not the honeymoon). Afterward they all repaired to the groom's mother's where a large garden party in their honor was in progress, with formal speeches on "What Lies Ahead for England?" the little feature of the afternoon.

But somehow neither the bride nor the groom cared much about what lay ahead for England. Just couldn't get steamed up about it, so, slipping off unnoticed, they flew to Paris to pick up Connie's trousseau which awaited her there.

And, after getting the precious new clothes packed in two trunks, they had exactly twenty minutes to catch the train for Venice—only Connie was afraid to trust the trunks to a taxi driver, so what to do?

FINALLY, it was agreed Connie should ride in one taxi with one of the trunks on top and Benn should ride in another taxi with the other trunk atop. And a nice little parade of its kind it made, too, what with the bystanders waiting for the band to catch up with the rest of it, and everything.

And then Connie heard a sudden thump and looking out, there lay her trunk in the street and yonder drove her husband and his trunk, all unaware of what had happened behind him. Well, here was another of those little Hollywood touches. Just the way they always happen, no matter where these movie people roam.

"I'll miss my train, I'll miss my husband, I'll miss my honeymoon!" screamed Connie, while the taxi driver, who understood not a word she said, simply stood and looked. First at the trunk and then at Connie jumping wildly up and down, which so incensed the bride she flew at him and practically demolished him on the spot. And all the while her agitated husband paced wildly up and down a railway platform looking for a bride.

At three minutes to twelve she made it while Benn handed the trunk checks to an astonished friend with the instructions to check them on. It was all very confusing and mixed up. It was Las Vegas, Nevada, that received the happy pair and once again a judge (there is no life as full of little surprises as a Nevada or an Arizona judge's) was routed out to perform the ceremony. But when Lupe felt Johnny was a bit too slow in his answers of "I do" and "I will," she reached over and gave him an encouraging little pinch, whereupon Johnny let out a *Tarzan* yell that blasted the judge straight up to the chandelier, where he hung and refused to come down until Johnny promised not to yell any more. And then Johnny forgot his promise when Lupe felt he was much too slow in producing the ring and, reaching over, gave him another pinch, and again *Tarzan's* call rang out over the Great Southwest until even the Indians, miles away, took to the trees and stayed there. They were actually four days coaxing the wedding witnesses out from under the davenport.

OH, you just can't beat it. It just happens and that's all there is to it.

You know about Lupe and Johnny, or don't you? Well, never mind, for neither do they. It was all very confusing and mixed up. It was Las Vegas, Nevada, that received the happy pair and once again a judge (there is no life as full of little surprises as a Nevada or an Arizona judge's) was routed out to perform the ceremony. But when Lupe felt Johnny was a bit too slow in his answers of "I do" and "I will," she reached over and gave him an encouraging little pinch, whereupon Johnny let out a *Tarzan* yell that blasted the judge straight up to the chandelier, where he hung and refused to come down until Johnny promised not to yell any more. And then Johnny forgot his promise when Lupe felt he was much too slow in producing the ring and, reaching over, gave him another pinch, and again *Tarzan's* call rang out over the Great Southwest until even the Indians, miles away, took to the trees and stayed there. They were actually four days coaxing the wedding witnesses out from under the davenport.

AND then followed the hectic "Are You Married or Aren't You?" act back in Hollywood.

"Yes, I think we are," Johnny would tell the reporters on Monday, while on Tuesday Lupe would tell them "no" with variations.

Finally Lupe and Johnny got so mixed up themselves they had to send to Las Vegas for the papers (word was also brought back that the Indians were still in the trees) before they were sure just what had gone on.

But the honeymoon of the McCreas takes the coconut-covered cookies. After Joel had gone to New York to marry Frances Dee and had to fly right back to movies again, he hid himself out to the old McCrea ranch to await the return of the bride. Well, the bride came and so did the rains. It rained and it rained and it rained, and there were the McCreas, shut off from the outside world, with telegrams



Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March caught by the camera at the Tingle Tangle theater. That blurred spot on Freddie's face is a burnside (real hair). And our Mr. March is proud of it!

pouring in from the studio to come at once as all kinds of productions were being held up for them. A car couldn't possibly make it over the dirt road, so finally they got themselves into an old hay wagon, and half-way down the dirt road the nasty old wagon sunk knee-deep in the mud. And the rain poured, the cat in the back of the wagon had kittens, the bride wept and half the hillside just up and poured itself into the groom's lap.

CAME the dawn. And with it were the McCreas still in the wagon with the rain busily pouring, the cat still with the five kittens in the back of the wagon, over three-fourths of the hillside cuddling cozily in the front with the bride and groom. Just to cheer them up, a neighbor ploughed through with the news that someone had broken into their Hollywood home and stolen Frances' diamond engagement ring.

Of course, this could just go on forever. There's no end to the things that happen to happy Hollywood couples.

For instance, when English Pat Paterson and French Charles Boyer decided they wanted to get married along about ten o'clock one evening, they just called up the police station and asked them where to go. "To Yuma," the police said, "and good luck." So off to poor, tired-out Yuma they drove, while a waiter, in the same all-night stand, calmly took off his apron while the couple finished breakfast and went out to shop for the ring and the license. "Need anything else?" he asked them. "Got plenty of handkerchiefs and underwear?" And with the dollar-and-twenty-five-cents ring the waiter selected, the two were married. And no kidding about this, mind you. These things actually do and did happen.

Why, believe it or not, when Adrienne Ames made that famous flight from a Reno divorce court to New Mexico to marry Bruce Cabot, someone called to her to hurry, that the plane was taking off. And with one leg in her slacks and one out, Adrienne raced for the plane. She arrived to meet the groom with one leg still in the slacks and one out and a popcorn ball in her hand.

Where the popcorn number came from no one could ever explain. Least of all, Adrienne. But there it was.

But, of course, the prize pair of them all were the Coopers. The Gary Coopers, to be exact. Headed for a fast round-up in Arizona, the bride and groom, with the bride's papa and mama, no sooner arrived than surprise, surprise, here came Gary's papa and mama. What a round-up!

THE Balfes (her people) and the Coopers (his people) spent long hours, of course, discussing their respective offsprings and what they broke out with as children. "My, yes," Mrs. Cooper would say, "Gary had a dreadful time with chicken-pox. It left the funniest strawberry on his hip. Gary, did you show Veronica your strawberry mark?"

And when the two would fly to their horses to ride off in the moonlight, there at the end of the trail would be the two papas patiently sitting on a cactus awaiting the happy couple.

Well, to be exact, the wedding took place sometime in December, and sometime in May, Gary and Veronica were aware, one day, that something was wrong. After thinking it over Gary suddenly hit on it. "Good heavens, dear," he yelled, "we're alone at last."

And that, gentle readers, is honeymooning in Hollywood.

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

● Put your money on these smart Phoenix "Doggy's"



They're winning out in every hosiery fashion race—these Phoenix "Doggy" colors! *Collie*, a true beige, is 'way ahead with summer pastel costumes. Also with cool navy or brown prints. Play *Setter*, a warm beige, for your bright sports things a la Mexicano. It looks well with a lightly sun-kissed skin. For real honest-to-goodness tanners, we recommend the darker beige called *Spaniel*. Very smart with white, with certain pastels, and with all the variants of the red and brown families. *Greyhound* always shows with the wearers of navy blue and grey-beige. Ask to see "Doggy" colors in Phoenix Everyday sheers, No. 705, \$1. Others, 85c to \$1.95.

● Sheer and Shadowless—and so-o-o seductive



They've always been sheer—and seductive—have Phoenix stockings. And now they're Shadowless as well. That's news! Imagine these exquisite Phoenix stockings, with an absolutely clear and cloudless texture from toe to hem! A new method used in Phoenix knitting banishes hosiery rings forever. Of course, you get all the other famous Phoenix

features in Shadowless Hosiery, too. Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery is priced from \$1.25 to \$1.95 the pair. Ask for "Fluff," Phoenix Shadowless Chiffon, No. 779, \$1.25 the pair.

● Long-mileage Foot wins in any game



Very considerably, the Tipt-toe and the Duo-heel are doubly reinforced where wear is hardest. When you're clad in this Phoenix stocking with Long-mileage Foot, you can feel secure about no holes cropping up. Ask for Phoenix "Standby" service sheers, No. 772, \$1.25 the pair. Phoenix lisle mesh Sportees come in pastel shades, to be worn over Phoenix silk hose.

● For climbing fences—and other girlish sports



Any knee-action is safe and comfortable if you're wearing Custom-Fit Top! For only Phoenix has this famous Top which stretches both ways (up and down, or round and round), yet fits like the skin, whether you're tall or short, slim or plump, or just average. Because it fits so smoothly, Phoenix Custom-Fit Top insures perfect grooming. Ask for "Gadabout," super-sheer Shadowless grenade stocking, No. 743, \$1.35 the pair.

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It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the natural hidden color, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

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Hitting Hollywood's High Spots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

them over to their table for a little chat. Evidently a much liked couple.

At the fights was that sensational charmer, Mae West. She looked just as elegant and just as morally explosive as you would imagine. Alice White was present, too. And in such a nobby dress. Blue lines running around in circles and ending in a staring white target right in the middle of her back! Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, her husband, and pals Lupe Weissmuller and Johnny were all together. The latter couple (particularly the Mexican half) was in a varying state of either hypnosis or audible hysterics, according to the fisticuffs. It was such fun.

But the spirit of carnival really entered in when sudden raucous "Whoopees!" rent the air. The cowboy kind. Looking up, I spied two real Westerners making their way around the arena. To the cheers and cries of the crowd they jovially waved their tengallon sombreros. A fantastic sight, Joan, and who do you suppose these gay caballeros were? Richard Bennett was one. And Leo Carrillo the other! A couple of kids, that's all. To repeat myself, it was a gay night. And just a dollar ten a ticket, my dear.

On to the Grove and an impressive ringside table. First little starlet that came into vision was the fresh, lovely Anita Louise, with her best boy friend, Tom Brown. She wore a long, black georgette dress with crisp white organdy collar and cuffs and a little black hat. Such love shone from those azure eyes! Ah, but they're an adorable couple, Joan. Then I saw that frivolous young article, Toby Wing, sitting with a young millionaire (the Sunday night before she had been at the Beverly Wilshire with Junior Laemmle). She was dressed in the same combination as Anita Louise, black with white organdy.

Just about this time a faint but detectable fragrance stole into my nostrils. It was exquisite... and well it should be, since it was on the person of that superlative beauty (hold your breath), Marlene Dietrich. This was a night! She was dancing with Maurice Chevalier, and she, too, was in black georgette. But not a drop of white anywhere. On her arm were several coruscating (large; glittering) diamond bracelets (I said bracelets... she's gone feminine, dear). And the same, hypnotic Mona Lisa smile was on her white face. I moaned softly under my breath. It was all such a rhapsody. And I do get so envious.

I will dispose of the Marathon quickly. It was mobbed. I was weary, however, and if you will forgive me, I merely bothered to spot Jack LaRue and the cute Mrs. Jolson before giving myself up helplessly to Morpheus. However, there will be more to report at a later date. You know those things. The older they get the better they are. So eventually I will delight your childish heart with a detailed report of all the nobby picture people who will doubtlessly crowd the place for a good laugh.

YOU'VE written practically nothing about your love-life, little one, so I take it you've been curled up in front of the fire with a book these nights. Well, just to brighten your perspective, let me give a short but eloquent rhapsody on the bed they're using in "The Merry Widow." First off, it's about as large and massive as the Empire State Building.

Second, it's in pure, gleaming white satin, and when I peeked at it, in the workroom, there were exactly seven men at work on it. But all this is as nothing. Wait till you see the pure white bedroom. Simply a knockout, and so fragile that you have to cover your boots with big cloth slippers before you can step on the set at all. The lady who will anguish among such snowy splendor is Jeanette MacDonald. She came to inspect it when I was there (everyone at the studio had already gone into short swoons), and she shook her head and muttered: "Hardly a place to sleep in!"

However!

YOU know, it's warm as anything on the desert. Just the place to scatter one's cold from one's system. (Don't ejaculate, we catch colds in California, too.) So I traveled down one day, all loaded with slacks and shorts and suntan lotion. Not Palm Springs this time, but a grand little ranch that Hedda Hopper went into a young rave over, because it had all the advantages of said Palm Springs, but none of the crowd.

First, I was met by five big dogs. One of them, I was told, belonged to David Manners (who has his own charming adobe house right next door to the ranch). But I didn't know which pooch was which, so I didn't bother trying to discriminate. Anyway, David wasn't there, although I speedily took the trouble to find out that he was liable to come any time at all... whenever he could get away from the studio, and that news, of course, was something to cheer about.

Dorothea Wieck was one of the guests. She wore jersey slacks (and said material, as you know, necessitates a splendid and flawless figger, which the lady has) and tiny skull caps. Not a hair showed from under. I waited for days to see if it would, and went home quite disappointed. Never saw a hair. She is so quiet, Joan. And as tender in manner as a child. Mostly she walked, by herself. The first night she arrived, she requested to be awakened in time to see the desert sun rise. I can imagine how that pure, lovely face glowed with pleasure at the sight. Myself, I take my version of sun rises in the movies, but somehow this appreciation of beauty shamed me. So, the very next morning, I was out for a walk at seven o'clock. All five dogs accompanied me, making me nervous by their ecstatic gambolings.

It was just exactly seven-thirty when the noise of a swiftly approaching car rent the quiet desert morn. Immediately one of the police pups went into wild spasms of joy. The next moment a stunning roadster careened around the bend in the road. There was a screech of brakes. The following few minutes were occupied by a confusion of sounds. Man-with-dog sounds... which gave me a chance to ogle David Manners to my heart's content. Such lavish goings-on between the two of them gave a feeling of definite success to the morning's walk. And I now say that any woman who does not rise with the sun leads a life that is infinitely sad and insipid.

Of course, I could scribble on and on, and you'd never be the one to call a halt, but I'm about to get a curvature. So I shall make a statement, slick and simple. This is the end.

Yours,
Mitzi

A Good Pal Is Worth Three Dollars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

twenty or more curtain calls. Bill was standing in the wings while Leslie took five calls by himself. Then he ran off stage.

"Come on, Bill," he commanded. "They want you, too."

Together, Leslie leading Bill by the hand, they took bows. Then Leslie retired, pushed Bill out alone on the stage, while the audience deafened him with their approval.

What a moment for an unknown actor, a sensitive, sentimental Mick!

Those blue Irish eyes swam in grateful tears.

"I didn't care whether Leslie Howard really liked me or whether he hated me," says Bill. "I knew that from then on I was going to like him for the rest of my life."

Next morning when the producers called a conference with author Philip Barry, because of the comparative weakness of Howard's part, Leslie stood firmly on one thing.

"I don't want one line of *Red Regan's* part cut," he said.

Which was just the same as handing Gargan a ticket to fame. He scored a hit during the twenty-three week New York run of "Animal Kingdom." And that eventually led to Hollywood.

THOSE weeks on the stage were what really cemented the Gargan-Howard family friendship. Leslie Howard's dynamic wife, Ruth, met Bill Gargan's quiet, reserved mate, Patricia, and they became fast friends. Ruth was the only one who could handle tempestuous little Barrie Gargan. She awed him and made him mind his manners. There were dinners together and pleasant evenings.

Once Bill and Leslie went with the play to Cleveland for a week. Leslie put up at the swankiest hotel in town, but Bill still had to watch his nickels, so he registered at a less pretentious house on the outskirts of the city. It made it hard for them to get together much except during the play.

"Look here," said Leslie one night, "this won't do. I've an idea. How would you like to be my secretary?"

Bill gasped.

"You see, there's half-rate here for servants," Leslie explained, "if you don't mind coming down in the world."

Bill didn't mind—not so long as it meant a luxurious room and bath adjoining Leslie's in a ritzy hotel.

But if Leslie did bring Bill down in the world one week, he helped boost him up in the world a few weeks later.

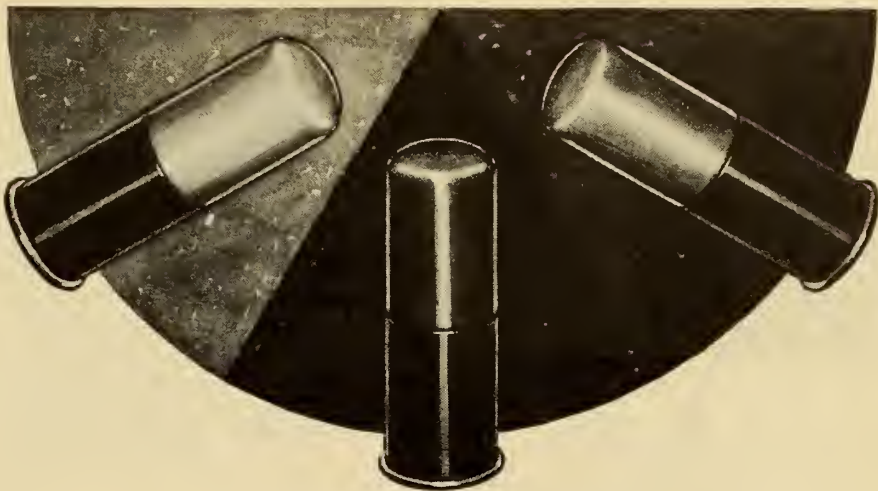
"Bill came to me one day just about to explode with excitement," Howard relates. "Hollywood wanted him to play in 'Rain' opposite Joan Crawford, he said, and he was practically all packed to go at the moment.

"But look here," I told him, "you can't do that, you know. You've a run of play contract with 'Animal Kingdom.'

"Well, at that Bill worked himself up into a typical Irish state. I knew from past experience that it was no use refusing that fellow anything, and sure enough, before I knew it, I was talking the producer into letting him leave the play."

Bill came to Hollywood, to be followed not long after by Leslie.

Hollywood isn't particularly famous for



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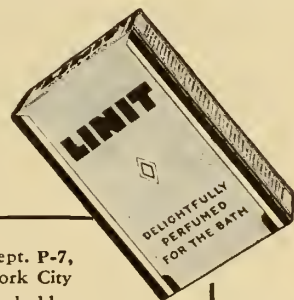
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cementing friendships, but in this case it had done very well. Neither had very many close friends when he arrived; neither has yet—so they "take it out on each other."

Leslie plays the rôle of father-confessor, as he has always played for Bill. And Bill—well, Leslie, himself, says:

"You know, that crazy Irishman has a sixth sense about me."

Bill never calls Leslie by his right name, to Howard's never-ending amusement. It's always "Charlie," or "Joe," or "Ralph"—or some new one.

They baffle each other in some ways. Leslie can't understand why Bill is so incurably outspoken that he continues to get himself in jams. Such as the time when a chance remark about Joan Crawford, greatly amplified by Hollywood's gossip system, came back to her so distorted that Bill lost a possible lead in "Dancing Lady."

AND Bill can't understand why Leslie is so quiet and abrupt most of the time. The English mannerisms puzzle him.

"Like the other evening," says Bill, "when we were over at the Howards' for dinner. Afterward we went into the parlor, and suddenly I looked around to find Leslie gone. A couple of hours later I strolled upstairs—and there he was lying on the bed reading a book! 'I've sat with him all night and not more than ten words have passed between us.'"

A striking example of this difference in volubility occurred when Leslie Howard Gargan arrived.

At the time, Leslie was on the Berengaria just out of New York harbor *en voyage* to England, and Bill was in Hollywood.

Breathless, Bill rushed off a radiogram, complete with all the details—words and words, costing him upwards of fifty dollars.

Came the reply,

"Topping. Regards. Howard."

Another thing which has Bill Gargan completely licked is Leslie's ever-present composure.

"Why, when we were doing the play in New York," recounts Bill, "the stage manager and myself were almost in a state of nervous collapse about Leslie. Howard and I had found a secluded little restaurant where we would usually arrive to eat about seven o'clock. About eight-twenty I'd get nervous.

"Listen," I'd say, "that curtain goes up at eight-forty. And we're fourteen blocks away. Let's go."

"Right!" he'd say, and then deliberately help himself to some more cheese and coffee. As cool as a cucumber, while I was sweating blood. Somehow we always got there on time."

But there was once when Leslie didn't "get there in time," and it gave Bill a chance to repay a long standing favor in its own kind.

It was during the bank holiday of last year. Bill had just cashed a five thousand dollar check, on a hunch, and had put the bills in a safe-deposit box.

Leslie got the bank closing news too late, and being in the habit of never carrying any money around with him, found himself virtually penniless.

So Bill gave Ruth Howard a thousand dollars and Leslie said a hundred would be enough for him.

When the banks reopened, Mrs. Howard paid back the thousand, but Leslie forgot all about the hundred—just as Bill, five years ago, had forgotten all about the three.

A few weeks later Leslie was called to England. Bill went with him to the train. There was some business of making change and Leslie handed Bill four dollars and a half.

"That makes ninety-five, fifty you owe me," mused Bill.

Howard stared.

"You're going back to England and who knows if I'll ever see you again, or my hundred bucks you borrowed?" said Bill.

And for the first time in his life, Bill Gargan thought he saw Leslie Howard blush. Then he burst into a hearty chuckle.

"Bill, you're priceless," he said. "I swear, I had forgotten all about it."

Even when he hits him for a debt, Leslie thinks Bill Gargan is funny. As Bill says, "Charlie's a pushover for laughs."

But Mrs. Howard—and Mrs. Gargan—they don't laugh quite so easily. In fact, it will probably be a long time before Bill tries anything funny on them again.

Recently Bill and Mrs. Gargan drove to the location of "Of Human Bondage," where Leslie Howard Gargan, ten-months-old, is making his screen début with his illustrious namesake.

Bill and Leslie decided to ride back together and let the better halves take the other car.

On the way, Bill thought it would be lots of fun to pass Ruth and Patricia and cut them cold. So stepping on the gas, the two jokesters whizzed by with their noses tilted skywards in the best ritz manner, looking neither to right nor left.

THEN, happening to turn around, they noticed the snubbed wives accosting a motor traffic cop.

The next moment a siren wailed and the officers waved them over.

"You're arrested," he growled. "Speedin' and crowdin' a car to the curb. Those ladies complained. Pull over."

And as Leslie and Bill meekly signed a traffic ticket, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Gargan, their noses elevated conspicuously, whirled by, shouting, "See you in jail!"

Just one big, happy family—the Howards and the Gargans!

The Stars! Now You See 'Em—Now You Don't

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

that as they were about to start "Elizabeth and Mary," in which they were starring her—if she didn't mind—they'd like to lure her out to Hollywood for a spell.

Margaret took her time coming—twenty-one days on a boat through the Panama Canal—but when she arrived she put joy into the hearts of one and all. She seemed actually

anxious to start to work. Vigilance relaxed.

And then one day Margaret strolled out of the gates and sniffed the balmy breezes. She was due for a stuffy test—so she went out to the airport and took a flying lesson.

Up in the air Margaret shouted to the pilot, "How much gas have we got?"

"About enough to get to San Francisco,"

said the aviator. "Let's go!" shouted Margaret. They went.

Well, if there had been a Sullavan reformation, that one taste of Houdini-ing was too much for it. From that time on, the Hollywood newspapers screamed almost daily—"Where's Margaret Sullavan?" Nobody knew. She had a telephone, but no information could be obtained by calling her home. She moved round to new addresses so frequently that folks couldn't keep up with her.

While every production official did a frantic off-to-Buffalo trying to corral the disappearing actress for such necessary things as make-up tests, fitting and script conferences, Margaret tested out all the trans-continental air lines she could discover. Just when they thought they had her, Margaret would skip out from beneath the net and hop a plane East.

She did it three times; once flying to Chicago, where she sat for six hours alone in the Chicago Air Terminal, and then caught the next plane West—just for the ride!

ALL this merely worked up to the famous six-day Arizona "fishing trip," which not only had Universal in a state of near collapse, but also had the newshawks of Los Angeles papers donning gumshoes in an effort to unravel what looked like a sensational story as well as an advanced problem for *Philo Vance*.

Margaret Sullavan's name has long been romantically and professionally linked with that of the Broadway play producer, Jed Harris. In fact, Harris has been indirectly named by some as being the fly in the Sullavan screen ointment. It is his influence, they say, which makes Margaret want to shake Hollywood's dust from her slippers so very frequently.

That's why a reporter, who had just seen Margaret at "Uncle Carl" Laemmle's birthday party at Universal and had then met an incoming plane from which a "Mr. Harris of New York" had alighted, became suspicious and checked with the studio to see if romance was in the air. The studio didn't know, but obligingly telephoned Margaret to find out. There wasn't any Margaret.

Yes, the landlady admitted, Miss Sullavan still rented the place, but her maid had been sent home, and she had packed without a word of where or what about it.

And when they couldn't locate Jed Harris in Hollywood, and a long-distance call to his New York office revealed that he had left for "Florida or California," things really looked interesting. The guess was that Margaret and Jed Harris had eloped.

And for six days it was just that—a guess. Until the day Margaret nonchalantly showed up at the studio in her inevitable pongee shirt and corduroy slacks, sporting a beautiful "shiner" and a cut on her cheek. She gave one answer to the barrage of questions which descended upon her!

"I was fishing in Arizona."

"With anyone?" they wanted to know.

"I was fishing in Arizona," she repeated.

"How did you get the black eye?" pressed the inquisitors.

"FISHING in Arizona," said Margaret. It was her story, and like Aimee Semple McPherson, of desert kidnap fame, she stuck to it.

Margaret was a good girl for three days after the fishing trip, and then she vanished again into space. Only an alert newspaperman in Kansas City nipped this Houdini act in the bud and phoned his discovery to Hollywood.

Now, busy with "Little Man, What Now?"

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Margaret says she is cured and that she'll roll up her magic carpet.

But it was too late; she had started something, sure enough! For the minute her sensational fade-outs had left the front pages, Ginger Rogers had the combined detective forces of the local Scotland Yard, two major studios, her mother, her press-agents, five radio stations and the press of the nation trying to find her and fetch her back from goodness only knew where!

Ginger, who had done nine pictures in a row without a breathing spell, and the last two at the same time, turned a very firm, feminine thumb down on a loan-out offer from Fox for a part in the Janet Gaynor-Charlie Farrell re-teaming picture, "Change of Heart." Her way of insuring her vacation was to have her manager put her salary so sky-high that Fox wouldn't dream of paying it. Which he did; and Ginger, leaving a note for her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, telling her not to worry (and that was all), immediately evaporated for her well-earned rest.

THAT was on a Saturday. On Monday, Fox almost gave Ginger's manager heart failure by agreeing to pay the fabulous salary, and followed through by putting pressure on RKO-Radio for Ginger's loan. So RKO offered to tear up Ginger's contract and double her salary, if she would put off the holiday rest for the one picture. But she had to be back by Thursday morning or the whole thing was off.

Picture the frantic manager telephoning Lela Rogers to find out where daughter Ginger was hiding, only to hear a helpless wail, "I don't know!" Then picture the strong arm of John Law and his minions wiring, scouting, investigating, reporting all over the Southwest, to no avail for the red-headed actress who had blended into the scenery. Picture the heads of RKO imploring all the radio stations to help find the little lost girl.

They would, said the national stations, if the missing actress was properly registered at the Bureau of Missing Persons at the sheriff's office. So "Ginger Rogers, screen actress, five feet, four, etc., etc." was listed officially as lost, strayed or stolen, and the message crackled out over the ether of every important station in California:

"To Ginger Rogers, wherever you may be—you are wanted at your home at once. Please communicate with your mother. It is very important." The message flashed at every station announcement.

And away over in Arizona, twenty miles from the nearest telephone line, Ginger tuned in. The next morning her mother received call from a tiny town near Kingman, Arizona.

Thursday morning, weary but willing, Ginger magically appeared out of the everywhere on the set at Fox—a homecoming Houdini who was glad to be home.

However, Lyle Talbot wasn't such a good radio-tuner-inner and thereby sacrificed a good part in "Gambling Lady" to Joel McCrea, when he put on the vanishing top-coat.

Lyle set out, destination unknown and unsuspected by the Brothers Warner, who sign his pay-checks. It was a motor trip, he was going to be gone until further notice—and just try and notify him!

The Warner Brothers tried. They tried because they had that good part for Lyle, and production was being rushed. Paging Mr. Talbot! They knew Lyle had a radio in his car and that he played it incessantly while driving. They hoped—ah, vain hope!—that Lyle listened loyally to the programs of KFWB, "the Voice of Hollywood," the last

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two call letters of which stand for Warner Brothers (they own the station).

But, Lyle on vacation, was reveling in a bit of disloyalty and had another station on the dial. He never heard the message to return, and finished his holiday in ignorant bliss of what his fade out was costing him.

Sometimes, however, stars who have applied "vanishing cream" aren't so blissful about being snapped out of it.

THERE was the spectacular case of Warren William, who was lost from the ken of men for days as he floated aimlessly about the blue Pacific. It was all very much against Warren's will—but then, so was the rescue.

While landlubberly friends, family and studio associates wondered if a sea monster had gulped down Warren and his new boat, the Pegasus, Admiral William was fretting and fuming with a broken-down engine, drifting around in the becalmed briny—unable to make land by sail.

Finally, in desperation, the anxious well-wishers called out the Los Angeles harbor police and the Coast Guard for the search, and Warren was towed in in the wake of the coast cops, stewing at the indignity and the asparagus cast at his seamanship!

Those two alliterative Houdinis, Hepburn and Harding, have gained such a reputation for whisking off into unknown space that the studio has seriously questioned whether they use mirrors, or what?

Hepburn all last year inspired a hoary crop of gray hair on the RKO lot by her almost weekly impromptu exits into the never-never land. And not only did the impish Katharine cover her trail, but she even planted misleading tracks.

Hints dropped around the studio, which she knew would be carried to officialdom, indicated Del Monte, when Katie was bound for Caliente—and various vice versas.

NOT long ago Ann Harding was out shooting pictures on the border of the Mojave Desert. Coming in, she asked the driver of her car to stop.

"If you don't mind, I think I'll walk from here," she told him sweetly, stepping right out in the middle of the desert road.

No one saw her, heard of her or knew anything at all about her for two whole weeks! Just as M-G-M heard nothing of Myrna Loy for longer than that—although they spent every waking hour trying—when, after finishing a recent picture, she strolled off the lot remarking that she was "going away for a rest."

The very next day they wanted her for re-takes, for publicity stills, for interviews, for about everything you can think of; and as they thought Myrna was somewhere out of town, they set about to find her. Every clue was followed to the bitter end, every place she had ever been known to go was checked—but investigation yielded nothing. Finally they gave up in despair.

A few weeks later, Myrna calmly walked in the studio gates to be greeted by a delegation howling, "Where in the world *have you been?*"

"Why," said Myrna, blinking her astonishment at the confusing reception, "—I've been at home resting. I haven't budged out of the house for weeks!"

Home was the *only* place they hadn't thought about calling!

Yes, it's fun to be bamboozled, but it's even more jolly to know—when the stars are due to vanish—where and why. At least, it's a lot easier on Hollywood's nerves.

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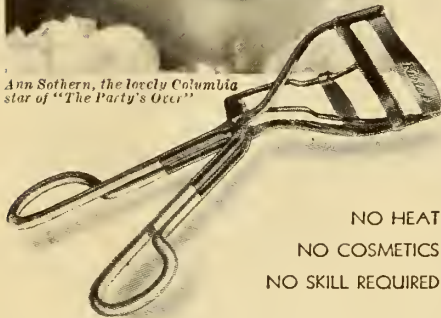
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Has Mae West Gone High Hat?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

That's what you hear—everywhere—and a lot more.

But don't you believe it—West is still West. Although a whole lot of explanations are in order.

In the first place, Mae has been as busy as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives.

As she says, "I haven't had *time* to change!"

By her success in "She Done Him Wrong," Mae just stuck her diamond-draped neck out for a whole lot of fast and furious work. To cash in on the great world-wide eagerness for another Western, "I'm No Angel" was rushed into production. Mae wrote the story, helped with the script, the casting, the whole business, besides playing the starring part.

At the same time, all of Hollywood was wanting to pat her back and shake her hand. Vicariously, so was all the world.

Parties take time. Interviews take time. Pictures take time.

MAE didn't *have* the time. But she tried to do the impossible. More words flashed out of Hollywood about "Diamond Lil" than about any other star since Valentino. More curvilinear poses were printed and distributed than any since Della Fox rode to fame in cigarette boxes.

Mae, never social, made the effort to get around and join in the life of the movie colony.

It was too much.

So big Jim Timony, Mae's manager, put his foot down—unknown to Mae. No more interviews until after "I'm No Angel" was finished.

No more "nothin'" — Mae was taboo. Imagine the howl! The echoes finally reached Mae, along with too many high hat accusations for her to take smiling.

She bounced into the publicity department, thinking they had issued the edict, and wanted to know why. They said Timony said why. Mae said she would say why; she was no shy and wilting violet and she didn't want to get that reputation.

Finally, the studio persuaded her to wait until the picture was over.

BY that time there were eighty interviewers dated to see her. She tackled them, one after the other, got through forty without losing her sanity, and then had to give up. The rest were cancelled.

And the word got around that Mae had gone high hat.

Professional jealousy fanned the rumor. It's the easiest thing in the world to tag someone with a swelled head—if you supply the necessary inflationary matter—hot air. Hollywood could stand just so much of a new West sensation—but when it became a menace, or a supposed one, enter the whispering campaign.

Unfortunately for Mae, the turn of events seemed to lend a basis to these rumors.

Suddenly circumstances forced her to a complete and rigid seclusion. No one could see her—on the set or off. A red paper slip was posted above her call-sheet in the publicity office at Paramount. "Under no circumstances will anyone be allowed on the Mae West set." Instead of walking in the front door of the studio, smiling at the autograph seekers, Mae rolled quickly in a side gate, surrounded by four armed guards. Her apartment house was

just as carefully watched. When she went to the fights, her favorite recreation, the cash customers were jostled out of the way by a flying wedge of detectives, with Mae in the middle.

It looked — it still looks — like a grand act.

But it's not.

Suppose you were in Mae's shoes. Suppose gangdom had threatened to "get" you, because you had the courage to testify against stick-up men. Suppose you had received threats over the phone and through the mails. Definite threats to "take you for a ride"—to ruin your looks forever with acid. To "put you on the spot."

THAT'S what Mae faces now. That's why she carries acid antidotes, and rides in a bullet-proof car.

At that, Mae isn't hiring the protectors. The Los Angeles District Attorney is—and for a selfish reason—because Mae is the star witness against Harry Voiler, indicted in connection with Mae's jewel robbery. The D.A.'s office can't convict him without Mae. Get it?

If Hollywood and success had softened "Diamond Lil"—as some say it has—she wouldn't have had the abdominal stamina to testify against sinister elements who amply warned her before she ever took the stand that it wouldn't be healthy. Such threats have sealed the lips of plenty of other much more publicized public-spirited American citizens.

But they only made Mae all the more determined to do her duty. "I'm easy to get along with," she says, "but threats can make me nasty!" She testified. She sent one gangster to the penitentiary—and she'll have to do it again. Meanwhile, can you blame her—or the police—for not inviting catastrophe? The threats still come.

Besides, Paramount is taking no chances with their multi-million dollar attraction. It's not entirely Mae's fault that she's as hard to reach as the dalai-lama of Tibet.

At least, it seemed that hard.

There was a special pass. But that didn't mean a thing to the guard who stood outside the sound stage door, with a business-like revolver strapped to his side. It didn't mean much to Detective Jack Chriss, head of the gangster detail of the District Attorney's office, who sat inside, his hand within easy reach of the pistol presented to him by Pancho Villa when Chriss was a Texas ranger. He is the best shot on the D.A.'s force.

BUT, finally, when the word was relayed to Mae and she said it was okay to "C'm up and see her," there was a chance to confront her with all these things which the tongues were saying.

Now, it is a strange thing about people who suddenly assume the high hat. They don't mind being told about it. Because, if they're really consciously wearing an upturned nose, acknowledgment flatters them. They may protest—but, well, Mae West didn't protest—she was burned up!

And hurt!

"Nobody ever called me high hat—and they've called me lots of things," she said. There wasn't a faint flicker of humor on her face; she was dead serious. "The public made me what I am today—I hope they're satisfied.

And they ought to know that I'm not wanting to change my style.

"I'm not a phony, and I'm not a girl who's just made good. I've had some success before; I've had some publicity, and I've made some money before I ever came to Hollywood. Whenever I see people putting it on, I know they're phonies; they aren't the real goods and they've got something to cover up.

"I consider myself above changing. I haven't time to change. I'm not looking backward at what I've done or what success has come my way. The minute you do that and stand around on what's already come your way, you're headed back in the other direction.

"I HAVE to do my work, and I've got a lot of that to do. You ought to know that it isn't easy to write and act, too. You can't call me high hat because I'm busy."

Mae hasn't gone back on any of her friends. She has had the same maid for six years. A lot of the actors who used to be with her on the stage in New York are working in her picture. She's giving Katherine De Mille her big break in "It Ain't No Sin."

Just the other day, she discovered a set-worker, Joe Ritchie, an ex-prize-fighter, singing prize-ring ditties.

"Ever sing those for pictures?" asked Mae. He said he hadn't. "Well, you're going to," said Mae—and sat right down and wrote a big part into the script to give Joe a break.

She still lives in a modest Hollywood apartment with her brother Jack West, Jr. Her only extravagance has been redecorating it in the white and gold Louis XV motif which took her eye on the New Orleans "Sensation House" set in "It Ain't No Sin."

You could hardly call her desire to buy a ranch an extravagance or an indication of a desire to live high. The ranch is to be for her folks.

When Hollywood first found out that Mae was investing in an insurance annuity of a hundred thousand dollars, the word went around that she was frantically saving her money—changing from an easy spender to a miserly saver; also, that she knew she was slipping badly at the box-office and was hoarding for the approaching famine.

MAE'S annuity doesn't hold a candle to the investments of most Hollywood stars. That's what it is—an investment. She has to do something with her money—but money can't change Mae West, any more than it could normally change others by making them enjoy life by acquiring some things they've always wanted and security for later years.

As for her popularity—
"I'm No Angel" is doing three times the business of "She Done Him Wrong," Mae informs. "I wasn't completely satisfied with it, I'll admit—but this one is going to outclass both the others. I'm completely satisfied with it—and I'm my severest critic, don't forget that!"

She hasn't changed her screen type, either. "I'm a little sweeter character this time," Mae confessed, "but there's still a bad streak in me.

"I'm low enough, all right—but the whole thing's a little more glamorous and gorgeous—if you know what I mean."

It was worth looking to be sure what Mae did mean.

She was gorgeous enough. A Gibson Girl gorgeousness with one of those amazing pompadours looking like waves of silver taffy



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candy. Plumes and puffs, jewels, gems and golden gew-gaws.

Yes—and curves.

Plenty of curves—and in the right, the same old places.

Which settled another very disturbing rumor—that Mae had succumbed to the lure of a Hollywood figure, was even dieting to achieve a trim slimness!

PROBABLY someone just learned her true weight and got excited—for Mae, in spite of those ample hills and dells, isn't a heavy woman.

Once in her life she reached a hundred and thirty-five pounds—but it was when she deliberately tried to get fat, during the Broadway "Diamond Lil" era.

Since she came to Hollywood, her weight hasn't varied by more than five pounds. Right now she's at a hundred and eighteen, the same

poundage at which Mae weighed in for "She Done Him Wrong."

So if there was any change in Mae West, it must be in her technique—that's about all that was left in doubt.

"Stick around," suggested Mae.

Roger Pryor was the victim. The lights glowed. The camera leveled. The whistle blew.

Action! The temperature rose. The blood pressure zoomed. The collar wilted. It wasn't the humidity—it was the heat.

AND when Director Leo McCarey weakly gasped "Cut!"—there seemed to be only one fair thing for a gent to do—

To bust out of that sound stage without further delay—out on the street where they don't care how loud you shout—and do some shouting like this—

"Stop worrying—she's the same old Mae—and how!"

Here Is England's Favorite Charmer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

MacKenna, of a Belgian woman who, while nursing German wounded, acted as an undercover agent for the Allies), Madeleine wore no screen make-up whatsoever. And she played all her big scenes with her back to the camera! How's that for a sacrifice to art?

And referring to her being practically unknown here, there is an instance which serves to illustrate her innate modesty and charm of manner. The first day she reported at the Fox studio for work in "The World Moves On," the gateman refused to let her in without a pass from the main office. Her name meant nothing to him. Madeleine patiently waited without any fuss. And her Hollywood one-picture contract called for more money than that of any other British star who ever came here. I have known her since she first began her screen career. I witnessed her signature the day she signed it to a three-picture-a-year contract in England for a fabulous sum. Since then, that sum has probably been doubled. Working that out picture for picture, I think, brings her salary to one of the highest of the players ever in Hollywood.

BUT Madeleine has never stopped to work out that little problem herself. Money actually doesn't mean as much to her as her public's reaction to her work. And in her private life, her chief concern is the comfort and well-being of her husband's many tenants and servants. Both she and he are devoted to the welfare of their people.

Should "Mrs. Jones," a tenant on Captain Astley's estate, report, during a storm, that her cottage roof is leaking and her "ol' man" is laid up with rheumatics," Madeleine and Philip will drop everything else to get plasterers and carpenters to work on the roof right away. The same holds true for the caretakers of the villa on Lake Como in Italy. If "Signora Tretlini" is giving birth to about her thirteenth, it is a common sight to see Madeleine by the bedside, administering jellies and sips of brandy to the mother.

Not riches, but the entertainment and well-being of others, those are the things that matter to Madeleine Carroll. And there is no "high hat" to it all. At her birthday party on the Fox lot, shortly after her arrival, the guests of honor were the stage crew and the

gatekeeper who did not know her on her first day. And Philip was the life of the party!

Regarding "the days when." If you ask Madeleine how she started out, she will very truthfully tell that after being awarded a Bachelor of Arts degree by Birmingham University (with honors in French, thanks to her mother, a Parisienne) she taught school for a year to make some money to go to London—and the stage. Also, she will tell you she took to the stage against the wishes of her father, a stern man, a university professor.

HOWEVER, with the help of a loyal youth she had met at the university, and who had become a press-agent in London, Madeleine stormed the barricades to theater and film producers. Within a year of her going to London, she graduated from a traveling company, in which she was a French maid parrotting "Mais oui, Madame—your bath—it is quite ready," to an important rôle in "Mr. Pickwick" on the London stage, and, to the starring rôle in the first important talkie made in England, "The Guns of Loos." The screen rôle was won as the result of a contest in which she was chosen "the ideal example of British feminine beauty."

From then on, it was one triumph after another—whether it was on the West End London stage playing opposite Charles Laughton in "French Leave," or whether it was with Carl Brisson in the picture "American Prisoner"—wherein Madeleine, in early-American period costumes, won all screen-going hearts hands down.

After two years of simultaneous stage and screen successes, Madeleine received that neat three-pictures-a-year contract. It carried with it, besides that huge sum, choice of her own director, cameraman, supporting cast and story! In addition, in this period, she made pictures in French in Paris, and she made them for Ufa in Berlin. Her fame as the darling of the British screen became established.

Then came romance!

Madeleine was appearing in a play in an exclusive small theater in London. Nightly she received a corsage of orchids. There was no card. But Madeleine did not go out of her way to learn the identity of her admirer. Her busy life did not permit of romance.

Time raced by and it brought Madeleine into another play, "After All." With this play came an invitation from the Prince of Wales to a supper following the première.

That was a Royal Command. And *that* was a supper!

The prince danced with her innumerable times, and she was fortunate in her supper partner. He was solicitude itself. He was a young officer, former aide to the prince, a Captain Philip Astley. At dawn, he asked to see Madeleine home. A gleaming silver car with footman and chauffeur awaited them.

ON the way to her apartment, the young officer declared undying devotion to Madeleine. It was rather sudden, but Madeleine believed him sincere and honest. He was somehow different.

Then it all came out—he was her unknown admirer of the orchids.

When the run of "After All" ended, Captain Astley induced his younger sister to invite the charming actress for a stay at the family villa in Italy. Philip, of course, turned up a few days after Madeleine had arrived. And, in the Italian moonlight across the sapphire blue waters of Lake Como, he urged Madeleine to marry him.

On a late August day, they were married in a small Italian village, in a tiny lakeside chapel that held but twenty people.

As they entered the edifice the village children, in their white Sunday frocks, scattered rosebuds before them.

Two months later, this Carroll child—now mistress of a gorgeous Italian villa, a manor in a rural English village where her husband is Squire, a palatial Mayfair mansion in London—returned to the stage in a new play, opposite Owen Nares, a matinée idol of London.

"Household duties nowadays," she said then, "are made so easy for the young wife that she doesn't have to bother with them. And my husband," she added, "although very wealthy, prefers to work in an office all day for his living. So, why shouldn't I work, too?"

Her husband is her advisor on all her screen and stage contracts. And she is his "attorney-in-chief" on his real estate deals. And they like it.

And people like them. They conquer the hearts of everyone they meet, high or low.

Madeleine has had a previous opportunity to come to Hollywood. It was when Winfield Sheehan was preparing to produce "Cavalcade." Madeleine was offered the rôle of *Jane Marryot*, played by her close friend Diana Wynyard.

IN refusing the rôle, Madeleine said, "I'd love to go to Hollywood, but I'm scared stiff at the prospect of attempting to rate with those beautiful American stars. American audiences don't know me, and probably won't want to know me.

"I'd be too poor an ambassador from London to Hollywood to warrant accepting such a big undertaking. Get Diana to do the rôle. She is far better than I."

Her personal triumph opposite Herbert Marshall and Conrad Veidt in "I Was a Spy," however, caused Sheehan, on vacation in London, to show Madeleine a synopsis of "The World Moves On," and to tell her of the "charm exchange." This time Sheehan overcame her objections—but only with help from Philip.

After "The World Moves On," Madeleine had to return to England to do a screen story called "Mary, Queen of Scots." But she will be back.

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What's Ahead for Hepburn?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

stacles for herself, torturing her soul, putting herself in for a rap at the very door of the Promised Land—stooping for a kick while the welcome kiss was being bestowed.

WHY did she invite it? No other star of her rocketing importance ever took it on the chin so early.

Garbo didn't, nor Dietrich.

George Cukor is the man whom Hollywood generally credits with the screen development of Katharine Hepburn.

He directed her in her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement," and in her most popular triumph, "Little Women." Katharine, herself, has given him credit for the success of the latter picture.

So his comments on Hepburn and Jed Harris, who produced and directed "The Lake," are significant.

"She went to Mr. Jed Harris with the greatest confidence and respect. He completely sold himself to her before she ever left Hollywood for New York. He was an old friend, but, strangely enough, before Katharine had made a great success of motion pictures, he had paid her little attention.

"Katharine Hepburn could recite the alphabet on Broadway and draw them in. To take someone like Hepburn and flop with her is unbelievable—a joke.

"I know her attitude toward the play was perfect. She was terribly conscientious about it and worked extremely hard. She was eager to do a splendid job."

Katharine Hepburn was eager to do a "splendid job."

The stage has always been attractive to her. She was first discovered for the screen by David Selznick, while playing in "The Warrior's Husband."

Will it still be attractive to her now? Or has the experience of defeat and disillusion, twice as bitter because it followed tremendous Hollywood success, eaten into her sensitive nature enough to destroy that ambition and turn her exclusively to the screen?

And if she does forget the footlights and devote her talent to pictures, will it be as great as it was, or has she passed her peak? Has the stage knock taken anything out of her which even the boost of the highest screen recognition cannot offset? Can she regain her spark and go on to even greater triumphs in Hollywood?

What lies ahead for Katharine Hepburn?

The answer rests within Hepburn herself.

At RKO her associates tell us that Hepburn has always eagerly desired to make a stage success.

Possibly as a "home town" boy, who sought success elsewhere, always has the ambition to go back home and "show 'em."

KNOWING Hepburn's determined and proud nature, they expect her to be all the more resolved to "show 'em" now that she has "flopped." In fact, but for her contract with RKO, which called for her definite return to the studio by the middle of June, the opinion is that she would have made every effort to live down her failure with a Broadway success before showing her face in Hollywood. But contracts are contracts—and thousands upon thousands of dollars were involved.

However, Katharine Hepburn does primarily want to be a screen star.

There have been hundreds of stories about her indifference to Hollywood and her career on the screen.

George Cukor insists that most of these are "bunk." For instance, the one about Hepburn, after finishing "A Bill of Divorcement," having to be hunted for and notified by wire that she had been a sensation.

"She was nervous and did not attend the Hollywood preview," says Cukor. "But I called her up myself and told her what a hit she had made. She was delighted, enthusiastic and appreciative."

After the studio showing of "Little Women," Hepburn dashed out of the projection room, the picture of almost childlike, exuberant joy. She ran around slapping all her fellow workers on the back and shouting, "This one's going to write your pay-checks for a long time!"

She, herself, has made the statement, "I like pictures. There's nothing more thrilling than to see myself in a good performance—and there's nothing more heart-breaking than to see myself in a bad one."

A THOUGHT similarly expressed to Cukor, when she told him once, "It hurts me when I see myself in a poor scene and hear people saying, 'But she must be good.'"

Sensitive, but certainly conscientious.

Actually her "indifference" can be traced to her personality, which is very aptly described by this director as "bumptious."

She doesn't like publicity, she wants to be alone. She may be capricious, even eccentric—but Hepburn wants to be a great screen star every bit as much as RKO and her public want her to be.

Then what are her chances—from now on?

Again quoting Cukor:

"Katharine Hepburn is a very, very talented girl and her future is unlimited. She has extraordinary equipment for the screen, she's highly intelligent, and she possesses a kind of integrity which is very unusual.

"She has the right attitude toward her rôles, and the capacity to understand them. Naturally, when she does not sympathize with her assignments she doesn't do her best. In 'Christopher Strong' she didn't like the part in which she was called upon to exploit glamour, and she didn't succeed in giving her best to it.

CONTRARY to popular belief, Katharine Hepburn is extremely well disciplined and an earnest worker on the set.

"She has always been amazingly relaxed and natural when she works. When she first came to Hollywood, she didn't know a thing about screen technique, but now she has improved tremendously in virtuosity. The use of her voice has also been marvelously mastered. I think it's obvious that she is unusually equipped for as great a success as she desires to make.

"And I don't believe there's such a thing as an actress who doesn't want to keep on doing better acting."

So—it's up to Hepburn.

From a story standpoint, three excellent parts lie ahead for her.

The first, "Break of Hearts," is a very power-

ful story of a young girl whose musical genius is unrecognized, until a composer loves her and watches her rise to fame as he slips back; the second is "Joan of Arc," an opportunity for a really classic performance; the third is "The Tudor Wench," a chance for her to recreate on the screen one of the most interesting and important of all royal figures—Queen Elizabeth.

And if Katharine Hepburn will take her unfortunate fiasco in stride, shake off the jittery hangover in which it has apparently left her, and sink her teeth into these parts as only Hepburn can, then there's only one thing ahead for her—eventually.

A crown of her own.



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58th to 59th STREETS, NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McVade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo* is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as *Jo's* sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattle of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with colleg setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lillian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, *Mr. X*. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakton heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McVade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter, Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rameau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeat" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombies and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finis. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)



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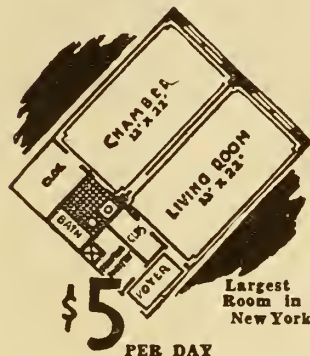


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SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot King Kong much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lillian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman create fair amount of interest. (June)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pa' O' Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneraton, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

★ **WALLS OF GOLD**—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



Katharine Hepburn's stand-in at last gets a break in movies. Adalyn Doyle's first rôle is in RKO-Radio's "Finishing School"

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"AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Edwin Justus Mayer. Adapted by Bess Meredith. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Duchess of Florence* Constance Bennett; *Benvenuto Cellini*, Fredric March; *Duke of Florence*, Frank Morgan; *Angela*, Fay Wray; *Ascanio*, Vince Barnett; *Ottaviano*, Louis Calhern; *Beatrice*, Jessie Ralph; *Polverino*, Jay Eaton; *Captain of Guard*, John Rutherford.

"AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Women in His Life" by Edith and Edward Ellis. Screen play by Cyril Hume and Peter Ruric. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Gresham*, Paul Lukas; *Gladys Durland*, Leila Hyams; *Jean Sinclair*, Patricia Ellis; *Lyn Durland*, Onslow Stevens; *Carler Vaughn*, Phillip Reed; *Nan Fitzgerald*, Dorothy Burgess; *Carlotta*, Lilian Bond; *Foxey*, Joyce Compton; *Fleicher*, Murray Kinnell; *Gail Melville*, Dorothy Le Baire; *Bindar*, Richard Carle; *Sato*, Wilfred Hari; *Secretary*, Sarah Haden; *Inspector*, Charles Wilson; *Bela*, Gregory Gaye.

"BLACK CAT, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edgar Ulmer and Peter Ruric from a tale suggested by Edgar Allan Poe. Screen play by Peter Ruric. Directed by Edgar Ulmer. The cast: *Poelsig*, Karloff; *Dr. Verdegast*, Bela Lugosi; *Peter*, David Manners; *Joan*, Jacqueline Wells; *Karen*, Lucille Lund; *Majordomo*, Egon Brecher; *Maid*, Anna Duncan; *Conductor*, Andy Devine; *Car Steward*, Herman Bing; *Train Conductor*, Andre Cheron; *Train Steward*, Luis Alberni; *Thamal*, Harry Cording; *Bus Driver*, George Davis; *Porter*, Alphonse Martell; *Border Patrolman*, Tony Marlow; *Station Master*, Paul Weigel; *Waiter*, Albert Polet; *Brakeman*, Rodney Hildebrandt.

"CHEATERS"—LIBERTY.—Suggested by "The Peacock Screen" by Fanny Heaslip Lea. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Steve*, Bill Boyd; *Mabel*, Dorothy Mackall; *Kay*, June Collyer; *Kelly*, Wm. Collier, Sr.; *Southern*, Alan Mowbray; *Sweeny*, Guinn Williams; *Lilly*, Louise Beavers.

"CONSTANT NYMPH, THE"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the novel by Margaret Kennedy. Screen play by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Basil Dean. The cast: *Lewis Dodd*, Brian Aherne; *The Sanger Family*: *Tessa*, Victoria Hopper; (by arrangement with Sydney Carroll); *Lina*, Peggy Blythe; *Tony*, Jane Baxter; *Kate*, Jane Cornell; *Susan*, Beryl Laverick; *Sanger*, Lyn Harding; *Linda*, Mary Clare; *Florence*, Leonora Corbett; *Jacob Birnbaum*, Fritz Schultz; *Roberto*, Tony De Lungo; *Trigorin*, Jim Gerald; *Charles Churchill*, Athole Stewart.

"DOUBLE DOOR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elizabeth McFadden. Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: *Victoria Van Brett*, Mary Morris; *Anne Darrow*, Evelyn Venable; *Rip Van Brett*, Kent Taylor; *Mortimer Nef*, Sir Guy Standing; *Caroline Van Brett*, Anne Revere; *Dr. John Lucas*, Colin Tapley; *Avery*, Virginia Howell; *Mr. Chase*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Telson*, Frank Dawson; *Louise*, Helen Shipman; *William*, Leonard Carey; *Lambert*, Ralph Remley; *Rev. Dr. Loring*, Burr Caruth.

"FOG OVER FRISCO"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story by George Dyer. Screen play by Robert N. Lee. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Arlene Bradford*, Bette Davis; *Tony*, Donald Woods; *Val*, Margaret Lindsay; *Spencer*, Lyle Talbot; *Izzy*, Hugh Herbert; *Bradford*, Arthur Byron; *Thorne*, Robert Barrat; *Porter*, Henry O'Neill; *Jake Bello*, Irving Pichel; *Joshua*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Chief O'Malley*, Alan Hale; *Joe*, Gordon Westcott; *O'Hagan*, Charles Wilson; *Van Ness*, Charles Minjir; *Spike*, William Demarest; *Lieut. Davis*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Joe Hague*, William Davidson; *Driver*, George Chandler.

"HALF A SINNER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Alias the Deacon" by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens. Screen play by Earle Snell and Clarence Marks. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Deacon*, Berton Churchill; *John Adams*, Joel McCrea; *Phyllis*, Sallie Lane; *Louella*, Gay Seabrook; *Willie*, Mickey Rooney; *Jim Cunningham*, Spencer Charters; *Slim Sullivan*, Russell Hopton; *Bull Moran*, Guinn Williams; *Mrs. Gregory*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Mrs. Clark*, Alexandra Carlisle; *Sheriff*, Reginald Barlow; *Rumplemeyer*, Bert Roach; *Radio Announcer*, Walter Brennan.

"HANDY ANDY"—FOX.—From the story by Lewis Beach. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Andrew Yates*, Will Rogers; *Ernestine Yates*, Peggy Wood; *Fleurlette*, Conchita Montenegro; *"Doc" Brummeister*, Roger Imhof; *Janice Yates*, Mary Carlisle; *Lloyd Brummeister*, Robert Taylor; *Charles Norcross*, Paul Harvey; *Mattie Norcross*, Grace Goodall; *Pierre Mariel*, Gregory Gaye; *Howard Norcross*, Frank Melton; *Henri Duval*, Adrian Rosley; *Mrs. Beauregard*, Helen Flint; *Mr. Beauregard*, Richard Tucker; *Jennie*, Jessie Pringle.

"I HATE WOMEN"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Mary McCarthy. Directed by Aubrey Scott. The cast: *Scoop McGuire*, Wallace Ford; *Anne Meredith*, June Clyde; *Cookie Smith*, Fuzzy Knight; *Powell*, Bradley Page; *Dottie*, Barbara Rogers; *Cohen*, Alexander Carr; *Ducky*, Bobby Watson; *Tillie*, Eleanor Hunt; *Nelson*, Douglas Fowley; *Rose*, Cecilia Parker; *Elmer*, Billy Erwin; *Ma*, Margaret Mann; *Casey*, Kernan Crippes; *Big Boy*, Snowflake.

"JUST SMITH"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Adapted from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back." Directed by Tom Walls. The cast: *Smith*, Tom Walls; *Mary Linkley*, Carol Goodner; *Lady Moyn-ton*, Anna Grey; *Lord Trench*, Allan Aynesworth; *Lady Trench*, Eva Moore.

"LITTLE MISS MARKER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Sorrowful Jones*, Adolphe Menjou; *Bangles Carson*, Dorothy Dell; *Big Steve*, Charles Bickford; *Miss Marker*, Shirley Temple; *Regel*, Lynne Overman; *Doc Chesley*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Sun Rise*, Jack Sheehan; *Grinder*, Gary Owen; *Dizzy Memphis*, Sleep 'N Eat; *Eddie*, Puggy White; *Benny the Gouge*, Sam Hardy; *Bugs*, Tammany Young; *Marky's Father*, Edward Earle; *Sore Toe*, John Kelly; *Cannas-Back*, Warren Hymer; *Dr. Ingalls*, Frank Conroy; *Reardon*, James Burke; *Sarah*, Mildred Gover; *Mrs. Walsh*, Lucille Ward; *Doctor*, Crauford Kent; *Head of Home Finding Society*, Nora Cecil.

"LOUD SPEAKER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Ralph Spence. Screen play by Albert E. DeMond. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Joe Miller*, Ray Walker; *Janet Melrose*, Jacqueline Wells; *Dolly*, Noel Francis; *Pop Calloway*, Charles Grapewin; *Walker*, Wilbur Mack; *Green*, Lorin Raker; *Burroughs*, Spencer Charters; *Ignatz*, Sherwood Bailey; *Caleb Hawkins*, Billy Irwin; *Amy*, Ruth Romaine; *Thomas*, Lawrence Wheat; *Grandma*, Mary Carr.

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Caesar. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. The cast: *Blackie*, Clark Gable; *Jim*, William Powell; *Eleanor*, Myrna Loy; *Father Joe*, Leo Carrillo; *Spud*, Nat Pendleton; *Poppa Rosen*, George Sidney; *Annabelle*, Isabel Jewell; *Tootsie*, Muriel Evans; *Snow*, Thomas Jackson; *Miss Adams*, Claudelle Kaye; *Blackie's Attorney*, Frank Conroy; *Mannie Arnold*, Noel Madison; *Blackie*, as a boy, Mickey Rooney; *Jim*, as a boy, Jimmy Butler.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lady Mary Cameron. Screen play by J. P. McEvoy and Claude Binyon. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Guy Lombardo*, Guy Lombardo; *Gracie*, Gracie Allen; *Burns*, George Burns; *Florence Allen*, Joan Marsh; *Horatio Allen*, George Barbier; *Ted Lambert*, Ray Milland; *Brinker*, William Demarest; *Davies*, John Arthur; *Joe*, Stanley Fields; *Mike*, John Kelly; *Dr. Otto von Strudel*, Egon Brecher; *Horatio's Secretary*, Franklin Pangborn; *Nathan Silas*, Morgan Wallace; *M.P. Director*, Kenneth Thomson; *Dance Team*, Veloz and Yolanda; *Harmonica Player*, Larry Adler; *Tap Dancers*, John Taylor and Clark Rutledge and Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians.

"MONTE CARLO NIGHTS"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "Numbers of Death" by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Adapted by Norman Houston. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Mary*, Mary Brian; *Larry*, John Darrow; *Aunt Emma*, Kate Campbell; *Daggell*, Robert Frazer; *Madelon*, Yola D'Avril; *Blondie*, Astrid Allyn; *Gunby*, George Hayes; *Mazie*, Billee Van Every; *Brandon*, Carl Stockdale; *Croupier*, George Cleveland.

"NOW I'LL TELL"—FOX.—From the story by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Edwin Burke. The cast: *Murray Golden*, Spencer Tracy; *Virginia*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Peggy*, Alice Faye; *Mositer*, Robert Gleckler; *Doran*, Henry O'Neill; *Freddie*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Hart*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Mary*, Shirley Temple; *Tommy*, Jr., Ronnie Cosby; *Traylor*, Ray Cooke; *Curtis*, Frank Marlowe; *Davis*, Clarence Wilson; *Wynne*, Barbara Weeks; *Joe*, Theodore Newton; *Peppo*, Vince Barnett; *Honey Smith*, Jim Donlon.

"PARTY'S OVER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Daniel Kusell. Screen play by S. K. Lauren. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Bruce*, Stuart Erwin; *Ruth*, Ann Sothern; *Phyllis*, Arline Judge; *Martin*, Chic Chandler; *Mabel*, Patsy Kelly; *Sarah*, Catherine Doucet; *Betty*, Marjorie Lytell; *Theodore*, Henry Travers; *Clay*, William Bakewell; *Tillie*, Esther Muir; *Ferd*, Rollo Lloyd.

"PRIVATE SCANDAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Vera Caspary and Bruce Manning. Screen play by Garrett Fort. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Miss Coates*, ZaSu Pitts; *Cliff Barry*, Phillips Holmes; *Fran Somers*, Mary Brian; *Lieut. Riordon*, Ned Sparks; *B. J. Somers*, Lew Cody; *Deborah Lane*, Olive Tell; *Adele Smith*, June Brewster; *Mr. Terwilliger*, Charles Sellon; *H. R. Robbins*,

Jed Prouty; *Insurance Agent*, Rollo Lloyd; *Blaney*, George Gohl; *Baker*, Charles B. Middleton; *Schultz*, John Qualen; *Jenkins*, Hans Joby; *Jim Orrington*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Orrington*, Shirley Chambers; *1st Customer*, Greta Meyer; *2nd Customer*, Christian Rub; *Macey*, Bill Franey; *Coroner*, Olin Howland; *Jerome*, Harold Waldrige.

"SADIE MCKEE"—M-G-M.—Based on the story "The Portrait of Sadie McKee" by Vina Delmar. Screen play by John Meehan. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Sadie*, Joan Crawford; *Tommy*, Gene Raymond; *Michael*, Franchot Tone; *Brennan*, Edward Arnold; *Edith*, Esther Ralston; *Stooge*, Earl Oxford; *Opal*, Jean Dixon; *Phelps*, Leo Carrillo; *Riccori*, Akim Tamiroff; *Mrs. Craney*, Zella Sears; *Mrs. McKee*, Helen Ware; *Maid*, Helen Freeman; *Cafe Entertainers*, Gene Austin, Candy and Coco.

"SCARLET EMPRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Manuel Komroff. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Sophia Frederica*, Marlene Dietrich; *Catherine II*, Marlene Dietrich; *Count Alexei*, John Lodge; *Grand Duke Peter*, Sam Jaffe; *Empress Elisabeth*, Louise Dresser; *Catherine as a Child*, Maria Sieber; *Prince August*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Countess Elizabeth*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Princess Johanna*, Olive Tell; *Gregory Orloff*, Gavin Gordon; *Mons. Lieut. Ovlisyn*, Jameson Thomas; *Chancellor Bestuchef*, Erville Alderson; *Marie*, Marie Wells; *Herr Wagner*, Edward Van Sloan; *Mlle. Cardell*, Jane Darwell; *The Doctor*, Harry Woods; *Ivan Shuvalov*, Hans von Twardowski; *Archimandrite Simeon Tevodosky*, Davison Clark; *Count Lestocq*, Phillip Sleeman.

"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by S. K. Lauren. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Blossom Bailey*, Elissa Landi; *John Hunter Yates*, Frank Morgan; *Zukowski*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Elinor Yates*, Doris Lloyd; *Miss Gower*, Clara Blandick; *Gilda Gordon*, Shirley Grey; *Winters*, Samuel Hinds; *Jones*, Henry Kolker; *Smith*, Arthur Stewart Hull; *Brown*, Montague Shaw; *Dutton*, Howard Hickman; *Wiggins*, Robert Graves; *Mullen*, Selmer Jackson.

"SMARTY"—WARNERS.—Based on the play "Hit Me Again" by F. Hugh Herbert. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Carl Erickson. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Vicki*, Joan Blondell; *Tony*, Warren William; *Vernon*, Edward Everett Horton; *George*, Frank McHugh; *Anita*, Claire Dodd; *Bonnie*, Joan Wheeler; *Edna*, Virginia Sale; *Tilford*, Leonard Carey.

"SMOKING GUNS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ken Gurnard. Screen play by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Masters*, Ken Maynard; *Alice*, Gloria Shea; *Dick*, Walter Miller; *Hank*, Frank Hagney; *Biff*, Bob Kortman; *Adams*, Jack Rockwell; *Masters*, Ed Coxen; *Cinders*, Blue Washington; and *Tarzan*, the wonder horse.

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"—FOX.—From the play by Benn W. Levy. Screen play by Keene Thompson and Frank Tuttle. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Henry Deville*, Otto Kruger; *Julia Jellivell*, Nancy Carroll; *Johnny Jellivell*, Nigel Bruce; *Miss Smith*, Heather Angel; *Trivers*, Herbert Mundin; *Alfred Ordway*, Arthur Hoyt; *A Young Lady*, Geneva Mitchell.

"STINGAREE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the stories by E. W. Hornung. Screen play by Becky Gardiner. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Hilda Bouvier*, Irene Dunne; *Stingaree*, Richard Dix; *Mrs. Clarkson*, Mary Boland; *Sir Julian Keut*, Conway Tearle; *Howie*, Andy Devine; *Mr. Clarkson*, Henry Stephenson; *Annie*, Una O'Connor; *Inspector Radford*, George Barrard; *Victor*, "Snub" Pollard.

"STRICTLY DYNAMITE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Robert T. Colwell and Robert A. Simon. Screen play by Maurine Watkins and Ralph Spence. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Moxie Slaight*, Jimmy Durante; *Vera*, Lupe Velez; *Nick Montgomery*, Norman Foster; *George*, William Gargan; *Sylvia*, Marian Nixon; *Sourwood Sam*, Eugene Pallette; *Radio Number*, Mills Brothers; *Miss LaSaur*, Minna Gombell; *Fleming*, Sterling Holloway; *Miss Hoffman*, Lela Bennett; *Pussy*, Stanley Fields; *Junior*, Tom Kennedy; *Mr. Bailey*, Franklin Kennedy; *Mrs. Figg*, Irene Franklin; *Mr. Rivers*, Berton Churchill; *Robin Figg*, Jackie Searl; *Priscilla*, Mary Kornman.

"SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS"—FOX.—From the story "Odd Thursday" by Vera Caspary. Screen play by Jane Storm and Oscar M. Sheridan. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Michael Shawn*, Warner Baxter; *Helen Haeck*, Rosemary Ames; *Verne Little*, Rochelle Hudson; *Wanda Paris*, Mona Barrie; *Wilson*, Herbert Mundin; *Aunt Sophie Travers*, Henrietta Crosman; *Ellison*, Lily D. Stuart; *Stanley*, Irving Pichel; *Nancy Ryan*, Jane Barnes; *George Ryan*, Matt Moore; *Delahanty*, Richard Carle; *Jan Paris*, Murray Kinnell; *Bronson*, Frank Conroy; *Hinton*, Fred Santley; *Granigan*, John Sheehan; *Delange*, Addison Richards; *Helma*, Bodil Rosing; *Josef Paris*, Douglas Scott; *Detective*, James Burke.

"TARZAN AND HIS MATE"—M-G-M.—Based on the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Screen play by J. Kevin McGuinness. Adapted by Howard Emmett Rogers and Leon Gordon. Directed by Cedric Gibbons. The cast: *Jane Parker*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Tarzan*, Johnny Weissmuller; *Harry Holt*, Neil Hamilton; *Marlin Arlington*, Paul Cavan-

agh; *Beamish*, Forrester Harvey; *Saidi*, Nathan Curry.

"THIRTY DAY PRINCESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Preston Sturges and Frank Partos. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Nancy Lane*, Sylvia Sydney; *Princess Caterina*, Sylvia Sydney; *Porter Madison*, Cary Grant; *Richard Gresham*, Edward Arnold; *Count Nicholas*, Vince Barnett; *King Anatol*, Henry Stephenson; *Baron*, Edgar Norton; *Mr. Kirk*, Ray Walker; *Parker*, Lucien Littlefield; *Managing Editor*, Robert McWade; *Spottswood*, George Baxter; *Lady-in-Waiting*, Marguerite Namara; *Mrs. Schmidt*, Eleanor Wesselhoef; *Doctor at Gresham's*, Frederic Sullivan; *1st Detective*, Robert Homans; *2nd Detective*, William Augustin; *Policeman at Mrs. Schmidt's*, Ed Dearing; *Spottswood's Friend*, Bruce Warren; *City Editor*, William Arnold; *Sergeant of Police*, Dick Rush; *Radio Man at Boat*, J. Merrill Holmes; *Gresham's Butler*, Thomas Monk.

"20TH CENTURY"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Charles MacArthur, Ben Hecht and Charles Mulholland. Screen play by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Oscar Jaffe*, John Barrymore; *Lily Garland*, Carole Lombard; *Webb*, Walter Connolly; *O'Malley*, Roscoe Karns; *Jacobs*, Charles Levison; *Clark*, Etienne Girardot; *Sadie*, Dale Fuller; *George Smith*, Ralph Forbes; *Anita*, Billie Seward; *Lockwood*, Clifford Thompson; *Conductor*, James P. Burtis; *Schultz*, Gi-Gi Parrish; *McGonigle*, Edgar Kennedy; *Sheriff*, Ed Gargan; *Porter*, Snowflake; *First Beard*, Herman Bing; *Second Beard*, Lee Kohlmer; *Flannigan*, Pat Flaherty.

"UNCERTAIN LADY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Harry Segall. Adapted by Daniel Evans and Martin Brown. Screen play by George O'Neil and Doris Anderson. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Eliott*, Edward Everett Horton; *Doris*, Genevieve Tobin; *Myra*, Renee Gadd; *Bruce*, Paul Cavanagh; *Edith*, Mary Nash; *Garrison*, George Meeker; *Cicely*, Dorothy Peterson; *Garcia*, Donald Reed; *Buller*, Herbert Cortell; *Superintendent*, Arthur Hoyt; *Secretary*, Gay Seabrook; *Mr. Weston*, James Durkin.

"UNKNOWN BLONDE"—MAJESTIC.—From the novel "Collusion" by Theodore D. Irwin. Screen play by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Frank Rodie*, Edward Arnold; *Mrs. Van Brunt, Jr.*, Barbara Baroness; *Bob Parker*, Barry Norton; *Frank Wilson*, John Miljan; *Helen Rodie*, Dorothy Revier; *The Maid*, Lela Bennett; *The Publicity Man*, Walter Catlett; *Miss Adams*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Papa Van Brunt, Sr.*, Claude Gillingwater; *Judith Rodie*, Arletta Duncan; *Mrs. Parker*, Mabel Turner; *The Male Co-respondent*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Vail*, Esther Muir; *Max Keibel*, Clarence Wilson; *Mr. Vail*, Arthur Hoyt.

"WE'RE NOT DRESSING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Benjamin Glazer. Screen play by Horace Jackson, Francis Martin and George Marion, Jr. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Stephen Jones*, Bing Crosby; *Doris Worthington*, Carole Lombard; *George*, George Burns; *Gracie*, Gracie Allen; *Edith*, Ethel Merman; *Hubert*, Leon Errol; *Prince Alexander Stofani*, Jay Henry; *Prince Michael Stofani*, Ray Milland.

"WHERE SINNERS MEET"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "The Dover Road" by A. A. Milne. Screen play by H. W. Hannemann. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Anne*, Diana Wynyard; *Mr. Latimer*, Clive Brook; *Eustasia*, Billie Burke; *Leonard*, Reginald Owen; *Nicholas*, Alan Mowbray; *Dominic*, Gilbert Emery; *Maid*, Phyllis Barry; *Footman*, Walter Armitage; *Maid*, Katharine Williams; *Footman*, Robert Adair; *Saunders*, Vernon Steele.

"WHIRLPOOL"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard Emmet Rogers. Screen play by Dorothy Howell and Ethel Hill. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Buck Rankin*, Jack Holt; *Sandy*, Jean Arthur; *Bob*, Donald Cook; *Mac*, Allen Jenkins; *Helen*, Lila Lee; *Thelma*, Rita LaRoy; *Morrison*, Willard Robertson; *Barney Gage*, John Miljan; *Farley*, Ward Bond; *Editor*, Oscar Apfel.

"WILD GOLD"—FOX.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Screen play by Lester Cole and Henry Johnson. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Steve Miller*, John Boles; *Jerry Jordan*, Claire Trevor; *J. Lorillard Pushkin*, Harry Green; *Pop Benson*, Roger Imhof; *Dixie Belle*, Ruth Gillette; *Walter Jordan*, Monroe Owsley; *Eddie Sparks*, Edward Gargan; *The Golden Girls*, Suzanne Kaaren, Wini Shaw, Blanca Vischer, Elsie Larson, Gloria Roy, Myra Bratton; *Benjamin*, Himself.

"WITCHING HOUR, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Augustus Thomas. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Martin Prentice*, Sir Guy Standing; *Jack Brookfield*, John Halliday; *Nancy Brookfield*, Judith Allen; *Clay Thorne*, Tom Brown; *Mrs. Thorne*, Olive Tell; *Foreman of Jury*, William Frawley; *Lew Ellinger*, Richard Carle; *Frank Hardmuth*, Ralf Harold; *District Attorney*, Purnell Pratt; *Chief of Police*, Frank Sheridan; *Clarence*, John Larkin; *Henry Walthal*, Selmer Jackson; *Judge*, Howard Lang; *Asst. District Attorney*, George Webb; *Dick Wingate*, Guy Usher; *Ambrose*, Robert Littlefield; *Margaret Price*, Gertrude Michael; *Dr. Meiklejohn*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *First Lawyer*, Ernest Hilliard; *Second Lawyer*, Arthur Stuart Full; *Train*, George Reed.

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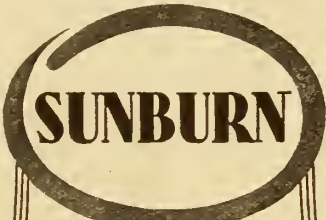
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD became the movie capital through the flip of a coin. Pat Dowling recalled how Al E. Christie tired of trying to make Westerns around New York and wanted to take the Nestor Company to California. His partner favored Florida. They flipped—and went to Hollywood! Vitagraph's Brooklyn studio (now Warners' Vitaphone plant) was the kindergarten of the movies. The late Commodore J. Stuart Blackton wrote of its most talented pupils, too numerous to mention. Among them, Antonio Moreno and the Talmadge sisters. Constance Talmadge, always being "married off" by the gossips, said she didn't expect she ever would wed. Tra la. Tex Guinan had a flock of chickens around her, even in this early day. But not the night club



Mae Marsh

variety—real, feathered ones, in her Hollywood back-yard. Terry Ramsaye told how the government throttled newsreel companies during the war, not even permitting them to approach the censored privileges of the press. Mae Marsh temporarily retired after Sam Goldwyn failed to restore the wistful appeal of this Griffith star. Mae returned to pictures several times; again is taking a fling. Elmo Lincoln bloomed as the silent "Tarzan of the Apes." Conrad Nagel, twenty-two, longed for mature rôles. Best films: "For Better, For Worse" (Gloria Swanson), "Red Lantern" (Nazimova), "Upstairs and Down" (Olive Thomas), "Mary Regan" (Anita Stewart), "Stronger Vow" (Geraldine Farrar), "Girl From the Marsh Croft" (Swedish). Cover: Dorothy Phillips.

10 Years Ago

PERFECTION of pictures that talk, within a year, was predicted by Dr. Lee DeForest, who had worked out his "Phonofilm." Incredible! Rudolph Valentino, long absent, was returning to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire." PHOTOPLAY found a host of already forgotten stars, among them Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner Lillian Walker, Maurice Costello, Louise Glaum, and Edith Storey, who had been back in films since the war, but retired again. Vincente Blasco ("Four Horsemen") Ibanez, with his stories a rage in pictures, said American movie actresses were influencing women's daily lives the world over. Screen Romeos, naming their favorite leading women, remind us of some famous teams—including Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry, Eugene O'Brien and Norma Tal-



Mae Murray

madge, Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith. Heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey was making a million for ten two-reelers. Mae Murray, eternally feminine, "showman" off-screen as well as on, maintained her imposing box-office record. Jack Holt said he preferred to play villains, but there was more money in being a hero (Hi'yuh, Dillinger?). Doug Fairbanks sneaked into a very brief sequence of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," his first appearance in a Mary Pickford film. The six best pictures included that one of Mary's, "Cytherea" (Lewis Stone), "Men" (Pola Negri), "The Goldfish" (Connie Talmadge), "The Rejected Woman" (Alma Rubens), "The Lone Wolf" (Jack Holt). Our cover lady for this issue was exquisite Anna Q. Nilsson.

5 Years Ago

INA CLAIRE had just become Jack Gilbert's third wife. "There was, in fact, almost a resentment. The world would concede Jack only to one woman—Greta Garbo." There's a lot in this 1934 PHOTOPLAY about Gloria Swanson. In 1929, we asked: "What Next for Gloria?" Married to her Marquis, "unhappy, melancholy," off the screen for two years, she was "awaiting the effect of her newest picture, 'Queen Kelly,' . . . to see if she is still popular. That is, if 'Queen Kelly' is ever released." You'll find the answer in this magazine. But really consequential news still was the talkie problem. In reviews we continued to label films *All Talkie*, *Part Talkie*, *Sound*, and *Silent*. Five of the month's six best were *All Talkie*: "Bulldog Drummond" (Ronald Col-



Ina Claire

man), "Madame X" (Ruth Chatterton), "Fox Movietone Follies" (Sharon Lynn), "Innocents of Paris" (Maurice Chevalier), "The Studio Murder Mystery" (Warner Oland). The Sixth was *Part Talkie*, "Our Modern Maidens" (Joan Crawford and Fairbanks, Jr.). Chatterton remained goddess of the new talkie era. We explained the voice dubbing when Dick Barthelmess and Laura La Plante sang, and when Paul Lukas (accent!) even moved his lips dialogically. "The Butterfly Man and the Little Clown" was a story of pathetic romance with an unhappy ending, about Lew Cody and his wife, Mabel Normand. B. H. Rogers, Kansas editor, told how his son, Charles, happened to be called "Buddy." The petite cover charmer was Bessie Love.

Fan Club Corner

HERE is more news on the annual convention of movie fan clubs to be held in Chicago, August 11, 12 and 13. The convention this year is sponsored by the Movie Club Guild, an organization of members of ten various fan clubs, members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. Those fans who attended last year's convention in Chicago won't have to be told of the wonderful, interesting and entertaining things done by the fan delegates. Part of the plans that the various committees are now working on are: Regular business sessions, a sight-seeing tour of the Chicago Loop, a trip to the Century of Progress, conducted tour of Chinatown, radio theater party at the WLS Barn Dance, movie theater party. These and other events will complete the three days' program.

There will, of course, be time out for meals, and if you have never eaten bird's nest soup and would like to try it, you'll have the opportunity while on the visit to Chinatown. Club committees are expecting some celebrities to be present, and many pictures will be taken during the convention. If you want more information about the convention, or if you have any suggestions, please write the Movie Club Guild Secretary, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., or to the publicity director, 951 N. Drake Ave., Chicago.

Florence Scafidi, secretary of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., writes that membership in the club is growing fast. She also announces that the club has started a clipping bureau of pictures of all stars.

Lucile Carlson, president of the Alice White Fan Club, announces that Jean L. Haddon was judged the winner of the club's recent title contest. Kay Marquardt was second. The prizes will be sent by Miss White.

The news bulletin of the Norma Shearer Club is improving with each issue. Congratulations! This club also announced prize winners of their movie contest for last month. Norma Shearer fans are invited to write Hans Faxdahl, president, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Lenore Heidorn, president of the Billie Dove Fan Club, was happy over the telegram received from Mr. Kenaston, Miss Dove's husband, announcing the arrival of a husky seven-pound, two-ounce baby, named Robert Allen.

The Ramon Novarro Service League has, in the past month, inaugurated a branch of The Animal Welfare League. The work is especially interesting, and requires kindness and consideration toward animals. Certain proportions of the club's funds usually devoted to charitable work will be given yearly to animal welfare societies where the workers are voluntary. Admirers of Novarro who would like further information regarding this movement are requested to write Ethel Musgrave, general secretary, 6384 Elgin St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Irene Rourke, president of the Douglas Montgomery Fan Club, entertained the Movie Club Guild officers at a recent dinner party meeting. The lucky ticket was drawn for the attractive rhinestone bracelet, which was sent by Dolores Del Rio for the Guild's social in Chicago. Agnes Ayres, who was present at the meeting, drew the winning ticket for Arthur Cooper, of Detroit, Mich.

The Herald Cinema Critics Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., recently broadcast the fourth of a series of "Theater and Screen Chats," a quarter-hour program going over WSYR, their local NBC affiliate. This popular club is doing beneficial things in a big way.

The Miriam Jordan Fan Club is starting a new membership contest with prizes to be given by Miss Jordan. All members joining during the contest may compete for the prizes. For information write Claire Bingham, secretary, 200 Walpole St., Norwood, Mass.

Franchot Tone has presented the Silver Star Club with a new mimeograph to assist them in printing the club news. Phyllis Carlyle, president, Portland, Maine, invites Franchot Tone fans to write her about the club.

Al Kirk, 66 Milwaukee Ave., Bethel, Conn., president of the Screen Fan's Club, announces in their recent club news that Gloria Stuart is now an honorary member. Prospective members are invited to write him.

Ginger Rogers fans are asked to write Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., for information about the club for Miss Rogers.

The Maureen O'Sullivan Club recently celebrated its first anniversary. They are going strong. At the birthday dinner of New York members, a congratulatory telegram from Miss O'Sullivan was read. Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Ave., New York City, is president.

The Bodil Rosing Fan Club announces "Chaw" Mank, Jr. as winner of their recent membership contest. *Bodil and Her Fans*, the club news bulletin, is a dandy! Mrs. Martin Boyer, 1121 E. Ferry St., Buffalo, N. Y., is president.

The *Crosby Comments*, news publication of the Bing Crosby Fan Club, says that the club membership has been growing rapidly the past few months. Fans are invited to write Fay E. Zinn, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

Gotty J. Benthall, 28 Lexington Ave., West Somerville, Mass., extends an invitation to fans to join the Moving Picture Club of America. Write her for details. *Star Dust* is the name of their news bulletin.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the John Boles Music Club and wants John Boles fans to write her about this club.

Lorraine Mason is still president of a James M. Fidler club. This is Chapter No. 1 of the James M. Fidler Fan Club. There are, at present, five various clubs united under this organization. News about this chapter of the Fidler organization may be had by addressing Miss Mason at 112 N. Sixth St., Vineland, N. J.

The Johnny Downs Club has issued its first monthly news bulletin of club happenings. Interested fans may write Ruth E. Keast, president, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, Ill.

Betty Godzinski, president of the Ivan Lebedeff Fan Club, writes that she will be glad to hear from all Lebedeff fans. Her address is 6141 S. Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

Sue Carol fans may write to Walter Dreffein, president, 951 Drake Ave., Chicago, Ill., for news of the Sue Carol Fan Club.

The address of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club is 819 W. Center St., Decatur, Ill. Carl E. Lefler is president.

Marian L. Dommer, 9719 81st St., Ozone Park, N. Y., is president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



Ida Lupino gets her exercise and keeps that perfect figure swimming in her hilltop pool. The little English star is busy on the set these days, working in Paramount's "Ready for Love"

SINCE Katharine Hepburn's mild reception in "The Lake," both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson have been doing a little thinking. Stage-bound, they have shifted their sails slightly. Now neither will sign for that play in New York this fall unless *guaranteed successes* are secured! Play producers would like to have that guarantee underwritten.

HE hit her, or something, with an automobile—and marriage followed. Alberta Vaughn slipped away to wed Joe Egli, assistant casting director. And Alberta once sued Joe because of that accident!

Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright have also fled to the altar.

SINCE Constance Bennett came right out and stated over the radio that "everybody hated her, and she didn't care," she won't mind this:

Recently she was all set to begin a scene when a slight delay occurred. Connie blew up: "How long have I got to stand in this heat, these lights," etc., etc. Charlie, her photographer, came right back at her with: "Do you think we're having a good time out here? We're in just as much heat as you are!"

La Bennett looked startled for just the fraction of a second—then—

"Well, well, if it isn't Miss Bennett!" said she.

MAE MARSH'S daughter, Mae Marsh, Jr., is doing a nice little bit in "Little Man, What Now?" along with her famous mama, who is also in the picture.

TWELVE years ago, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., entertained the world with a bouncing version of that rugged individualist, Robin Hood. The film was a great hit. Doug, Jr., has now elected to follow in his athletic dad's footsteps with a fresh version of "Robin Hood." He will be one up on his father, because he will not only be seen but heard. His elder's film, of course, was a silent.

IN spite of all her protests, the Kay Francis-Chevalier romance still blazes away. Maurice isn't sending any girl two dozen roses a day and not mean it. And Bill Powell gets his roses into Kay's drawing-room with well-timed regularity, too.

"THE Exit of Don Juan," which was the original title decided upon for Douglas Fairbanks' (Senior) English picture, has been reconsidered. Evidently regarding it as a trifle too prophetic or something, it has been changed to "The Loves of Don Juan."

JOAN CRAWFORD, it would seem, is a forward-looking young woman. She has two years to go on her present movie contract. But, at the end of that time, Joan desires to try a stage career. She has started preparing for it.

In her remodeled home, she has had built in a theater with a tiny stage eight feet by twelve feet. And rehearsals are already under way.

Incidentally, Joan says marriage plans for the present are not to be thought of. She denies emphatically she and Franchot Tone will be married.

Just as long as she is in pictures, says Joan, she will not marry.

Francis Lederer has been squiring Joan around lately, and he has taken an active part in her little theater plan.

WE waited a long time for Dietrich's "Scarlet Empress"—and here's the reason:

Josef Von Sternberg has been talking pains—and dishing out pains, too.

Jameson Thomas, an actor who has a small part in the picture, retired from the set, rather crestfallen. To other actors he confided that he didn't know he was that terrible—Von Sternberg had made him do his bit over twenty-five times!

"You got off easy," they consoled him.

"I did mine for a hundred and two takes," said Sam Jaffee.

"I'll top that with a hundred and fifty-two!" capped another.



Gilbert Emery is an American actor whose rôles usually require an English accent. He's the English butler in "Where Sinners Meet"

GEORGE is happy again. George, the faithful valet of George Brent, had a few lean years when it was decided Brent didn't need a valet after his marriage. So George was let out and was pretty unhappy. And then came the Chatterton-Brent separation and Brent's first act was to hire back George.

REMEMBER your history, about the capricious "Du Barry"? How she suddenly decided she must have a sleigh-ride in the middle of July, and all the real sugar in Paris was used to give the impression of snow, and gratify the lady's whim?

Well, *les Freres Warner* were pretty darn sure they weren't going to be sugar-daddies to that extent. So when it came time to photograph the scene with the luscious Dolores Del Rio as *Du Barry*, along came an enterprising gent with the idea that ground-up gypsum would look just the same. And it did. And was much, much cheaper.

JACKIE COOPER'S allowance, although he is quite a big boy now, is still two dollars a week.

We asked Jackie the other day what he did with all his money.

"Save it," he replied. He wheedles his mother into buying the necessary candy, chewing-gum and playthings.

We further wanted to know where he kept his fortune.

"In the Bible," said Jackie. "I keep it there so if anyone steals it, they'll be committing a double sin."

The boy will go far.

THEY train practically everything to act in Hollywood—clear down to fleas, but you've never seen anything until you've seen Pat Casey's educated rabbit do his stuff. Pat, who represents the Motion Picture Producers Association in labor matters, has a white bunny with pink eyes, who is no dumb bunny, either. He's gifted, in fact. Sits up when you talk to him, runs in and out of the room at Pat's command, and does all kinds of educated nip-ups that would put Rin-Tin-Tin to shame. And you should see him impersonate the stars! His best is a take-off on Charles Butterworth—the resemblance is remarkable—strike me pink if it isn't!

A NUMBER of inquiries have been received as to the present professional activities of Pierre de Ramey, a French nobleman of considerable versatility. Comte de Ramey was one of the two admirals in one of the first talkies, "Glorious Betsy," with Conrad Nagel and Dolores Costello.

Then followed a succession of rôles for him. He played parts in over a dozen pictures, including "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Hell's Bells," "Madame Satan," "Sin Takes a Holiday," "The Common Law," "Secrets," "The Magnificent Lie."

Pierre de Ramey has also played in several French versions of American made pictures: "Unholy Night," "Olympia," "Playboy of Paris," "Show Girls in Hollywood," "Madame Lucie," "A Night in Spain."

His other professional activities have included rôles in such stage plays as "Lulu Bell" with Dorothy Burgess; "The Parrot," with Doris Keane, and "Mad Hopes" with Billie Burke—all presented in the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles. On the New York stage, Comte de Ramey appeared in "Lady Godiva" with Violet Heming, and "The Drums Begin" with Judith Anderson. He has also done dramatic rôles on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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M. C. Albenberg Co., Duluth
The Dayton Co., Minneapolis
Field-Schlick, Inc., St. Paul
Alexander Reid & Co., Virginia

MISSISSIPPI
Weinberg's, Greenville
Field's Women's Wear, Jackson
Liberty Shops, Inc., Meridian
The Style Shop, Vicksburg

MISSOURI
The Christman Dry Goods Co., Joplin
Kline's, Kansas City
The Paris, St. Joseph
Mrs. R. M. Johnston, Moberly
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis

MONTANA
Hennessy Co., Butte
Stiles Style Shop, Great Falls
The N. Y. Dry Goods Co., Helena
Epstein & Katz, Miles City

NEBRASKA
Orkin Bros., Lincoln
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Dennis O'Shea, Laconia

NEW JERSEY
M. E. Blatt Co., Atlantic City
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark
Quackenbush Co., Paterson
Lillian Charm, Trenton

NEW YORK
W. M. Whitney Co., Albany
Kalet's, Auburn
Sisson Bros.-Weldon Co., Binghamton
E. Jacobson, Cooperstown
The Safe Store, Inc., Dunkirk
The Gorton Co., Elmira
Merkel & Gelman, Inc., Glens Falls
Sardeson-Hovland Co., Gloversville

Parisian, Inc., Ithaca
Wm. A. Empsal & Co., Malone
Carson & Towner Co., Middletown
John Schoonmaker & Son, Inc., Newburg
R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., New York City
Bellevue Dress, Niagara Falls
M. J. McDonald & Co., Oswego
Sharron's, Inc., Plattsburgh
Windsor Dress Shop, Poughkeepsie
E. F. Norton Co., Inc., Salamanca
Altman's, Saranac Lake
The Carl Co., Schenectady
Mahel Bentley Shoppe, Watertown
Flah & Co., Inc., Syracuse
Wm. H. Frear & Co., Inc., Troy
D. Price & Co., Utica

NORTH CAROLINA
Bon Marche, Inc., Asheville
J. B. Ivey & Co., Charlotte
Ellis, Stone & Co., Inc., Durham
Ladies' Sport Shoppe, Gastonia
Joseph Neil, Goldshoro
Ellis, Stone & Co., Inc., Greenshoro
Purrells, Kannapolis
Brooks, Inc., Raleigh
Purrelle Modes, Salisbury
J. K. Hoyt, Washington
Dressmaker Shop, Wilmington

NORTH DAKOTA
The Black Co., Fargo
Heller's, Grand Forks

OHIO
The A. Polsky Co., Akron
Spring-Holzworth Co., Alliance
The D. Zenner Co., Athens
Darling Shops, Canton
The W. M. Norvell Co., Chillicothe
Irwin's & Kline's, Cincinnati
The Higbee Co., Cleveland
The Morehouse Martens Co., Columbus
Elder & Johnston Co., Dayton
The Lewis Mercantile Co., Elyria
Simon's, Findlay
Chas. P. Wiseman & Co., Lancaster
The Leader Store, Lima
The King Dry Goods Co., Newark
Atlas Fashion Co., The, Portsmouth
The Edward Wren Co., Springfield
The Hub, Steubenville
La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo
The Strouss-Hirschberg Co., Youngstown
The H. Weher Sons & Co., Zanesville

OKLAHOMA
Hertzberg's, Enid
Pollock's, McAlester
Kerr Dry Goods Co., Oklahoma City
Newmans Cloak & Suit, Tulsa

OREGON
Meier & Frank Co., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Hess Bros., Inc., Allentown
Brett's, Inc., Altoona
Feldman's, Bloomsberg
A. D. Cohn, Bradford
R. S. Goldstein, Brownsville
Fashionland, Chambersburg
Wm. Lauhach & Sons, Inc., Easton
Erie Dry Goods Co., Erie
Quality Dress Shoppe, Germantown
Bowman & Co., Harrisburg
Kline's, Johnstown
Watt & Shand, Inc., Lancaster
The Bon Ton, Lebanon
J. Hirschberg Co., McKeesport
Sol Silverman, New Kensington
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh
Pomeroy's, Inc., Pottsville

A. G. Rosenthal & Co., Punxsutawney
Croll & Keck, Reading
Santer Bros. Co., Scranton
L. Shapiro & Bro., Shamokin
Rosenbaum Bros., Uniontown
E. L. Stein, Warren
Hal Lewis, Washington
Hollywood Apparel Shop, Wilkes-Barre
Worth's, Inc., York

RHODE ISLAND
Shartenberg & Robinson Co., Pawtucket
Scott Furriers, Providence
Ruby Shoppe, Inc., Woonsocket

SOUTH CAROLINA
Ladies-Ready-To-Wear, Clinton
J. W. Haltiwanger, Columbia
Levenson's, Florence
Cahaniss-Gardner, Greenville
Haltiwanger & Carpenter, Inc., Newberh
The Aug. W. Smith Co., Spartansburg

SOUTH DAKOTA
Olin-Angell Co., Aherdeen
Schaller's, Watertown
The Style Shop, Winner

TENNESSEE
The H. P. King Co., Bristol
The Vogue, Chattanooga
Dossier Bros., Johnson City
Anderson Dulin Varnell, Inc., Knoxville
J. Goldsmith & Sons, Memphis
Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum, Inc.,
Nashville

TEXAS
E. M. Scarbrough & Sons, Austin
Worth's, Inc., Beaumont
The Smart Shop, Corpus Christi
Herzstein's, Dalhart
Volk Bros., Co., Dallas
H. M. Russell & Sons Co., Denton
Popular Dry Goods Co., El Paso
Washer Bros., Fort Worth
Hahlo's, Houston
Palais Royal, Inc., Long View
Joe Weisman Co., Marshall
Arthur Caddell Co., Paris
A. Bluestine, Port Arthur
Baker-Hemphill Co., San Angelo
Wolf & Marx Co., San Antonio
The Goldstein-Migel Co., Waco
Orchid Shop, Wichita Falls

UTAH
Zion Co-op. Merc. Institution, Salt Lake
City

VERMONT
The Fashion Shop, Barre
W. G. Reynolds Co., Inc., Burlington
Economy Store, Inc., Rutland

VIRGINIA
Levy's, Inc., Charlottesville
L. Herman, Danville
Claire's Fashion Shop, Galax
C. M. Guggenheimer, Inc., Lynchburg
Nachman Dept. Store, Inc., Newport News
Jesse Frieden, Norfolk
Glazier's, Portsmouth
Verry Burk, Richmond
S. H. Hieronimus Co., Inc., Roanoke
Ballard & Smith, Suffolk

WASHINGTON
Best's Apparel, Inc., Seattle
The Palace Store, Spokane
The Fisher Co., Tacoma

WEST VIRGINIA
The Women's Shop, Beckley
The Vogue, Bluefield
Coyle & Richardson, Inc., Charleston
Rosenberg's, Clarksburg
Jolliffe's, Grafton
The Anderson-Newcomb Co., Huntington
Shear's Women's Shop, Keyser
Margolis Bros., Logan
George Katz & Sons, Martinsburg
Dils Bros. & Co., Parkersburg

WISCONSIN
E. L. Chester Co., Beloit
C. & S. Newman's, Green Bay
Wm. Doerflinger Co., La Crosse
Schuette Bros. Co., Manitowish
Staats's, Milwaukee
Racine Cloak Co., Racine

ALASKA
Hollywood Clothes Shop, Fairbanks

"I WANT A BABY"

By MARILYN HERD

The end of a girl's
search for happiness

Synopsis of 1st and 2nd Installments

Joan Randolph, vivacious daughter of the socially prominent and wealthy Cyril Randolph, defies her father and marries Michael Storm, handsome children's photographer, once a carnival concessionaire. Randolph says he will smash Michael and Joan will return home. His machinations reduce the Storms to dire poverty. But, the more and greater the hardships, the happier Michael and Joan are in their love. And Joan is to have her heart's desire—a baby. Michael realizes they must have money. A wealthy woman, a luxury-masked adventuress, takes more than a fancy to him and offers him a studio—at a price. Michael must make a decision. And then comes the eve of the birth of Joan's baby.

She is no longer Joan Randolph of Fifth Avenue, escapading debutante, thrill chaser, arguing with a referee in Madison Square Garden, galloping like mad along bridle paths.

A greater, more breathless adventure is rushing toward her with the minutes!

PART III

"THIS won't last!
This won't last!
Soon! My baby
will be here soon!"

Joan tried to fix her mind on that thought, the utter bliss of a baby, to hold against her, to feel its soft little body against her own!

She clenched her hands and prayed for her pain to pass. She must bear it. She must suffer the torture for the sweet promise it held, and for poor, distraught Michael.

At the moment, he was holding a finger on the doctor's doorbell and beating an insistent tattoo on the door as he peered through curtains on the two glass panels.

Soon one of the curtains was pulled aside and the doctor, his hair tousled, a dressing gown collar snugged around his neck, peered at Michael. The face disappeared and Michael heard the latch snap. He pushed on the door in his eagerness almost sending the doctor sprawling.

"Storm, I—" began the doctor in irritation.

"It's time, doctor! Hurry!" cut in Michael excitedly.

"Now, now, Storm. Calm down. Nothing to get excited about. Remember you're not the first father. I—"

"She's in agony, doctor! You've got to—"

"Yes, yes," sighed the doctor. "You know Mrs. Curtis, my assistant? I'll phone her and she'll be right over."

"But you must—" interrupted Michael, setting his teeth. "I'll be right over, too, Storm," said the doctor patting Michael on the back. "Just take it easy."

"I'm terribly upset, doctor! She won't die, will she? It's tough, the first one, isn't it?" Michael's voice was pleading.

"You and your wife will be dancing at the child's wedding," soothed the doctor. "Now, don't delay—"

Before the doctor finished his sentence, Michael had taken the flight of brownstone steps in a leap racing back to Joan.

Pride at his nearness to being a father fought to overcome his fear of Death hovering over childbirth. He couldn't get

back to Joan fast enough. He took the stairs to his apartment three at a time, bursting into the chilly little bedroom to Joan.

Joan's heavy eyelids slowly opened as Michael gently knelt by the side of the bed and put an arm tenderly about her. He saw her eyes were dark with pain. She had bitten her lips. An auburn curl clung to her forehead. As Michael brushed it back, worship in his touch, he felt the hot dampness of her forehead despite the chill of the room.

A flood of memories rushed over him—Joan's patience, her courage, the touch of her lips and hand on his, her beauty, a torch in the darkness of his hardships. Together

they had shared happiness, yet now, she must bear this pain alone. Joan had given him strength when he was spent, but he could only kneel helplessly beside her bed.

"It's so unfair you have to suffer all this alone!" he cried out.

Weakly, Joan tried to pat his hand in comfort.

"Doctor-be-here-soon?" she whispered.

"Yes, dear," Michael whispered back.

He buried his head into the soft palm of her limp hand. Why didn't the doctor hurry? Where was Mrs. Curtis? He could hear the clock ticking stolidly, stupidly away. The sound resounded like blows in his heart, the intervals seemed eternities. He visualized the little pot of ivy beside the clock, its leaves sear. He had given it to Joan. He felt Joan's hand clutch at his hair as a fresh spasm of pain shot through her taut body. Michael groaned inwardly.

He jerked his head up and listened—heavy footsteps on the stairs. "All right now, hon," he whispered to Joan as he got



"He's really here, at last!" Joan said in a small voice. "I can touch him and kiss him and cuddle him!"

hurriedly to his feet and strode to fling open the door. It was Mrs. Curtis, brisk, capable and matter of fact, puffing and muttering about the stairs.

SHE was breathing heavily as she pushed past Michael. She slipped her cape from her shoulders and turned to him. "Where is she?" she asked. Michael started to lead the way to the bedroom, but Mrs. Curtis brushed him aside. "You put a couple of pans of water on," Mrs. Curtis said, "and take it easy. It'll be a long night."

Mrs. Curtis' competence reassured Michael. He felt relief. For good measure, he put on a kettle and two pans of water. He went through the living room to the bedroom. The door was closed. He did not have the courage to open it. He went back and stood over the stove, watching the pans and kettle, nervously dragging at a cigarette. Where was the doctor? Just as the kettle began to whistle fitfully, the doctor arrived.

He nodded shortly at Michael. "Has Mrs.—Ah, there, Mrs. Curtis! Everything all right?" he said, looking beyond Michael. Michael turned as the doctor passed him, into the bedroom. Mrs. Curtis closed the door.

Stillness and a tenseness of waiting closed in on Michael. Subdued voices, the doctor's and Mrs. Curtis's, came through the door. And moans. Michael stayed by the window, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Hours passed. The door opened and closed. Mrs. Curtis busied herself back and forth between bedroom and kitchen. Then screams—Joan's screams. Sweat beaded Michael's forehead. When he offered to help, Mrs. Curtis brusquely told him he'd be in the way. He felt singularly helpless. Grey dawn lightened the street. The bedroom door opened again.

"It's all over," the doctors' tired voice came to him. Michael whirled. The doctor was rolling down his sleeves. He smiled faintly. "And it's a boy." He sighed. "You may go in. Both are doing nicely."

Michael tiptoed to the door, his face solemn, but a light shining in his eyes. Mrs. Curtis was powdering and bundling into a blanketed roll a red, wrinkled little body—his son. Michael looked at Joan. Her eyes were closed in weariness. Mrs. Curtis beckoned to him. She held up the baby.

"Isn't he a beauty?" she glowed. Michael grinned. But he felt awkward. He didn't dare touch the mite. "Now," went on Mrs. Curtis, "you just go out and shift for yourself. Your wife must sleep. She can't be disturbed for hours."

With great relief in his heart, Michael went out to the kitchen. Some steaming hot coffee for the doctor, Mrs. Curtis and himself. Just the ticket, he thought. He called to the doctor.

"Come celebrate with me, doctor. The best coffee you ever tasted," grinned Michael.

With a sigh, the doctor slowly walked into the tiny kitchen, snug as a ship's galley, and dropped into a chair.

"I suppose you see that youngster already grown-up. A rich, respected, influential citizen," he said. He yawned. "President, no less, I guess. College, fraternities, football—" he lapsed into silence.

Michael, as the doctor talked, whistled softly the while he put coffee into the pot and poured boiling water onto it. He turned from the stove.

"Anything his heart desires—maybe," he grinned, but behind his grin was worry. Why did he have to worry when he desired to be so happy?

If he could only count on Mrs. Stykes going through with her plan to set him up in a studio. She had said she'd be back

on the fifteenth. In two days, now, Michael suddenly thought. His expression became serious, determined—then, cheerful again. He rattled three cups into saucers and poured the coffee. Its pungent aroma filled the little kitchen and must have spread to the bedroom, for in came Mrs. Curtis, demanding a cup.

"I guess we all need it," she said.

The doctor rose after swallowing his coffee.

"I'll be back tonight," he said.

"And I'll just run home for a few hours sleep," Mrs. Curtis said. "And you'd better take a nap, Mr. Storm. I'll be back before you're awake."

Michael made up a bed on the couch. Tomorrow, he told himself, as he lay unable to sleep, he'd call Mrs. Stykes. He must have money.

Several times he got up and tiptoed in to look at Joan, but she slept the sleep of exhaustion. The baby was a quiet cocoon of blanketing.

It seemed he had just dropped off to sleep when Mrs. Curtis was back at the door.

Later, Michael was allowed into the bedroom, Joan, her face wreathed in smiles, was cuddling her son close to her.

"Michael, just think," she said in a small voice, "he's really here, at last! I can touch him and kiss him and cuddle him." Her eyes were shining.

MICHAEL knelt beside the bed and kissed Joan. He awkwardly, gently touched his son

"Say, what'll we call the young rascal?" he whispered.

"Michael," Joan said promptly, as though it was taken for granted.

"Nothing doing," objected Michael. "Then it would be big Michael and little Michael, and old Michael and young Michael. Why I'd be getting his love letters—and—and what not," he broke off lamely, as a sudden thought struck him. He looked at Joan. "After your father, Joan?" he asked shyly.

"No!" said Joan determinedly. She reached over and took Michael's hand. "Darling, what was 'Pop' Brady's first name?" she asked gently. Dear 'Pop' Brady to whom Michael owed everything in his carnival days.



Their son, Paul Storm, was the winner of the baby contest, and the prize of two thousand dollars!

"Paul," said Michael, gratitude and pleasure rising in his eyes.

"We're naming our son Paul," Joan said quietly.

Michael smiled his thanks. His long fingers gripped Joan's. He swallowed hard. His eyes burned.

"That's just like you, Joan," he breathed.

The doctor and Mrs. Curtis entered the room, smiling at the scene.

"It's my guess you two have never been happier," the doctor said. "Have you chosen a name?"

"Paul," two voices answered as one.

Mrs. Curtis and the doctor laughed, with Joan and Michael joining in. The doctor took out his record book and duly entered the name "Paul Storm."

Soon, he and Mrs. Curtis left Michael and Joan alone. As the door closed on them, Michael took Joan's hand again.

"You're very brave. A great fighter," glowed Michael. He paused, his eyes thoughtful. "Do you know," he said slowly, "your father will be proud. You'll tell him, won't you?"

"There's just you and I, Michael."

Michael looked down on the tiny face of his son. "And Paul," he whispered, touching gently one curled, tiny pink fist.

Joan mistily smiled upon them both. A great happiness welled up in her heart. "Isn't he adorable," she said. "He will bring us luck, Michael. Something tells me so."

For the time they wove grand dreams about Paul. The more and more insistent need of money was temporarily put aside. "Until tomorrow," said Michael, "I have plans for then." He looked down at his son. "He's got to get off to a good start."

"You'll do it, dear," murmured Joan, pride in her eyes.

But the next day when Michael kissed Joan and Paul goodbye and went out confident he would find Mrs. Stykes, at home, he was doomed to disappointment.

And the seven days that followed were an agonizing week of doubt and a growing fear that Mrs. Stykes had failed him. Lines of worry were etched into his face, dark shadows from sleepless nights appeared under his fine eyes.

In vain he haunted studios, but other photographers, fighting the depression, didn't even bother to take the name of the shabbily dressed applicant.

His despair mounted as he tramped the wintry streets and saw the unemployed in huddled, helpless groups, staring, gaunt and vacant-eyed, at empty blackboards before the Sixth Avenue employment agencies. He saw crowds, shivering in Union Square and Columbus Circle, trying to get heart out of frenzied, frowsy speakers who promised a new and comforting deal. The straggling queues of breadlines, as the wind whipped further agony into frostbitten ankles and numb fingers, brought him the torment in the possibility of utter failure.

MICHAEL stepped into the comforting warmth of a drug-store. Once more to call Mrs. Stykes. He stamped his numbed feet as he dialed her number. Suddenly, against his stark fear of failure, came the voice of Mrs. Stykes, giving him hope.

"I'm so glad you called. Can you come right over?"

Michael hurriedly had his shoes shined, his suit pressed, and, while he waited, he thought up new and more forceful arguments to present to Mrs. Stykes in favor of their studio plans. He knew her type. His years sizing up people on the carnival lots had not failed him. Beggar the danger. He could handle her. He took a trolley across town.

With a high heart he followed a maid into a high-ceilinged, richly furnished drawing room at the Stykes mansion.

As he waited for Mrs. Stykes, he looked about him at the masterpiece of a decorator's art. Joan belonged in such a setting, Paul should have—But he must keep his mind on his plans. He would have need of all his wits against the wiles of Mrs. Stykes. He wasn't fighting for just a studio.

Trixi bounded in, barking happily. As he stroked the dog's silken coat, he caught the scent of exotic perfume. He looked around. Mrs. Stykes was posed in the doorway.

"Trixi seems glad to see you," she smiled sultrily.

She was beautiful, Michael noted. Skin dazzling white. Eyes cleverly shaded, studiously guileless. She crossed with a languid rhythm to Michael and gave him both her hands. "It's so good to see you!" She sank gracefully, indolently, into the deep red divan, and motioned smilingly for Michael to sit beside her. He noticed the turn of her shapely ankles, her slim curves beneath a low-cut gown. "The net is out for me," said Michael to himself. He could not help admiring the curve of her soft white throat, the mass of dusky hair piled high on her head. "I have thought of you often," she said, her voice low, deep and rich. She inserted a cigarette in a long ivory holder and looked along its length significantly at Michael as he struck a match and held it to her cigarette.

"I have thought of you, too," answered Michael, "and of our studio."

"I'm so pleased you thought of me. It makes our studio plans more-er-appealing than ever." She was watching his mouth, strong, but when he smiled softening with a promise of rare tenderness. She leaned back that he might follow the curve of her shoulder.

BUT Michael, absorbed in his plans for the studio, jumped to his feet, words tumbled over each other in his eagerness to discuss and settle their plans. He poured his soul into his picture of a studio. "And specialize in babies!" he emphasized, smacking fist into palm. A vision of Paul's beloved little face came to him. Of brave Joan's.

"Children?" interrupted Mrs. Stykes. She looked up, eyebrows arched, smiling at him as though he were a little boy. "What a quaint idea." Her laugh tinkled. But she saw he was serious. His eyes did not leave hers for a moment as she crossed her silk-clad legs.

Michael went on as though uninterrupted. "Yep, kids. My specialty. We'd pack the studio. And the sooner we get started, the better. You see, I've got to have money. We've been scraping—"

"We?"

The voice was sharp. It cut into Michael's consciousness, stopped him short. Now he had tipped his hand! Well, why shouldn't he? He wasn't ashamed. He was playing a hard game, but—

"My wife and I," he resumed, as though unconscious of Mrs. Stykes' surprise—but noting her expression of impotent anger, quickly masked.

"Of course," Mrs. Stykes smiled, but her lips were set. "And—the children?"

"A boy, Paul," Michael smiled with tender enthusiasm. He must work fast. "I'll tell you about that kid. You'll love him." He launched into a grand spiel. He saw Mrs. Stykes' mouth soften. He went into further ecstasies, further enthusiasms about Paul—and about Joan.

But in his enthusiasm, Viola Stykes rightly read behind it a desperation. He needed her and her money badly. Her capture of him, therefore, would be easier. She would let him tramp the streets a little longer. He'd come back. Again and again, until—

Michael had stopped talking. He was watching her, eagerness for her approval in his eyes.

"Marvelous!" she applauded. "But you wouldn't expect me to rush into this?"

"But—"

Michael's eyes were anxious. He read her, too.

"Of course, I shan't delay. I shall decide soon."

"I'll hear from you right away then?"

"Soon."

Her emphasis was deliberate, and she smiled in cryptic fashion. Michael understood her better than she knew.

Shortly afterward he left, his address in the hands of Viola Stykes. And Viola Stykes was visualizing the thrill of final capture, the zest in delay adding to it. To be alone with him, in a studio, skillfully camouflaged from a suspicious husband—

Michael walked along the street away from the Stykes mansion. Sure—"soon", Michael told himself disgustedly. He angrily snapped a cigarette stub into the street and walked toward Broadway. He must do something, meanwhile, he said. But what?

He was in the midway that is part of Broadway. Ballyhoo, bunk and bluff, penny arcades, fake fortune tellers, flea circuses, doughnut shops, gaudy theater fronts, and smart lads taking in the gullible, all the age-old tricks of the carnival.

The same old game of slicker versus sucker, Michael told himself. Here was where he belonged. Money to be made. He scoffed at himself for thinking there was art in a camera. What could he do for Joan and Paul? That was all that mattered. Why not just disappear, and let Joan and Paul benefit from the Randolph wealth? Cyril Randolph had offered a price. He, Michael, could drift off—be lost in the dusty roads of carnival land. Then suddenly he remembered. "There are just you and I, Michael." It was almost as though Joan had spoken to him. Michael stopped short. "Just you and I"—what a punk he'd be to run out. He squared his shoulders.

He stood before a peddler. "The mechanical wonder of the age!" came his ballyhoo. Michael talked to him and found out where he could get a basket of toys.

With a more cheerful light in his eyes, he turned toward home. He hugged Joan tenderly, and laughed aloud at the grimacing of baby Paul in his sleep. Joan's sweetness swept his mind clear. He told her that he had been unsuccessful, but that he had another, a better plan.

"Don't worry, Michael. You won't have to give up your camera work for long," she encouraged smilingly.

"You're right it won't be for long," he said cheerfully.

He went into the kitchen to Mrs. Curtis.

"Mrs. Curtis, how about your Johnny, maybe he'd like to make a little something."

He told Mrs. Curtis to have Johnny come over right after his supper. At that moment, Joan called him.

"Michael, do you know," she said, "Christmas is but three weeks away."

"And what a Christmas!"

Michael was jubilant. He sank to the floor beside the bed, and once more they forgot the present in anticipation of the future.

The next morning, on a crowded street, in the shopping district with its towering department stores, a Salvation Army Santa Claus rang his bell, a wrinkled flower vendor piped her shrill appeal, a dog piloted his legless beggar-master, and—where the crowd was thickest—Michael Storm stood over a basket of tin fifes.

"Music in the home for only two bits! One-fourth of a dollar! Plays anything from jazz to grand opera! Any child can play it! Any child! Start him on the road to fame and riches." He had the attention of the crowd. "Look!" he called, searching the group before him. "Here! You, sonny! Come here! Just to show you, ladies and gentlemen, how simple it is to master this instrument, I'll teach this young man." He put a fife into the hands of the youngster who had come forward. "Now, sonny. Look—" Michael looked up at the crowd. "What would you like to hear him play? How about 'The Big Bad Wolf?' Now watch him." He put the boy's fingers on the stops and showed him how to play the fife. "There you are," he said to the boy. "Now try it."

WITH all the power of his lungs, the boy shrilled out "The Big Bad Wolf" on the fife. Michael, with his engaging smile, threw up his hands. "See?" he asked the crowd. "Simple as all that." His adult watchers shifted their positions and smiled. "Now then, sonny, just a quarter and you can take it home."

"Gosh, but I've no money, mister." The boy sorrowfully handed back the flute. Michael saw several people reaching into their pockets. The crowd not only bought the boy the

flute, but, under the spell of Michael's good natured chatter, the basket of fife's. As Michael talked, he watched the boy to whom he had taught the fife, amble off and stop on the next corner. He smiled to himself. What a swell little actor young Jimmy Curtis had turned out to be, he thought. On the edge of the crowd were two more-than-interested spectators.

"That's the man we want for our Santa Claus," said Sol Bloom. "He'll sell the kids, and the mothers and fathers. Higgins frightens them away."

Gay was Michael that night with a pocket full of money and a job as Santa Claus in the toy section of the Century Department Store starting the next day.

His kiss for Joan the next morning was hearty, and he was sure baby Paul had winked at him.

Gay were the children, and satisfied was Sol Bloom as he watched the effect Michael had on business. Word quickly spread that the only real Santa Claus was at the Century store.

Michael had not heard from Mrs. Stykes, and with the end of the Christmas rush, he again became uneasy. Should he call her? He took his final pay envelope from the cashier with a sigh. On the street again, he told himself. But, inside the envelope was a note. He was offered a job as salesman.

Michael did some shopping—a small tree, decorations for it, Joan's present, little Paul's—That young rascal certainly had brought them luck, he chuckled.

Cheerfully he made his way home. As he trudged along, an idea struck him, one he knew he could sell. By putting it over, he could forget Mrs. Stykes. He wouldn't need her. He realized he would have felt tough at deceiving Joan which would have been the case had he accepted Mrs. Stykes' plans for a studio.

Happily he ran up the stairs. The small Christmas tree under one arm, the decorations and the presents under the other. It was Christmas Eve he told himself jubilantly.

Joan flung open the door. Michael engulfed her with the tree, packages and all, in his arms.

IT was a gay Christmas morning as Joan and Michael stood, arms about each other, over Paul's crib, watching him shake his blue and white rattle, as though beating time to the joy in their hearts. Joan glanced aside at a nearby chair where lay Michael's present to her, a new coat. Michael, in his free hand, held an imported camera lens.

"I still can't understand how you made and sold sketches enough to get this for me without me catching on to you," said Michael, examining the lens with considerable pride.

"Oh, I thought of this a long time ago. You have more friends in the neighborhood than you think. I had help," said Joan with a smile.

They fell silent, watching Paul. Joan thought of other Christmases, of presents piled ceilingward, but lacking the happiness she now felt. And Michael thought of Christmases at the orphanage, with its unimaginative, formal ceremony, over which hung the cold orphanage atmosphere, its unchild-like rigidity was evidenced even to the wearing of their drab grey uniforms, and in the stilted gifts of two apples, one orange, and a small peppermint stick apiece. He held Joan closer.

"Would milady like her breakfast?"

Gaily, arm in arm, they went into the kitchen. Grilled sausages, golden omelet and crisp, brown toast. To Joan, the curl of steam from Michael's coffee was a plume of smoke from a swinging censer.

During the meal, Michael mimicked, for her amusement, his ballyhoo in the toy department. Joan rocked with laughter. Then he grew serious.

"Joan," he said portentiously, leaning across the small table, "I think we are about to climb right out of the red."

He sketched his plan to her, with many cries of pleasure and clappings of hands from Joan.

It was a great day, largely spent in taking pictures of Paul in every conceivable position and pose.

Michael slept peacefully that night. His mind was much easier now he felt he no longer needed Mrs. Stykes. He was on his own—he, Joan and little Paul.

His pleasurable mood was with him when he saw Sol Bloom the next day and laid his plan before him. It gave him impetus and zest. He knew, after five minutes, he had convinced Bloom.

MICHAEL'S plan was a children's photograph studio—one with a gingerbread front—a playground, carousels, ponies, wading pool—. How that would pay the store! And youngsters could be left there while their mothers shopped. There were a thousand and one possibilities to the plan.

"Talk to the directors. Right now." Bloom pulled out his watch. "They'll meet in fifteen minutes. I'll call you."

In less than fifteen minutes, Michael had been presented to the board and its members were shooting questions at him. They kept him for more than an hour. And he knew he had them all sold but one, and he was the chairman.

It was the chairman who said, "Your plan may be good, but I'd like to take some of your work along with me and look it over at home."

Michael smilingly handed him a folder of photographs, each with its credit line "by Michael Storm."

Bloom was enthusiastic. "Only one thing," he said, "if the chairman is satisfied, you're in."

"The guy who took my pictures?"

"Yes."

"You know, Mr. Bloom, I think I know him. Who is the old boy?"

"He's president of the bank backing the store."

"Yeah, but what's his name?"

"Stykes. Clarendon Stykes."

Then suddenly Michael remembered. In the drawing-room of the Stykes mansion, he had seen a large picture of Clarendon Stykes. He chuckled gleefully. What a joke it would be on the old boy if a Stykes, after all, had a finger in this pie. The chuckle became a full-fledged laugh. Michael patted the bewildered Bloom on the back, and Michael's hearty laugh attracted the attention of customers and clerks who looked up curiously at the balcony where he and Bloom were standing.

Michael, when he reached the door of his apartment, heard voices. Joan's and a man's. He opened the door and a blond, debonair individual, pleasing despite the carelessness of his dress, turned toward him. Joan stood with the baby in her arms.

"Michael, dear, this is—" Joan looked questioningly at the young man.

"Skid Owens, Mr. Storm. I—er—guess you might know of me. You see, I'm—" His manner was frank, but his grin was slightly sheepish.

"He's the reporter who got that picture of me and 'Marie,' Joan said.

Michael's face set. "Say, I ought to throw—"

"Wait, now, Mr. Storm, let me explain. I—"

"Make it snappy!"

"If Mrs. Storm doesn't mind my reference to him—" he turned apologetically to Joan. "I took that picture only to get an interview from her old man. I knew it was a phony, an escapade. I'd been trying to get at him for weeks, through a barricade of secretaries and flunkies. The picture did the trick. He tried to buy the photo. But I compromised on an interview."

The lines in Michael's face relaxed. He looked at Joan. She was chuckling.

"Sit down, Owens," Michael said. "What's brought you here now?"

"Well, I'll tell you, but before I do, is it true that you were once a carnival man?" He continued rapidly as Michael regarded him with suspicion. "I was number one advance man for Blistein's circus myself once."

"Sure," went on Skid. "Say, I'll tell you what I want, then we'll gab, you and me." He looked at Joan. "The world would like to know about Joan Randolph. And say, I'd sure like to tell the world about all of you, particularly that fine-looking kid of yours."

"Let's ask him to dinner, Michael," said Joan suddenly.

Within a few minutes, Skid, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, was in the kitchen, and he and Michael had Joan in stitches at carnival and circus antics they related.

When Skid left late that night, he not only had his story, but pictures of the Storms, and of little Paul, taken at Christmas. And he had promised to make them another visit in a few days.

In the Sunday Graphic-Herald, the story, a two-page spread, proclaimed "BEAUTIFUL RANDOLPH HEIRESS FINDS HAPPINESS IN TENEMENT." Skid had put his heart into the story. He had dug up past pictures of Joan, as a debutante, lolling in a bathing suit at Southampton, in ermine at the Horse Show. There was also a new picture of Joan smiling at baby Paul, with "Photo by Michael Storm." In an oval above was a picture of Michael. Best of all, was a most unflattering and a very stern-looking picture of Cyril Randolph.

"Wait until father sees this! He's due back from Europe any day," laughed Joan.

"Yes, but wait until he sees Paul. If that won't soften him, then nothing will," said Michael.

Michael thought of the Stykes. Bloom had heard nothing, and Michael had not heard from Mrs. Stykes.

But the next few days were to be busy ones for the Storms. Bright and early, the morning after the story and pictures had appeared, Joan answered a ring at the bell. As she opened the door, she was smothered in furs, as a pair of arms were flung about her. It was Una Townsend. Of all Joan's former friends who had read the article, Una was the most genuinely happy. Joan, too, was truly happy to see Una.

"Why didn't you let us know?" reproved Una gently. "Now first, trot out that adorable baby. And, second, tell *all*. Of course, with such a handsome husband, I can understand you might want to keep him hidden. I would."

But they were not to have their talk. The doorbell rang constantly. Outside, urchins gathered and raced up and down the lengthening string of expensive cars, those of Joan's former friends, calling on her—some from curiosity, some to laugh many to leave the small flat for their luxurious surroundings and wonder—

IT WASN'T until Michael returned that evening that Una had an opportunity to talk to Joan. Una and Michael liked each other from the first handshake. While they were chatting, an excited Skid Owens came in. He had a great idea—a series of articles this time. Una took the lead in confounding Skid on his idea. Michael and Joan sat back and enjoyed the fun. But Skid was glib, and gave as good as he received.

"Say, now, Miss Townsend," said Skid finally, grinning at Una, "I'll bet there's one thing we can agree on." Una smiled back at Skid challengingly. "Isn't Paul the most beautiful kid you ever saw?"

Paul was cooing and gurgling as though he too was enjoying what was going on.

"Why Skid, we do get along after all!" cried Una. "Paul is, undoubtedly, the most beautiful baby in the world!"

"Yes, sir," Skid rose. He saluted Paul gaily. "Paul Storm, the most beautiful baby in the world. You know," he said, turning to the others, "back in the gay nineties—"

"What do you know about the gay nineties? You were only a baby yourself," scoffed Una.

"You took the words right out of my mouth. And what a baby!" grinned Skid. "Say, I won a beauty contest! In those—"

"Skid!" cried Una. "That's an idea! Let's make Paul, through your paper, the most beautiful baby in the world!"

Joan and Michael laughingly protested. "Don't mind them," said Una to Skid, waving a hand at Joan and Michael, "they're merely the parents."

"Maybe you've thought of something, Una," said Skid thoughtfully. "But even if I could sell the idea to the managing editor, Paul wouldn't stand a chance. It isn't the most beautiful baby, it's the most votes. Some fireman's or some policeman's baby would win. They'd get the whole force out collecting votes."

"How much would a first prize be?" asked Una.

"Oh, coupla thousand dollars, easily, I guess," said Skid. Suddenly he leaned forward. "Say, why not? You've got me interested. I'm going to sell the managing editor on this!"

"I'm with you!" cried Una. "Let's go now. I'll run you to the office in my car."

"WHO IS NEW YORK'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD?" ran a broadside in the Graphic-Herald the next morning announcing the contest. Also in the paper were stories about children, stories against birth control, for large families, references on that score to Teddy Roosevelt, editorials anent a new cycle in American life, down with cheap sex, up with the home and fireside, the family was to take its proper place in a new America now in the making!

THE timely contest caught the public fancy. Interest mounted. Leading citizens of all walks endorsed it. Bundles of "vote" coupons poured in for the favorites whose pictures filled pages. But Paul Storm's name wasn't even among the first two hundred. At the end of the second week the record read—Abraham Cohen, 44,999; Alice Lee, 36,000; Gustav Gobel, 22,000.

"We can't expect Paul to win," admitted Joan.

"Never mind," consoled Michael. "The contest helped me, you know, to do a little business."

But Michael had other things on his mind. Why hadn't Stykes made a decision about the store studio? Why hadn't he heard from Mrs. Stykes? Once and for all he was going to find out! He'd go to Mrs. Stykes and lay his cards on the table.

The next evening he would call on her. Before leaving he looked down at his son. "You're a winner to me, boy, if you never cop a contest."

He went directly to Mrs. Stykes' residence as soon as the store closed. When she came into the room, Michael thought she had lost some of her assurance—this woman who had come directly from the "Follies" to riches and luxury.

"Mr. Storm," she began carefully, "I have learned you are negotiating with Century for a studio. You must choose—" Suddenly she dropped her mask. Her eyes glittered. "Michael," she cried, flinging her arms about his neck. "You must take my plan—our studio! I want—"

"That will be enough, my dear," said a cold voice.

Viola Stykes dropped her arms, and her face went white beneath its make-up. Michael whirled. He was unafraid, undisturbed, as Clarendon Stykes advanced on them.

"I knew I'd only have to wait, Storm, for you to come to me. Thought you could play the game both ways, eh? Well, you also lose both ways! There will be no studio under my wife's patronage, nor will there be one under Century's backing."

Michael smiled grimly. "You poor fool! I could have made money for you at the Century. I came here tonight to see you both. But if Mrs. Stykes wants to make such a fool of herself, I'm glad I'm out of it."

He took up his hat and coat.

"You needn't report in the morning," said Stykes. "You're through."

"You're telling me!" said Michael, and strode out of the room.

But once outside, all defiance vanished. Well, he consoled himself, you played and lost, but not ingloriously. Yet, losing the Century was tough. What now? He thought of Joan

and Paul. He walked home slowly and thoughtfully. Now that Una Townsend was seeing Joan, someone Joan could depend on, maybe he'd better make a getaway—

In the tiny flat, a heavy conference was going on. "But I know what he'll do," Micheal heard Una say heatedly as he opened the door.

"Oh, Michael!" cried Joan in consternation. "Look!" She held out a newspaper. On the front page was a picture of Cyril Randolph. "He's back! And I'm afraid he's going to ruin Paul's chances just as—"

"Just as he has a chance to win!" cut in Una. "To think that the very day before the contest closes, this should happen! And Paul right in top place from the latest report I've just had from Skid."

If they had known, at that moment, Randolph was talking to the managing editor of the Graphic-Herald.

"I understand, Mr. Randolph," said the editor, eager to impress the millionaire. "You want your grandson to win."

"On the contrary," replied Randolph coldly. "How many votes does the Gobel child need to win?"

"Why—why, I should say about fifty thousand."

Randolph arranged for the purchase of that number of coupons and dismissed the matter.

Skid got the news and it took him but a few minutes to reach the Storm flat with it. He and Una went into consultation.

"Come out to the telephone with me!" cried Una. She called up all her friends who had helped her put Paul on top. The result was that the next day, an hour before the contest closed, Una Townsend's limousine drove up to the newspaper's doors, and bundles of coupons went in to the contest editor.

Frantically the editor tried to reach Cyril Randolph. "Mr. Randolph," he was rebuffed smartly by ranks of secretaries, "would not be interested in a baby contest."

But he was, when he saw the big spread announcing the winner, with plenty of pictures—Paul Storm and a facsimile of the two-thousand dollar check.

"I knew our baby would bring us luck!" crowed Joan exultantly.

Then Michael told her he had lost his job. But with baby Paul's hard won triumph, there was no room in their hearts for anything but joy at the moment.

THERE followed floods of telegrams, all sorts of congratulations, offers of all sorts, even from Hollywood, parts in the movies for Paul. One telegram asked Mr. and Mrs. Storm to consider no contract until representatives of the company called on them! And it was from a major picture company!

"Hollywood! Just think of it," cried Michael. "A cameraman's paradise! Let's celebrate! Where's Skid and Una?"

"Oh, my dear Michael," cried Joan, fishing among the pile of telegrams. "We've got a wire from them. Those two are off on a celebration all their own. They've eloped. But they'll be in tomorrow."

"Mrs. Storm! Mrs. Storm!" came the shrill treble of a little girl's voice at the door. It was Muriel Tees, to take Paul for his airing. The girl was so thrilled she was almost speechless—the prize baby!

"Only for a short while, Muriel. And be careful," Joan called down the stairs as Michael carried the go-cart and set it carefully on the sidewalk. A score of children followed the proud Muriel as she pushed the baby carriage, her tip-tilted little nose high in the air.

Left alone, Michael and Joan sorted the telegrams, offers and congratulations. As they read and re-read them aloud, a clattering of footsteps and a babel of excited voices came up the stairs. Michael started toward the door. But it was flung open and Muriel Tees and half the kids in the neighborhood poured into the room.

"Paul's gone! A man took him!" gasped Muriel, fear on her blanched face, sobs in her voice.

Joan clutched her throat in panic. Michael seized the now wildly sobbing Muriel.

"Tell me, Muriel," he cried, "just what actually happened."
"He loved the baby and said he'd watch him for me while we went to get some candy. He gave me a dollar to spend for the kids and myself. Then when we got back, Paul was gone."

Michael, hatless and coatless, dashed out into the street, but only a peddler and a junk cart could be seen. He raced to the corner, almost colliding with big Jim Brennan, the policeman, coming around the corner.

"Jim—Paul's gone—stolen—kidnapped!" gasped Michael. The hue and cry was on. Smashing black headlines in all the papers screamed the news—"CYRIL RANDOLPH'S GRANDSON KIDNAPPED." "PRIZE BABY STOLEN."

The popularity of the baby contest had so caught public fancy, that the greatest search in the history of the city was started. Squads of police, armed to the teeth, in uniform and out of uniform, combed the city. Thugs by the hundreds took flight. But the search was not confined to the city alone. Patrols were out on every road, posses were hastily formed, planes soared over the countryside, keen-eyed watchers with field glasses scanning every out-of-the-way gully and forest road. Rewards poured into the newspaper offices. The Graphic-Herald, donor of the two-thousand dollar prize to Paul, put all its resources into the search.

Skid Owens and Una, now Mrs. Owens, in high spirits, stepped into their small hotel dining-room in a hidden little village up-state. All the help, and the owner, his wife, daughter and the few guests of the hotel were clustered together reading a newspaper.

"Guess they don't get much news up this way. Look at them wolf that paper," Skid said lightly to Una. He coughed loudly to attract attention as they sat down at the table. The proprietor hurried over.

"My, my, what a time!" he said excitedly. "Guess they'll be somethin' doin' all right, all right!" making a clicking noise with his tongue as he shook his head.

"Meaning?" said Skid, with a wink at Una.

"Kidnapped that Randolph heir."

"What?" cried Una and Skid together.

Skid jumped to his feet and strode over to the group with the paper. Unceremoniously, he yanked it away and shot a glance at the headlines. He dropped the paper and yelled at Una. "Get the bags packed, kid! Paul's kidnapped!" He turned on the proprietor. "Where's the telephone?" Not waiting for a reply, he ran out to the small lobby and found the phone himself. He was soon talking to his managing editor. Quickly getting the details, Skid reported he was on the way in.

In a matter of minutes, he and Una were running out of the hotel, Skid tossing a bill onto the desk as he ran by, leaving the dumfounded group in the hotel staring blankly after them.

"Not a single trace, Una!" explained Skid hurriedly as he threw the car into high gear. The heavy machine shot along the road. "But here's one thing—old man Randolph has put up twenty-five thousand good old iron men for the return of his grandson. But that's on the quiet. He doesn't want his name mentioned." Skid was peering ahead. "Where the heck is that short cut?" he muttered. "Ah, there we are—grey barn—turn right. It'll cut off twenty miles." The car slowed into a dirt road cutting across country.

AS THEY rounded a bend, they could see a small car just ahead. Skid's big car crept up on it.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Una. "That left tire! It's coming off! They'll have a spill!"

"You yell at them as we go by. We can't stop," cried Skid. He gave the car ahead a sharp, insistent blare from his horn—going by, it said. But the other car, instead of slowing and turning aside, put on speed.

"The fools!" yelled Skid in exasperation. "Lean out and yell at 'em, Una."

"Hey! Hey!" screamed Una, leaning out and pointing at their tire. "Tire! Tire!"

Skid, cursing under his breath, eased up on his speed. He

was afraid if the tire on the car ahead came off and the car skidded, he would crash into it.

"Tire! Tire!" screamed Una again as she pointed wildly.

The car drew away. But suddenly the tire was seen to part from the rim. The car swerved violently, shot into the brush alongside the road, crashing to a stop. Suddenly two men leaped out. They pointed back down the road. A series of sharp cracks were heard. The top of Skid's car ripped.

"Down! Down, Una!" Skid yelled. "Bullets!" He jammed on the brakes and pulled to a stop. Another series of shots, and the two men turned and leaped away into the screen of the dense woods.

CAUTIOUSLY, Skid and Una peered over the cowl of their car. All was quiet. Skid started the car and slowly eased up to the car ahead. He peered in, his foot ready on the accelerator to leap away. There was no sign of the former occupants of the car.

"All right, Skid. Let's go. We can't stop," called Una eyeing the bushes nervously.

"Wait!" said Skid. He jumped out and reached onto the front seat of the other car. He pulled a blanketed bundle toward him. Carefully he opened one end. With a glad cry, he hastily gathered the bundle to him and thrust it at Una. "Got him! Got Paul! The old newspaperman's luck!"

With a happy squeal, Una cuddled the bundle to her.

"The other way up! The other way up!" yelled Skid as he slipped in the clutch and the car sped away.

Paul was sleeping soundly. Una cooed and gurgled over him.

"Now for the nearest telephone," crowed Skid. "Gee, those two must have been scared! Well, he's a pretty hot package."

"Hot package?" questioned Una indignantly.

"Meaning, dear dumbness, they probably wished they hadn't done it. Scared. Trail too hot. Panicked."

A crossing came into sight, a small store sign was visible, and a group of men, beside two automobiles blocked the road.

"Oho!" muttered Skid. "Say, Una, put Paul between your knees. I've got a scheme. This is a posse sure enough. But look, if we can get away with it," he talked fast and clipped his words, "we'll give the Storms and old man Randolph a break, get 'em together, and the good old Graphic-Herald gets a world beat. We're going to take Paul right to his grandfather's. Now, put the lap-robe over Paul, and pray he doesn't wake up and cry. You're a sob sister on the paper. My identification card will get us by. Our cue is that we are working on the case. I'll try and shoot them back up the road to the other car. Then me for a telephone."

They slowed up at the posse which was armed to the hat. guns pointed at the car. Skid already had his card out.

"Who's in charge?" he called out, as he spotted a gold badge on one of the men.

The man stepped forward, a rifle in the crook of his arm.

"I'm Skid Owens, working on the Storm kidnapping." He extended his card, talking as though in great excitement. "Back up the road, about six or seven miles, a tire came off a car, and two men beat it into the woods, lamming some lead at us as they ran. They headed across country," said Skid pointing. He got out of the car. "Where's a telephone?"

The big man with the badge, glanced hastily at Skid's card and thrust it back at him. "Phone in the store," he said as he turned to his men. "Let's go," he called.

Skid ran into the store. By great good fortune, he noted, there was a telephone booth, he could talk in private. He beat a rapid tattoo with his fingers, glancing anxiously out to the road, as he waited for his call to go through to the managing editor. He watched the last car of the posse shoot up the road toward the abandoned car. A half hour and he'd be on the outskirts of the city.

"Hello! Hello, Carson! Yeah, Owens. Now don't leap out of the chair, I've got the Storm kid. Hey, what did I tell you? Listen, I've got to talk fast. Get somebody right over

to the Storms, privately. Tell 'em Skid and Una have contacted the kidnappers, and they've got to meet 'em at a secret rendezvous. Never mind the details. Listen to me, for once! Tell 'em they've got to go blindfolded. How? How're you going to get 'em out with the other newspaper mobs there? Say, take 'em out on stretchers. Mental collapse. Get it? An' then run 'em right over to the grandfather's. Sure, to old man Randolph's. I've got a scheme. Give me an hour and a half and you'll have the biggest beat in town! Now don't tell 'em where they are going. Just tell 'em Skid and Una are with the baby and he's okay."

Jubilantly he dashed out to Una who was in a dither of excitement as she kept glancing back along the road.

"We're set, baby!" Skid cried. He told the excited Una his plan, and she laughed joyously and cuddled little Paul to her. His eyes were now wide open, and he cooed with delight as he felt her friendly touch.

Skid was stopped three times on his way in to the city, but his police card and his glib tongue got him by. Paul never even murmured when Una covered him over with the lap-robe during the few seconds it took Skid to talk his way onward.

BUT at one deserted stretch of road, he stopped the car and had Una get into the back seat with Paul.

"When we get to the Randolphs, if ever," said the perspiring Skid, "there'll be a flock of reporters and cops around for certain. Now, as we go along, dump my stuff out of that Gladstone bag, and, just as we arrive, pop Paul into the bag. I'll carry it partially open so he'll get air. It'll only be for a few seconds."

They got to the Randolph mansion without further incident. Skid stopped a few doors away, as he saw a group on the side-

walk before the house. Una popped the baby into the bag, and Skid held the handles so that air got in all right.

"I'll die before I ever reach that door," Una whispered excitedly.

SKID and Una pushed through the clustered groups before the Randolph mansion, and mounted the steps to where a burly sergeant of police stood guard. Jenson, the butler, his face pale and a strange expression in his eyes, stood beside him. As Skid and Una came up the steps, Jenson anxiously looked from one to the other, swallowing hard. It was obvious he wanted to ask about the baby, but training controlled him. In sepulchral tones he managed to say, "You are to go right in, Miss Townsend, and-ah-Mr. Owens."

The door swung to behind them. The tall figure of Cyril Randolph hurried along the hall.

"Where— Where—" he blurted.

Skid gently deposited his bag and opened it wide. There was Paul, calm if not cool, sucking away at his thumb. Cyril Randolph, all his austerity gone, dropped beside the bag and tenderly lifted out the baby.

There was a stir at the rear of the house. Two blindfolded people were being carefully guided along, by two young men who waved at Skid, grins on their faces. They whispered to the two blindfolded people, who stopped as their bandages were removed.

Cyril Randolph, Paul in his arms, faced them. Suddenly he and Paul were engulfed by a rushing, laughing, sobbing Joan. Michael was beside her.

Cyril Randolph, a glad smile on his face, tears of joy in his eyes, extended a hand to Michael around Joan's shoulder.

[THE END]

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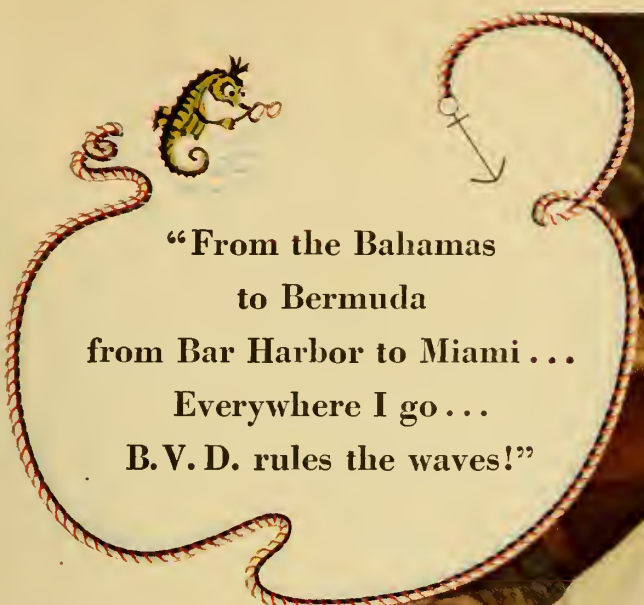
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Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*
William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XLVI No. 3

August, 1934



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

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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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 fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

When tough William Farnum played "West-erns" gal-darnum
He'd fan it with any stranger;
He travelled the plain like the real "Buck Duane"
In that thriller, "The Lone Star Ranger."

While smilin' John Bunny in stunts that were funny
Just kept the whole house in a roar;
His comedy trainin' was so entertainin'
It filled every seat to the door.

STANLEY WORDEN, Oxford, N. Y.

THE \$10 LETTER

The comic strips portray teachers as double-eyed dames with enough hair to put the Sutherland Sisters out of a job. But they never picture us as we often picture ourselves—rushing madly out the schoolroom door, wildly tearing out hair as we run.

If you've tried to keep the attention of forty-odd (and I mean odd) youngsters during a spring geography or civic topic period, you'll sympathize.

The movies have done more for teachers than earthquake-proof buildings and free air at recess.

EVA DUNBAR, Oakland, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

We, of the alien audience, view with alarm the possibility of the United States Congress barring foreign actors from American films.

We realize that American pictures will lose a large following abroad. Immediately their pictures will be boycotted, regardless of the high esteem in which such lovely stars as Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West and many more popular favorites are held.

American films owe their high standing to the farsightedness of directors, who realize that art and artists are international.

The large increase in movie attendance in the States and in foreign countries is without doubt to be attributed to the directors' understanding of their public, who frequently require a new face and a new technique.

MAY MOSSE, St. Georges, Bermuda

A CHAMPAGNE TOAST!

Pictures have added lustre since beautiful and talented Mae West appeared. Our serenely confident young woman is the "caviar" of them all. She is highly imaginative, amusing and utterly smart, expressing herself as no one else can!

Her gay witticisms and sly innuendoes are something to remember her by.

LOIS B. O'NEILL, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Let it not be said that Mae West is the men's own idol, for our mailbag tells another story. This buxom Gibson girl, who appears in "It Ain't No Sin," now has quite an edge on the feminine market

THE \$25 LETTER

The old silent drammers were thrill packing slammers
That everyone liked to attend;
And though not constructive or sexy seductive
You cheered from beginning to end.

Them were the days of the old drammer plays
You could watch with a right good will;
You'd stand for a time then you'd drop in a dime
For the starting of "Buffalo Bill."

The "kids" would start stamping as Bill Hart went romping
And knockin' the Indians down;
He'd shoot more than twenty while lead flew aplenty
And drive all the varmints from town.

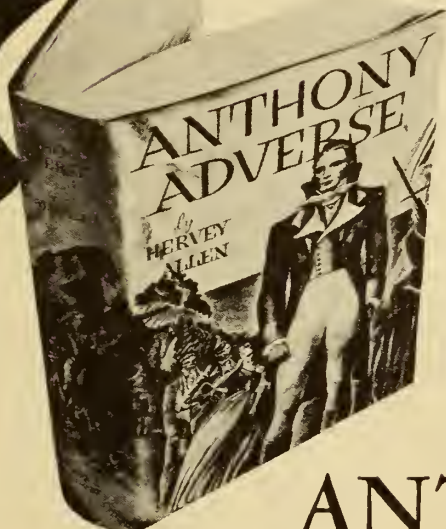
LET'S settle this Garbo-Hepburn dispute once and for all. Opinions on the subject have been coming in such great numbers that it didn't seem fair to close the issue without everyone having a say. But now we've all had time, and next month readers will state their final choice. Or if two thrones in the fairyland called Hollywood seem to be the solution, you'll hear about that.

There is great interest in who will be the lead if a film on the life of Napoleon is produced.

Praise for "House of Rothschild" in which George Arliss gives such a remarkable portrayal, is being shouted from the housetops.

And our article, "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," in June issue, has created more of a stir than anything published in recent months.

\$10,000.00 in prizes



CAST YOUR VOTE in the
NATION-WIDE POLL
to select the CAST for
the WARNER BROTHERS
film dramatization of

ANTHONY ADVERSE

BIG NEWS! Probably the biggest news in the history of motion pictures!

"Anthony Adverse," universally acclaimed the greatest historical romance of our time, goes into production at the Warner Brothers Studios this fall.

All America is asking: WHO WILL PLAY THE PART OF "ANTHONY ADVERSE"? . . . WHO WILL PORTRAY THE CHARACTER OF THE VILLAINOUS "DON LUIS"? . . . WHAT STAR IN HOLLYWOOD IS BEST FITTED TO IMPERSONATE THE CHARACTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL "DOLORES"?

So often have these questions been asked, so difficult is it to solve the problem, that Jack Warner, Production Chief at Warner Brothers Studios, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have decided to get the help of every movie fan in the United States. The question is: WHO SHOULD PLAY THE PARTS OF THE TWELVE MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTERS IN ANTHONY ADVERSE? SEND US YOUR CHOICE. To those who answer this question in a way that proves they know their movies, prizes of over \$10,000.00 will be awarded.

Four great American institutions have joined forces to launch this great Contest. PHOTOPLAY Magazine and POSTAL TELEGRAPH CO. co-operate with WARNER BROS. and FARRAR & RINEHART, publishers of the book, to bring you one of the biggest and most interesting contests of all time.

Prizes will be awarded those who suggest a cast most like the one finally chosen by Warner Bros. Rules and detailed information will be found on pages 28-31 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

To give the Contest nation-wide representation, the Postal Telegraph Co. has issued a special POSTAL TELEGRAPH BALLOT which may be used (free of charge) to vote your choice for the cast. Through the courtesy of the great Postal Telegraph Company, millions of votes from Maine to California, will be speeded to the Anthony Adverse Contest Editor of Photoplay.

Copies of the official ballot will be found in the August, September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY. Ballots may also be secured at all Postal Telegraph stations, all Warner Bros. Theatres and at all book shops and department stores selling ANTHONY ADVERSE.

Everyone entering this Contest should read ANTHONY ADVERSE to get acquainted with the cast of characters in this "full-bodied tale of birth and death, of love and hate, of fighting, mating, scheming, drifting." It is not only a great book but a great experience. To read it is to have *lived!* Don't miss it.




OVER two million men and women have read and enjoyed this huge, robust novel because it is the story of the greatest romantic adventurer in all fiction.

ANTHONY ADVERSE became a phenomenal best seller at once. It swept America like a prairie fire, and then blazed forth in England where it is now the fiction favorite. Other editions are soon to appear in France, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Sweden and Italy.

ANTHONY ADVERSE presents a cavalcade of great, dramatic scenes and figures moving across three continents during the Napoleonic era . . . It is a thrilling epic of desperate encounters, long voyages, romance, and passion.

Having become a world classic in our time, it is only fitting that this magnificent novel be immortalized in a motion picture by Warner Brothers, and that the public be called in to suggest how it be cast. For details about the \$10,000 casting contest read the rest of this page and then turn to page 28 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

 Are you going away? Take your good time with you. Pack a copy of ANTHONY ADVERSE into your vacation bag.

If you haven't read ANTHONY ADVERSE, read it now!

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

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as Alice. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admirer G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

\$10,000.00
In Prizes—

cash and other awards—will be given in Warner Brothers-Photoplay "Anthony Adverse" Contest, starting in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

* * *

AND DON'T FORGET that other big Contest—"Fill-Ins," which also offers some sizable cash prizes. You are eligible to enter both!

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (April)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society debut. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal adviser. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

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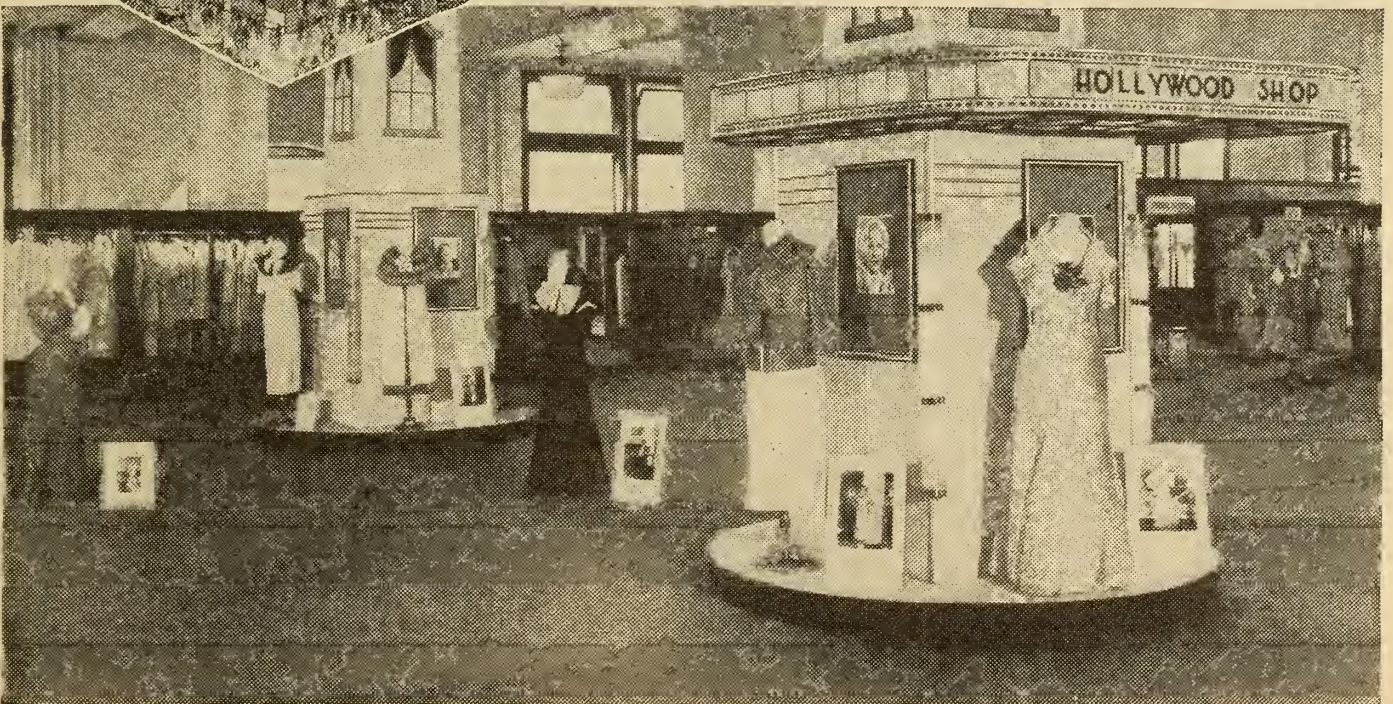
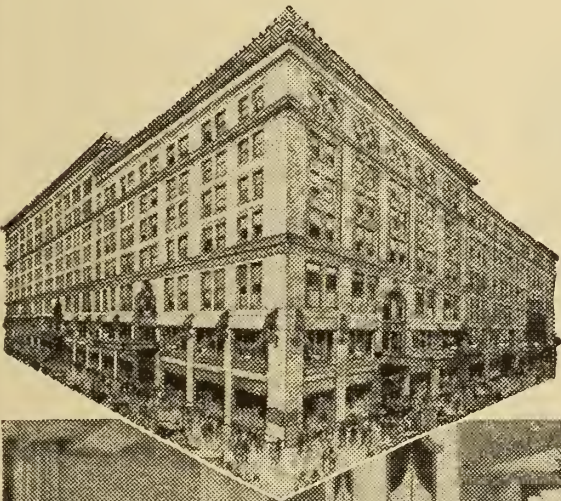
JOSEPH HORNE CO.

IS THE **PITTSBURGH** STORE FOR

Hollywood Cinema Fashions

Pittsburgh's leading Fashion Store was naturally alert to recognize the possibilities of the Hollywood Film Studios as a source of modern and appealing fashions. Through the cooperation of the leading Hollywood Producers, and the Photoplay Fashion Editors, this outstanding store made exclusive arrangements, for Pittsburgh, to present photoplay-goers with faithful reproductions of the original fashions worn by their favorite film stars in the latest pictures,

simultaneous with the Pittsburgh premieres. Inasmuch as the leading film stars represent practically every type of American beauty, and the Hollywood designers exert their highest skill in flattering the beauty and charm of their subjects, young Pittsburgh has been prompt to accept these brilliant creations for their own use. You'll find the clever costumes that you admire in the pictures available to you, at all times, in the Horne Hollywood Shop . . . Second Floor.



Tell Others What You Think of the Latest Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



The "Riptide" trio that went over big with movie-goers, in spite of some grand slams at the film. Norma Shearer, and Herbert Marshall, the jealous husband who sends her to the arms of Robert Montgomery



Since "House of Rothschild" was released, there has been a steady shower of applause for George Arliss' excellent work. He is shown with Mrs. Arliss and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from the picture

Mae West is so real, if she were to walk into my home I would expect her to act just as she does on the screen. That is why she is "The Box-Office Attraction Of Today."

I discuss movies with everyone and anyone, and I have yet to hear Mae criticized or censored.

PERLA DAVIS, Huntington, W. Va.

A RARE PORTRAYAL

"Riptide" marks Norma Shearer the First Lady of the screen. One might liken her allure and beauty to an exquisite cameo.

Her first appearance in many months, proved a thrilling experience for this Shearer devotee. A rare portrayal that has no equal.

M. McMICHAEL, Atlantic City, N.J.

BUT THE PICTURE—

A few more shows like "Riptide," and you might as well padlock the doors of your theaters—so far as the Norma Shearer public is concerned.

The cast was okay, but the picture—
GOLDEN O. DUNCAN, Compton, Calif.

OIL, BUT THEY DIDN'T!

After reading "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" I say that it is unnecessary to ask that question, as immediately all the world would answer, "Garbo."

Garbo is the Queen of the Screen, and the others are merely her imitators.

MISS A. M. F., Santurce, P. R.

HAS SHE?

Your article "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" was bound to start a controversy. And with a war-whoop I leap into the fray by registering a great big vote for Hepburn.

Mind you, I like Garbo, and I am very much under the spell of her glamorous personality. But Hepburn! Has she not personality plus?

I. G. B., Toronto, Canada

GODDESSES

Garbo and Hepburn—Diana and Aurora—Two goddesses for movie devotees to worship. Garbo whose mysterious allure suggests moonbeams and the Goddess of the Chase, Hepburn whose vibrant personality burst upon us like a shaft of light piercing the sky to blazon forth in the glory of the dawn.

Why compare them? They are different as day and night.

EDITH O'BRIEN, Washington, D. C.

A PAGE FROM HISTORY

"The House of Rothschild" is a magnificent production. George Arliss is Rothschild, and greater praise may not be given any artist. What subtle blending of pathos and whimsy, set against the heart-breaking background of a courageous people, struggling against almost superhuman odds.

This picture reveals a great art, interpreted with a grandeur that grips the heart. Indescribable, and all the more remarkable because gleaned from the pages of history.

The dust of a century has drifted over these events, obscuring them, for the most part, in the debris of half-forgotten memories, yet how grateful are we to have the dust thus brushed aside to reveal these five heroic brothers.

ROSE A. KOHNY, Chicago, Ill.

MORE, MORE, MORE!

Hats off to George Arliss for his performance in "The House of Rothschild." It eclipses anything he has ever done. No finer entertainment ever flashed across the screen than this fascinating historical pageant. There is something spiritual in the manner the five sons carry on the Rothschild tradition.

This production is well enacted, cleverly directed and effectively produced. Give us more like it.

MAUDE L. RICHE, Dayton, Ohio

QUALITY TELLS

I am a college girl with a part-time job and small pay, but I always save my quarter a month to buy PHOTOPLAY. The rest of my spare money goes to the movies recommended by your Shadow Stage.

The pleasure I get makes up a thousand fold for the things it is impossible for me to have.

EVELYN PIKE, Troy, N. Y.

BIDE YOUR TIME, TARZAN

The exhilarating thrill of relief from problems of daily life is offered with a "punch" in every minute of "Tarzan and His Mate." It

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interneer Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)



YOU SAY DALE HASN'T BEEN TO SEE YOU LATELY ?

NOT SINCE THAT HOT SPELL SEVERAL WEEKS AGO. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE STOPPED COMING. IT HURTS ME



DO YOU SUPPOSE HE COULD HAVE NOTICED A HINT ER-R . . I MEAN "B.O"



DON'T BE OFFENDED, DARLING. NOBODY CAN AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS. I ALWAYS PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBOUY. WHY DON'T YOU ?



A FEW WEEKS LATER

I WOULDN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY BATHS FOR ANYTHING. THEY MAKE ME FEEL SO CLEAN — SO REFRESHED



"B.O." GONE — *romance blooms again*

AHA, DALE, I CAUGHT YOU !

CAUGHT ME NOTHING ! CAN'T A MAN KISS HIS FUTURE WIFE ?

ANOTHER KISS, DARLING. YOUR SKIN IS SMOOTH AS SATIN

MY ONLY COMPLEXION SECRET IS LIFEBOUY

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FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century—United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

★ **GAMBLING LADY**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

★ **GHOUL, THE**—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

★ **GIRL IN THE CASE, THE**—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

★ **GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM**—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

★ **GOOD DAME**—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

★ **HALF A SINNER**—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

★ **HAROLD TEEN**—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

★ **HEAT LIGHTNING**—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

★ **HE COULDN'T TAKE IT**—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

★ **HER SPLENDID FOLLY**—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lillian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

★ **HII, NELLIE!**—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for miffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

★ **HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY**—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakery, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

★ **HIRED WIFE**—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

★ **HIS DOUBLE LIFE**—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

★ **HOLD THAT GIRL**—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLD THE PRESS**—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

★ **HONOR OF THE WEST**—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

★ **HORSE PLAY**—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (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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★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KADETEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skillfully handled. (March)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

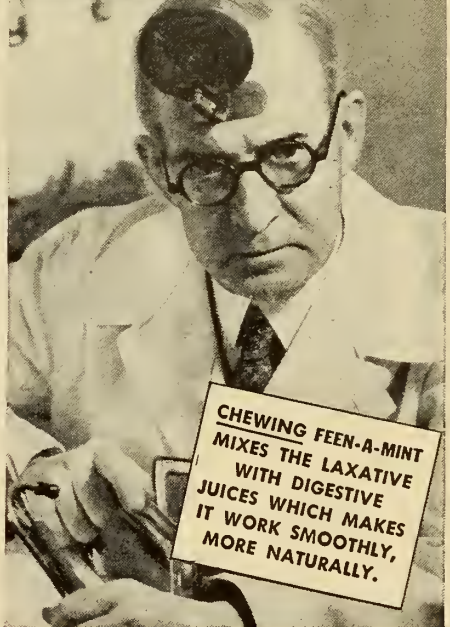
★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS FIND CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—CLINICAL TESTS SHOW



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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]



Meet the funny man, W. C. Fields, who so thoroughly entertained folks in "You're Telling Me." Here you see him as *The Great McGonigle*, proprietor of a theatrical troupe in "The Old-Fashioned Way"

has spectacular prowess, melodrama, imagination, both intentional and unconscious humor and it combines the virtues of fantasy and realism.

Of course, we want to see Johnny Weissmuller accomplishing further daring feats. But not too soon!

ANNA J. EMORY, Wilmington, Del.

I'M TELLING YOU

A full course mental banquet rewards those who see W. C. Fields in "You're Telling Me," with perfect digestion guaranteed. Mr. Fields is at his best in this extremely funny picture, and we sincerely thank the director who gave him a free hand.

We like funny farces and funny people who can make us laugh.

LILLIAN FOSTER, Hartford, Conn.

NAPOLEON'S GHOST

In my opinion, the best article in your June issue was "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warmers." Of course, it was a bad break that Edward G. Robinson, who could give a worthy performance as the Little Emperor, had to be eliminated by the make-up department, but hats off to the studio that respects the fact that theater-goers are acquainted with the Napoleon of history.

It is good, too, that Chaplin's price is excessive. Chaplin might play the rôle to perfection, but how would he overcome the comedy-complex of the audience?

J. M. COPELAND, Houston, Texas

Edward G. Robinson is a bit too heavy, I believe, to convincingly portray the Little Emperor. However, I don't think there is any question as to his ability.

But why did they pass up Richard Barthelme? He ought to be able to do a good job. And he does resemble the Emperor.

RAYMOND CLARKE, Miami, Fla.

ANOTHER ORDER OF "CHEER"

Believe me, I am going to "Stand Up and Cheer" for Warner Baxter, Jimmy Dunn, Madge Evans and that little darling, Shirley Temple. She is the sweetest bunch of happiness I have ever seen.

This grand production gave me new life, and so much encouragement that I feel I could conquer the world today.

MRS. T. J. ANGELL, Springfield, Ill.

BUT DO THEY?

Speaking of the trite, much abused happy ending, "Manhattan Melodrama" came as a welcome relief. I would rather have my emotions exercised a bit than my sense of logic insulted, and think most people feel as I do.

Here was a picture, logically developed and logically concluded.

W. WARD WRIGHT, Logansport, Ind.

TWO HOLLYWOOD TRIUMVIRATES

Page Mr. George Kent, I would like to discuss his article in June PHOTOPLAY.

Mr. Kent, you proclaim that there are two triumvirates in Hollywood, Sten, Dietrich and West vs. Garbo, Hepburn and Bennett. I gather from your candid article that you favor the first three. First of all, there is no comparison whatsoever. We, who attend the theater to see a real performance, prefer Bennett, Hepburn and Garbo.

Omitting Sten, because we cannot judge her fairly yet, West and Dietrich are valuable for one rôle only, that of a shady lady.

ELOISE BARRY, Dumont, N. J.

"Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," in the June PHOTOPLAY, is bound to create a heated discussion, because the author seems to take sides with the Dietrich-West-Sten trio, rather than with Garbo, Hepburn and Bennett.

However, I am inclined to agree with George Kent, for I feel that Marlene, Mae and Anna far surpass in feminine allure Garbo, Hepburn or Bennett.

MICHAEL CONNOLLY, Boston, Mass.

This letter is in disagreement with some statements made by George Kent in his article, "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War."

Mr. Kent says in part, "The war lords of California are not wasting any sleep over their duel with Garbo, Hepburn & Co. They know that the martyrs (meaning Garbo, etc., etc.) cannot compete with the Marlenes and the Maes."

Salt looks like sugar, but flies know the difference without having to read the lettering on the bowl."

In the first place, too much sugar is sickening. In the second place, did you ever try to eat a meal without benefit of salt? In the third place, who wants to be a fly?

I grant that Mae West's characterizations are intriguing; but as the best actress in pictures, *no!*

Dietrich's legs may be lovelier than Garbo's but if one wishes to see legs rather than acting one may attend a revue.

DOROTHY KIESS, Los Angeles, Calif.



"I'd rather have my emotions exercised a bit than my sense of logic insulted," says one reader in praise of the true-to-life ending of "Manhattan Melodrama," with Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell

FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Just a word for the ushers. Some patrons disregard their advances in the way of service and take into their own hands the problem of locating seats in an aisle which the usher has already pronounced "filled."

The ushers are aware of the fact, even if patrons are not, that there are such things as fire laws, that ushers have duties; and that a filled theater *is* a possibility.

Come on, folks, give the ushers cooperation.
DORIS TURNER, London, Ont., Canada

RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCE

I have traveled with my husband for several years, and have come to feel that my home is wherever I happen to be.

Naturally, in this mode of living the social life is very limited, and seldom do I ever see an old friend. Consequently, when I follow my favorites from picture to picture, I feel each time that I am seeing a friend again.

This is the best way I have of filling the void which inevitably occurs in the lives of those who live on the road. Each time I see a familiar face on the screen, I feel like saying:

"Why, you are a dear friend. We have had such experiences together. I have laughed with you, cried with you, danced and played with you. In fact, in your presence I have run the whole gamut of human emotions."

MRS. G. E. PETITJEAN, Chicago, Ill.

CHARACTER COUNTS

Pictures depicting the stories of people in all positions of life have done more in promoting a democratic attitude than the endless campaign speeches of glib politicians.

We are now more apt to realize that a person may be a thoroughbred despite his living on the wrong side of the tracks because of financial inferiority. The friendship of an intelligent street cleaner has been shown to be more desirable than the company of some debutantes, which evens things up a bit.

FRED RACKMAN, Hollywood, Calif.

EVERY CLASS A JOY!

I had a wonderful dream last night, and I feel it is going to come true. I dreamed that I was back in school, and when I went to my American History class talking pictures greeted me. Text books have disappeared.

On to my next class, Literature, I gasped in amazement, for talkies greeted me here. We were studying Shakespeare's immortal "As You Like It."

In biology, citizenship, art, music, languages, we students met the same powerful teacher, the talking picture, fairly crammed with knowledge which was being given to us in such a rememberable way.

ESTHER M. NORMAN, St. Joseph, Mo.

WESTERNS MINUS BANDITRY

I wonder why someone hasn't produced a Western with all the fascinating characteristics of cow pokes without the old-fashioned shooting and bold banditry. There are spots in our West where drama can be found, he-men fighting now for a living. Location might be a stock ranch, rodeo or dude ranch.

Come on, Hollywood, give us a modern Western with romance, scenery and songs, those catchy tunes sung by real, natural voices with the Texas accent.

GENEVIEVE C. RYLAND, Denver, Colo.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



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THE SANITARY WAY TO CHECK PERSPIRATION

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This delightful cream is the actual prescription of a physician for overcoming perspiration odors. It is awaiting you at leading toilet goods counters in large, attractively carved, highly polished wooden containers at 35c and 50c.

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Patents Pending



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Every vestige of hair **GONE!**
ZIP Depilatory Cream is by far the most popular depilatory today. Simply spread on and rinse off. As delightful as your choicest cold cream, and perfumed.
To permanently destroy hair, use ZIP Epilator in the new convenient Kit package. Simple. Quick. Pleasant to use. Lasting.

During the bathing season, treatment prices at my Salon are reduced

50¢ ZIP LiP-STiCK only 10¢

You will be delighted with this attractive lipstick which sells regularly for 50c. Here's the way to get it. Purchase a 50c tube of ZIP Depilatory Cream or a 50c ZIP Spray Deodorant, mail carton with 10c and your ZIP LiP-STiCK will be sent to you at once.

Madame Berthé, SPECIALIST 562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
Enclosed find 10c and large ZIP Depilatory Cream (or ZIP Spray Deodorant) carton. Please send me a ZIP LiP-STiCK. BE

Sherry (Light) Claret (Medium) Burgundy (Deep Medium)

Name _____ Address _____

City and State _____

The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



Several PHOTOPLAY readers, remembering her impressive portrayal in "Only Yesterday," have expressed their eagerness to see her latest production, "Little Man, What Now?" in which she plays opposite Douglass Montgomery

SHE IS, TOO

So sincere, so very real, was the character Margaret Sullavan played in "Only Yesterday," that I just can't wait to see her latest achievement, "Little Man, What Now?" I feel certain she will be the brave *Lammchen* we learned to love while reading the book.

ROBERTA MANN, Detroit, Mich.

ELEMENTARY CALCULATION

In a recent issue you ask why Will Rogers has more fans than such actors as Clark Gable. The answer seems easy to me.

Young people and those up to middle life like the Clark Gable type of romance. Older folks see romance in their own homes every day. They do not get to see their side of the romance in many pictures. It is in only such films as Will Rogers' that this longing is satisfied. All ages and all classes are represented in the Rogers type of picture and, of course, there is universal appeal.

ROSANNA DONNELLY, Dallas, Tex.

RAPT ATTENTION

Three cheers for our side. Movie devotees sometimes complain of the unhappy endings of pictures, but did you ever notice the difference between the last act at a picture show and the "grand finale" at almost any playhouse?

At the latter, half the people are shuffling around, preparing to leave. Not so at the movies. They are all interested enough to stay until the end.

That's a tribute. Let's keep it that way!

B. WARWICK, Chatham, Ont., Canada

OLD-TIMERS

Would it not be possible to reassemble a cast of the old timers, produce a picture at nominal cost, that is, paying the performers small salaries and permitting them to participate in the net profits from the picture?

Let's start a crusade for the stars of former years by helping them to help themselves.

LOUISE BRAUN, New York, N. Y.

HURDLING TIME'S FENCE

If all business could claim such rapid betterment as the film industry, what a world this would be! The giant with his seven league boots looks like a slow-poke when compared with the movie-makers' stride.

SARA SOLLARS, Sebastopol, Calif.

A PART OF US

The movie is the greatest teacher of American youth. It dramatizes knowledge, and drives it home.

We learn facts at the movies, and there are many pictures from which we can gain valuable historical information.

Do we really learn these things at the movies? Yes, for "whether or not we are a part of all we have seen, all we have seen remains a part of us."

MRS. M. K. VAIL, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPIRIT OF CHARITY

I think tribute should be paid to one who has run the gamut of stellar requirements, attained and held stardom these many years,



Marion Davies' admirers are legion. They credit her with a "genius for naturalness," and say she is the "Spirit of Charity" in Hollywood. Above, a scene from "Operator 13," with Gary Cooper as a spy for the Confederate forces

and remains her natural and delectable self. I refer to Marion Davies!

We find Marion, unassumingly, the dominating Spirit of Charity in the film colony. Professionally, she still goes along with but one thought—to please the public. Needless to say, she is doing so. Along with her many talents, Marion Davies possesses the genius for naturalness in a background that perpetually strives for effect.

CARL L. KRAUS, Hazleton, Penna.

BEST YET

"Men in White" is a shining example of what may be accomplished when intelligence is brought into play in the selection of directors, actors and adapters.

I am a graduate nurse, and "Men in White" is the best hospital picture I have ever seen. Let's have more pictures like it.

MARY BEA MCLEOD, Superior, Nebr.

FINE!

You ask for criticism—well you get it!

I have seen some good work by Clark Gable, but wonder if the directors have even heard of innate ability or personality. Why can't they let the fellow stick to his type of rôle, instead of casting him in such a rôle as he had in "Men in White?"

I'm not disappointed that he didn't choose Myrna Loy rather than his profession, but why do they have him try to get those angelic, sweet and simple expressions on his face? I wish the producers would do right by Gable.

EMERALD REYNOLDS, Horse Cave, Ky.

TURN ON THE HUMAN SIDE

Hollywood may be making royalty more hysterical than historical, but I think it's a grand idea. It is human nature to desire that people who make headlines be handsome and witty and fascinating.

Even if history books do tell us that Queen Elizabeth was a homely old termagant, she's ravishing in our mind's eye. We students of history know that Catherine was never as lily-white as the film portrays her, yet we much prefer her as Elizabeth Bergner and Marlene Dietrich depict her.

We are all more interested in the human side of monarchs, rather than that side which is involved in politics.

M. F. DONER, Seattle, Wash.

PULL FOR THE SHORE

After a trying turn with Neptune, tussling with mammoth waves and careening crazily down into the troughs, slipping into port and thence into a movie theater is a treat.

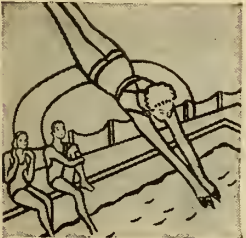
Usually, any old picture will do. But there have been few of the "any old" type in recent months.

When an old salt finds laughter and tender feelings crowding each other and gazes through briny mist, not of the sea, at the shifting scene up front with a lump in his weather-beaten throat—well, the pictures and the acting must be good!

RALF O. ELLIS, St. George, S. I., N. Y.



For your "short-game"—a tricky Pitch-and-Putt Course.



An Open-Air pool and Sun-tan Beach offer the sports of the seashore.

**KFI-NBC
COAST
NETWORK
11 to 11:30
NIGHTLY**



The Los Angeles
AMBASSADOR



For the kiddies — a wealth of outdoor fun equipment.



Tennis for the coming Tildens and Willses — and for those who just play.



More than thirty of the most intriguing shops — to tempt and amuse.

This **SUMMER** *AND Next* **WINTER**

A 22 Acre Playground

IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY

WITH THE IDEAL YEAR 'ROUND CLIMATE

† Here indeed is a hotel and recreational center truly amazing in its varied vacational appeal. Without stepping from the grounds, the guest finds rolling, velvet fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course. Tennis Courts and Archery. Pergola walks and shady nooks. Above all, the new

“AMBASSADOR LIDO”

with a generous sand beach circling an open-air plunge—an al fresco garden cafe with bright colored birds and pets. Indoors—a “talkie” theatre; doctors; a dentist; a post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely re-decorated rooms and suites. The merriest of night life at the world-famous

“COCOANUT GROVE”

All within a few minutes of Los Angeles’ and Hollywood’s theatrical, business and shopping centers. Wide boulevards stretch from the Ambassador to ocean, mountain and desert. All the delights of this great play-center heightened by kindly and sincere service at moderate rates.

KINDLY WRITE FOR NEW ROOM AND RESTAURANT TARIFFS

What Guests Have Said:

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: “Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel.”

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: “When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward.”

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: “I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of.”

Mr. John Barrymore: “I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so.”

Carl Van Vechten: “The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world.”



The **LOS ANGELES
AMBASSADOR**

Dancing nightly at the world famous
COCOANUT GROVE

Managed by **BEN L. FRANK** with the cooperation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees

The easy way to stop a headache . . . and the quickest



H EADACHES CAN COME from so many things . . . something you ate, stuffy rooms, sometimes sheer nervousness.

And that's why you need a *balanced* preparation for relief. Look what happens when you take Bromo-Seltzer!

Drink it as it fizzes in the glass. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. Gas on the stomach is promptly relieved.

Then Bromo-Seltzer quickly attacks the pain. Before you know it your headache is relieved. It works so fast because you take it as a *liquid*.

At the same time your nerves are soothed and calmed . . . you are gently steadied, refreshed. And your alkali reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being) is being built up by citric salts which are rapidly absorbed by the blood.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take and so dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach.

Keep the large family-size bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet. Always ready to bring quick, dependable relief from headaches, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. Simply follow directions on the bottle. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer at any soda fountain.

*Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced
remedy*

No mere pain-killer can give the same prompt results as Bromo-Seltzer. It is a balanced compound of *five* medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose . . . each of which has a special benefit. That's why

Bromo-Seltzer is so much more effective.

Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same . . . are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for over 40 years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

EMERSON'S



BROMO-SELTZER



Tunbridge

AFTER a two-year absence from pictures, Douglas Fairbanks is back—dressed again in colorful costumes, and making romantic overtures to lovely ladies. The lady here is Benita Hume, British actress who left Hollywood recently to return to England. She is playing with Doug in the new London Film production, "The Private Life of Don Juan"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

ONE seldom thinks of Lupe Velez as shrinking—but here's proof she *can* shrink! Maybe Lupe became camera shy after facing live audiences on the long personal appearance tour she recently completed. Incidentally, when Lupe started that cross-country trek, Johnny Weissmuller temporarily abandoned Hollywood and accompanied his wife



Clarence Sinclair Bull

FOR a young and successful gentleman, Gary Cooper looks very languid. The cameraman caught him unaware—probably when Gary was day-dreaming about the ranch he and his bride have left. Gary has been working hard of late. He finished "Operator 13" with Marion Davies, and is busy in the coming Anna Sten picture, "Barbary Coast"



Irving Lippman

FAY WRAY coaxed her canine family into posing for this picture. The mother dog didn't like the idea at all! She's heard too much talk among movie people about kidnaping threats and the advisability of protecting one's children from publicity. But Fay reassured her. On the lot Miss Wray is hard at work now in Columbia's "Black Moon"

Avoid that "HAIRPINNED LOOK" with

Blend-Rite COIFFURE PINS

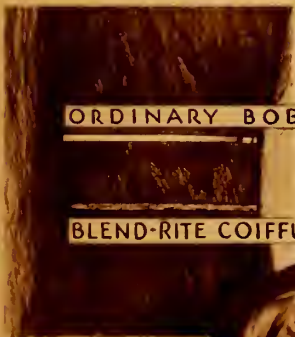
...they blend with the hair...

An amazing new "textured finish" makes Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins an unseen part of your hairdress. Illustrations below show how conspicuous ordinary, glossy type, bob pins can be and how flawlessly perfect the hairdress appears when Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins are used. Here's the secret...the "textured finish" absorbs rather than reflects the light, eliminating that artificial hairpinned look.

They're a real economy, too. Their greater tensile strength makes them snap back into shape after being used, insuring a tight grip and longer life.

Look for these magically invisible pins at your favorite store... insist on them at your beauty shop. They're in colors to match your hair... black, brown, blonde and gray... and in sizes to meet every hair-dressing need. Curved or straight styles. A trial package will be mailed to you for 10 cents. Specify color desired.

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Ill.



Other STA-RITE beauty aids



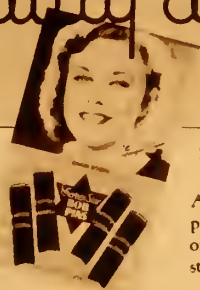
Sta-Rite Ringlet Curl Pins

Dainty little pins for holding curls, ringlets and stray locks of hair.



Sta-Rite Hair Pins

The hair pins with the patented crimp... they won't fall out.



Sta-Rite Screen Star Bob Pins

An attractive photo-miniature of your favorite star on each card.



Ray Jones

KATHERINE DEMILLE'S ingenuous charm of portrayal in her screen rôles has won her a new Paramount contract. It should ease her regrets, if any, in giving up for a time a European trip after she learned that her adoption when a child, by C. B. DeMille, did not make her a citizen of the United States. She is still a native of Canada.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



SO many picture folk are going abroad these days that the order of M.P.G.T. (Motion Picture Globe Trotters) could easily be founded. Some leave for pleasure or a rest; others, to get new ideas.

Darryl Zanuck, to whom I said farewell in New York City the other night, just previous to his sailing for Africa, can't be classed as a vacationist. His mind is too active.

One of the most brilliant men behind the scenes in Hollywood, happily, too, he represents the highest ideals of the film industry.

A NEWSPAPER writer, he tried for some years to break into films, without success. Then he wrote a number of short stories, had them privately printed in book form, and offered them to Warner Brothers. Warners read, liked and produced some of them.

He joined this studio, and in the course of a few years went up to one of the highest executive positions in that organization.

Then Twentieth Century was formed. Zanuck went over to the new studio as Vice-President in charge of production.

From the first he was a success. He has engaged for productions such famous players as George Arliss, Constance Bennett, Ronald Colman, Fredric March. His "The House of Rothschild" is an international sensation—one of the few really great pictures ever produced.

AS we shook hands, he said to me, "Do you know, I think you and I have much in common. Just a month or two ago in PHOTOPLAY you said editorially that sex pictures have brought only momentary, never permanent, success. I heartily agree with you. My experience has been the same. I will not make an indecent picture.

"If in a year I can make only three pictures that will satisfy my standards, then I will make only those three and no more."

It is a pleasure to meet Mr. Zanuck. A rather slight-built man, he might seem not at all unusual at first glance, but an earnestness, an enthusiasm, a vital force encompasses him as he talks.

Blond, only thirty-two years old, he seems almost boyish, until the rare and brilliant qualities of his mind begin to reveal themselves.

It is almost a religion, I discovered, his devotion to picture-making, which, though I do not recall his saying so, he evidently considers as one of the finest of the arts. He obviously believes in films as a great, uplifting, civilizing force. That is indicated by the splendid character of his work.

And I am sure that—with such ideals as he possesses—he is right.

LITTLE Shirley Temple will get along. The irresistible little blonde fell in love with a dainty frock she wore in "Baby Take A Bow."

"Just as soon as the picture's over," Producer Sol Wurtzel promised her, "you can have it for keeps."

Said Shirley, and with good sense, "Well, now that it's mine, I don't think I'd better wear it any more, because I'll soil it."

The hooked Mr. Wurtzel had to promise her a duplicate dress when the picture was finished.

And Shirley can have the soiled one, too.

THE final curtain for that lovable playboy of the West Coast—Lew Cody. What a gay, irresistible, irresponsible fellow he was up to the last! For nineteen years he had faced the camera—playing any rôle assigned him with a nonchalant dexterity that maintained him as a favorite.

Even the part of villain, which he so often played, could never undermine his popularity. In his heyday, girls sighed for real life villains *just like him*.

I wonder if he surprised himself as much as he did his friends. There was, for example, his totally unexpected marriage to petite, generous-hearted, tragic Mabel Normand. His previous attempt at marriage with Dorothy Dalton had ended in divorce.

CONTRARY to the expectations of those who did not really know Lew, his second marriage was not a failure.

Lew was gentle, and there was much to love in little madcap Mabel. And that he was generous, too, was proved when she died after a long and brave struggle against illness. When it was suggested to Lew that her estate should be put through court procedure, he remarked, "Courts, we need no courts for this," and turned over the inheritance to Mabel's mother, keeping not a penny of it for himself.

Lew's passing removes another of the few remaining ties that bind the old days of motion pictures to the new. What faults he may have had were far outweighed by his genuinely human kindness.

Perhaps the world would be better if there were more like him.

WILL ROGERS both shocked and delighted attaches of a Hollywood hospital by nimbly vaulting—for no other reason than to get to the other side—the bed wherein lay the convalescing Mrs. Will Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers recovered in spite of it all.

An aftermath came when the hospital comptroller presented Will with the bill. Will did handsprings this time in a temperamental fuss over the size of it.

"I didn't want to buy the hospital," he stormed.

The comptroller finally cut the bill smack in half. No sooner had he done so than Rogers chuckled, sat down and made out a check for the original bill in full.

"I just wanted to see if I had any ability as an emotional actor," Will explained.

EVERY Thursday of his life, Warner Baxter has lunch with one certain beautiful woman. His mother. It's a standing date and nothing is allowed to interfere with it.

If he's working, his mother lunches with him at the studio. If he's between pictures, they lunch at home. And every night of his life, whether he's at home or away, Warner phones his mother before her bedtime.

No wonder she thinks her boy the best in the world.

The Woman Who Found Charlie Chaplin



The former Amy Minister, who told Al Reeves (right) about young Chaplin's talent. Reeves brought him to America. Today Amy is — can't you guess?



Amy Minister called him "marvelous" when he was a boy trouper

By
Charles
Darnton



Charlie Chaplin as we know him. When he became famous in films he cabled his old manager, Reeves, to come to Hollywood with him

NATURALLY enough, there's a woman in this hitherto untold story of Charlie Chaplin. A woman who saw and understood. A woman out of whose discernment and intuition was wrought the romance of fame. A woman who was quick to recognize genius. A woman to whom all the world is indebted for the greatest comedian of them all.

No doubt you never have heard of Amy Minister. Nor had I until a sunny little Englishman, no bigger than Chaplin himself, spoke her quaintly charming old-world name. Yet, in her hey-day, Amy Minister played up and down England and America as the adored soubrette of Fred Karno's beloved troupe.

I have the tale of two countries from Alfred Reeves, who became Charlie Chaplin's manager in 1910 and still holds that enviable post.

It goes back to that day in London, to which Reeves had returned in quest of new talent for a group of the Karno players he had taken to America, when Amy Minister helpfully suggested:

"Al, there's a clever boy in the Karno troupe at the Holloway Empire. His name's Charlie Chaplin. He's a wonderful kid and a marvelous actor."

"I'll have to look at him," decided Reeves.

You see, Amy's word went a long way with Al.

So, climbing to the top of a bus, he swayed and rumbled through the fog to North London. There, swinging down at Holloway, he pushed through the doors of the murky Empire,



Chaplin photographs on a poster used by Karno's American company. Miss Minister is at the top, then Reeves, then Charlie. He is also at bottom (middle)

errand boy forever reading Wild West blood-and-thunder thrillers," he recalled.

"And what was the first thing you heard him say?"

"You'll hardly believe it," he grinned, "but just as I popped in he was putting great dramatic fire into the good old speech, 'Another shot rang out, and another redskin bit the dust!'"

"How was he dressed?" Somehow, I never can imagine Charlie Chaplin in anything but the inspired outfit which has become part and parcel of him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

\$10,000 in Prizes for "Anthony Adverse"

Cast Selections

WANT to be a casting director and share \$10,000.00 in prizes?

PHOTOPLAY Magazine, in conjunction with Warner Bros. Pictures, which company will produce "Anthony Adverse" for the screen, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of Hervey Allen's great novel, offers you the opportunity to take part in THE MOST VITALLY SIGNIFICANT CONTEST EVER CONDUCTED BY A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MOTION PICTURES!

You may win one of five Ford motor cars, a Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00, one of various cash awards amounting to \$1,000.00, an airplane trip to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with your expenses paid by United Air Lines and a week's guest privilege at the Drake Hotel, or any of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN PRIZES with a TOTAL CASH VALUE OF \$10,000.00!

All for the thrill of HELPING TO NAME THE CAST FOR HERVEY ALLEN'S MASTERFUL STORY, "ANTHONY ADVERSE," READ BY MORE THAN TWO MILLION! PEOPLE IN A YEAR.

Postal Telegraph's far-flung facilities will make available to persons everywhere, ballots similar to the one appearing in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and which will also appear in the September and October issues. Warner Brothers Theaters and Farrar & Rinehart will also distribute these ballots, as will the Ford Motor Company factories and agencies, the manufacturers of the various other articles offered as prizes, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen, himself, has listed the twelve most important characters in this book, for the screen play. Fill in your ballot with your selection of actors and actresses best fitted to play each part, in accordance with the rules accompanying this announcement. Also fill the blank Postal telegram space with a fifty-word explanation of why you think a particular star should play the monumental rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

For your convenience, a synopsis of the book is offered in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and this synopsis will also appear in the September and October issues.

On page 82, you will find a list of players under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players of other companies for this production. The availability of these other players depends upon their contracts and production schedules.

All ballots must be in by midnight, September 15, when the contest closes.

Full instructions about mailing them to PHOTOPLAY's New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the production by Warner Bros. Pictures, and on the strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title rôle. Neatness also will be taken into consideration by the judges.

Everyone who goes to the movies has said, at some time, "I wish I could see a picture cast as I think it should be done." Well, no one could ask for a better chance than this.

So get set, all you prospective casting directors, and show what you can do in the way of helping to assemble players for the most ambitious motion picture production in history.

And those prizes—ah, a few more words about those prizes!

The Ford V-8 motor cars—five of them—speak for themselves. You can have your pick of any of five swanky models, the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Victoria; Coupe, or the Convertible Cabriolet. Likewise the quality of Tecla Cultured Pearls is known to everybody. Think of a \$700.00 necklace for sending in the sixth best ballot!

Cash is welcome in anybody's pocket these days, and there are fifteen money awards ranging from \$300.00 to \$25.00.

Ten lucky contestants will fly to the Chicago Fair via one of America's finest, fastest and most comfortable air routes—the United Air Lines. They will enjoy the hospitality of the luxurious Drake Hotel, for one week. This great hotel is beautifully located on Lake Michigan. The Century of Progress is more extensive, more elaborate, more thrilling this year than last. What more need be said?

Six gowns designed for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures by Orry Kelly, that company's renowned stylist, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of New York and Hollywood, make most attractive prizes. Orry Kelly is one of the geniuses of the Movie Capital who sets the fashions for smart women everywhere today. These are the same type frocks designed for new productions and for the private wardrobes of some of the loveliest and best-dressed women in pictures. Winners may select gowns such as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, who will be seen in "Hey, Sailor," or Margaret Lindsay, whom you will find delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And what woman doesn't delight in an abundance of fine silk stockings? Women also know the superior quality of Mojud Clari-phone hosiery. Each of twenty prize winners will be supplied with forty pairs for a whole year's wardrobe—all the very latest shades.

Women will be intrigued, too, by the offer of one hundred Day-Night Pre-Vue mirrors, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases. They actually preview make-up. Two-faced and purse-sized, Pre-Vue's electric blue side reveals just how make-up applied under artificial lighting will look in the glare of the sun. The amber-gold face foretells the appearance of daylight make-up when milady is viewed under electric lights. Thrilling, eh?

And so we offer you, the SUPREME MOVIE CONTEST OF ALL TIME!

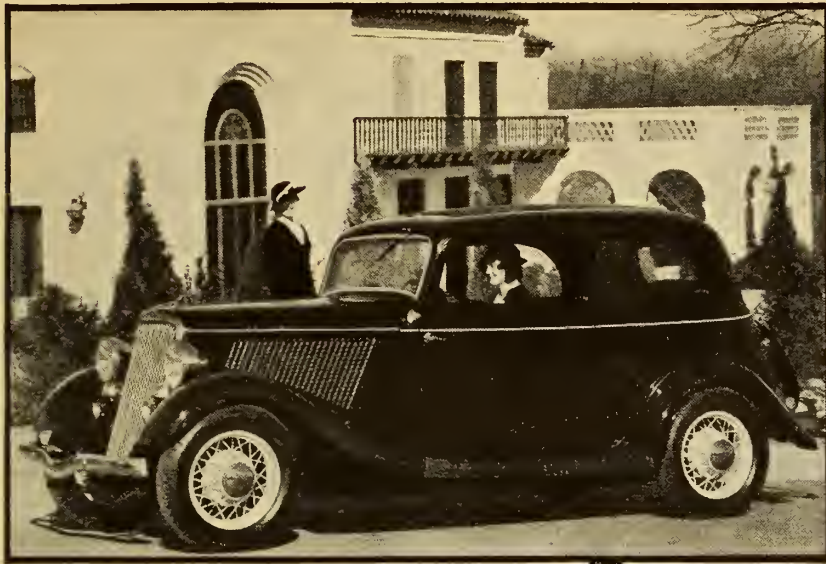
Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 31

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at

Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 30]



The first five prize winners will receive a Ford V-8 motor car, and may choose between this Victoria or four other swanky models: the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Coupe (three windows), or the Convertible Cabriolet. They're all grand!

Sixth award, and what could be lovelier? This \$700.00 Tecla pearl necklace, with genuine diamond clasp, is made of real pearls "cultured" in the oyster



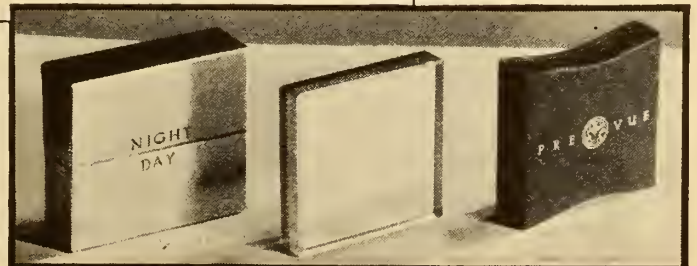
Girls! You Can Win A Year's Supply Of Fine Silk Stockings!

As many as forty pairs of flawlessly beautiful Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings will make each of twenty women happy when PHOTOPLAY Magazine's "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest ballots are counted. Mojud Clari-phanes are knitted of highest grade silk by a new process which eliminates all rings, streaks or shadows. Their "Screen-lite" shades are styled and sponsored by Orry-Kelly, celebrated style designer for Warner Bros. Pictures. To insure prize winners receiving up-to-the-minute shades each season through the year, they will have the privilege of ordering their stockings at any time over that period, the total quantity not to exceed forty pairs for each.

Off to the Fair at three miles a minute! Ten winners of "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest prizes will go to Chicago free, on United Air Lines planes such as this, for A Century of Progress

Orry Kelly, Warner stylist, designed this charming gown worn by Bette Davis. Six gowns of this type, designed by Orry Kelly and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., are the 20th to 25th prizes in this great contest

100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, like this one with its smart case, will enable winners to make up properly for artificial light or sun. It has amber and blue faces



followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steel-blue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, ascetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna.

Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges, through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a

child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissaint Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes much of the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first real tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

Rules of the \$10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First five prizes—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00.

Seventh prize—\$300.00 in cash.

Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—\$200.00 in cash.

19th prize—\$125.00 in cash.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Orry Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—\$75.00 in cash.

27th prize—\$50.00 in cash.

28th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

48th to 57th prizes—\$25.00 in cash to each.

58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

2. In three issues (August, September and October) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the cast box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve rôles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title rôle. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for must be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Addresses of the Stars," which appears in this issue on page 82, and which will appear in the September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY. Under this heading you will find the contract players at the Warner-First National Studios. Contestants are at liberty to suggest actors and actresses under contract to other companies, or free-lance players. The availability of such players for "Anthony Adverse," of course, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of PHOTOPLAY will be duplicated in the September and October issues. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any

Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to PHOTOPLAY Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanies this announcement of the contest and will be published in the September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Contestants may refer to this synopsis at their convenience in suggesting casts for the picture production.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, John Farrar. Also, W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this committee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

It is at this time he again sees Florence Udney, of the brown-golden hair and deep gray eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

Napoleon and the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables

All America
Cables

Hlackay Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

ANTHONY ADVERSE BALLOT

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning September, 1934. WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"? A cast must be selected by September. The task of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make this truly history-making picture, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY Magazine in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse" a truly representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has agreed to the use of this special ballot which may be filled out and left at any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MUST BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any one of these issues of PHOTOPLAY before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of prizes.

----- CLIP ON LINE -----

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

ANTHONY ADVERSE	1	NELETA	7
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	2	G. J. OUVRARD	8
CARLO CIBO	3	SENIORITA DOLORES	9
BROTHER FRANCOIS	4	JOHN BONNYFEATHER	10
ANGELA GUESSIPPI	5	FAITH PALEOLOGUS	11
VINCENT NOLTE	6	DON LUIS	12

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of *Anthony*

Name _____ Address _____

PRIZES: One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1934-Model Ford Automobiles (winners may select any of five stock models). Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollar Tecla Cultured Pearl Necklace. Six gowns designed for winners by Orry Kelly of Hollywood. Twenty prizes of Mojud Clari-phane stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (40 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Pre-Vue Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handmade leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING

Hollywood Goes Communist

By Rose Rogers
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

A nightmare of a Soviet regime in the studios: Prop boys call producers "comrade," and the red stars have got the blues

DON'T wave the Red flag in Hollywood! When Hollywood sees red it gets the blues. The City of Cinema was jerked out of the red by President Roosevelt, but remembers well enough to recognize its favorite unpopular color! It's a long way from Moscow to Hollywood—but just suppose somebody had a big, bad dream—suppose Hollywood were turned "bottoms up" and the scarlet banner of the Reds waved its

sinister folds over the studios. What would happen if the cinema celebrities were leveled to "Comrades"? If the Brown Derby doled out food rations to star and extra, prop boy and producer alike? If Dietrich's gorgeous gowns melted to a drab uniform—if Pickfair turned into a Government barracks?

It might have been like this:—

Greta Garboski stood at the end of the long line reaching to the Brown Derby. She had been waiting hours to exchange her food tickets for rations of herring and beans.

She arrived late because it was a long hike from her Santa Monica home, even though she liked walking and started at six A.M. No one was privileged to ride in automobiles except the Communist Government officials. There were no privately owned cars. All the ornate automobiles of Hollywood had been converted into tractors, which the Japanese farmers wondered how to use. . . .

"Ah there, Comrade Garboski," greeted the man in front of her—a magazine writer called Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch. "How goes the housing situation out your way?"

The great Garboski eyes reproached him for bringing that one up. "Ach, three new reporters moofed in yesterday," she answered with a mournful wail. Then, remembering where she was, she glanced fearfully about her.



Lupe Velezski rumbaed on the red-hot stove, while the others danced around, happily agreed to have French fries on Wednesday

Thinking of the common good, they turned all the stars' cars into tractors, which the Japanese farmers wondered how to use

Was that man lurking nearby a spy, perhaps, who would run to report the slightest criticism of the New Regime to Dictator Stalin-von-Sternberg?

Greta forced a joyous smile. "Ach, it is vunderful, how they haf allotted fifteen square feet of space to effery person to lif in. I am no more lonesome. My beeg house resounds with the noises of mooch people . . . but I am so happy today because it comes my turn to use the community bath-tub . . . only," she leaned over and whispered in a stricken voice, keeping a wary eye on the spy in the doorway, ". . . only I haf no soap!"

The chivalrous Comrade Ivanovitch gave her a look of deep, understanding sympathy. Then torn with conflicting emotions, he plunged a desperate hand into his pocket. Before he could recover his emotional balance and change his mind, he had smuggled a sliver of the forbidden commodity into the pocket of her shapeless blue denim uniform.

"How can I ever t'ank you, Comrade," murmured Garboski, in low thrilling tones, giving him the full battery of the mysterious eyes.

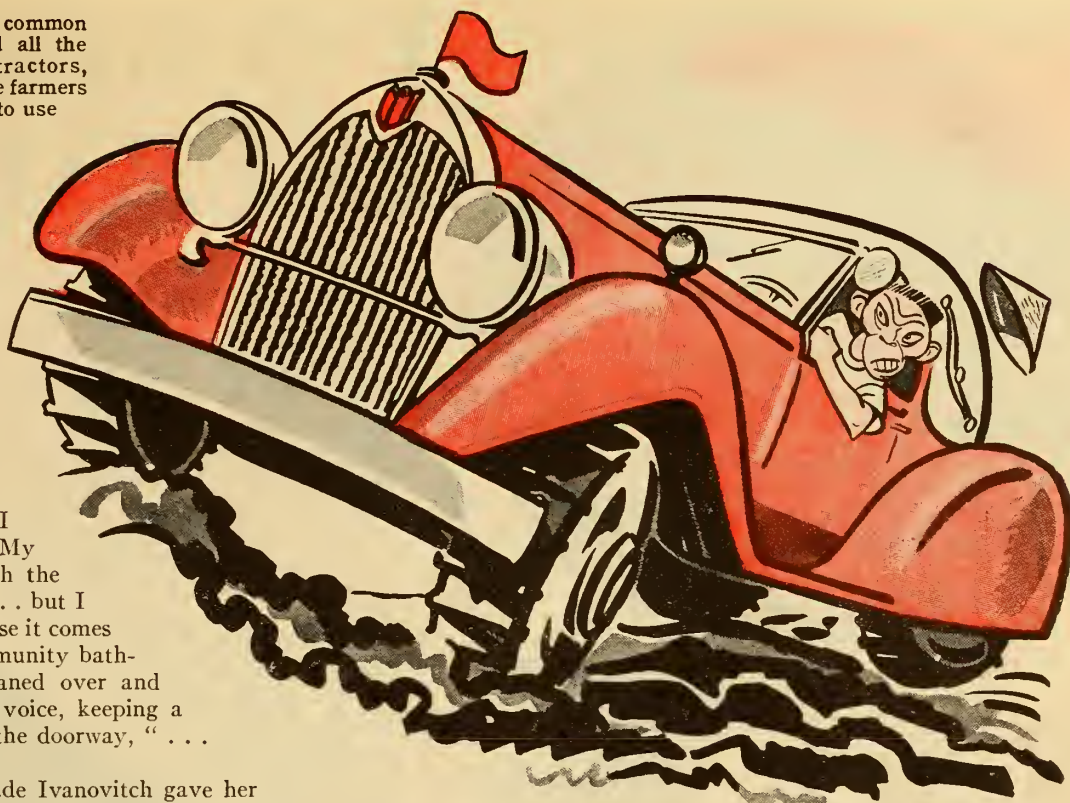
"Oh, that's okay," answered Ivanovitch, with cleverly assumed casualness. "You might come up and see me some-time when you have an exclusive Garboski story. Just ask for me

at Comrade Hepburnov's house. I'm living in her attic."

Greta warmly smiled her consent, and Comrade Ivanovitch knew she would not forget his great sacrifice. It was his last piece of soap, and he knew there would never be another. Soap led the list of forbidden luxuries in the Communist Regime. Soap inspired men to shave off their beards—and if they didn't have beards, how could they look like Communists?

Just then a small, dark-haired woman dashed by. Her denim uniform fitted smartly around the hips, which she swung defiantly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



The reporter saw Greta Garboski at the end of the long line. She had been waiting for hours, to exchange her food tickets for her ration of beans and herring

13 Irresistible WOMEN



Greta Garbo

BARON George Hoyningen-Huené has fearlessly spoken his mind on the most beautiful women in Hollywood, and his word is widely accepted as final. Small wonder, then, there's such a flutter in the scented boudoirs of the picture colony—from triumphant joy in thirteen or fourteen cases, and anguished disappointment in countless others.

The Baron, whose artistry with the camera has brought him great renown, came to the movie capital to pick exactly thirteen supreme beauties. He got stumped in one instance, however; named fourteen stars in all and compromised by saying that two of these are, in fact, one and the same type.

In other ways, too, the Baron's beauty listing is unconventional—which makes it all the more exciting.

Greta Garbo's name leads all the rest.



Dolores Del Rio



Marlene Dietrich



Gloria Swanson



Anna Sten



Loretta Young

But Garbo, he says, is beyond any classification, or, rather, she is beyond comparison. She is *the* most beautiful woman, so much so that she stands alone.

Likewise he includes Katharine Hepburn, but does not classify her, other than to say she is at the other extreme. She is not beautiful, but the greatest actress, the most vital personality.

These two, he explains, form a "frame" for the other lovely actresses he has chosen—a classified, numbered group, headed by Dolores Del Rio.

But before we go into that, let us consider this Baron Huené himself. What qualifies him to speak with such authority that all of Hollywood is set a quiver?



Baron Huené slips a joker into his pack of leading Hollywood beauties. Two of his fourteen are so alike they count as one

By Ruth Rankin



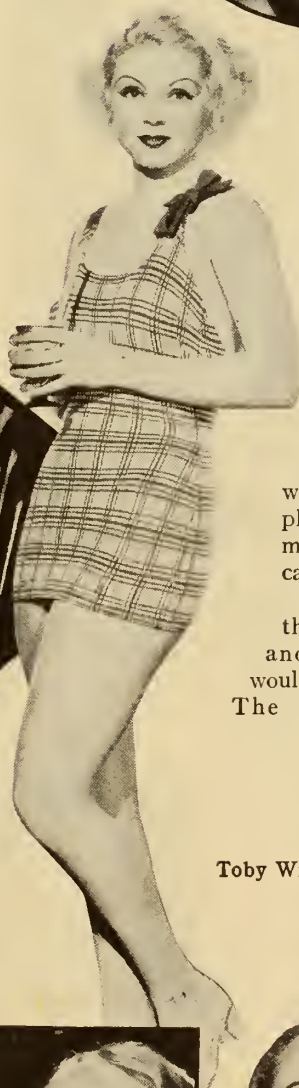
Katharine Hepburn

Lyceum in old St. Petersburg, and in Berlin. Now a French citizen, he retains the title of a Baltic Baron, and recalls to mind every definition of the word "gentleman" you have ever heard: from Nietzsche's "one who never takes advantage of a situation," to the one which says "a gentleman is he who is never *unintentionally* rude."

When he arrived in Hollywood it was with a slight hope of photographing the stars as nature made them, but he explains whimsically:

"They insist on appearing with all their eyelashes, nails, coiffures, feathers and accoutrements. So . . . what would you?"

The Baron [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Baron Huené photographing Jean Harlow

Toby Wing



Adrienne Ames

Well, he has photographed the most charming women in society, sports, motion pictures and the theater, over the entire earth. His *atelier* is in Paris. This is his first journey to Hollywood.

The Baron's personality in itself, aside from his art, is enough to set the ladies on edge. A gentleman of surpassing charm and a way of saying the most gloriously and devastatingly revealing things about faces and figures—with words as well as with camera.

Then there is the little matter of his title. You know how Hollywood is about a title — prone and prostrate. He is tall and fair, under forty, with manner and distinction, educated in the Imperial



Jean Parker



Miriam Hopkins

Grace Moore



Carole Lombard

CAL YORK Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*



Hollywood's conception of Cleopatra and Caesar in 1917. The buxom, curly-haired *Cleo* is Theda Bara. Fritz Leiber, noted Shakespearean actor, is the Roman. Claudette Colbert and Warren William appear in these rôles in the 1934 "Cleopatra"



There are sign-your-name hounds in England, too. When George Arliss arrived at Waterloo Station in London, he was mobbed by autograph seekers. It's rumored that the actor will be knighted, returning to Hollywood as *Sir George Arliss*

IF there is anything between Joan Crawford and Francis Lederer, it certainly hasn't perturbed Franchot Tone or caused any definite rift in his protracted romance with Joan. Nor does Lederer's girl friend, Steffi Duna, seem upset.

Whispers conjured up a new love for Joan when her reciprocated interest in Lederer became more and more evident. But at a recent preview of her picture, "Sadie McKee," Joan was with Franchot—while Francis sat by himself. Steffi Duna, naturally, was working in the Tingle Tangle show.

However, the fact remains that the friendship between Joan and Francis grows more and more each day. They seem to have an understanding, which is very pleasant for both, especially since Joan's interest in home dramas has taken the form of a theater in her home.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, in England, is revealing *all* about her Hollywood playmates. In one of a series of newspaper articles she claims to have given a good pull at Garbo's



Whatever Carole Lombard has just said, Russ Columbo finds it interesting and pleasant. They were photographed at the Coconut Grove

eyelashes to see if they were real. They didn't come out, she reports. All of which should go far toward perpetuating any friendship between the great Greta and the cut-up Bankhead.

INTO the midst of an animated group on an M-G-M set, busy ribbing a brunette who had suddenly gone blonde overnight, pushed one of those prevalent palsy-walsys that everybody loves like smallpox. "Oh, I *like* your new hair," she burbled. "It makes you look so much cleaner!"

THE recent flop of Gloria Swanson's personal appearance tour can once more, 'tis said, be laid to the door of Gloria's own poor business judgment. It was Gloria, backed up by the powers-that-be in the studio's New York office, who overrode all Irving Thalberg's pleas not to make a personal appearance at this time. Especially after she had been off the screen for so long. However, preparations are

Hollywood Goings-On!



John Barrymore and Clark Gable, heavily armed, go out to shoot skeets (helpless little clay pigeons) in John's private skeet field. Shooting is one of Clark's favorite out-door sports. It must be the gangster rôles in him!



Kay Francis was a bit too slow! She didn't want to do any posing with Chevalier, but the camera caught her just before she could cover her face. They had been to the preview of "Dr. Monica," her latest film. Nonchalant Maurice, who has been so attentive to Kay recently, just grinned and bore it.

going ahead full steam for Gloria's first M-G-M picture, despite reports it was being held up pending settlement of her marital difficulties. And it's hoped a good picture may do a lot toward winning back her popularity.

JACK OAKIE'S mother appeared on the set to visit her son just as the scene called for Jack to kiss a beautiful girl. Mrs. Offield watched her son through the whole amorous scene. "Didn't Jack do that beautifully?" she said when it was over.

THE final pay-off on the Harlow-Rosson split is said to be a little episode concerning a scene Hal was photographing. Rosson announced that the dress she was wearing was not quite complete or something. Jean had to do something about *that*, he said. Jean refused.

THE happiest couple around are beaming Rex Bell and Clara Bow. The event occurs sometime in December, and Rex says, "It is

what we have prayed for." Clara's twelve-year-old nephew, who has been living at Rancho Clarito, but who was never legally adopted, will return to his family in Brooklyn.

THE Arlens had a grand time doing famous restaurants in Paris. They have a trick over there of pouring brandy over a lot of their dishes, and then lighting it. After a few days of this, Dick remarked to Joby, "I wish I could get something to eat that wasn't on fire!"

YOU never know! Ruth Roland, former thriller-serial star, attended a party at Billie Dove's home, and the next day sued her because Billie's dog had bitten her two months before.

MARY PICKFORD emphatically denies she will campaign for a seat in Congress. She says, "I am wholly a child of the theater, and intend to stick to my calling."

And Mary is sticking to her plan to divorce Doug. She has been granted the right to serve notice on Doug by publication.



In the parade at the Screen Actors' Guild Frolic, James Cagney had trouble managing his steed. She was a wise Hollywood mare who probably knew of his socking reputation with ladies and was taking no chances



Dick Powell and Mary Carlisle went to the Guild Frolic together. They sat up in a box where they could see everybody and everything, and then just looked at each other! However, both said the entertainment was excellent

A LOT of subrosa speculation is going around as to just how *La Crawford* and *Le Gable* will hit it off in "Sacred and Profane Love," the picture they have just begun. In "Possessed," they got along together famously. Then entered Franchot Tone, in "Dancing Lady." The situation was a little strained, and Clark, they tell around, almost had to fight for the camera—Joan wanted Franchot to have it. Now Clark and Joan are back together, with no Franchot in between, and you know how Hollywood is—likes to wonder.

IF Thelma Todd despairs of finding nuptial happiness in Hollywood—she has a standing offer from India.

A Hindu potentate recently wrote the blonde charmer that if she came to India, he'd be glad to make her one of his wives. As an added inducement, he said he'd make her his Number One wife!

DESPITE rumors to the contrary, M-G-M is going ahead with preparations for a new Marie Dressler picture which the studio hopes to have under way in a month or two. In fact, Marie has so improved in health she is able to telephone her close friends all over the country. Which is grandly cheering news.

ROMANCE or no romance, of all the pictures of lovely ladies in Chevalier's dressing-room, there is just one that rates a grand big frame and stands in a prominent spot on Maurice's dressing-table. The others are



Ann Harding, lovely and regal in pearl-studded satin, and seated on a throne, was one of the Queens of the Screen Actors' Guild Frolic

merely thumb-tacked to the walls. The lady-of-the-frame is none other than Kay Francis.

IT took just three minutes and two yesses on the part of Virginia Bruce for her to become no longer Mrs. John Gilbert at the trial of their divorce suit.

TOBY WING is wearing a sapphire ring from Carl Laemmle, Jr., but I'm wondering how that rests with none other than

Jackie Coogan, now all grown up and nearly finished with college.

DO you skeet shoot?

It's the latest rage in Hollywood. You pop away at crazy angling targets with shot-guns—a complicated, baffling form of trap-shooting. About the most elaborate skeet set-up so far is that of John Barrymore, at his Beverly Hills estate.

Other "skeeters" are Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, Victor Fleming, Ralph Forbes, and none other than Connie Bennett.

ZASU PITTS is still thrilled and excited when introduced to a movie star.

"I get so fluttery inside, I nearly die," she says.

Came the day someone brought Mae West over to meet her. Mae stepped forward and ZaSu stepped back—and fell down on entire flight of stairs before Mae's astonished eyes. "Oh dear," ZaSu said, gathering herself up, "please don't mind me. I always do something like this. How do you do? I'm awfully glad to know you."

IT would seem that Janet Gaynor's last picture, "Change of Heart," was more than a title—it was a prediction. Janet and Charlie Farrell split just after the widely hailed screen reunion had taken place. Charlie dashed off to Europe after the picture was finished, leaving Janet without a partner, and Janet must make pictures. So, Lew Ayres, long considered



Photos by Phillips

the ideal successor to Charlie, gets the job. He and Janet were deemed a perfect couple in "State Fair."

APPARENTLY tempestuous Richard Bennett and daughter Joan don't strike such violent sparks when they meet as do father and daughter Connie, because Richard and Joan have announced they will appear together in a picture. And, it is also announced, this is the first time they have been together in a film.

Enjoying some high-up entertainment at the Frolic are Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, (Fred with glasses) and Ralph Bellamy. Since all celebrities were there, it may be the man on the flying trapeze they see

George Barnes, escorting royalty to the Guild Frolic, stays close to the throne. Mrs. Barnes (Joan Blondell) was another of the queens who ruled during the three day Hollywood fiesta. Incidentally, George and Joan expect a blessed event very shortly

THE choice of Herbert Marshall as Garbo's leading man in "The Painted Veil," her next, stamps this tall, suave Englishman as the highest ranking leading man in Hollywood. All the biggest feminine stars have been clamoring for him—but the Garbo lead is the accolade.

VERREE TEASDALE and Adolphe Menjou were strolling past a haberdasher's shop when Menjou was stopped by a pair of electrifying golf stockings.

"But you must have fifty pairs, now," protested Verree.

"I know, but it's the psychology of the thing. You wear a different and louder pair every day and dazzle your opponent until he can't keep his mind on his next shot!"

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN, who has been directing and motoring with Garbo, is getting to be the highest powered escort in Hollywood.

And when Mamoulian chooses his ladies, he chooses them from the top of the pile—and no mistake.

Boulevard gossips have noticed Rouben and Marlene Dietrich dining together no less than thrice during the past month. And coming right after the rumors that Marlene and Josef Von Sternberg had had another tiff.

If Garbo is hurt about it all, there is no way of learning.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Miriam Hopkins was one of five Queens of the Frolic. McLaglen was Colonel of the Queens' Military Escort. Queen Miriam is offering Victor something, but he isn't sure he should accept, for Victor suspects her royal highness is trying to bribe him

A Star Who Won't Forget Her Friends



“YOU meet the same people on the way down that you meet on the way up.”

It's an age-old warning, recited by many, but heeded by few in Hollywood, where sudden success is heady wine. However, when Ann Sothern says it, it's much more than a proverb—it's a creed.

Because Ann has been up—and down again. And now she's up again—way up above where she ever dreamed she would be when she ran away from the town that had tried to break her heart, and almost succeeded.

She's up because she's a very talented young lady, of course—and because she had friends. Not all big, influential friends, but good, true friends, who believed in her and boosted her along when she needed boosting.

Some she met on the way down—and some she met on the way up. But to her every one is as precious and as important as the friends she is making today—as a successful, impor-

tant, sought-after star. And Ann can't and won't forget them. They're her high hat insurance. It isn't an easy matter for a girl just past her twenty-year mark to dip deeply into the Hollywood punch bowl for a sudden swig of intoxicating acclaim and adulation—and keep a pretty blonde head in perfect balance. Especially as Ann did—on an empty stomach, as it were.

Shining brightly, high in the movie firmament now, Ann Sothern cherishes those who befriended her in her pre-stardom days. For this girl, who knows the heart-break of short-lived success, wisely realizes that if she goes down a second time, she wants to meet a few true friends on the way

Last September, Ann Sothern didn't even exist.

There was a Harriette Lake—a nice little silver-voiced ingénue who had been mildly successful on the stage. Mildly important to the local yokels of New York's Broadway. Much more important to them and to herself than she had ever been to Hollywood, because to Hollywood (yes, it had seen her, it had known her, but it hadn't cared how it treated her) Harriette Lake was just another ambitious kid with dreams, who faded out of the picture easily enough. And just as well, too.

By Kirtley Baskette

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



William A. Fraker

A YOUNG, impressionable poet at Columbia studios took one look at this picture, sighed deeply, and poured this from his very soul: "Smouldering fire, the fascination of an exotic siren, are blended in this languorous, bejeweled beauty." But, would you recognize her as Ann Southern of "Melody in Spring"? 'Tis she, and in "The Hell Cat"



The Charmer
Who Enslaved
A King





DOLORES DEL RIO is more alluring than ever in the rôle of *Madame Du Barry*, as you can see from this preview of the Warner Brothers picture by that name. A dazzling courtesan who toyed with a King of France and his whole court, she paid for her pleasure and position at the guillotine. Reginald Owen is the voluptuary *Louis XV*. Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Henry O'Neill, Maynard Holmes and Verree Teasdale are but a few in the cast





IN this scene from the RKO-Radio picture, "The Family Man," little Edith Fellows could be asking Richard Dix if it's true that he's going far, far away from it all? To Australia? On a rusty, old freighter? To write his memoirs? And on around the world? And then to settle down? And no more pictures? Any day now, is what Dick will say

Why Women Are Crazy About John Boles

Girls simply swoon at the virility and charm of this happy, healthy singing man

By Ruth Rankin

HE walks in the Fox Café de Paris and all the girls swoon. I don't mean swoon like a Victorian heroine. There's only one John Boles and he couldn't catch all of them. I mean, their wrists get limp and that languid far-away look glazes their eyes. The French have a word for it—*distract*. Meaning the mind is wandering, and frequently the eye, when John is three tables away.

John Boles is one of the few players in Hollywood who has five distinct audiences—not

counting the men. Sweet old ladies of sixty send him knitted mufflers and hooked rugs, and are solicitous after his health. He represents the Universal Son, to them. Yearning ladies of forty-five wish their husbands were more—well, they write to John about it.

Then the hopeful thirties are sure John could solve their problem, and the precious débutantes would like to cooperate—in case he needs any cooperation. And there are flocks of charming ten-year-olds who want to be "his little girl."

It's extraordinary, but men like him, too. They like his complete masculinity, which doesn't have to be emphasized by a sock to the leading lady's jaw. They like his voice. As long as their wives and sweethearts are exposed to him from the screen only. If he were turned loose in a drawing-room with them, it might be another story—

He would convince every woman in the place that she was his Big Moment, the most exciting experience in his life, while he was talking with her. Earthquakes or Greta Garbo could never tear his enchanted eyes from her face, whether it was sixteen and simpering, or fair, fat and forty. His gray-blue, asking eyes would melt with subdued tenderness, or sparkle with daring challenge, endowing her with some miraculous charm hitherto unsuspected, even by the lady . . . while he said practically nothing, and listened with incomparable appreciation to her talk about herself!



Mrs. Boles and John, shown together here, have been married seventeen years. He's a domesticated Romeo, but that doesn't keep women from falling under the spell of his Irish-French ancestry and Southern background

And all the time (too bad, but you would have to know it sooner or later) he was merely being true to his Irish-French ancestry, with the Southern background! The romance of the Irish, the courtesy of the French and the warmth of the South is about as potent a combination as you could find. The Boles charm is there, just like next Tuesday—equally inevitable and unstudied.

It is one of those things occasionally born with very rare persons—only they seldom rate a voice and a face and acting ability to go with it. When they do, they can't keep it secret from fifty thousand women.

During one of his earliest pictures, when John was as naïve and unsuspecting a young leading man as ever braved Hollywood, two actresses staged a hair-pulling match over him on the set. Seems neither one of the girls could get to first base. But one day he happened to walk over to the restaurant with the ingénue. The next day [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

\$500.00 in Prizes

Movie Fill-in Contest

INTRIGUING, teasing, captivating—you can't resist this contest PHOTOPLAY Magazine presents to its widespread audience of readers. Engrossingly entertaining as the contest is by itself—the fascinating fun of finding the right solutions to a series of "Movie Fill-ins"—PHOTOPLAY Magazine in addition offers \$500.00 in cash prizes to the fortunate contestants.

"Movie Fill-ins" challenge your knowledge of motion pictures. Are you well-informed about the players, their backgrounds and their activities? If so, maybe that's gold in them there gaps for you.

If you missed the first "Fill-in," you'll find it in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. A third and final installment will be printed in the September issue.

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter.

When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballot provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each *single dash* represents a *single letter* and the total number of dashes gives, in each instance, the total number of letters in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the *blank spaces*. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite _____¹_____ _____²_____ in some short comedies called "_____"³_____ _____⁴_____," _____⁵_____ _____⁶_____ is now married to a screen player whose name is _____⁷_____.

CLUES

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel | Harold |
| 2. The first half of the last name of a British war-time Premier | Lloyd (<i>Lloyd-George</i>) |
| 3. A solitary state | Lonesome |
| 4. One of the Apostles | Luke |
| 5. The first two letters mean to exist; the second two letters also, to exist | Bebe |
| 6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name | Daniels |
| 7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den | Lyon |

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as *actual spelling* when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

- Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$125.00
Second Prize.....	75.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Fourth Prize.....	25.00
Ten Prizes of \$10 each.....	100.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$5 each.....	125.00

- In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing will appear in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

- Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—

- Harold
- Lloyd
- Lonesome

- \$500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

- Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Fill-in" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

- Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

- You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the

originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

- 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 may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

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

- The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions should be in by 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

CHATTER

FOR AUGUST

This is the day of the character actor. _____¹_____
 _____²_____ created a sensation in a picture made overseas
 pertaining to the life of a king; also another character actor,
 _____³_____ _____⁴_____, won praise in " _____⁵_____
 _____⁶_____."

We will not forget for a long time _____⁷_____ _____⁸_____,
 singing of " _____⁹_____ _____¹⁰_____ _____¹¹_____ _____¹²_____ " in a fairly recent
 picture; and while we are on the subject of singing, why doesn't
 a certain producing company utilize the beautiful voice of
 _____¹³_____ _____¹⁴_____? We have waited too long for a single
 which will feature his warbling.

It is our desire to see two lively players of great personality
 on different lots co-star in a comedy. Their union, if the two
 studios got together, would prove to be a fun fest. We have in
 mind _____¹⁵_____ _____¹⁶_____ and _____¹⁷_____ _____¹⁸_____.
 One of her best pictures is " _____¹⁹_____ _____²⁰_____ "

_____²¹_____ _____²²_____ should have more rôles such as
 he played opposite _____²³_____ _____²⁴_____ in
 " _____²⁵_____ _____²⁶_____ " Also we would like to see
 _____²⁷_____ _____²⁸_____ and _____²⁹_____ _____³⁰_____.
 together again in another " _____³¹_____ _____³²_____ _____³³_____ "

_____³⁴_____ _____³⁵_____ was one of the highest priced American
 dancers who ever hoofed it for European audiences. Once he
 shared top billing with _____³⁶_____.
 Poor _____³⁷_____ _____³⁸_____ has a _____³⁹_____ voice and once
 it was said that he would never make a go of it in the talkies.
 But he stuck it out and is now doing very well.

Here are two hard nuts to crack: the heavy in _____⁴⁰_____
 _____⁴¹_____ 's picture " _____⁴²_____ _____⁴³_____ _____⁴⁴_____ " is _____⁴⁵_____
 _____⁴⁶_____ and one of the most promising girl players of
 the day is _____⁴⁷_____ _____⁴⁸_____.

CLUES

FOR AUGUST

1. The first name of an English King called the "merry monarch."
2. The first five letters—*audible merriment*, the last three letters—a *measure of weight*.
3. The first name of a Judge of the Supreme Court at Washington.
4. The first six letters—a by-product of a lacteal fluid, the remaining five letters—*having value*.
5. Possessive pronoun.
6. The opposite of strength.
7. The eleventh letter of the alphabet.
8. The first name of a sea going rover of Elizabethan times.
9. Domicile.
10. A preposition, also an adverb meaning *above*.
11. A definite article.
12. A stove.
13. One of the Apostles.
14. Trunk of a tree. Plural.
15. A lifting device.
16. The first three letters—a *species of tree*, the last two letters—an abbreviation meaning *that is*, frequently used in correspondence.
17. The first name of a Filmland divorcee.
18. The first five letters—*having a fair complexion*, the last three letters—an *addition to a building*.
19. Center of things.
20. Recreation ground.
21. To cut short.
22. The last name of a famous revolutionary general killed at the Battle of Quebec.
23. The first three letters—a correlative of *not*; the last two letters—*mother*.
24. One who clips with an instrument.
25. Secluded.
26. More than one life.
27. The first name of another player whose last name is a *river*.
28. The first three letters—to *skip*, the next four letters—*relations*. Plural.
29. A German Emperor called "the Great."
30. A month of the year.
31. From a plan.
32. On account of.
33. Having life.
34. The name of a King of England who did his best to wipe out the thirteen colonies, not once but twice.
35. A rough sea craft.
36. A great Russian actress, once a silent screen star.
37. One of a famous radio team—a Negro act.
38. The first four letters—a prefix meaning *down*, the final four letters—a *climbing plant*.
39. Small stones sometimes mixed with sand.
40. Pronounced the same as a month of the year but spelt differently.
41. One of the points of the compass.
42. A contraction of the personal pronoun *I* and a form of the verb *to be*.
43. Absolute refusal.
44. One who puts up money for a theatrical venture.
45. The hero of the comic opera "H.M.S. Pinafore."
46. The last of the Saxon Kings of England. The heavy has added an E.
47. The first three letters—to *deface*, the last five letters—an *attic*.
48. The first four letters was the last name of a great singer called in her day "The Swedish Nightingale." The last three letters—a verb meaning *to assert*.

August Movie "Fill-in" Contest Solution

1	17	33
2	18	34
3	19	35
4	20	36
5	21	37
6	22	38
7	23	39
8	24	40
9	25	41
10	26	42
11	27	43
12	28	44
13	29	45
14	30	46
15	31	47
16	32	48



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia

THE appreciative musical movie audience is building steadily, and it will find Grace Moore's glorious melodies a welcome departure from the regular run-of-the-mill musicals. She sings a stirring "Carmen," a "Butterfly" that rates cheers, and some lovely lighter things. The recording, clear as a bell, deserves a medal all to itself.

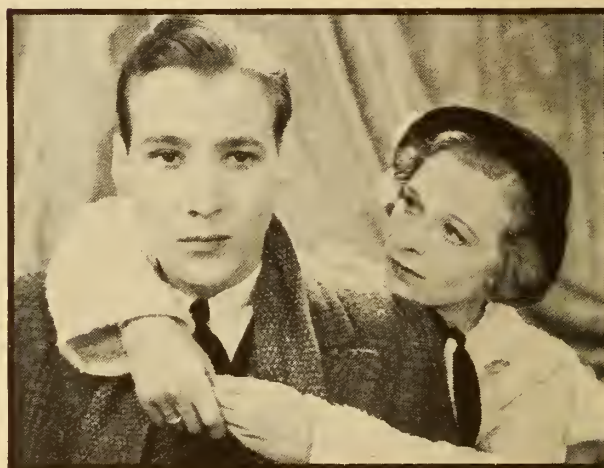
The story, beautifully done with taste and authentic musical feeling and knowledge, concerns an American voice student (Grace Moore) who runs out of money in Italy and is discovered singing in a café by maestro Tullio Carminati, with whom she falls in love.

Lyle Talbot is the anxious suitor, Mona Barrie is the pupil who went off the love standard. If you yearn for some triumphant singing and orchestration, don't miss this!

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Universal

THIS production is another triumph for Margaret Sullavan. As the heartening young wife who carries her husband (Douglass Montgomery) through repeated discouragements, she surpasses the heights of her performance in "Only Yesterday."

Simple and direct, true and human, understandable and elemental in its appeal is this vital document of life, free from any veneer of superficiality or dramatic subterfuge.

Director Frank Borzage achieves his masterpiece in translating Hans Fallada's tender but powerful story of a little man's struggle with life. He has played fair with the author, with his message and characters; he has added only his genius to weave a bold and living tapestry, wherein no color clashes or offends, no thread strays from the clear pattern of the tale.

There is tragedy, there is humor, and beauty in generous measure, replete with the finest screen mountings, an inspiring reality—a wonderful message to a troubled world—summed in the words of *Lammchen* (Margaret Sullavan), "We create life—why be afraid of it?"

Douglass Montgomery fits his rôle as though it were made for him. Alan Hale, Christian Rub and DeWitt Jennings are superb in cameo-cut character classics. All other players, including Muriel Kirkland, Catherine Doucet and Monroe Owsley, are well cast.



★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—
20th Century-United Artists

RONALD COLMAN makes another appearance, after a year's absence from the screen. And what a job he does!

When Loretta Young's family disappears and she meets with blank unrecognition at her hotel, *Bulldog Drummond* leaps, and we mean leaps, into the thick of the mystery. His amateur detecting gets him into some tight spots, but with quick wit and fast talking he always finds a way out.

As *Bulldog* Colman *Drummond's* right hand man, *Algy*, Charles Butterworth provides that precious touch of inefable despair, and on his wedding night, too, with bride Una Merkel constantly disappointed.

The plot is thickened with an Oriental Prince (Warner Oland). The sinister word in a radiogram is the key to all the mystery. See this film.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? THE THIN MAN
 ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
 BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK
 THE LAST GENTLEMAN COCKEYED CAVALIERS
 LET'S TALK IT OVER MURDER AT THE VANITIES
 OPERATOR 13 RETURN OF THE TERROR

The Best Performances of the Month

Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?"
 Douglass Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?"
 Alan Hale in "Little Man, What Now?"
 William Powell in "The Thin Man"
 Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"
 Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"
 Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
 Charles Butterworth in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
 George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman"
 Chester Morris in "Let's Talk It Over"
 Marion Davies in "Operator 13"
 Joe E. Brown in "The Circus Clown"
 Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
 Reginald Owen in "Madame Du Barry"
 Edward G. Robinson in "The Man with Two Faces"
 Edna May Oliver in "Murder on the Blackboard"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



☆ **THE LAST GENTLEMAN**—
20th Century-United Artists

IT is teaching without preaching, this character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir and is forever warring with daughters, Edna May Oliver and Janet Beecher, and rascally son, Donald Meek.

A slice of life so real, the story is extraordinarily common, but the odd manner of presentation—the surprising, electrifying twist to the end, after the main character has died—is a most original angle, and one we'll not spoil in telling.

As the minister, Joseph Cawthorn contributes one of the most hilarious bits ever seen. Charlotte Henry, Frank Albertson, Ralph Morgan and Edward Ellis do good work.

Not much action, but refreshing, wholesome entertainment for all ages.

Clever dialogue and skilful direction.



☆ **THE THIN MAN**—M-G-M

IF you don't like detective stories, are bored with mysteries, and never cared for William Powell as *Philo Vance*—see this film anyhow, and have the time of your life.

The dialogue is a trifle zippy at times, but it's all done so cleverly that you can take grandma and the children along with you.

As the detective who has landed his woman (Myrna Loy) and plans to catch up on his drinking, leaving detecting for more ambitious sleuths, Powell does his best work. But just when his mind is made up, he and his little dog—a grand comedian—fall headlong "into" the case he wouldn't go "on."

And what a baffler it is—for everyone except Powell, who handles each new situation, each clue with delightful nonchalance. Though you are ever on the alert, hoping to prove yourself the better detective, you haven't a chance. Suspense is so well sustained that when the identity of the murderer of Maureen O'Sullivan's inventor father is disclosed, it comes as a complete surprise.

Nat Pendleton is fine as chief of detectives, and Myrna Loy tops all previous performances.

You will be impressed by Director W. S. Van Dyke's keen attention to detail, and by some effective camera shots.

This picture spells entertainment plus—a humdinger!



☆ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey, more hilarious than ever, with an elaborate production to back up their insanities. There is a sprinkling of double *entendres*, but not enough to keep the children at home.

The plot? Does it matter? Locale is Merrie Olde England, with costumes, another big bad wolf song, and "I Want to Dilly-Dally in the Valley with You," a sure hit.

Wheeler is a roving kleptomaniac who steals everything including the *Duke's* carriage. Woolsey impersonates the *King's* physician, and you can imagine from there.

Dorothy Lee becomes a cute boy to escape marriage with the *Duke*, and falls in love with Wheeler. Thelma Todd is gorgeous, and Noah Beery springs a surprise with his elegant bass voice that goes way down to *there*.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



**LET'S
TALK IT
OVER—**
Universal



BECAUSE he makes the gob *Mike McGann* a believable and interesting person, Chester Morris breathes a strong life into the old tale of how a sailor falls for an heiress, shows her the futility of her useless existence, finally makes something of himself and wins her heart. Mae Clarke splendid as the girl. Frank Craven shines, as do Irene Ware, Andy Devine, John Warburton. For both young and old.



**MURDER
AT THE
VANITIES—**
Paramount



MMUSIC and mystery, with two backstage murders, combine to make the opening night of Earl Carroll's elaborate show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, new Danish lead, charms with his vocal offerings. In the major female rôles are the talented Kitty Carlisle and Gertrude Michael. Jack Oakie, stage manager, and hardboiled "dick" Victor McLaglen supply good comedy. Dorothy Stickney fine as the maid.



**OPERATOR
13—**
M-G-M



ASOUTHERN extravaganza, with Civil War background, which is more musical than historical. Marion Davies is attractive either in her natural color or in the octoroon make-up she wears as *Operator 13*, a Northern spy. Gary Cooper, spying for the opposite side, falls for his enemy. Jean Parker top-notch. Katherine Alexander, Ted Healy and Sidney Toler. Four Mills Brothers sing in modern tempo.

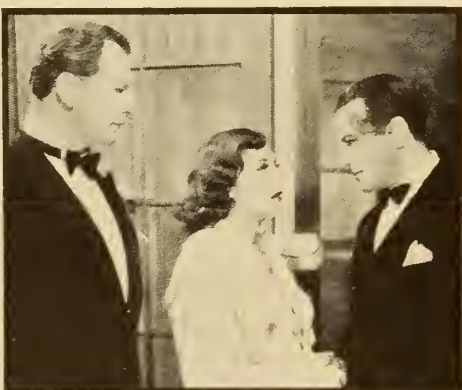


**RETURN
OF THE
TERROR—**
First National



CHILLING mystery, full of suspense. John Halliday, a doctor, is accused of murdering six inmates of a sanitarium for the insane. Evidence piles up, until he finally pleads guilty. But murders continue, with Lyle Talbot, another doctor, injecting more mystery into the plot. Reporter Frank McHugh and detective Robert Emmett O'Connor furnish laughs. Mary Astor has little to do but look lovely.

**MIDNIGHT
ALIBI—**
First National



THERE is a new plot twist to this story in which Richard Barthelmess comes through in fine style as gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster. Escaping from an enemy attack, he blunders into a spinster's home. She tells him of her broken romance, and when he becomes embroiled in a murder case, emerges from her seclusion to aid him. A-1 cast includes Helen Chandler, Helen Lowell.

**CHANGE
OF HEART—**
Fox



GAYNOR-FARRELL devotees, attention! Another pleasing little story which, while rather weak in plot and structure, is quite acceptable as light entertainment. Janet and Charlie, together with Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Dunn, set out after graduation from college for New York, each to carve his own career. Charlie has eyes only for Ginger, but Janet wins out in the end. One for the whole family.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE CIRCUS CLOWN—
First National



COLORFUL comic situations of the Big Top, and a performance by Joe E. Brown that will please his admirers, especially the youngsters, and win him many more. There is something pathetic about this bumpkin who joins the circus, rising from lion cage roustabout to the daring young man on the flying trapeze—flying right into the arms of aerialist Patricia Ellis. Donald Dillaway and Dorothy Burgess fine.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS—
RKO-Radio



LOUIS BROMFIELD'S story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is at times deeply moving and at other times rather dull. Excellent acting by Ann Harding and John Boles in the principal rôles. Capable cast includes Helen Vinson, Molly O'Day, Betty Furness and Wesley Barry. The ending is bitter-sweet, and there are times for tears. Authentic atmosphere and settings.

MADAME DU BARRY—
Warners



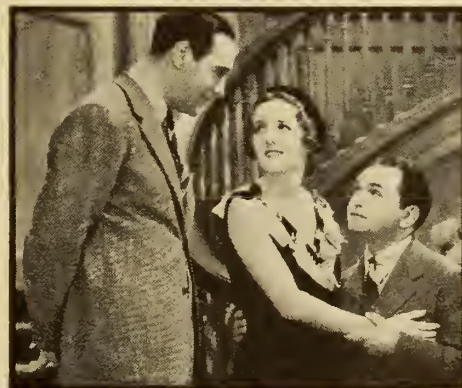
THIS elaborate presentation of *Madame DuBarry's* (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court spells divertimento plus. *King Louis XV*, who caters to his favorite's every whim, however unreasonable, is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. Dolores' beauty is breath-taking. Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Verree Teasdale and Anita Louise enrich the cast. A magnificent spectacle.

THE KEY—
Warners



THIS melodrama of the Sinn Feiners' warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920 fails to be entirely satisfactory because of certain weak spots in the plot. *Captain Tennant* (William Powell), old flame of *Norah Kerr* (Edna Best), upsets in one night the domestic felicity of *Andrew Kerr* (Colin Clive), then redeems himself. William Powell's attitudinizing performance is unconvincing.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES—
First National



SOMETHING new under the movie sun is this version of the play, "Dark Tower." Clear cut character drawing, plus intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make it a decidedly good show. Louis Calhern is a blackguard who keeps wife Mary Astor under a hypnotic spell, wrecking her acting career. Robinson, her brother, succeeds in killing the villain. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, David Landau rate praise.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—
RKO-Radio



WHEN a teacher dies under mysterious circumstances, Inspector Jimmy Gleason and Lieutenant Regis Toomey investigate. But they're so hopelessly dumb that it's up to Edna May Oliver, who is superb in a humorous female *Philo Vance* rôle. Suspects include Bruce Cabot, Gertrude Michael, Tully Marshall. Plenty of action, suspense and chills.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 125]

The VERY HUMAN



If Hollywood at first considered her an "elderly beginner," it now recognizes Helen Hayes as one of its wisest artists. The above scene is from "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

THIS was one time I'm afraid I did most of the talking. Somehow I couldn't quite get myself around to asking the set questions that one is more or less supposed to ask when interviewing a real celebrity.

Maybe it was because Helen Hayes is not only an altogether human person but a really intelligent person. I admire her very real art, her keen wit, her fine mind—and I like her a lot because she is such a great little trouper. There is about as much pretense to her as there is to an old sea captain.

There is no built-up, no ballyhoo: she is as real as rain, and as colorful as a rainbow.

It was six-thirty when I met her back-stage in the Alvin Theater in New York. She was wearing a tailored gray suit and a saucy little black and white straw hat with a turned-up brim. It was matinée day and that afternoon she

The smallest star on the stage, she has given in "Mary of Scotland" a memorable portrayal of the tallest queen in history. That is real art

had starred in the lovely "Mary of Scotland," that Maxwell Anderson had more or less written for her. I'd seen it the night before, and now, when I shook hands on the strangely silent stage, already set for the opening scene, I was astonished that the Helen Hayes, who had made the tragic *Mary* such a commanding and dominating figure, should turn out to be a tiny person, no more than five feet tall and weighing hardly an even hundred pounds. Yet she, the smallest star of the stage, had given a memorable portrayal of the tallest queen in history. And that is real art.



HELEN HAYES

By
Frazier
Hunt

An intelligent woman, to whom flowers blooming in the garden can be the most important thing on earth

"You'll have to pardon my being a little late," she said with disarming frankness. "You see, I'm having a masseuse reduce my hips in preparation for Hollywood." She broke out in a hearty chuckle.

"Where shall we have dinner?" I questioned, when we had reached the sidewalk.

"Anywhere. Right here next door—or we might go to Twenty-One."

"That's Jack and Charley's, isn't it?" I asked. She nodded, and I led the way to a taxi-cab.

We laughed most of the way to Twenty-One. It was over something that her brilliant husband, the playwright and ex-soldier, Charles MacArthur, had said about me. Maybe it wasn't too complimentary, but at least it was funny.

We found a corner seat in the friendly little room on the first floor, and ordered our dinner.



One of the most important events of the past theatrical season was Helen Hayes' performance with Philip Merivale in "Mary of Scotland." The play closed early in June to permit her to return to pictures



Helen Hayes' looks forward now to a year's vacation to be spent with her husband, Charles MacArthur (above) and their little daughter, Mary



Miss Hayes would have one small sherry, a plate of minestrone soup, shad roe, a green salad and coffee. It was easy to tell the waiter that I would have exactly the same. When I tried to be a big spender and suggested dessert, the incomparable Helen compromised with a single cigarette. I had to admit that I was a sissy and no longer smoked.

"Smart girl I," she said, her eyes twinkling. "I'll get to keep the whole package."

We fell to discussing and dissecting mutual friends, and their creative efforts. She was kindly yet critical, and her opinions and observations were extremely intelligent. She seemed to be able to put her finger unerringly on either their weakness or their strength.

"What a glorious writer
[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 105]

Exotic Jean Chooses Six Costumes For Summer Day



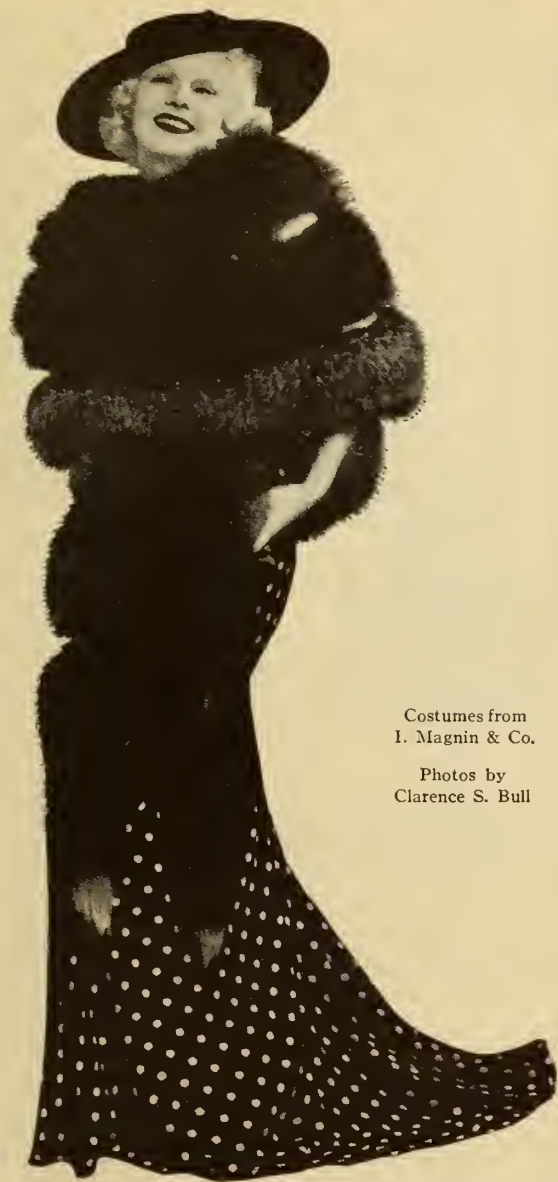
If you have wondered how a famous star starts her day, Jean Harlow gives you the answer. She is up early and into a trim white silk sports dress. No languid reclining in bed—Jean is an energetic person, even as you and I. The most amusing detail of this dress is the blue and white sailor collar worn in reverse fashion like a bib



Lunch at the Assistance League —Jean appears fresh and cool in navy silk suit with crisp accents in white piqué. The jacket is double-breasted, fastened with white bone buttons. The short sleeves with elbow cuffs and the wide reversed collar are smart details. Her brimmed hat is Panama; fabric gloves have flaring perforated cuffs



Off to the studio in a striped corded cotton suit that is suitable for both daytime and sports use in Hollywood. Jean uses the dark cotton blouse as contrast but her accessories are white. The jacket has the new short sleeves, a tie belt and four small but usef 'ockets



Costumes from
I. Magnin & Co.

Photos by
Clarence S. Bull



Dinner time finds Jean dining out, so she wears a black and white polka dotted gown with a slight train. And what furs! Magnificent silver fox for the cape and big muff. A great cartwheel straw hat puts that final touch of formal elegance to this stunning Harlow costume



Jean's a great golf enthusiast and she manages to find time in her busy day for a round or two. This is her favorite golf outfit. There's an English tweed skirt, a mannish sports shirt and a swagger topcoat of white chamois. A white Breton sailor and low heeled white buckskin shoes top it off smartly

And at the end of the day, a glittering Hollywood première with Jean making the audience gasp and cheer as she sweeps into the theater in this beautiful gown. White—her favorite evening shade—in a crepe gown of graceful lines. Both the cape and the long train are trimmed with heavy white fringe. The neckline forms a deeply draped cowl in front, low at back

Hollywood

Mitzi Cummings Sees It All



The Beach Club very nearly lost a crack volley-ball player when Joel McCrea stepped on Mitzi's smouldering cigarette. But Joel's kangarooish leaping saved the day for dear old Yale

THIS dauntless young lady—a sort of a Miss Pepys of the movie colony—takes you around the sets and behind the scenes of the studios, into the homes and the play places of the stars, at a breathless pace.

She knows her Hollywood from one end to the other, knows its people, from the big to the small. And in this, the second of a series of her fascinating, twinkling letters, Miss Cummings tells you about the whole brilliant panorama, in intimate detail.

Dearest Joan:

SUCH fun reading your grand letter. But now, alas, how my heart is aching. A major catastrophe—I have just lost the most enchanting bonnet. And all because I was a dilly-dallier. For several days I turned over in my mind the idea of purchasing a superlative red chapeaux (with impudent daisies on it). The hat had madness, and it had chic—But when I went to buy it, it was gone! (Low moans) Sylvia Sidney now owns the little darling. I imagine it's to go with some one of the new Greer gowns she has been so excited about. She's getting herself an entire new wardrobe all made up at once, which is a



Jean Harlow has worn the same little turban for six years. And did Jean's beauty recipe embarrass Mitzi for a while!

pretty grand way of keeping yourself happy, I'd say.

Well, anyway, as I sat in the store commiserating with myself, all of a sudden I noticed a perfectly stunning coupé stop outside and from it step the beautiful Fay Wray. She had on white slacks, white beret, and three-quarter length white sailor coat with slightly puffed sleeves. She gaily wagged a finger at the milliner and pantomimed that she would be in next week. Then she went into the beauty shop next door.

Now if you are up on your psychology, Joan, you know that there is nothing better for low spirits than a beauty shop. (Unless it's a new hat!) So, with new life in me, I followed Miss Wray's lead and went and got myself a manicure. Things happened. First, Frances Dee

Turned Inside-Out



Anyway, my manicurist's voice brought me back to the present, and she made me rather sad when she told me that one of her customers was on her way over to Edmund Lowe's house. He was giving away all of Lilyan Tashman's clothes to her dearest friends. I think it's pretty touching, don't you? And a very beautiful way of keeping her memory alive. I had seen him lunching at the Vendome a few days previously, and the black band around his sleeve was no more heart-breaking than the look of loneliness in his eyes.

My mind is on "what to do to make yourself beautiful" these days, and even at the expense of appearing ridiculous to you, I must tell you what happened last week. I had read how Jean Harlow (pet, did I or did I not tell you that she's worn the same little turban for six years? She has it copied, you ninny!) puts skin food on her nicely cleaned face and then ducks it several times in a pan of ice and water. So, I hastened to do likewise. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Leslie Howard has fifty-two beagles, each named after a card in the deck, in his hunting pack. His favorite pups are called Six of Clubs and Nine of Diamonds

came leaping in and made a mad dash for the back of the store where the bath and massage department is. "Cute girl," I murmured, whereupon the manicurist got very solemn-voiced and said, "Never was such a darling." Now I don't know the lady, but I do know her husband, Joel McCrea, although it's been many moons since these old eyes have had the pleasure of seeing him in person. Him I'd certainly nominate as a darling, so Frances probably is, too. My mind tottered back to the old days at the Beach Club where Joel, when he was just starting pictures, played volleyball religiously. He cut a pretty sensational figure, too, I might add.

DO you remember George O'Brien, the muscle lad? He was Joel's big sidekick. Well do I remember how once I nearly won the day for the Santa Monica Swimming Club team, the Beach Club's bitter rival. Joel, who was playing for the Beach Club, came over to talk to me. I was in the stands and had just tossed a cigarette in the sand. It seems the thing was not extinguished, and the McCrea would step right on the burning end! How he leaped! Totally kangarooish, really. But then a burnt sole is nothing to be placid about. I was so sorry, and so was he, but fortune being with the Beach Club, Joel did not develop a blister and was able to go into the game and win "for dear old Yale." There may be a moral to this, but it's rather vague, so we'll let it go.

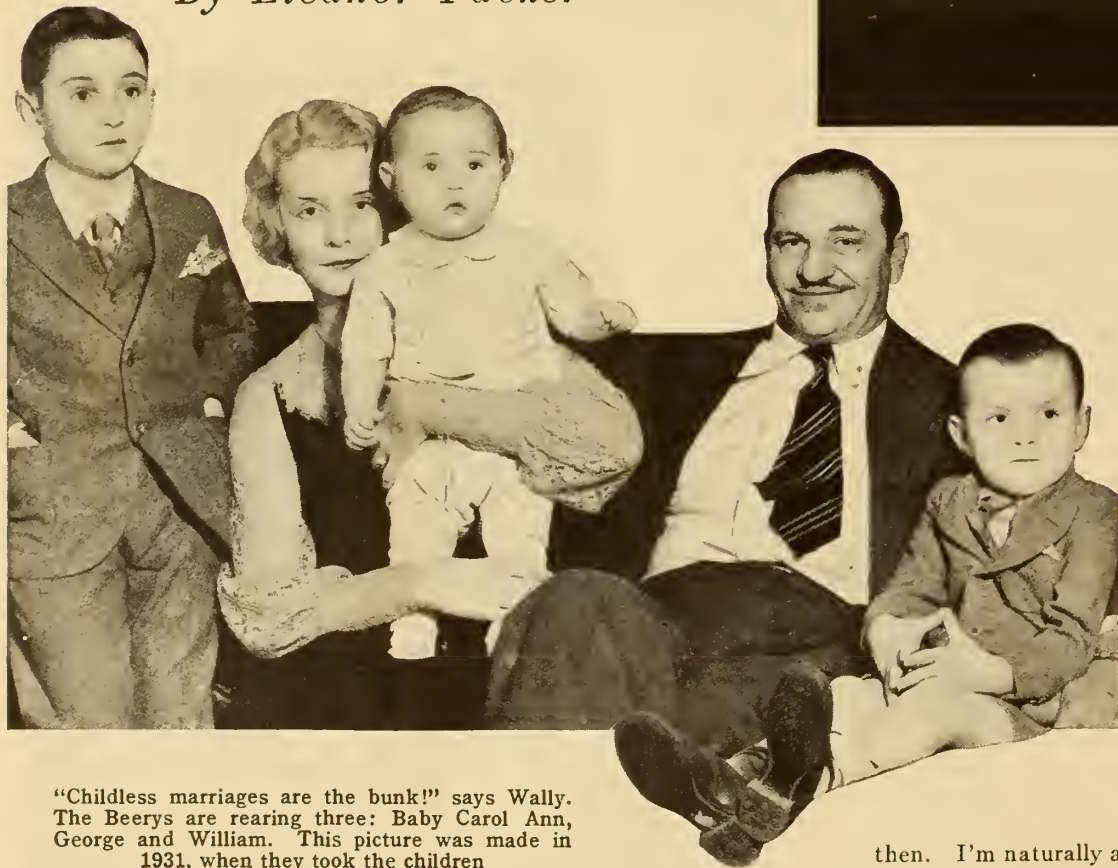
Lew Ayers impresses Mitzi ever so much, at work on his composing. Lew has had his symphony broadcast "all over," and is taking his music very seriously



Wally Beery *Debunks* Matrimony

Plenty of money, a fine house and freedom don't make a marriage happy, according to Mr. Beery

By Eleanor Packer



"Childless marriages are the bunk!" says Wally. The Beerys are rearing three: Baby Carol Ann, George and William. This picture was made in 1931, when they took the children

Beery back from the hospital, and Wally determined that there shall be many happy years ahead of them.

"The first rule is an easy one," he fairly shouted. "If you can't have a child of your own, go out and get one.

"Just ask Rita (Rita is Mrs. Beery) what a change Carol Ann has made in our house. We were happy before she arrived, but we're twice as happy since

then. I'm naturally a selfish sort of person. I want what I want when I want it, and in the way I want it. But, since we adopted Carol Ann a couple of years ago, I haven't had so

much chance to think about the wants of Wally Beery. Why, even when we went to Europe—and it was my first trip, too—I caught myself wondering whether Carol Ann would enjoy certain things, instead of whether it was what I wanted to do."

Then Wally went on to point out the successful marriages in Hollywood where there was a child in the household—the Thalbergs, Irving and Norma, who are fortunate enough

STRONG, lusty and hearty are Wallace Beery's ten rules for happy marriages.

And Wally should know. Among all the topsy-turvy, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow marriages of Hollywood, Wally's own marital ship had sailed along smoothly and serenely for ten years, when his charming wife was taken very ill. But some of Wally's cheerfulness has returned with Mrs.



Wally and Rita spend all the time possible with Carol Ann, whom they legally adopted. "We're twice as happy since we took her," they say. Mrs. Beery has been very ill, but is on the road to recovery

have a baby of their own flesh and blood; the Fredric Marches, who adopted a child; the Slim Summervilles, who also found a homeless little orphan to call their own, and a half dozen others.

Wally spends every possible moment with his Carol Ann. "She eats breakfast and dinner with me every day," he said proudly. Wally is always proud when he talks of the three-year-old apple of his eye, "and as many lunches as I can manage. This business of putting children out of the way and letting nurses get all the joy out of them, never appealed to me."

The Beerys legally adopted Carol Ann when her mother, Mrs. Beery's aunt, died over two years ago, leaving three young children. Wally and Rita are also bringing up the other two youngsters, George Priester, now eleven, and William, who is six-years-old.

WALLY'S second rule was given with an emphasis almost equal to the first.

"Keep your wife away from the studio. Your work and your home should never mix. Your wife should run one, and you the other. I don't interfere with the way Rita manages the house and I don't believe that she should interfere with the way I run my business. Not that she would want to. She is far too sensible and smart for that. But I have seen a lot of actors' wives who want to hang around the studio, mixing into things. You don't see doctors' wives or lawyers' wives or manufacturers' wives camping in their office, trying to have a say-so in their business. Well, believe it or not, acting these days is a business, too.

"And there's plenty to be said on the other side, also. I

don't believe in husbands trying to tell their wives how to manage their business. If I had a husband like that, I'd throw him out, bag and baggage."

Then Wally propounded his third rule.

"No wife should have a career. It won't mix with marriage, other than in a few exceptional cases. If a woman is ambitious, she should forget about a husband. I tried being married to a career woman and it didn't work. When I married Rita, she gave up all thought of a career of her own and, so far, everything has been great."

Wally's first wife, as almost everyone knows, was Gloria Swanson. They were married many years ago, when Gloria was a beginner in pictures and Wally was already a featured comedian. Gloria careened dizzily to stardom and the marriage was lost on the way.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Wally believes in an occasional vacation from the wife, because a man's always "so darned glad to get back." He usually flies off alone



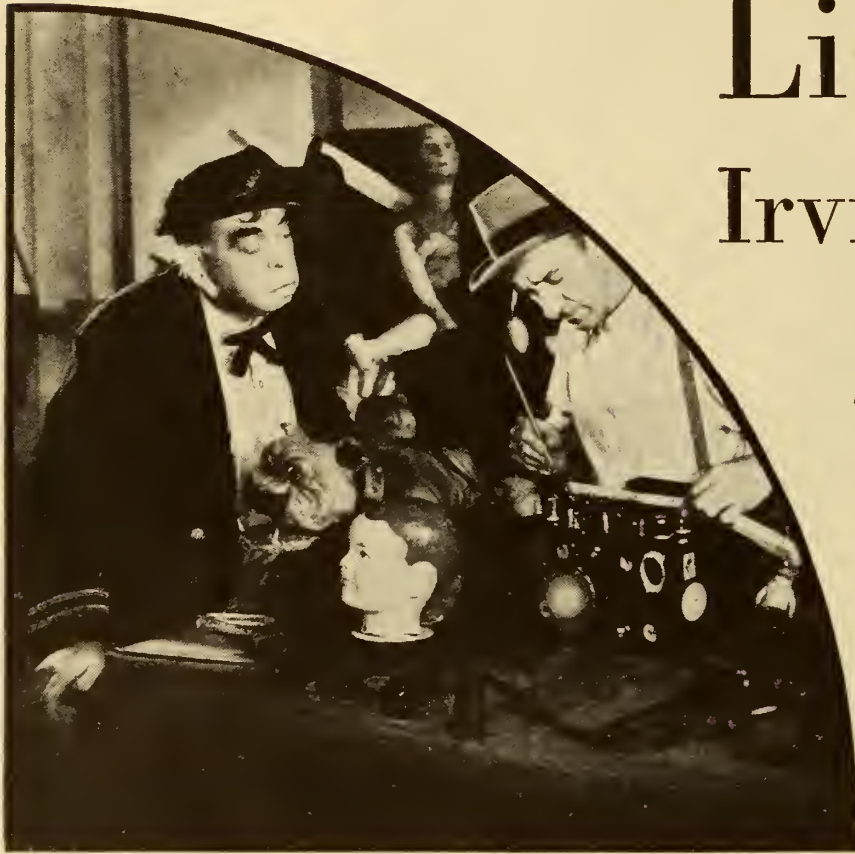
Wally and his first wife, Gloria Swanson. They were divorced in 1918. Beery opposes the idea of women mixing marriage and a career

"Paducah Was Never Like This"

Irvin S. Cobb

tells

Sara Hamilton



GOOD grief! Look who's in the movies! None other than Irvin S. Cobb himself, writer of those grand *Judge Priest* stories, as well as countless other yarns.

Out to become a movie star!

After that—the deluge. For movies have seen a lot of things in their young and slightly befuddled life, but never anything like Irvin—with his Mexican-blue shirt, his bottle-green bow tie, his tummy, a pair of Argonne forests for eyebrows, and a lip that looks like the grandpappy of the one Chevalier sports.

Not only does Irvin in profile look like a roll-top desk, but he says himself that when turned sideways he's the most outstanding literary figure in America today. He's one of the wittiest, grandest and funniest persons to hit Hollywood in years and years, and girls, listen:

He has new and refreshing ideas about who are the real heroes of the movies. None of the handsome women-tamers of the acting profession will do for him. Your pretty idols crack their clay feet in retreat when Irvin Cobb of Paducah, Kentucky, inhales and goes into this monologue:

"Out in the wood-sheds, back of the movies, are the real heroes of this business. Those boys who, with a hammer, a few nails, a nickel's worth of chicken wire and a bucket of plaster, can slap up a mosque with hot and cold running Arabs that would knock the Maharajah of Junkey-Dory flat on his face. Without the least flurry of excitement or the slightest effort,

The real heroes are the unknown, unsung prop men and carpenters who can supply anything from a monument to a dinosaur, Cobb is convinced. Charlie Oelze's work on the Hal Roach lot fascinates the humorist

The celebrated humorist turns a movie set into an old Kentucky home

they do it. That's the beauty of it. They never get temperamental or fling out of the prop room in a tantrum. They do everything they're asked to do, from creating a whale that will swallow ten Jonahs to erecting the ruins of Pompeii in ten minutes."

So, girls, follow on.

It all began, this prop man business, the first time Cobb came to Hollywood some years ago. They shoved him into a scene in a picture called "The Arab." Cobb was supposed to be a tourist wandering about. And, as a matter of fact, with that protuberance where the waist-line should be, he provided the only shade the Arabs had during the making of the whole picture.

But the trouble was, when they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

fashion scribbling in Hollywood



Irene Castle, returning to films, sketched at lunch in straw baby bonnet with white ruffle under brim —



Blouse, skirt and shorts—Hollywood's beach uniform. Myrna Loy wears it in white linen —



Elizabeth Young plays Badminton in flannel slacks and shirt—silk scarf tucked into collar



Knit cotton fabric and wood in beach shoes — circular canvas beach bag —



Norma Shearer sketched at wedding in huge white cart-wheel hat, white long skirted suit —



Three New Extras To Play Star Parts For Summer

- Seymour -

ONE evening gown doesn't make a summer—which is twisting an old adage about. But it is true, none the less. This charming white chiffon is the perfect gown to augment your mid-summer dancing list. Kalloch has designed it for Dorothy Burgess to wear in "Black Moon." The décolletage is daring with its deep square cut, two clips emphasizing it on either side. The halter effect joins a piece at the back which meets the belt at an even deeper point. A sparkling brooch fastens the belt at front, matching the clips. The idea of a double train formed by two distinct pieces is unusual. Note Dorothy's smart twin bracelets





ROMAN striped ribbon contributes a gay detail to this white cotton dress which Kalloch has designed for Fay Wray to wear in a scene from "Black Moon." The ribbon is drawn through buckles for both belt and bow tie. The dress is simple with a simulated two-piece design. The pleated brim of large cotton hat is an original twist



BILLIE BURKE has to be snipped bright out of a scene from "Arabella" in order to give you a preview of this attractive costume. It's a pajama outfit as worn by Billie Burke, but we have copied the quilted jacket, chiffon scarf and all to make a dancing costume of it!

Taking A Vacation In Smart Costumes



RED and white is a cool contradiction for hot days. Claire Trevor wears this lipstick-red dress which Royer has designed for "Baby Take a Bow." Crystal cube buttons linked with chain and white piqué collar and cuffs lend a frosty offset to the torrid color. Claire, as you notice, chooses white accents in shoes, gloves and bag. Also a white bandeau on her hat

WHITE cartridge pleating used to trim the blue coat of Irene Hervey's ensemble gives a Russian dash to the costume. Irene wears this in "Let's Try Again," but it is recommended as a good traveler on that vacation jaunt of yours. Blue silk for both dress and coat. The dress has a high neckline with tucked vest and white buttons as fashion interest!



Warning! Pack One Silk And A Cotton

- Seymour

IT'S no exaggeration to say a half dozen of this type of cotton dress will not go amiss on your vacation holiday, whether you spend it at a resort, on a boat or at home. Fay Wray wears this in another scene from "Black Moon." Kalloch's artistry is evident in the detail of the blouse, especially the collar and buttoned patch pockets. White with blue accents

THE shipboard scene in "Grand Canary" where Zita Johann wears this silk frock suggests future travel for it in your wardrobe! It's a fashion that looks toward Fall with its long sleeves, high neckline and rippling jabot—yet it is cool and wearable for right now. The sleeves have a restrained fullness which will be evident in the newest Autumn costumes





Canary Yellow Inspired By A New Picture


HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

— Seymour



A SUNNY and summery yellow takes its fashion inspiration from the exciting new film, "Grand Canary." You get your first glimpse of it in this cool, becoming sports dress which Madge Evans wears in a shipboard scene. Short-sleeved, the dress is simply designed with a wide collar finished in self silk fringe, tying like a kerchief. Wooden clips make a smart decoration for the wide silk belt. Pleats animate the skirt, as shown in the scene still at the right



DON'T you think this is just about the most entrancing photograph of Ginger Rogers you ever saw? Ginger is always busy, thrives on work and grows more fascinating all the time. Her latest picture is "Change of Heart," for Fox, and her next assignment is in "The Gay Divorcee" at her home studio, Radio, opposite Fred Astaire. She and Fred were established as a popular team in "Flying Down to Rio," when they introduced the Carioca

Hurrell



SHIRLEY TEMPLE is cute any way you take her. The photographer told her to be a good little girl, so she looked angelic. But she can, just as delightfully, pout or play at the art of the coquette (they're never too young!). Shirley willingly posed at the studio, but when the cameraman came into her garden, interrupting her romp—that wasn't so nice. As for having pictures taken at bedtime, Shirley just yawned at that



SHIRLEY, Take A Bow!

Little Miss Temple remains unspoiled despite all of her amazing new honors

By Barbara
Shawn

A PICTURE stealer—at five!
A new, sudden, meteoric personality, discovered overnight.

One day she was just Mr. and Mrs. George Temple's little girl, Shirley. The next day she was star material, Shirley Temple—in electric lights.

This is what happened.

The Fox studio made a million dollar picture, "Stand Up and Cheer." The producer was Winfield Sheehan. This was his pet picture, and nothing was spared in assembling the finest talent available, with lavish scenes and effects. John Boles, Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and Jimmy Dunn were in the cast.

Several nationally famous comedians were brought out from New York—Mitchell and Durant, Aunt Jemima and Stepin Fetchit. Such infallible actors as Ralph Morgan and Nigel Bruce just had bits to do.

Then a mere baby stepped into the scene, did a little tap dance, sang a song—and walked away with the picture! A baby named Shirley Temple, who was not five-years-old at the time.

Audiences went wild about her, every place. Letters, telegrams poured into the studio from critics and theater managers all over the country—demanding information about the child. Their customers were besieging them to know all about her.

SUCH a sensation had not been caused by a youngster in pictures for a long, long time. There was once a little boy named Jackie Coogan, who gave our hearts an awful tug with a pair of melting brown eyes and an old cap—without words or music. Another extraordinary youngster who could act rings around many of the oldsters—Jackie Cooper—did it again.

But among the hundreds of talented little girls, there had never been one who broke into the front rank of screen personalities on the strength of a few short little scenes—until Shirley came along.

She is pure gaiety and love of life, and miraculous unself-consciousness. Her hair is a mop of flying spun-gold. There is a stray dimple down at the corner of her pink little mouth. She is as natural as a puppy, in a world where children are quickly turned into affected imitations.

She is capable of letting out a whoop of abandon and turning a handspring, without warning—or she can sit primly in a huge chair, as I found her, trying to reach her legs to the floor.



An original, intelligent personality, but none the less a genuine and lovable child, she is wisely guarded against too much adulation

She gave that up, folded her hands with resignation, and looked ready, not saying a word. "Well, Shirley," prompted her mother.

"I'm waiting till she gets her pencil and paper out," explained Shirley, patiently.

Many a blonde five times as old as Shirley has been interviewed who didn't have the situation half so well in hand. She's a precious, that one.

NOT "smarty." Not any of those irritating things precocious stage children can be. Shirley has the dignity that only five-years-old can achieve. It has to put up a defense against such a lot of grown-up twaddle.

As unspoiled *now* as your own little girl, busy wearing out her dolls and her shoes and the seat of her rompers. And oh, please, everybody say a prayer that she'll *stay* that way. Because there never was a little lamb in such a tough spot to hold onto her equilibrium.

The press in every part of the country is doing nip-ups over her discovery, audiences obey the title of her big success "Stand Up and Cheer," and everybody in the studio just goes ga-ga as soon as she is in sight.

But when the impulsive ones, who don't stop to figure the consequences, go off on a tangent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Keep That

DEAR JEAN: Hail, little woman of "Little Women"! Jean, darling, this month I'm holding you up as the shining example. I want every star in Hollywood to take a good long look at you.

Hundreds of PHOTOPLAY readers have been writing and asking me to tell them what I thought was the perfect figure. They've wanted me to give them elaborate charts and diagrams.

Well, I don't believe in stereotyped stuff like that. So, I'm answering their questions through you, Jean. Here—all you girls—here is the girl with the perfect little figure. Jean Parker! I drink a toast—of tomato juice—to her!

There—and I hope, Jean, that you show this letter to some of those girls in Hollywood who squawk when I criticize their figures. Believe me, darling, when I see something *good* I can admire it. I want those girls to take a look at your figure and get what I mean when I speak about beauty of form.

In a published interview, Sam Goldwyn is quoted as saying movie glamour is on the wane; that overdressing in the movies must cease; that audiences are fed up with too luxurious costumes and sets and that people want simplicity. I'll go Sam one better and say that people are fed up with overdressed figures—with bad lines concealed (or at least, people think they're concealed) by fluffs and frills.

Sam claims people want simplicity. I say people want simplicity of figure. You, Jean, have that, and—what's more—you have a simple, unaffected grace because you're not corseted to the eyebrows. A good foundation garment is okay, but a tight corset never fooled anybody. Don't overdress your figure with fat.

Sam Goldwyn also says, "People are fed up with overdone backgrounds in pictures." Well, I'm fed up with overdone backgrounds too—but I'm not talking about movie sets. I'm talking about those spare tires around a lot of stellar waistlines, and about excess weight on hips and ankles.

Your figure is grand, Jean



"Hail, little woman of 'Little Women'!" She has an unaffected grace because she is not "corseted to the eyebrows." Jean is shown with Henry Stephenson

Parker, and I want you to keep it that way, so let me give you a word of warning.

You're young. You're working in the most nerve-racking business in the world. The producers—who are pretty smart fellows and know an actress of charm and beauty when they see one—are putting you into picture after picture. I don't want you to grow old before your time.

There are plenty of fine, courageous young girls in the world who, still in their teens, are doing the work of grown men. I want to save you and all other hard-working girls from overstrain. Therefore, it's about time I gave you a heart-to-heart talk about health, a straightforward warning about keeping your vitality and beauty.

If somebody gave you a beautiful diamond necklace you'd keep it in a safe place, wouldn't you? You wouldn't throw it around. Well, the greatest gift you can have in this world is beauty and health. Guard it! Keep it! Preserve it!

So, listen, Jean, I want you to show those Hollywood girls that my faith in you is well-founded. I want to point to you ten years from now

All the girls in Hollywood and everywhere else should look upon Jean Parker's figure as perfection, Sylvia says; and she offers health advice which will preserve such shapeliness

and say, "See, she still has a perfect figure!" That's why I'm writing you—out of my great admiration—implore you to preserve what you've got. Jean, you must keep healthy!

Here's my health routine.

Perfect Figure!

(Jean Parker Has It, Says Sylvia)

Every morning after you've had your bath, flop onto the bed face down and have your maid or your companion give you a brisk rub-down with witch hazel, paying particular attention to the spine and the muscles at the back of the neck. And have her dig in hard, now, with her thumbs, under the scalp. Also have her knead you hard under the shoulder-blades. All of this loosens up the nerves and muscles, keeping you relaxed, free of tenseness the whole day long.

Then have her put a Turkish towel along your spine, and, with brisk slaps of the palm of the hands, go up and down your spine.

You girls who haven't a maid can persuade your mother or sister or some girl friend to do this for you. Even if you live alone, you can work on your own spine and muscles.

On the days you're not working, take a sun bath every day—but don't be foolish and spoil that beautiful skin of yours. Protect your complexion with a red chiffon veil and your body by a generous covering of oil. Begin your sun bath by lying on your back for five minutes, then your stomach for five minutes. You can work that up to an hour a day.

You girls who can't get outdoors to do this can let a patch of sun in through an open window and take the sun bath on your bedroom floor.

And, no matter how tired you are, sit up straight at meals, then right after meals walk around the room for ten or fifteen minutes with the stomach in, shoulders back and head up.

DO you know the part of the body to which you must give most attention if you want real and lasting health? I'll tell you. It's the solar plexus, which controls the liver and spleen. The Greeks used to think that the seat of the emotions—the heart—was in the solar plexus. And they weren't so far wrong. The condition of your liver affects your moods—makes you gay or grouchy, happy or blue. So, if you want real health, you've got to concentrate on that solar plexus, and here's how to make the old liver work for you instead of against you.

Stand straight with the right arm over your head and the left hand underneath your right ribs. Now, in this position—your upper arm fairly well stretched—dance sideways with a little hopping motion across the floor—moving right with the right arm above your head. Now change hands—left arm up, right hand under left ribs and dance back across the floor, sideways. Go back and forth like that four times every single day. That stimulates the liver action, which is most beneficial to your general health.

Your spine is important to your health, too. Here's the exercise to keep the spine limber. In the morning, lie flat on your back on the floor, with your arms above your head. Swing quickly upwards and forward, touching your fingers to the floor with your face between your knees. Now back to the original prone position, then—with your knees slightly relaxed—touch your toes to the floor over your head. Oh, boy, that puts pep into the spine, and it makes you feel like a million dollars! Do that half a dozen times. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Personal replies by Sylvia, on Page 84, will help many who seek health and beauty. What is your own problem?



Sylvia



"Simplicity of figure"—that's what Sylvia wants, and what Jean has. But this young star must learn the secrets of exercise, food, sun and air if she is to retain her charm



Walter Huston's ideal year is seven months' work, five months' rest. He would do his resting in his cabin in the mountains where he is photographed with Mrs. Huston (Nan Sunderland)



He loves life, and wants time to enjoy it fully

Walter Huston Shuns PICTURES

This stage star insists he must have suitable rôles and plenty of leisure

ABOUT three years ago, Walter Huston came back from his one and only trip to Europe. He was asked the usual commonplace—how he had enjoyed his vacation, how good did the Statue of Liberty look to him as his ship breasted its way up through the Narrows, and other such mummified questions in the museum-piece list of an interviewer. Then someone said, "Well, Mr. Huston, you must be just keen to get back to your art."

"In the first place," grinned Huston, "'art' nothing! It's work—a job. And in the second place, did you ever hear of anyone wanting to rush right onto the job

after a vacation? Work? Well, I'll be all right when I get into it. And I'll like it, if I'm doing what I want to do."

In his last months in the movies, Huston was not doing as he wanted to do. He was much dissatisfied with the pictures that were coming his way. Also, he felt that long-term contracts limited his activities too much. He didn't want to be tied down. He had plans. So, for a time, he has dropped movies, although they are not wholly out of his plans

But, to my mind, his major reason for shelving pictures is summed up in two lines from Sidney Howard's play based on Sinclair Lewis' book, "Dodsworth," in which Huston as *Dodsworth* is scoring a smash hit on Broadway.

Dodsworth, in one scene aboard a liner bound for Europe, is talking with *Edith Cortright*, played by Nan Sunderland (in private life, Mrs. Walter Huston). They are talking of life and aims.

"Mr. Dodsworth," says *Mrs. Cortright*, "just what are you after?"

"Well, I guess," *Dodsworth* replies, "my leisure."

Huston wants leisure to do the work he desires to do when and where he wants to do it. Also, he wants leisure to rest. His ideal year would be seven months' work and five months' rest, as he terms it. The rest period he would spend at his place near Lake Arrowhead, up in the mountains not a great distance from Hollywood.

He has a fairly well mapped out plan of how he is going to employ his leisure for the next three years. But, his plan is elastic so that if something more appealing than what he is doing at the time comes up, he may turn to it. A picture, for instance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

By Walter D. Shackleton

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

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



A warm-weather coiffure with two good points in its favor. It's off the face for coolness and the tiny rolls at the back are flattering but easy to arrange. Created by Mel Berns especially for Sidney Fox. Here are youthful, good lines for the full, young face

An interesting pose of Mona Barrie, in which she introduces a dramatic touch by those silver bands among her dark hair. Silver cloth ribbon is plaited in with that braid, which is then adjusted in the coronet manner. A cool, distinctive and charming novelty for the summer evening coiffure. That separate braid will create effects on the long or short-haired girl that are smart, new, different and most refreshing

Keep Cool



Use a cream rouge first, then re-touch as necessary from your compact, suggests Helen Vinson, who knows the secrets of a fresh, radiant appearance in spite of hot weather difficulties



THE whole secret of summer loveliness and charm is looking cool and feeling cool. Never have clothes lent themselves better to this purpose than this year, it seems to me. Soft, big hats, lovely fabrics and gay sandals all help you create a picture of summer beauty. But actually feeling cool is another matter. So, taking a big lesson from the Hollywood stars, I give you some practical suggestions for feeling like the proverbial cucumber or crisp lettuce leaf even when the thermometer is at ninety degrees above.

The summer bath is all-important. Whether you use tub or shower, you will get more cooling results from tepid water than you will from cold, although that cold is a great temptation when you're just too hot to breathe. If you choose a tub, do avail yourself of some of those delightful bath salts, water softeners and perfumers, as well as those bath oils that make a bath a luxury and leave you feeling soft, cool and fragrant for hours after. If you take a shower, one of the stars has discovered that you can still use a bath perfume to advantage. After she has dried herself, she takes a drop or two of the perfumed oil on her damp bath-cloth and rubs this well over her body. The perfume will cling for hours.

No one should be without a toilet water or *eau de Cologne* in summer. They are the greatest revitalizers I know. After you have dried yourself from the bath, pour a few drops into the palm of your hand and rub lightly over your whole body. These lotions give you a smooth, tingling feeling that is delightful. Use dusting powder generously, and be sure you are heat-proof for hours to come. Many dusting powders now come in flesh tints, which avoid powder lines between face and neck. For safety, you may need a spray or dab of your favorite deodorant or non-perspirant, and you are ready for fresh, soft underthings.

If you are going into the country, or anywhere, in fact, inhabited by mosquitoes, here's another Hollywood tip. Use your *eau de Cologne* or toilet



An ardent user of perfumes is Sidney Fox. A touch to ear lobes, eyebrows and lips is her practice in summer weather

Evelyn Venable thinks you need more powder in summer, but urges that you remove all excess with a brush to prevent that overly-powdered appearance

water well down over legs and ankles. Only the mosquitoes will not like you when thus laved, and this precaution will spare you their annoying bites.

Hair is our next consideration. You must keep it extra immaculate in summer, because normal perspiration around the hair line and on the scalp can soon flatten and deaden its appearance. If you use cream for cleansing your face, be very careful to remove every bit around the hairline with a bit of cotton dampened in face tonic. When you go away for weekends or vacation, it's a very good idea to carry with you

one of those waterless shampoos. They cleanse very perfectly and will not remove your wave. And here is something everyone, even men, should remember about salt water bathing. Regardless of the caps we may wear, the hair invariably gets wet. If you let it dry with salt water on it, you do your hair great harm. The trick is to give it a good clear water rinsing as soon as possible. This removes the salt and will keep your hair in good condition generally, regardless of oceans.

If you can possibly wear your hair off the face, summer is the time. It creates a cool, cameo-cut line, particularly lovely on the younger person. Sidney Fox shows a typical warm-weather coiffure on the first page of this department. Or, if you must have fullness at the sides, try to keep that line smooth and clear cut. Wild, fluffy hair is charming when you're lying about on a beach or riding a bicycle in the country. But un-groomed hair in town or with conventional clothes is not a smart touch any more. I don't mean that you can't have your curls and all the trimmings, but work to keep them in a definite design.

NAILS are another matter that need special attention in summer. Salt water and outdoor life cause them to misbehave if you aren't careful. Cuticle oil or cream will help keep them in good condition. Even a new polish remover is now made with oil, to give the nails every possible benefit of this beautifier. Watch your lacquer in summer, too. As your hands begin to get that out-door color, you can use a deeper tone. It is gay, in good taste and will do nice things for hand skin that is getting darker. And don't forget your toes. Even if you won't go in for lacquering—and you should if you follow fashion's dictates—do give them the care that you would your fingers. With the summer sandals and occasions for beach bathing, it is much to your advantage to have every bit of you as lovely as possible.

I've purposely left your face until now, because there's a lot to say about that.



A new study of Joan Crawford, emphasizing three important beauty trends. A lustre make-up for an opalescent effect, eyebrows following a natural line and dark nail lacquer right to the nail tip



Although I covered freckles and sunburn last month, there will be new readers to whom this subject is their worst summer problem. Ida Lupino, whose pictures are shown in these pages, has the right idea. Protection against freckles and tan. Ida has one of those fair, flawless English skins, and for this type, freckles and burn are fatal to beauty. Liquid powder or a good foundation is the first step in thwarting the inroads of summer. Apply this generously to face, neck, arms and whatever part of the body is exposed. You can use plenty of it if you will be careful to smooth and spread it evenly. Ida

Between calls to the set, Thelma Todd pauses for an eye bath to keep her eyes clear, refreshed and brilliant. All eyes need this daily care, especially after exposure



A Hollywood tip for a coppery skin tone. Raquel Torres puts a few drops of iodine in face bath, soaks her face well and applies mineral or olive oil before exposure. Sun then gives a golden-brown tint

uses a soft sponge in the picture, which is a good idea. If you will dampen it first, squeeze out all the water, then apply the liquid, it works even better. The same goes for absorbent cotton—which, by the way, is one of your best beauty allies for many purposes.

If you happen to apply too much liquid powder or foundation, take a cleansing tissue and blot it up. Don't try to rub it away, for then it will streak and look uneven.

Now, over this skin coating, press on plenty of powder.

Evelyn Venable offers the sensible solution of putting on even too much, then brushing the surplus away with a powder brush or any very soft brush.

You now have a protection that will work on any skin, but is especially advisable for sensitive skin.

If you are a brunette, you may want just the right degree of tan.

And to some faces it unquestionably is a charming touch.

For you dark-heads, then, use a suntan



Two steps by which Ida Lupino keeps her skin freckleless. First, a covering of dark, liquid powder used on sponge

Second, Ida coats generously with a sun-tan powder. Water will wash away powder but not the base. Good trick



oil, with or without powder, until your skin is just the shade you want. You will get better results if you will expose yourself by timing, giving your skin a little more sun each day, then go in for the general protective routine.

Otherwise, you will get that dark, unbecoming shade which is hard to bleach away when you're ready for darker costumes.

Unless summer has dried your skin excessively, you will find that the best warm-weather cleansing method is the cream and soap-and-water way.

Use both.

There is nothing like cream for removing make-up, and there is nothing like soap and water for that perfectly clean feeling.

THEN, if your skin seems a little tight or dry, use a nourishing cream or oil, but don't leave it on too long.

When you remove it, use a good skin tonic or plenty of ice-cold water.

This water is a wonderful natural astringent, and is refreshing and refining.

Summer make-up is very important. My first tip is always to remove old make-up if possible before putting on new. Make-up "cakes" on the face more readily in summer than in cooler weather, and if you put new on over old, not only does it dim the fresh, lovely effect you should have from your artistic touches, but it is not good for your skin, no matter how pure your cosmetics. Naturally, few of us have time for a thorough cleansing routine throughout the day, but a liquid cleanser for in-between use is splendid.

It will rid you of that old make-up in a hurry and if you use it correctly, it will leave just a bit of dampness to the skin which will serve as foundation for the fresh powder.

This in-between cleansing is particularly important to girls who work.

It will keep you far more attractive looking all the time and is a wonderful preventive for the usual skin ailments of blackheads, large pores, etc., many of which result from faulty cleansing.

For make-up, there are just two places for decided effect—eyes and lips. Use even less rouge in summer than you do in winter.

Your face usually has more natural color in warm weather, and too much rouge gives a heated, florid look. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



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Miss Alice Byrd
Mrs. Powell Cabot
Miss Anne Gould
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer



1. "Oh, this silk gingham ensemble isn't new!" says Dee. "I've washed it so many times with Ivory Flakes. I guess that's why you think it's new—Ivory's so marvelous for colors." True, Dee, but aren't *you* glad that nice salesgirl advised you to use *only* pure Ivory Flakes?

2. "Do you use Ivory Flakes, too?" asks Peggy, the wide-eyed witch in rosy-red. "I guess everybody does who knows. I wouldn't buy this silk shirt-dress until I knew it was washable. Then the salesgirl told me just how to squeeze it through lukewarm Ivory suds!"

3. "Mother Molly" joins in, "I'd be sunk without Ivory—because my clothes have to last forever! I never tremble over soap spots with Ivory Flakes—they melt so fast—you *couldn't* make me use another kind of soap flakes after what a salesgirl once told me!"



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Ask The Answer Man



Nick Foran went to Hollywood making a survey of bus lines, and even his best friends laughed when he offered to sing! But Fox looked and listened and gave him a five-year contract

NICK FORAN is the chief topic of interest in the Answer Man's mail bag this month. The fact that he made his screen debut in "Stand Up and Cheer" with a dirty face, didn't keep the girls from falling for him. Here's the low-down on the smiling Irish lad.

Nick was born in Flemington, New Jersey, June 18th, 24 years ago. His father, Colonel Arthur F. Foran, is chairman of the New Jersey Highway Commission; former comptroller of the Port of New York; banker, iron founder, and director of steamship and railway companies. Nick worked in the foundry and also on his father's farm in Flemington. His hobby is raising game birds (pheasants), and breeding dogs. Favorite pastime is hunting; then fishing and horseback riding. In sports he prefers tennis, although he was once star tackle on the Princeton eleven.

He studied music at the Leibling studio in

New York and then got a chance singing over the radio. Formed his own orchestra, but disbanded because of difficulty in securing bookings. An assignment to make a survey of bus service from Coast to Coast took him to Hollywood. Lew Brown, an old family friend, who was casting for "Stand Up and Cheer," gave Nick a test and a part in the picture. His work in it won him a five year contract with Fox.

Nick is 6 feet, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has bright red hair and blue eyes. His real name is John Nicholas Foran. He is superstitious about the numeral "13." Wore that number in three football games and was hurt in each one of them. Hates to dress up, prefers sports clothes. His latest appearance is in "Change of Heart," the Gaynor-Farrell film. Hollywood girls fell for this handsome red-head but papa Foran thinks Nick should stick to pictures.

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.

MARIAN SPRADER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Clark Gable was born on February 1st, 1901. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall. His latest picture is "Manhattan Melodrama" with Myrna Loy and William Powell. Next picture will be with Joan Crawford.

JANE NEAL, SNYDER, N. Y.—Johnny Weissmuller's latest picture is "Tarzan and His Mate." Maureen O'Sullivan is the *mate*.

MARY ELLEN SCHILLINBERG, BALTIMORE, MD.—Shirley Temple was born in Santa Monica, Calif., April 24th, 1929. She is 40 inches tall (and growing fast), weighs 42 pounds; has golden hair and hazel eyes.

PAT, SEATTLE, WASH.—Pat, the cute chap who was the coxswain in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" was Eddie Tamblin. His latest picture is "Money Means Nothing." Eddie doesn't quite agree on that statement. Who does?

LUCILLE BAKER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Lucy, you'll have all those he-men admirers gunning for you if you insist that Russ Columbo is the "most perfect male" in pictures. Look out the goblins don't get you. Russ was born in San Francisco, Calif., January 14, 1908. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and brown eyes. His full name is Ruggerio Eugenio De Rudolpho Columbo, and I'm not kidding either. George Blackwood, who stands next in your esteem, is a Dalton, Ohio, chap, born there July 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 185 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His latest pictures are "Son of a Sailor," "Lady Killer," and "Massacre."

DORIS JOHNSON, GALESBURG, ILL.—So glad you like our magazine. Constance Cummings is the girl who played the rôle of Joan Whelan in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." Paul Kelly was the gang leader who appeared in the same picture. Edward Everett Horton was the lad who owned the shop in "The Way to Love." Don't hesitate to call on me for any information you want about your favorites.

A.A.C., SAUGUS, MASS.—Since appearing in "The Sign of the Cross," Tommy Conlon has appeared in "No Man of Her Own," "Laughter in Hell," "Auction in Souls" and "Only Yesterday."

Decorative Summer Salads



Cute Adalyn Doyle, who was last seen in RKO-Radio's "Finishing School," does a neat finishing job on her Chilled Lamb Salad. Ripe olives attractively garnish the blanket of mayonnaise

A TREAT is in store for those who visit Adalyn Doyle, former stand-in for Katharine Hepburn. She has gained a reputation in the film colony for her delicious salads. Invariably, one is in readiness when guests are expected.

And not only is Adalyn proficient in preparation of the salad itself, she realizes the importance of selecting the proper dressing.

Take a tip, then, and use Lemon Cream Dressing with all fruit mixtures, and a true mayonnaise (thinned, if desired, by adding a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar) for all other salads.

Here is the method used in preparing *Chilled Lamb Salad*—

Boil a piece of lean lamb until tender, then dice. Skim liquor in which it was boiled until entirely free from grease.

Bring to a boil 2 cups of this liquor, and in it dissolve two tablespoons of plain gelatine. Strain through cheese

cloth. Add one tablespoon lemon juice, two tablespoons orange juice, pepper and salt to taste. Now mix in the diced lamb and a chopped green pepper. Pour into a wet mold and put in refrigerator to set. When firm, turn out on a nest of crisp lettuce, spread with mayonnaise and garnish with whole ripe olives.

For a summer luncheon, nothing is quite so appetizing as *Pineapple-Strawberry Salad*—

This tempter is arranged by cutting pineapple in half lengthwise, scooping out the center and cutting in small cubes. Be careful not to destroy the shell.

Now one pint of hulled strawberries are halved, mixed with the pineapple cubes and blended with one cup of Lemon Cream Dressing. Arrange the mixture in half of the pineapple shell, and garnish with whole berries. Makes six generous portions.

Crab Surprise is indeed a boon when unexpected guests arrive. Preparation of this dainty morsel takes the hostess away from her party for only a very few minutes—one of those "jiffy snacks" ideal for summer menus.

Make incisions from center almost to stem-end in four equal sections of six chilled tomatoes. Press apart, remove seeds and part of pulp. Salt inside of tomatoes.

Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of true mayonnaise with 2 cups of flaked crabmeat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Pile mixture lightly in tomatoes. Serve on crisp bed of lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise and anchovies. Amounts stated serve six.

With fruit salads, remember, we are going to serve—*Lemon Cream Dressing*: Fold $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of double-whipped mayonnaise, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons confectioners' sugar, a dash of salt, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice into $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of whipped cream. Blend thoroughly. Makes one cup.

You won't want to use anything else over fruits when once you have whisked together a batch of this delicately flavored dressing. It satisfies the most discriminating tastes, and puts on the saucy side many who have always preferred their salads, especially fruits, without dressing.



Another warm weather tempter, Strawberry and Pineapple Salad. Lemon Cream Dressing is quickly prepared and blended with the fruit

"Gee, but you're beautiful" "I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple clothes secret helped Nancy win Romance



HIS STORY

"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill. He lost his heart on the spot, but—"Her clothes alone cost a fortune," he thought...So he didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with "Silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"



HER STORY

"I'm lucky at finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux for all my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colors, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."



Your clothes money goes farther this way

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Gill
Julia Graham
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Walter Kingsford
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Lodge
Carole Lombard

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
Jack Donahue
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Edith Fellows
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
James Gleason

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chic Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
William Gaxton
Wynne Gibson

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman
Fredric March

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Nancy Carroll
Patricia Caron
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Dick Hening
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating
Tim McCoy

Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madson
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Dorothy Stickney
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tidbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly

Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katherine Alexander
Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Creighton Chaney
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Lilian Ellis
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy

William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hurvay
Jean Howard
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lancaster
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Matteson
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Wanda Perry
William Powell
Esther Ralston
Donald Reed
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Loretta Young
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Edward Everett Horton
Alan Hale
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

June Knight
Edmund Lowe
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Ellalee Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summerville
Polly Walters
Lois Wilson
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Irene Castle
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye

Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Helen Lowell
Emily Lowry
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Henry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Joan Wheeler
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.



“Try and
get this
snapshot
back”

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

Keep That Perfect Figure!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

In order to keep a beautiful figure and to have a graceful walk you must keep limber and relaxed. You can prolong your life ten years if every time the clock strikes—meaning every hour—you stand up and stretch as you do when you first wake up. Yes sir! If you stretch those lazy muscles, you'll give yourself an extra ten years of life and health. Just do that every hour. It's such a simple thing, isn't it? Learn how to stretch from watching a cat or a dog. Animals are lots smarter about health than we humans are. Notice how they turn and stretch even in their sleep.

And remember this: The body needs proper food, air, sun, stimulation and correct elimination. Don't forget to take plenty of air baths to purify the pores and allow them to breathe

properly. Always remember to rest before your meals—to get the stomach relaxed so that it will accept and properly digest your food.

And now just a word about food. You've got to have iron in your system. Eat plenty of celery, spinach, raw red and white cabbage (eat large amounts of raw cabbage), beets, lettuce, raw carrots and fresh berries. Meat once a day.

You've got to have energy and stimulation, so take orange juice, tomato juice, berry juice, fruit juices with gelatine, vegetable juices—particularly turnip-top juice. Eat lots of fresh fruit, but I don't advocate bananas because every nervous person I've ever known has told me that he felt uncomfortable after eating them.

Don't overload your stomach. Keep lean, lithe and limber.

There, Jean, these are simple, easily followed rules. I want you to keep that beautiful, grand figure; to keep on being my best example of perfection; to preserve your health.

This letter is for you, and for every person who doesn't want to be ill. It is for all girls who are building a foundation for the future, to give them courage, and to help them see the beauty of life.

Remember, Jean, I'm rooting for you. I'm sincere when I tell you I'm one of your greatest admirers. I'm your real fan, and I want to be seeing you on the screen for years to come.

Devotedly,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I've heard that laughing makes wrinkles. Can you tell me what to do about laugh wrinkles around the eyes and mouth?

U. T., Butte, Mont.

Sure, laughing makes little wrinkles. But what do you care? It's better to have wrinkles from laughing than crying. You don't want to go around with a straight face all your life, do you? Laugh a lot—and don't worry about the wrinkles. Worrying makes the bad wrinkles. Don't be a grouch. Don't worry. Naturally, however, you want to keep your skin soft and smooth. Nice, firm, smooth skin doesn't take wrinkles as harsh, dry skin does. Give yourself a good facial every day, with plenty of cold cream smeared on both fingers and face and use the tips of the fingers to tap gently into the wrinkles. Also use the fingers in a gentle rotary movement, but never pull at the skin. Just keep it stimulated and alive with the finger-tips.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I notice that you often talk about air baths. What do you call an air bath?

Mrs. R. D. G., Madison, Wis.

An air bath is just what it sounds like. The pores need air, just as the lungs do. They must be allowed to breathe. It stimulates and refreshes the body. Here's how to take one. Every day of your life, open all the windows in your house—maybe you'd better lock the door—and go about your daily tasks without any clothes on. No, I don't advocate nudism. I'm not a cultist, but I know that the body needs air. I know a woman who does all her housework without any clothes on. It's a wonderful idea. Naturally, she keeps a robe handy if the door-bell should ring. If it is impossible to have enough privacy for complete nudity, then wear very loose, light clothes and let the air get to your pores.

Dear Sylvia:

My bust is firm but one breast is slightly larger than the other. Can you tell me how to reduce that one and not the other?

C. D., Philadelphia, Penna.

ARE you too fat? Too lean? Have you any physical defect that mars your beauty? How are your nerves? Do you sleep well? I shall be glad to offer you advice—free of charge—of course. All you have to do is write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 W. 57th Street, New York City.

Almost every woman has one breast slightly larger than the other. Be thankful they're firm. You should see what lots of women go through to make their busts that way. If you did, you wouldn't be complaining.

Dear Sylvia:

I'm one of those people who lie in bed at nights and worry about everything that has happened during the day. I wish you would tell me how to go to sleep quickly.

H. H. R., Montpelier, Vt.

First of all, don't worry. Think of something besides your own troubles. Get the proper mental attitude about yourself and your relationship to the rest of the world. Your mental attitude is wrong. Then try these purely physical methods for inducing sleep: Drink a glass of grapefruit juice (I said grapefruit juice, not orange juice) before going to bed. Relax in bed. If you awake very early in the morning, get up and dress and stay up. Don't lie in bed and worry about not sleeping. Just get up and do some little task, even if it's three o'clock in the morning. The next night you'll sleep soundly.

Dear Sylvia:

I am overweight in spots, I know that. I've read all your articles and I'm sure they have wonderful advice in them, but I just do not seem to find the time to take exercises. Is there any other way to reduce in spots?

D. W., Macon, Ga.

I wish I could get my hands on you. I would give you a good shaking. You can find the time if you want to find the time. Shave off a little of the time you spend in bed sleeping to take exercises. If the stars, who literally work from ten to sixteen hours a day when they're making a picture, can find time to take my exercises, I'd like to know why you can't. Girls who do the most strenuous work are my best patients. Gosh! You make me mad! No—and a thousand times no—there isn't any way to reduce in spots except by exercise and squeezing off the flesh. Make the time. There are no short-cuts to beauty. Snap out of your indolent ways and get busy right now!

Dear Sylvia:

I'm on your building-up diet, but I dislike milk. Is there any substitute?

J. V., St. Louis, Mo.

No, I'm afraid there isn't. You'll just have to learn to like milk. Drink it very slowly so it won't form a lump in your stomach.

Dear Sylvia:

I wrote to you two months ago, asking what I could do to reduce my hips. Your exercise worked wonders, and I'm very grateful.

B. D., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sylvia:

I am taking your building-up diet, but I find that when I eat as much as you prescribe I feel uncomfortable and heavy after meals. I just have to force myself to get down that much food and drink the milk, too, but I'm very much underweight and want to build up. What can I do?

S. A., Omaha, Nebr.

Dollars to doughnuts you're nervous, very nervous, although you didn't tell me that. Nervous people always have trouble in digesting their food. So here's what to do. Take everything I've given you, but spread it out, so that you have five or six meals a day instead of three. In this way, you will have what you need, without overburdening your stomach at any one time.

This is not a screen test...

BUT IT UNCOVERS A PANTRY STAR!

Here's 3-way proof that Borden's
Evaporated Milk is better!



NUMBER 1 IS PROOF ENOUGH!

One taste of Borden's Evaporated Milk, just as it comes from the can, will convince you that Borden's is better! Note the fresh, sweet flavor . . . the creamy color and full, rich body. Pour some into a tumbler . . . and out again. It clings to the sides of the glass . . . just like cream!

NUMBER 2 SURPRISES EVERYONE!

Men and women everywhere are amazed at the richness of coffee "creamed" with Borden's. Try it—and taste! Had you ever dreamed that *any* evaporated milk could taste so fresh, so creamy? Women who pride themselves on their tables prefer it. It's more economical, too!

NUMBER 3 CLINCHES THE CASE!

Wherever milk or cream is used in cooking, Borden's Evaporated Milk fills the bill! In white sauces, cream soups, mashed potatoes . . . it gives you the sweet, fresh quality, the richness of pure cream. It adds to taste and texture, too! So, when you buy evaporated milk, ask for Borden's.

*...you'll love
Borden's Cheeses too!*

On your next visit to your favorite food store, ask for Borden's Fine Cheeses . . . cheese treats from all over the world at their delicious best!

Treats that once only world travelers could know — today, thanks to Borden,

these treats are all on parade right in your neighborhood.

Take a tour!

Start your cheese tour with good old-fashioned Borden's American. Next step over the border into Canada and discover Borden's Chateau, the mild, rich cheese flavor that cheese-lovers everywhere are praising. Then to France with Borden's Military Brand Camembert and Brie — and Napoleon Roquefort.

Now meet golden Liederkrantz — a German type cheese. Let's be on to Switzerland and a new thrill in Borden's nut-sweet Swiss and mellow Gruyere.

Get some today!

Good fun, isn't it . . . this Borden cheese cruise? And we've just started. Many another member of Borden's cheese family is waiting to greet you at your food store. And every one, in goodness and quality, is worthy of the name *Borden*.



When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

POWDER and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then there's no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Even though you may already have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores, black-heads, perhaps—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many women who *think* they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are all unconsciously leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores day after day.

When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply


into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up *thoroughly* the modern Lux Toilet Soap way.

In this simple way you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.





USE ALL THE
MAKE-UP YOU WISH,
MY DEAR, BUT
PLEASE
LET US BREATHE!
SAY THOUSANDS
OF TINY PORES



You can use cosmetics
as freely as you wish,
if you guard your
skin as I do—with
gentle **Lux Toilet Soap**

ELISSA LANDI

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE,
"THE GREAT FLIRTATION"

A Star Who Won't Forget Her Friends

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Then, in October, Ann Sothern was "born."

In November, when "Let's Fall in Love" was released, she let out her first little silvery croon—and the whole town peeped in the crib to see what it had there.

It discovered it had quite a crib full of dainty, musical, dansical and dramatical star material.

And so—Hollywood paid court to baby. Paramount begged for her for "Melody in Spring." Columbia snatched her right back for "The Party's Over" and "The Hell Cat." Samuel Goldwyn will bounce her on his knee as Eddie Cantor's next leading lady—but he'll have to hurry, because Columbia must have her right back for "Blind Date."

ANN Sothern—let's call her Ann, although in those days she used her own name, Harriette Lake—was a pretty important person to herself before she arrived in Hollywood—the first time. She came of a good family, an intelligent family of means. There is a staunch Scandinavian strain in her blood. Her mother was a concert singer; her father a successful business man. Ambition for achievement was predominant in her family, and an elemental part of her background.

Ann herself had studiously acquired a well rounded musical education. She was proud that for three successive years she had won first prize for the best original piano composition in an international high school contest. Her old maestro, Henri Verbrugghen, had preached to her that she *must* develop her talent.

She had made high grades at the University of Washington. She was an important figure on the campus.

Then she came to Hollywood to visit her mother, who was coaching talkie-stranded actresses how to speak English. There wasn't any idea of her going on the screen—but one day she went out to Warners-First National Studios with her mother. A friend, then studio manager, suggested she join their stock company. The studio gave her a contract.

Ann was thrilled with the prospect of a movie career. She treasured her first seventy-five dollar pay check—but as the days and the weeks went by, she actually began to resent it. It was like a gift with no feeling from the giver.

BECAUSE there was nothing for Ann to do. Practically nothing. Studio executives hardly knew her name. She was lost in the shuffle, less important than the brown dust of the Burbank studio lot, and in picture knowledge as green as the grass on the front lawn.

Her pride was crushed; she was puzzled and confused. What to do? How to do it? No one seemed to bother to explain. Her few small parts terrified her.

Ann's morale sank to its lowest ebb; she desperately needed friends—that's why Marion "Peanuts" Byron is one girl who will always be close to her heart, no matter how fortune deals with her.

"Peanuts" was up then—and Ann was down, pretty far down in spirits. "Peanuts," then an important, featured actress at Warners, took time off to help a fellow out.

"Your make-ups all wrong," she told her. "Come on, let me show you how."

Make-up wasn't all. "Peanuts" gave sound

advice in a hundred other matters. Gave Ann some idea of what this picture business was all about. Bolstered her confidence.

And Ann has never forgotten. Even though fate isn't so kind to "Peanuts" now, she was the first person Ann looked up when she came out the second time. Today, "Peanuts" is a frequent and honored guest at lunch in Ann's Columbia dressing-room. Neither is a fair-weather friend, going up or coming down.

Lou Silvers, then head of Warners sound department, is another friend Ann met on the first trip up, passed again on the way down, then found still a friend at a dangerous point in her second climb.

Silvers had no particular reason to take an interest in her at Warners. She was just a young tyro like hundreds of other young tyros. But she could sing, and it seemed a shame—so he took an interest in Ann.

"You know music," he told her, "and you can sing. All you've got to know is *how* to sing for pictures, and I'm going to see that you learn."

So he spent hours of his precious time teaching Ann how to lend her voice to the microphone. He gave her sound, almost fatherly advice about Hollywood.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, he risked his reputation to go to bat for Ann at Columbia when her big opportunity picture, "Let's Fall in Love," was finished.

SILVERS had just been signed to a new job when he saw the finished piece. Maybe it wasn't any of his business, but there were some recordings of Ann's that weren't up to par. They might have gotten by, but if they had they wouldn't have helped a newcomer. So he fought for—and got—the important retakes which were the margin between success and just getting by.

You can't call Lou Silvers a name in front of Ann. Nor the late Paul Bern, who saw her through the discouraging months at M-G-M, her second inactive stock contract during the first Hollywood venture—who told her she was going to make good eventually—and never to forget it.

Nor Ivan Kahn, the agent who took a gamble on an unknown girl, because he believed in her. Who persuaded M-G-M to sign her and then sacrificed what profit he made by getting her out of her contract when her chance with Ziegfeld came.

Ivan Kahn is Ann's agent today. She put herself in his hands the minute she arrived in Hollywood, because she doesn't forget those things.

Nor will she ever forget her utter desolation and lonely fear of Broadway when Ziegfeld's unexpected wire called her for a part in "Smiles." Broadway was to be the turning point in her career. But, as she had come to Hollywood in complete ignorance, so Ann went to the bright lights, not knowing a back-drop from a curtain-cue.

The wire came out of a blue sky. Ziegfeld had met her at a party, and admired her voice. He said she ought to be on Broadway—but Ann had learned not to take producers' remarks too seriously by this time.

She left the next morning.

Not a friend in Manhattan—she thought—but she was wrong.

There was Tom Howard.

Tom was an old-time stage comedian—and a good one. And his experience penetrated Ann's masked ignorance.

Never on a stage before in her life, she was given two songs. No one volunteered to tip her on stage technique. She received curt orders and was expected to know what to do. At a dress rehearsal the stage manager called her.

"You go on in one," he said, with no further explanation.

"Yes, sir," Ann replied, afraid to tell him that she had no idea of what in the world he meant.

TOM Howard caught the situation. He strolled up. "You don't know what he's talking about, do you?" he grinned.

Ann smiled her confession.

"Well, he means you go in that alley over there marked Number One," explained Tom, "and stand just off the stage, ready to go on."

Ann went "on in one," tripped and fell on her face, stumbled through her song, wondering all the while how she was ever going to get off the stage!

But Tom showed her how, and took her aside more than once to give her the wisdom of his years of trouping.

Ann has never seen him since—she left "Smiles" after two weeks—but "if I ever do, I'm going to throw my arms around his neck," she swears. And she will. She's that kind.

Walter Donaldson is another friend of those frightened, precarious days who popped up again.

When Ann left "Smiles," discouraged that the show had nothing in it for her after all, she walked into the office of Walter Donaldson, a song writer she had met.

"I've just left the Ziegfeld show," she told him flatly. "I hate the stage."

"No you don't," said Donaldson. "Wait. You ought to meet Larry Schwab of Schwab and Mandel. Stick tight and I'll get him up here."

She could hardly believe her eyes when, after Donaldson's sales talk, the big producer—who never was known to go out of his office to interview anyone, let alone unknowns—actually arrived and signed her for her first real part, in "America's Sweetheart."

Twenty-three weeks of that—and a couple of more stage shows, "Everybody's Welcome," and "Of Thee I Sing." Then Hollywood, where she blossomed out under the brand-new name.

DONALDSON has been signed to write the songs for Ann in the next Eddie Cantor picture.

"And he'll write grand ones for me," Ann is confident. He's her friend. He was her friend when he didn't have to be at all.

"I've never forgotten and I never will forget the people who have been nice to me," she vows.

"I'll never change, never go high hat. Because I'm counting on those friends to put me right, if I ever start in that direction.

"I'm not kidding myself. I know that fame often has a short life in Hollywood—and if I must go down eventually, I want to meet a few friends on the way."



*What a shame! That compact was a keepsake.
 "Pocketbook Panic"* cures this star.*

NOW *Frances Dee*
 INSISTS ON HANDBAGS WITH THE SECURITY
 OF THE TALON SLIDE FASTENER » » »

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Careless" handbags with insecure fastening devices can cause a lot of damage. Precious contents slip out, unnoticed, until the important moment when you look for them and they are gone!

The Talon Slide Fastener eliminates accidents and insures safety for the contents of your bags! This modern closing device actually adds to the trimness of handbag styles, too. Smooth, easy-operating (just a pull on the Talon Slider opens or closes your handbag), it has revolutionized handbag tailoring. Insist on this safety and style device when you choose your next handbag. You'll find Talon-fastened bags in varied styles and at all prices in your favorite shop.

Take the screen-world's word for it . . . it doesn't do to carry anything but a Talon-fastened handbag!

*"Pocketbook Panic" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.



HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA.
 NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA
 SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE

Why Women Are Crazy About John Boles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

he lighted three cigarettes for the leading lady. *Impasse*. Which one did he like best? Result: a draw, and two tousled coiffures.

I happened to run across the same ingénue recently, and asked her casually why she thought women liked John Boles.

"Because he's so unattainable," she answered wistfully.

And the very next person I asked said, "Because he makes every girl believe she is the one."

HOW can you figure out a man like that?

Then I went out to Universal and braced little Margaret Sullavan with the question. Margaret shies like a startled fawn surprised by big bad hunters when she spots a reporter in the offing.

But she talked willingly about John.

"He was so wonderful to me while we were working in 'Only Yesterday.' Generous, helpful and patient. It was my first picture, and there were many things to discourage me. John Stahl is a superb but a very meticulous director. He will make fifty shots of the same scene to capture exactly the mood he wants. I thought it was my fault. It was John Boles, with his quiet understanding and encouragement, who helped me through."

Once they worked for two entire days on a single scene. And John Stahl works his actors. Ask anyone in pictures. The tension would have driven almost any other player into a frenzy. But this is what Stahl said, later:

"John Boles is so polite it is actually difficult to direct him, to criticize him. You

can't bawl him out, the way you have to bawl out some actors to get what you want from them. Where another man would blow up, Boles says, 'Very well, Mr. Stahl. Let's try it again.' He disarms me. I am in a fever—and he remains so cool. What can you do with a man like that?" he pleaded, helplessly.

John, himself, says:

"There is a rhythm and a lilt to life that one learns through association with music."

WHEN or where in all the world has there ever been a musician who did not attract women? And in the life of every one of them women have figured conspicuously. John Boles is no exception.

When he first went to New York, after the war, it was a little chorus girl who took the golden-voiced young man in hand and showed him the ropes. She told him how to talk to

managers—and which managers to talk to. Then Geraldine Farrar rehearsed an opera with him. It was never presented, but he derived priceless experience from it.

Next Gloria Swanson saw him on the stage, and wanted him for "Love of Sunya," one of her own productions in the silent days. She brought him to California. His agent is a woman, Rebecca, of Rebecca and Silton.

He has been married to the sweetheart of his college days, for seventeen years. And admits that he considers it more romantic to keep one woman happy for that long than to have married half a dozen. The answer to a romance, says John, is how long you can make it last.

He is so grandly, contagiously *happy*. Life is a sort of revel and he is the guest of honor. You look at him and say:

"There is a man who loves his work!"

home. Papa is such fun, such an indulgent, devoted father.

And at the same time, the same man is a wandering minstrel at heart—a gypsy who longs for the broad highway and a ragged coat with a few coins to jingle. The family keeps him anchored—is a perfect balance-wheel. But there is something about a domesticated Romeo that women find very intriguing.

IN his professional, as in his domestic life, John is incomplete without the feminine complement. The most perfect team of which he has been a part was he and Irene Dunne, in "Back Street." There have been many requests for them together again, from all over the world. They are perfectly *simpatico*, those two. Perhaps, for one reason, they have music in common, and even study with the same vocal teacher.

John Boles' recent ascending success is a direct reward of the talkies. Before he could use his voice, he was not as assured—only "half there," as he puts it. Even the use of his speaking voice gives more confidence. In his present picture, "The Life of Virgie Winters," opposite Ann Harding, he does not sing.

His appeal seems to grow every year, if his fan mail is an accurate indication.

It is proof that a world of women is fed up with the antagonistic slug-'em-and-leave-'em boys, and are looking for romance—less violent and more permanent? Tender understanding seems to be the approaching mode in popular romance (if it has ever been out of fashion). And a lot more potent, according to ladies who know about these

things. It never puts one on the defensive right from the start, the way the strong-arm lads do.

Women may show sudden interest in cave-man stuff. After all, when a man smacks a lady he is bound to attract attention. At first there may even be a shining admiration for such tactics. But soon the admiration fades and interest wanes. And the lady turns with sweet relief to the calm philosophy of a Mr. Boles who substitutes softly spoken flattery for harsh commands, and tenderness for pressure.

The little world he creates for a woman—whether off the screen or on—is one of happiness and song, where the skies are always rosy.

If your lilt won't reach the octave you desire to reach, and your silver lining looks a little tarnished around the edges—see Boles. He's sure-fire treatment for a limping lilt!

Helpful Advice For Husbands And Suitors

By John Boles

Don't—

Say "I understand women." You don't, you can't, and you never will.

Talk of one lovely woman to another.

Think romance lies in numbers. Any man can make any woman happy—for a week.

Fail to give credit where credit is due—to the women in your life.

Do all the talking. Women appreciate an audience, too.

Lose your temper. You will pay dearly for it later.

Do—

Realize your duty as a man is to make every woman feel lovely, important, and desirable.

Be appreciative—and say so.

Be assured, but not bold.

Remember an ounce of tenderness is worth a pound of pressure.

Never forget—all women are fundamentally clinging vines, in spite of any and all militant independence.

Remember, women are easy to capture and hard to hold . . . the ones worth holding.

The reaction he gets back is in direct ratio to that which he gives out. The camera, they tell us, photographs what you *are*. What actors give out comes back to them.

There is a teasing, healthy challenge in the Boles presence—on the screen or off. It says, "Come on, let's sing a lot and eat a lot and drink a little good wine and flirt a little. Just to let me know I enjoy your approval, and you like me. Nothing serious—no forced gaiety. Just a nice *camaraderie*."

Men like that do a girl a lot of good—only there are nowhere nearly enough of them to go around.

He cultivates marguerites and marigolds—in his garden. At home, he is the perfect husband and father. He comes home like a child—wants to find his wife there, in a familiar place, to greet him. Marcelite and Janet, the two little girls, love to bring their school friends

"AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE CAR, TOO, SON!"

"SURE! WE'LL DRIVE CAREFULLY
—AND USE MOBILLOIL!"

*Mobiloil
makes smoother
running motors*

*The Best Care you can Give the Engine
in a Modern Car—is Mobiloil*

TRUST the younger generation to be careful with the family car! Take this pair. They know why Dad says, "Use Mobiloil."

They know that the family "bus" has a high-speed motor. They know parts fit so closely you couldn't slip a sheet of letter-paper between them.

They know that such motors "turn over" faster—and naturally generate more heat at normal running speeds.

And they know that this calls for

an oil that holds its toughness in a film thin as onion skin—an oil like Mobiloil, that won't thin out dangerously under high heat.

To most people, Mobiloil is the oil that makes their cars run best. The reason is that Mobiloil is made to take the extra punishment that modern motors put on oil.

This summer, give your motor the benefit of Mobiloil—particularly if you're driving a new car. The lighter

grades—such as Mobiloil Arctic—will get your motor "broken-in" safely and perfectly. After that, the nearest Mobiloil dealer will know exactly what grade is best for your particular make of car.

Look for the Mobiloil dealer nearest you. Where you see the sign of the Flying Red Horse, you can also get Mobilgas, Mobiloil's quality mate.

Mobiloil



AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE..Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Warm Weather Beauty Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck



that I do not need to tell you they will stay on while in bathing. Most cream rouges are the same, too, so that the modern mermaid emerges from the ocean as lovely as when she went in.

In summer, it is especially advisable that your powder be your own skin tint. You need more powder in summer, and if it is too light or too dark, you will not be in step with present-day beauty standards.

"FRESH as a Daisy" tells you the tricks of summer daintiness and the names of reputable preparations, and the "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan" leaflet still awaits the late-comers. Both leaflets will help you get through the summer without the usual warm weather tell-tale signs. Both are yours on request for stamped, self-addressed envelopes—one for each, please. Personal beauty problem letters are also carefully answered. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Milk plays an important part in Judith Allen's diet, because she knows its beauty and health giving values. If you like milk and it does not make you fat, take as much as you want. It's marvelous for skin and hair charm and will build you up if you are thin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

With eyes, you must be very careful. The best day tricks are a tiny bit of shadow spread over the upper lid and a touch of mascara.

The new water-proof mascaras leave you confident that dampness around the eyes will not make it run.

This is a good thing to know, too, if you want to come out of the ocean with lashes instead of dark streaks about the eyes.

For evening, of course, you can resort to your eyebrow pencil for making the eyes appear longer at the outer corners, or for accenting the lid along which the lower lashes grow. But for the latter, be sure that a dark lashline under the eye is becoming. On many, it gives a heavily made-up look, anything but attractive.

Summer lipstick should be bright and soft looking. It should create the idea that summer is making you glow with good health and color.

A dark, dull lipstick will not do this.

Most of the lipsticks are so permanent now



Without combing and brushing, you can never have real hair beauty, Frances Drake believes. Brushing exercises the scalp, cleanses and polishes the hair; combing also exercises and airs it. For a smooth effect, brush; always comb for a fluffy halo

MY SECRET

to give
Beauty
ADDED *Loveliness*

As told to Florence Vondelle
by
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in Paramount's
"CLEOPATRA"

Powder...the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge...next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.

Lipstick...last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It's moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature's colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect.

The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

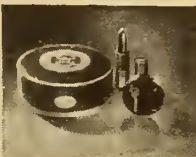
New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, \$1; Max Factor's Rouge, 50c; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1. At leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illust. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free. ©1934 Max Factor



COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Grey, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type above and here.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD

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Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeplyurring voice. Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and

Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day. Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near El Paso, Texas. For some years they have peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony's axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony's Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

IT'S certainly no secret that Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow are anything but chummy. And now Joan's big, big heart interest, Franchot Tone, is busily engaged making torrid love to Jean in her new picture, "Born To Be Kissed."

"Stills" from the picture show the love making between Franchot and Jean growing warmer by the picture. And someone remarked that Franchot looks a bit more frightened in each picture. Well he may, after the snubbing Joan gave the lovely British star, Madeleine Carroll, with whom Franchot played recently in "The World Moves On." A frigid "How do you do" dismissed Miss Carroll from Miss Crawford's life. Now the studio is wondering if any fireworks will result from the Tone-Harlow team.

Anyhow, Hollywood is getting a chuckle from the enthusiastic praise for Mr. Tone which Jean is spreading around. And when that reaches Joan's ears—!!

IT'S called the "Jean Harlow Fascination" and it's a brand new way to have the nails manicured. Instead of having the nails finished in red polish and the tips white, Jean has just reversed the process and has the nails finished in a white polish and the tips red. Very fetching, girls, very fetching.

IT was during a stockade scene on the "Treasure Island" set. Smoke and flames were filling the place. A pirate extra was overdoing his bit to

attract the director's attention, and when the scene was finished, staggered over to the assistant director and said, "Whew, I feel like a smoked herring." "You mean a smoked ham, don't you?" said the disgusted director.

CHALK up another tragedy of thwarted hopes in Hollywood.

Sigrun Solvason, professionally known as Rae Randall, who had a fleeting taste of fame when she was hailed as Greta Garbo's double, ended it all with poison.

She couldn't stand failure; she was unable to cope with the pangs of a stifled ambition.

Only the month before, Julia Graham tried the same thing—but fortunately Earl Carroll intervened.

LITTLE Carol Ann Beery was visiting her daddy, Wally Beery, on the "Treasure Island" set. Wally was in his small portable dressing-room, resting while a scene was taken. He was tilted back in his chair, his eyes closed, while Carol Ann sat on the floor cutting out paper dolls. After a great deal of delay and effort the actual shooting of the difficult scene got under way. Guns barked and popped.

Right in the middle of it, the director was horrified to hear a child's voice ring out. It was Carol Ann calling from her daddy's dressing-room. "Here, you over there," she called, "you stop all that noise. My daddy wants to rest." The entire scene had to be remade.

PAUL AMES, brother of Stephen—ex-husband of Adrienne, now married to Raquel Torres—has turned his eyes from Renee—sister of Raquel—toward June Knight. And we had hoped for a double family wedding!

OF course you remember Charlie Ray. Well, Charlie, after a six-year absence from the screen, is back in a Paramount picture, "Ladies Should Listen." Charlie's last appearance was in "The Garden of Eden," with Corinne Griffith.

THE gossips who insisted that Katharine Hepburn and her manager, Leland Hayward, were headed for the altar, received a rude shock when Mrs. Hayward recalled her announced plans for divorce, which, by all the rules, makes Mr. Hayward ineligible.

Mrs. Hayward, the former Lola Gibbs, filed her action in Mexico, and when she withdrew it explained laconically and cryptically, "Oh, it's too hot in Mexico right now."

AT a cocktail party given by Al and Ena Rogell for Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers, lots of ex-es got together. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were so palsy-walsy that Ken Murray hardly had a chance. And, as Marian Nixon was leaving with Bill Seiter, in walked Eddie Hillman and stopped her for a friendly chat. Question: How does the other man (which is the other man?) feel at a time like that?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Here's News--that will Thrill Every Woman!

FOR THE FIRST TIME
THAT MIRACLE WORKER

Sylvia of Hollywood

HAS PUT ALL HER BEAUTY
SECRETS BETWEEN THE
COVERS OF ONE BOOK

A Statement by
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
Publisher of
PHOTOPLAY Magazine

I REALLY believe this announcement is one of the great moments of my life. You see, it was through PHOTOPLAY Magazine that so many of you readers became almost personally acquainted with Sylvia of Hollywood. You read her fascinating stories of the stars and their beauty problems in PHOTOPLAY . . . you flooded her, through this magazine, with questions about your own health and beauty. And now, after months of persuasion on my part, Sylvia has finally consented to put all her beauty secrets . . . every scrap of the knowledge she has acquired through years of work and study . . . into a single book. A book written just for you thousands of women who can be beautiful . . . if you only know how and where to begin.

"No More Alibis!" is even more wonderful than I expected it to be . . . and I expected a lot! It is, I believe, a great book because it is a philosophy of life as well as a lesson in beauty. It will teach you how to live as well as how to become lovely.

It is written in the frank, breezy style which is so like the Sylvia I know . . . it is simple, easy to follow, full of information every one of you should have. It tells in detail every single one of Sylvia's famous methods and treatments . . . tells you how to apply them yourself in the privacy of your own home. The exercises are fully explained and illustrated with photographs . . . the diets are accompanied by complete directions. In fact, in this book, Sylvia has given you everything Hollywood's most glamorous stars paid her thousands of dollars to learn. I do truly feel that "No More Alibis!" offers the women of America a rare opportunity to place themselves under the expert care and guidance of one of the most remarkable women of our times. I urge you to own a copy of "No More Alibis!" because I sincerely think it can "remake" you just as the methods it tells about "remade" so many stage and screen notables. Treasure it, study it carefully, follow the treatments outlined. Then you too may acquire the beauty, the charm, the vitality, which you admire so much on the screen. You will learn how to improve your figure so that you may wear the striking clothes you've always wanted. You will acquire that self-confidence which is the basis of all charm. Every woman can be beautiful and alluring . . . every woman can know the delight of attracting admiring glances wherever she may be. Every woman can be her "best self" . . . a self which Sylvia develops for you in her marvelous new book, "No More Alibis!" Don't miss another day. Send for it now!



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By
SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD



The most famous women in Hollywood have been made lovelier, more radiant by Sylvia . . . and you too can join the long and glorious list of Sylvia's successes



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More Captivating
Red Head!



Be a
More Glamorous
Blonde!



Be a
More Alluring
Brunette!

This can
be You

Yet

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



Director Wesley Ruggles is accusing Adolphe Menjou of trying to hide his identity with those big, black specs. But Adolphe swears he has a sty. Pouf! contends Adolphe, cheaters couldn't hide *his* identity

THE exclusiveness of Garbo has extended to her Swedish chauffeur. No longer does the chauffeur drive openly into a Beverly Hills garage to have Garbo's car greased and oiled. He now telephones the garage attendants that they will find the car parked on such and such a corner (usually around the block) with the key hidden in such and such a place. When the job is done, the chauffeur slinks back and picks up the car.

Perhaps all the publicity about Garbo's exclusiveness has gone to the chauffeur's head.

EDDIE CANTOR attended a stag party, given by a hundred and fifty doctors, the other evening at the Beach Club. The medicos put on their own show, which no one seemed to enjoy more than Cantor. But after it was all over, one of the doctor-actors, mopping his brow remarked—"Whew! That's what I call hard work. Why is it, Eddie, that it never seems to be any effort for you to amuse people?"

"Listen," said Eddie, deadly serious, "with six girls, I got to be funny!"

A DRILL master was training some soldiers for a scene in "The Merry Widow." One extra was slow in his response. "You're always behind the others in presenting arms. What's the matter with you?" yelled the drill master.

The man merely held out his arm and said, quietly, "I got it in the war." The arm was shattered. A silent pause. Then the drill master said tenderly: "Here, buddy, you take my place. I'll do your job for you."

MAE WEST won't wear pearls in any picture. To Mae, pearls mean only tears and unhappiness—and no tears for Mae if she can help it.

Another sure way to court bad luck, according to Mae, is to sew on Sunday.

It was necessary for Mae to go to the Paramount studios for a dress fitting on a Sunday. The dress was to be used in the first shot the following morning. Travis Banton and his assistants were flying madly about, pinning the elaborate frock together. The fitting over, Mae said, "Now mind, no sewing today." Which simply floored the fitters, who were to have the dress finished by eight the next morning.

The dress was ready the next morning and—luckily for two little seamstresses—Mae forgot to ask about the sewing on Sunday.

EMBARRASSING moments department: Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M mogul, was almost put on the spot when he graciously asked the visiting Indian potentate, the Sultan of Johore, whom he would like most to meet in Hollywood, and having ye Sultan reply without batting an eye: "Mae West."

Of course, the Sultan didn't know that Mae



Once you knew her as a flapper. But Colleen Moore is doing tinged-with-tragedy rôles these days. She just made the screen version of Hawthorne's classic, "The Scarlet Letter," for Majestic

punched the time-clock at Paramount instead of M-G-M—but Louis very hospitably sacrificed professional jealousy and whisked the ruler and his retinue over to the rival lot to find out if it was or was not a sin.

IS Mae West a menace to our schoolchildren?

Well—judge for yourself.

From the cultural center of Waldo, Kansas, came a report of the Westian influence upon the youth of the nation recently. A schoolteacher wrote that she was holding in her hand an examination paper in arithmetic signed "Mae West"—handed in by one of her pupils. Asking for an explanation, the tot wise-cracked, "Because I done 'em wrong."

IRVIN S. COBB, just about the biggest son of Paducah, Kentucky, has ever boasted, now trying his hand at picture acting, was invited to a tea along with a number of other prominent writers in Hollywood. Each of the writers was asked to bring a copy of his own works, to be auctioned off for some worthy cause. Kunnel Cobb, suh, didn't have one of his books with him, so he went shopping. He couldn't get one for love or money. Now that noble Southern brow of his is furrowed with the question of whether it's a case of no one buying any of his books or whether the books were all bought up.

QUESTION: If divorce shatters a delayed honeymoon trip, is the trip off? Answer: Not in Hollywood. A little thing like a wrecked marriage shouldn't ever disturb your plans.

Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson planned a love-jaunt to Honolulu, but they never found time until it was too late.

However, Jean is going to take the trip—with mother, Mrs. Marino Bello.

BING CROSBY has been around offering to bet some of his friends that he would be the proud father of a brace of croonerettes within a few months. But nobody took his wager, because they suspected that Bing had been to the doctor's first and doctors can tell almost anything these days. Bing's wife is the former Dixie Lee, of the screen, you know, and they already have one heir, Gary Evan Crosby.

"WHAT was the most thrilling and exciting thing that happened to you on your European trip?" I asked Dick Arlen.

"Getting home!" answered Dick.

THE neatest marital trick of the month in Hollywood goes to Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor-husband of Gloria Stuart. Gloria and the "ex" tried a much publicized "marital vacation" and "trial separation" for a year—then they decided to cut all ties.

Gloria sued for divorce, and while she was suing, the spouse became impatient, so took himself a trip to Mexico and divorced Gloria!

To cap it, he married again the next morning.

Gloria is still a little dizzy about just who's who and why—but the Hollywood swains, who have been holding off because of this "marital vacation" business, aren't going to hold off any longer, Gloria is warned.

THAT arch rib-splitter, W. C. Fields, is cannier than that bulbous nose leads you to believe. As the back-fencers have it—W. C. and Judith Allen are stepping about, hand in hand, in the eventide.

GLAZO costs you less, but that's not the point . . . it's a Better Nail Polish!



Many's the girl who dotes on three-dollar powders, twelve-dollar perfumes . . . and New Glazo For Glazo is a very special polish . . . and its modest 25c price is just your amazing good luck.

The lovelier, richer sheen of its new lacquers alone would put Glazo in a class by itself. Then Glazo gives you 50% longer wear . . . tests prove it!

And if you're extra-choosey about colors . . . Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. The exclusive Color Chart Package shows them all, just as they'll look on your nails.

You'll thank Glazo's new metal-shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, for making nail polish easier to apply. And the bristles *won't* come loose.

Glazo New Polish Remover!
Contains Oil. Does not dry Cuticle or Nails!

Just out! Glazo's New Polish Remover contains a special oil that leaves cuticle soft. No more fear of brittle, splitting nails due to the use of old-time harsh removers. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish. Extra-size bottle, and no increase in price.



GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. *Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless.* 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. Just out! Contains Oil! Non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-84
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

13 Irresistible Women

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

makes up his own mind. There are several very extensively publicized "beauties" whom he has pointedly ignored. For instance, I inquired if a certain so-called glamorous star had entered into his considerations of the thirteen leading beauties.

Gently, a trifle sadly and without acrimony, he dismissed her with these words:

"I would not photograph her. She is simply bovine. We will not discuss it."

And, of course, he works his camera with superlative skill.

So, now that you've met the Baron, let me present his beauties irresistible.

On Garbo and Hepburn, the artist adds:

"THEY are at opposite 'poles,' so that all other women must be classified between. They are the greatest women, as Charles Chaplin and Walt Disney are the greatest men in Hollywood. Garbo is unequalled and unparalleled. Her spiritual quality is beyond any definition of beauty. She is so far superior to any other woman on the screen that she has to be classed apart, not compared."

The Baron met Hepburn on the boat, coming over from Europe. He was with Ernest Hemingway, whom she wanted to meet. So his artist's eye had the opportunity to study her informally, at close range.

"Katharine Hepburn," he says, "is the contrast of tremendous, burning intensity, inside a placid face with tiny features and the skin drawn tight like a drum. She is like a fire at which you would wish to warm yourself, and you would surely be burned if she did not dart away too soon. There is a fanatical expression in her eyes and a dynamo inside her which makes her slightest word or gesture take on enormous importance.

"With her flaring nostrils and harsh mouth, she could never be called beautiful, but her face has a dynamic quality which is more important to an actress than beauty. She could make people believe anything; she is almost hypnotic. It is this which is back of her ability. It makes everything she does dramatic, and it makes you wait for her to do something else, if only to sit down. It is too bad she has had a quick career. She should have arrived later, after work and struggle, because she has the same touch of violence that Sarah Bernhardt had—only Bernhardt had it under perfect control. She must have muscular things to do rather than spiritual.

"Then there is the genuine Peter Pan quality about her, too. She is always young. Her casualness as to appearance, that, also, is genuine, not intentional. I should describe Katharine Hepburn as 'civilized.'"

DOLORES Del Rio, who tops his list of classified beauties, fires the Baron's enthusiasm to high pitch.

"She wears less make-up than any of the stars I have met, yet her vividness is breathtaking. The bone structure of her head and body is magnificent. Her skin is like ripe fruit. She has sinuous yet artless grace; her face is so perfectly constructed that she can be photographed in any light, at any angle. Wherever the light falls, it composes beauty.

"As an experiment, we went outside the studio in the glaring sunlight, the most ungentle light of all, and I photographed her

there. It made no difference. She requires no artifice whatever—the supreme test.

"She is the most beautiful Latin since Cavalieri, more lovely than Raquel Meller."

Dietrich he ranks second—with this interesting observation:

"Hers is a purely physical beauty, as her face lacks 'soul.' It has no depth, but it is the most beautiful *superficial* face.

"In such physical terms, she is the perfect

The Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood

In the opinion of

Baron George Hoyningen-Huené

(Celebrated Photographer)

The one supreme beauty, defying any classification:

Greta Garbo

The Classified Beauties

1. Dolores Del Rio
2. Marlene Dietrich
3. Gloria Swanson
4. Anna Sten
5. Loretta Young
6. Jean Parker
7. Miriam Hopkins
{ Grace Moore
(The Baron considers Miss Hopkins and Miss Moore one and the same in type.)
8. Jean Harlow
9. Carole Lombard
10. Toby Wing
11. Adrienne Ames

The most vital personality, also defying classification:

Katharine Hepburn

example of blonde beauty, more lovely off the screen than on. There is an opposition of skin-tone and hair, creamy-silk skin and red-gold hair. She has perfectly cut eyes and mouth. The placing of her eyes is unique, and there is an exciting quality in her hollow yet normally full cheeks."

After Dietrich, the Baron places Gloria Swanson:

"Her face is exotic, irregular, with infinite varieties. She has the loveliest eyes of any screen actress. She successfully combines exotic beauty with a fundamental 'niceness'—that is, discrimination and good taste. A rare combination, almost impossible to find elsewhere."

Fourth—Anna Sten.

"I don't know what she looks like," he comments. "She changes continuously, under your eyes. She is an insignificant and colorless background on which any picture may be painted. She is like a blank canvas on which an artist can reproduce anything he likes; a perfect type to be an actress, never a personality. She has an ephemeral, fleeting quality.

She can look like many people, and be any of them. Hers is an unobvious, obscure beauty that takes time to grow on one."

There was considerable ceremony involved when this star was photographed by Baron Huené. Miss Sten arrived. She was most charming, sweet—but firm.

"Where is my dressing-room?" she demanded. And again, more firmly: "Where is my dressing-room?"

The Baron was somewhat puzzled. There were but a few poses to be made, in only one costume. . . . But he soon found out.

WITH a momentous flourish, all the streets around the vast stage were cleared. Then, with stately majesty, up drove a gigantic truck, and out of it was wheeled the portable dressing-room, two-family bungalow size. Finally it was placed in the exact location indicated by Miss Sten. She disappeared a moment, to emerge for the photographing ceremony. There arrived scores of workmen, who surrounded the spot where the camera was set up with huge screens of gauze—hundreds of yards of gauze, enclosing the Baron and his subject in an enchanted circle. Then, and only then, did Anna Sten have her picture taken!

Loretta Young, Number Five, fetches this eulogy from the Baron:

"She is the perfect type of refined young girl. It is youth with great distinction. She is the only remaining one of her type. All the others have gone into exaggeration; she alone has remained natural. She has the same face, constructively, as Joan Crawford, without the Crawford extremes.

"Miss Young has splendid ideas for posing, and poses better than anyone with whom I have worked out here. She poses easily, is most encouraging, and seemingly never tires. She has the fresh *dégagé* quality of the French *jeune fille*, with, of course, more poise and experience."

Jean Parker, who wins sixth place on the listing, stirs the Baron to remark:

"Miss Parker is the very incarnation of insouciant youth. Her coloring is incomparable, she has pretty features and enormous talent. But she is so full of life she jumps around like a monkey, and one needs a snapshot camera and a ladder to photograph her."

NOW comes that remarkable pairing of Miriam Hopkins and Grace Moore in seventh position, they being the two women whom the Baron found "so fundamentally alike" that he could not choose between them.

"Grace Moore," he says, "has a radiant, sunshine quality—she is glowing with health and inspired vitality. She has exquisite arms, teeth, hair and figure. These make her beautiful in spite of her irregular features. She is divinely gay, as only the true musical temperament is capable of being.

"She poses with champagne all around, a colorful confusion of flowers, music, people, cigarettes, chatter, spontaneous bursts of laughter. She has swirls of dresses brought in, her lovely new costumes. She couldn't wear all of them in the poses, but everyone has to see them anyway, and admire them, with Miss Moore admiring them most of all—delighted as a child, breaking out in arias. Then there is more champagne. It is a party, everyone has a

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15¢
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A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

like a downstream paddle . . .
like a breeze from the sea . . .
like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. The cork tips save your lips.

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Save the B & W coupons packed in KOOLS. They are good for worth-while, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for complete illustrated list.

BEST SELLERS. Certificate good for the current book chosen for exceptional merit each month by the Literary Guild—or a choice of several outstanding previous selections. (Write for list of available titles). Each book, 125 coupons.

GENUINE ROSEWOOD TRAY — "Adler Royal," antique gold rim and diamond matched inlaid squares of rosewood.325 coupons.

CHROMIUM COCKTAIL SHAKER (by Chase). Bright chromium with black enamel rings. Top fits snug to seal contents when shaking. Non-tarnishing, 1 1/2 in. high.200 coupons.

COCKTAIL CUPS (by Chase). Satin chromium inside, set of 4 cups.125 coupons.

COCKTAIL TRAY (by Chase). Polished Chromium.125 coupons.

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CARD TABLE*—"Adler Royal" folding, very sturdy. Three tones of wood inlaid in a smart, modern effect. Legs won't wobble.500 coupons.

INITIALED BRIDGE CARDS—Gilt-edge, Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. (Initial or fancy-back) Deck.50 coupons.
BRIDGE SET, two decks (different color backs)85 coupons.

CANTERBURY SILK STOCKINGS—all popular shades of this beautiful woman's hosiery.125 coupons.

REVERE COPPER COASTRAYS—Coaster and ash-tray combined; set of four.85 coupons.

JULEP CUPS—silver plated. Set of 2, full 14 oz.100 coupons.

SUEDE BRIDGE TABLE COVER—choice of colors.85 coupons.

LEATHER BRIDGE SCORE PAD, PENCIL—choice of colors.85 coupons.

INLAID WOOD CIGARETTE BOX, modernistic and beautiful.100 coupons.

*Card tables sent express "collect" from depot nearest customer's address. All other premiums sent "prepaid."

B & W coupons also packed with our non-mentholated Raleigh Cigarettes. Raleighs now cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

glorious time. Grace Moore is what you call a swell girl, in any language. She is so happy, no one can help having a good time around her."

After which, we'd say, Miriam Hopkins surely ought to take a bow, too. It is high praise to be bracketed with such charm.

And this description of Jean Harlow, whom the Baron ranks eighth, has us all in a swirl.

"She is the most effective woman I have ever seen, the most sensational and carnal creature in female form. She is what Jean Nash and Peggy Hopkins Joyce should have looked like. She is Sex, projected on a poster with a capital S—arresting, startling.

"But to analyze her—it is as if a sculptor said, 'I am going to make a woman with the most beautiful body ever dreamed of by man.'

"And so he shaped and formed with infinite feeling for design, sensuality and perfection. It was a labor of love, and he achieved the most divinely female symmetry ever seen.

"But he became so absorbed in the glorious body—he forgot the face!

"It is a strange puzzle of features, thrown hastily in a heap. There is sharp discord in juxtaposition. The features have no rhyme or reason or relation to each other. The final result, with the thin, soaring, striped eyebrows, is definitely Oriental.

"But, I repeat, she is the most effective woman I have ever seen. She has the most wonderful good nature. She was in the midst of filming a picture and had to dart in and out between my camera and the set, when I photographed her. It must have been trying, but you would never have known it."

Carole Lombard takes her niche:

"A most unusual woman who could be a very important actress if she had a chance. She more nearly displays her possibilities in '20th Century' than in anything she has ever done, I am told. Otherwise, she has played falsely-sophisticated women who look dreary on the screen.

"But they are not herself. She is energetic, full of good-will and genuine gaiety, she has intelligence of a high order, and imagination.

"Miss Lombard bounds around her dressing-room in an excess of good animal spirits. It was an agreeable surprise to find her so vivacious. Also, she has great chic, a real feeling for fashion, and an interesting face with a fine sculptural forehead. She had so much fun posing that two hours seemed like ten minutes."

As for the tenth selection in the classified list:

"Toby Wing belongs here. She is a lineal descendant of all the revue queens and chorus girls that have existed from Gaby Deslys on.

"Say a man has seen five hundred chorus girls—he remembers them in a composite picture. The image he takes home with him is Toby Wing, the perfect chorus girl."

Eleventh in the ranks comes Adrienne Ames.

The Baron considers her "the perfect fashion plate, the prototype of every woman whose primary interest is in clothes. She is what Americans imagine every smart woman in Paris to look like. She has good bone-structure, poise, and a calm distinction. She more nearly resembles an English beauty than any other race, but she has more flair for dress. She poses easily and well."

So there you have them—the numbered eleven, or rather, twelve (with the one two-in-one arrangement), and the two great picture personages who frame them: First, Greta Garbo, and here—

Katharine Hepburn!

. . . And all outside the frame, there is great wailing and gnashing of pretty teeth. . . .

Hollywood Goes Communistic

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]



GUESSED \$1 TO \$3 FOR Bouquet Powder

CENTRAL PARK CASINO on a gala night in season! That was the spot for our young interviewer to find the fairest women in Manhattan. And she did, by lingering in the powder-room and offering dainty samplers of a fragrant, soft, exquisite powder. Would they try it and state a possible price? Well, the greatest number said \$2 a box, and the next highest number, \$3 a box. Only one woman all evening guessed 50c and wanted to know at once where she could buy it! Armand Bouquet Powder in favorite shades is found at good stores everywhere and you can "sample yourself" with the debutante package by sending free coupon below.



ARMAND, DES MOINES, IOWA

Send me a free sample of Armand Bouquet Powder.

Name _____ PHO-8-4-B
Address _____

"Ah, Comrade Gloria Swansonova. Vat is your hurry?" called Garboski.

"I'm on my way to the Registrar's office to get a divorce," said Swansonova, with a merry smile. "All I have to do is sign on the dotted line. Back in five minutes."

"She's had a divorce efferly day this veek," informed Garboski. "Such an energy! I shoold t'ink she gets tired, valking all dose stairs up to the Registrar's office."

"Say, that gives me a grand idea!" whooped Comrade Ivanovitch. "Why don't you get married, Comrade Garboski, and give me the story? You can get a divorce the next morning. Or even the same morning!" Ivanovitch fairly glowed with enthusiasm.

GRETA GARBOSKI closed her eyes wearily. "All dose stairs . . . Ay am too tired, Comrade. Ay tank ay go home."

"Remember the soap—and your promise!" hissed Ivan Ivanovitch through his long pink beard.

"Comrade, I congratulate you," Garboski bowed low. "In all this Communistic Hollywood where clothes and food, housing and wages, are given to all alike and incentive to achieve is gone—you, you alone have left ambition. Such ambition. To get Garboski married, and you alone to have the story. The editor's dream. Vell," she favored him with a cryptic smile, "I see vot I can do for you. A Garboski never forgets! Now I go home to my bath." She undulated gracefully away, gnawing on a herring.

A group of men with grim expressions strode by. They came from the palaces of Beverly Hills, all of which had been turned into living quarters for the workers, except the few which were reserved as museums. The swimming pools had been drained to discourage too much bathing.

In the center of the group were Irving Thalbergovitch and Darryl Zanuckski, looking very cross. They were being forcibly borne away on a vacation, because it was their turn to take a vacation, and the Communist law said they had to take one every three weeks, whether they liked it or not. Thalbergovitch was ordered to play polo on what were formerly Zanuckski's polo ponies, and Zanuckski was obliged to do thirty-six holes of golf a day with Thalbergovitch's clubs.

IN their absence, there would be a suspension of activities in the production of propaganda pictures, which were the only kind the Communist Government permitted to be made. They were all eulogies on the joys of Communism.

Thalbergovitch's latest sex-thriller, "French Fried," depicted five families living in a one-family bungalow. Its purpose was to educate the women to the use of one communal kitchen, with sweetness and light triumphant over argument as to which one used the paring-knife last, and who put the broiler away without washing it.

The plot was revealed in the title, and the Big Moment arrived when Lupe Velezski, Jean Harlowski, Norma Shearerski, Joan Crawfordski and Marlene Dietrichski, the five little house-wives, all agreed to have the potatoes French fried on Wednesdays, to promote efficiency and complete accord in the culinary

department. It finished with Lupe doing a rumba on the stove, while the other four joined hands and danced around in their little burlap aprons.

This scene, however, was later deleted for not properly delineating the seriousness of the situation—and two murders, in the Russian manner, were substituted.

There were, of course, no servants in Communistic Hollywood, and all the stars did their own work. The children were placed in Government Nurseries while their mothers were engaged at the studio.

THERE were no castes (except the "e-less" kind in pictures), creeds, or classes. All the population was leveled to one common denominator, and the low-comic rated the same social distinction as the great dramatic star. In the homes of former Hollywood aristocrats (meaning anyone whose salary had been fifteen hundred a week or more), marked off into floor-space, lived prop boy, star, street cleaner, director, and cook. The star could not get uppity or she would be exiled to Poverty Row, which was the same as Siberia.

A slight exception was made in the case of Cecil B. Demilleovitch. He was issued a bath ticket daily, to see if he could take it.

Gossip was no longer a major sport. It was Government business. All tattle-tales were rewarded. Any complaints, however indirect, leveled at the Regime, could be reported to the District Chief. The squealer received ten counts toward an official post for demonstrating his loyalty. Fifty million counts, and the squealer was eligible to the office of reader of all letters marked "personal."

Any Hollywood Communist could be abolished for chiseling vodka and food tickets. It was not considered quite enough to warrant shooting the offender. Some of the habitual party-throwers found this a harsh rule. It put an abrupt end to parties because nobody had ever learned how to give them without rivers of vodka—or its equivalent.

With the constant espionage system, nobody could trust anybody, which was practically the same as before the new Regime, but they couldn't talk about it, and no one had any fun at all.

EVERY studio was operated by the Triangle, an old Hollywood custom—only this was a different sort of a Triangle. It consisted of one Soviet official and two Labor Union representatives, who sat in judgment on all grievances.

In the recreation-and-grievance room, provided for the actors in each studio, they were free of all supervision except governmental.

This was known as the "mad" room. All players with a grievance were privileged to write it in the form of a bulletin, accompanied by caricatures if they liked, and post it on the wall. The major studios were forced to throw two and even three of their huge sound stages together for this room, in order to provide sufficient wall space for the actors' complaints against the producers. And against each other.

Over at Paramount, forty square feet of space was reserved by W. C. Fieldski, alone, on which to post his "I am mad at baby LeRoyoff" complaints. This entire deplorable situation could be grasped at a glance. "Baby

COPY THESE PIQUANT

Hollywood Hair Styles

only if your hair is not

too DRY or too OILY

LeRoyoff Has Libeled Me. He Says I Stole His Bottle. Baby LeRoyoff is All Wet." "Baby LeRoyoff Is A Menace. He Steals Scenes," etc., *ad infinitum*.

Out in the M-G-M mad room was a large placard in letters of flame: "I am mad at Louis B. Mayerski. He has been renting my Franchot Tonova out to other studios. First, that lead with Connie Bennettovitch. Then with Madeleine Carrollitzky. But that isn't the half of it. Now he has been cast opposite Jean Harlowski! AM I BURNING!" Signed, "Joan Crawfordski," with a flourish.

The Warner mad room was decorated with thousands of signs, but the most prominent read: "I am mad at Perc Westmorovitch and Orry Kellyski, because they couldn't make me look like Napoleon." Signed, Edward G. Robinsonovitch. And a small, neat bulletin proclaimed: "I am not mad at anyone—today. BUT LOOK OUT!" Signed: "Jimmy Cagneyzova."

OVER at Fox there was a cute little baby-blue sign, all curlicues, which stated, "I am mad at Warner Baxter and John Boles for getting more fan mail than I do." Signed: "Janet Gaynorbova."

Wherever Lupe Velezski happened to be working, this sign inevitably blew into the mad room, as if propelled by a hurricane—"Lupe is so mad at all you—(Deleted by Government censors)—reporters for talking about me and Johnny. This is a private fight. You keep out or I keel you!"

All the complaints were regularly inspected by the Triangle, and if the accusations were unjustified, the accuser was made to go without close-ups for a week. If they were justified, when they happened to name a producer, the actor could fire the producer.

Naturally, everybody except gluttons for punishment dodged executive positions. Executives were paid the same as laborers, issued the same food, clothing and housing. They could not even will their money, if any, to their children . . . they couldn't own anything, not even a yes-man. So why, most of them reasoned, assume the mental worry and responsibility that burns up the human system?

Sex was regarded with disfavor, and only a few of the habitual old-timers clung to the custom. Boys and girls were dressed, educated, and had their hair clipped exactly alike, so it was indeed difficult to tell the younger generation apart. It was becoming increasingly difficult to tell them *anything*.

SUCH luxuries as silk stockings and fountain pens were unknown. All uniforms had long trousers, anyway, designed by Dietrichski, and there were no checks or contracts to sign.

Dictator Stalin-von-Sternberg cast all pictures by the simple expedient of dropping his glove. The first girl to retrieve it was given the starring part in the picture. The most nimble of all was Marlene.

The day following the soap drama, Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch was agreeably surprised in his attic by a call from Comrade Garboski, who practically never called on writers before the New Regime. . . .

She danced in with airy grace, full of glee. "So whatski?" inquired Ivan Ivanovitch.

"I haf decided to gif you a story," she giggled.

"All right, shootova," ordered Ivanovitch, his typewriter poised for action.

"I am going to marry the three reporters!" said Greta Garboski.

"My heavenski!" yelled Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch. "It *must* be Communism!"



A very brilliant star, who exemplifies sophisticated good taste, dares to smooth her gleaming tresses straight back from her brow. She dares because her hair is soft and lustrous—not dry and fly-away. To make dry hair more manageable, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).



This pert, "page-boy" coiffure of a famous screen favorite is intriguing if your head is the right shape for it and your hair soft enough to retain a smooth wave. If your hair is too oily to hold a wave, use the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment given below.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair

Here's the Easy-to-Use
**NEW LIQUID
 DEODORANT**



WHAT a grand improvement! A clear white liquid to stop perspiration, approved by Good Housekeeping . . . in a bottle that cannot spill or splash. Women tell us it's the fastest-drying liquid deodorant they've ever used. Gentle on the skin, too.

See How Easy it is to Keep Armpits Dry and Odorless

You just lift the Perstop bottle and pass its little sponge top over the armpits. Precisely the right amount of safe, harmless Perstop covers the underarms after using this new drip-proof and splash-proof built in applicator.

Nothing more to do! You set your Perstop bottle back on the boudoir table and forget it for 1 to 5 days. Your armpits are now moisture-proof as well as odor-proof. Your frocks are free from ugly perspiration stains.

Leading department stores and druggists from coast to coast now feature Perstop. 50¢ buys a bottle that seems to last forever.

Made by the makers of Persik, the original cream deodorant applied like a lipstick.



Feminine Products
 469 5th Ave., N.Y.



Perstop
 THE EASY WAY TO STOP PERSPIRATION

Last Chance to Vote

For The Best Picture Of 1933

IF you haven't already mailed your ballot, now is the time to send it. The polls will soon be closing, and we know you are anxious to have a part in awarding the annual PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st may be considered. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are eligible.

As we have said in previous issues, there are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of players, story, photography, direction and the spirit behind the making of the picture.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award—made each year to the film adjudged best by the greatest number of PHOTOPLAY readers—is highest honor in the movie world, the Nobel prize of the Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct

from the millions of movie-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of the thirteen previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of a place in this famous Honor Roll.

It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to vote. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all so many pleasant hours.

During the past month—since the extension of voting time—ballots have continued to pour in.

The polls will close *July 25th*.

Because it is impossible for us to judge how long counting the votes will take, we ask that you watch for information relative to announcement of the winner in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Adorable</i> | <i>Hold Your Man</i> | <i>Prizefighter and the Lady,</i> |
| <i>Another Language</i> | <i>I'm No Angel</i> | <i>The</i> |
| <i>Berkeley Square</i> | <i>King Kong</i> | <i>Reunion in Vienna</i> |
| <i>Blonde Bombshell, The</i> | <i>Lady for a Day</i> | <i>Roman Scandals</i> |
| <i>Bowery, The</i> | <i>Little Women</i> | <i>She Done Him Wrong</i> |
| <i>Cavalcade</i> | <i>Mama Loves Papa</i> | <i>Sign of the Cross</i> |
| <i>College Humor</i> | <i>Masquerader, The</i> | <i>State Fair</i> |
| <i>Counsellor-at-Law</i> | <i>Morning Glory, The</i> | <i>Sweepings</i> |
| <i>Dancing Lady</i> | <i>Night Flight</i> | <i>This Day and Age</i> |
| <i>Dinner at Eight</i> | <i>One Man's Journey</i> | <i>Today We Live</i> |
| <i>Double Harness</i> | <i>Only Yesterday</i> | <i>Too Much Harmony</i> |
| <i>Farewell to Arms, A</i> | <i>Paddy, the Next Best Thing</i> | <i>Topaze</i> |
| <i>Footlight Parade</i> | <i>Peg o' My Heart</i> | <i>Tugboat Annie</i> |
| <i>42nd Street</i> | <i>Picture Snatcher</i> | <i>Turn Back the Clock</i> |
| <i>Gabriel Over the White</i> | <i>Pilgrimage</i> | <i>Voltaire</i> |
| <i>House</i> | <i>Power and the Glory, The</i> | <i>When Ladies Meet</i> |
| <i>Gold Diggers of 1933</i> | <i>Private Life of Henry VIII,</i> | <i>White Sister, The</i> |
| | <i>The</i> | <i>Zoo in Budapest</i> |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
 221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

**Send
 in
 This
 Ballot**

Hollywood Turned Inside-Out

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

I will break down and confess that it made my complexion simply ravishing, but it also speeded up the circulation so that every bit of bad came out in me! Now the next evening I had a big date with a new and fascinatin' gent when, good heavens, a daisy pops out right on the tip of my nose! Now, I'm pretty fond of this Harlow woman, and her idea is a little pip, but let me warn you, my Joannie, if you're thinking of inaugurating this little blood speeder-upper, don't make any dates for two or three days. After that, judging from my results anyway, your peaches and cream will do devastating things to even the most reserved of men.

YOU'VE kept on asking me about that fascinating, kitten-faced Loretta Young till I decided I ought to do something about it. Well, I did. Yesterday I hid myself over to Fox (in all the flower plots they have appealing little signs that read "Please don't pick me") and found her on the "Caravan" set. (Do you realize what a big pal I am, always granting your slightest whim?) She looked pretty devastating. I remember she was quite an eye-ful at thirteen, even. We had a merry laugh over one thing and another until she had to go to work. I got a few moments to talk to vivid, colorful Conchita Montenegro who, although she is a simply stunning dancer, does everything but dance in the picture. In fact, she is cast as a perennial weeper.

But to get back to Loretta. She was doing a picturesque scene—playing hostess to about seventy Gypsies, all in native costume. Loretta was dressed in a magnificent wedding gown of white net with exciting pleated *frou-frous* and golden spangles on it. Her new husband (in the picture, my pet. Don't jump so at conclusions!), the good looking Charles Boyer, sat beside her in Gypsy costume . . . You can now conclude that she's an outsider who marries into the tribe . . . I forgot to mention that before Loretta took her place at the head of the mile-long banquet table she handed a little home-movie camera to the assistant director and, with an enchanting smile, asked him if he would please shoot. He seemed willing, all right. With mouth agawk I watched him film the whole scene just as the director directed it.

NOW that idea struck me as a little beauty, so I got inquisitive and Loretta told me that she liked to shoot all the nice scenes from her pictures and then run them for her family and friends. She even goes further. She directs said family and friends in little stories. Last one was called "A Man's Rattle," a take-off on her picture with Spencer Tracy you so raved about, "A Man's Castle." Sister Polly Ann and Billy Bakewell acted in it. Loretta directed the thing all over the place, the garden, upstairs, the roof even. Remember the whistle-of-the-train business? Well, Loretta took her kid sister's toy train and every so often would take a shot of it racing around the tiny, circular track. All in all, a simply dandy picture came out. Can you imagine the fun the grandchildren are going to have?

Of course, I am interested in the more lofty things of life, too. I was ever so impressed the other day when I saw Lew Ayres bending



Have you ever really tried a true Film-removing tooth paste?

IF you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, FIGHT FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form irritating tartar. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites tender, spongy gums, pyorrhea. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be either ineffective or harmful to tooth enamel. There is now a dentifrice you can depend on regularly—a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

No other equally safe way removes film as thoroughly as Pepsodent. Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. Harmful ingredients were discarded. No grit, pumice, soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—recently developed. This cleansing agent is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

FREE—10-Day Tube

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Dept. 1108, 919 N. Michigan Ave.

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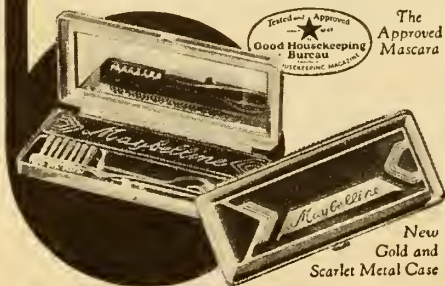
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BEAUTIFUL EYES are your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon genuine Maybelline! Black, Brown and the new dark Blue. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.



New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

studiously over some music on which he had been working. Yas'm! Mr. Ayres, so boyishly handsome and sighed over by many of our leading beauties, is a composer. Uh-huh! A music composer. And he's had his symphony broadcast all over. I'll wager you had your pretty ear glued to the old rad-ee-o. Eh?

OH, I forgot to tell you, Joan, when I was on the subject of beauty somewhere back yonder in this epistle, that the lady who washes my raven curls also washes the crowning glory of one Marlene Dietrich. She, the shampooist, only dunks, nothing else does she do, and a grand looking mop she turns out, what with oil rub, egg shampoo and hand dry. She thinks that Miss Dietrich is the sweetest, noblest, finest, beautifullest, most gentle and considerate lady in the land. I also learned that when this phenomenon of all the virtues comes for the weekly laundering she is accompanied by small daughter Maria. Maria is dressed sometimes in slacks, like her mother may be, or in just plain kid's dresses, like your neighbor's child. Maria waits for mama, or mama waits for Maria. But both get washed. Sometimes Maria comes alone with her nurse to get her golden curls scrubbed. Sometimes the shampooing lady goes to the house, when the actress can't get away. Marlene has lovely, heavy, fine-textured hair, which the child inherits, and the two of them, incidentally, seem pretty crazy about each other.

You know how sentimental I get when I see a dog that resembles my dear departed Tango—the Boston? I really don't know how I've existed these last seventy-odd years without him. The memory I most treasure was his gentleness with me—and his fierceness with any stranger that he felt might harm me. That's why foolish tears sprang to my eyes when Dolores Del Rio's husband (you never saw a more handsome individual, perfect pair those two) told me how her little bull, Michael (born March 17), guards her jealously. He said that the other day a man came to fix some of the mirrors and Michael went for him. Dolores called him off and reprimanded him for his bad manners. Afterwards, though, she took him into her room, patted him and told him that really she was proud of him. If dogs beam, Michael beamed. And I hereby give Dolores my personal nomination as a grand person. She's got appreciation, that's what.

OH, listen! I must tell you what happened recently at Columbia where Grace Moore was working. It could have developed into a simply splendid situation, only Miss Moore happens to be as grand a wife as she is a singer (and actress) and feels that everyone is entitled to at least one mistake. You know she has an impressively attractive Spanish husband who acts, too. His name is Parera—Valentin Parera—and he doesn't always get his vowels and consonants just right. I was over in a corner talking to him about cabbages and kings while Mrs. Parera was finishing up a scene with Lyle Talbot. When she joined us, good old Valentin popped out with, "Miss Cummings has just given me a massage." My heart stood still, I expected practically anything in reply from the missus, but she just grinned and said, "You mean 'message,' don't you, dear?" "Yes, yes," the gentleman responded eagerly, "massage."

This is a lesson in faith, little one. Always trust your husband, no matter what he says!

A good thing to have in life is an ideal, don't you think? Even if it's pretty impossible to achieve, it still is exciting to think about. So I just spend my days making up impossible

dreams about Leslie Howard. (Let me tell you that that's the safest possible ground to tread on!) Do you want to know the perfectly new, and—according to his dear friend, Monckton Hoffe, a biggy English playwright—the only *real* lowdown on him? Here it is, though it may startle you: "He's of Hungarian descent!"

That, more than likely, is where he inherited his taste for polo. In the old country, according to Mr. Hoffe, Howard's team played with twenty-seven men on a side. Isn't that exciting! Our Mr. Howard, again according to Mr. Hoffe, hunts three days a week when at home in jolly England and has his own private pack of beagles (Hunting dogs for small game; see the dictionary if you don't believe me). He knows every one of them by name. There are fifty-two beagles, each named after a card in the deck. His two most favored ones are Six of Clubs and Nine of Diamonds. (Mr. Hoffe's favorite is the Joker!) But there is yet more that this extraordinary fellow can do. He rows, too. Now this is no small accomplishment, particularly when you're a sculling champion like he is, three years in a row (champ of the Thames Bargemen). But he doesn't just row in a shell—nothing so unspectacular, my dear, he rows a yacht! No, I don't know how, either. Mr. Hoffe, my informant, looks the very soul of integrity, but, you may believe him or not. Personally . . . !

ANYWAY, there's no disputing this: Leslie is a perfectly grand actor. He gets my money any day he's in a picture. Yours too, I expect, after reading this!

Of course, little one, if you're not quite up to refined, blond men, I can give you a whirl at the dark, dashing Nils Asther . . . he's mah pal, he is. No dreams this time. There's not another in the land as handsome, either. Now this isn't being a traitor to Sir Howard, it's just Gospel Truth, that's all. Nils and me went to Palm Springs. (I'll give in and confess that he also took my mother . . . dern it!) I know you remember the adorable couple that Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes made in "A Farewell to Arms." She so tiny, he so tall? Well—don't interrupt!—that's how I felt when, all decked out in my little sailor shorts and sandals, I went for a walk with the towering Asther. He looked particularly elegant in tweeds, the shaggy kind, you know.

That's a man for you—bows from the waist—has flowers in your room—selects the best wines—pays you compliments that give you the vapours—drives about in a stunning open car with tonneau windshield (and how tenderly he stows you away!). Oh, I could go on and on about this lad, but I'll let you fritter yourself into a stew of envy with this revelation . . . he gave me his picture and on it is written, "To the only Mitzi." All right, all right, stop purring at me, you can come out and visit Hollywood this winter.

YOU know, Joan dear, I sometimes get to the point of thinking that what this world needs is bigger and better Privacy. Life gets so helter-skelter sometimes, don't you think? The only one who seems to have solved the problem so far, to a degree of nicety, is Elissa Landi. A capable girl, Joan. She not only writes books, rides horseback splendidly and knows her music (to say nothing about her acting), but she also has this Privacy situation perfectly in hand. A separate entrance for each member of the family is the solution. That's how her house is. First off, it's atop a canyon which takes you away from the maddening crowd. Second, the three women occu-

pants (her mother, secretary and self) have private stairways leading to their rooms. That makes each coming and going a quiet, non-disturbing affair. The rest of the house is downstairs, the living-room, dining-room, etc. That way the ladies are together when they wish to be. A bright arrangement, if you ask me. I understand that there isn't a swimming pool, so she occasionally uses that of her neighbor, Vicki ("Grand Hotel") Baum. And (ssh!) this genteel actress is pretty hot stuff in a bathing suit!

Once again my old malady is asserting itself . . . writers' cramp in the left pinky. So I warn you, you old news devourer, that the end approacheth. But just this one last story which I must tell you: Norma Shearer's little Irving was out in the garden with his daddy looking at the flowers when a bee came buzzing around and tried to get inside the posies for honey. He just didn't meet with success, somehow, and he buzzed and buzzed about, until the wee child queried: "Daddy, why don't he turn his motor off?"

Which is what I shall do.

Yours (unless anyone cares to dispute it),
Mitzi.

The Very Human Helen Hayes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Ernest Hemingway is," she went on. "You know I don't like to ask Charlie to introduce me to his friends, but I wish sometime when Hemingway is in New York that he would have me meet him. What power and gusto there is in his work . . . I was terribly sorry he was so bitter against the picture version of 'A Farewell to Arms.' I would have given anything to have had them put in the boat ride on the lake, and I might have made other suggestions, but I honestly think it wasn't such a bad picture. After all, there are certain limitations, even in pictures."

The name of another distinguished writer came up for discussion. "The trouble with him," Miss Hayes pronounced with the ghost of a sigh, "is that he is always his own hero. It's terribly hard to have to pack your own hero forever on your back. It makes one stoop-shouldered. Just think of always having to play up to your own hero."

"Most successful people do that," I suggested.

"It's a queer form of ambition, isn't it? . . . It's a rather devastating thing—too much ambition. And when one succeeds it's harder than ever. Most people can stand adversity, but it takes a great heart to withstand success. That'll break the best of men."

SHE was silent for a second. I could see her turning over in her shrewd and capable mind this whole glittering lure of ambition. It would never ruin her life. She had for too long tasted the full flavor of success. She would make life and glory, at least partly, meet her own terms. She would not permit others to dictate how she should spend the only really precious things she owns—her years. She would be the master of her own fate, and of her own very considerable and certain success.

Somehow the name of Anatole France, the great French writer, was mentioned. Eagerly Miss Hayes faced me. "I believe it was Max



Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

But, she DID try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she DID send in the LINIT package top (and 10¢) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value.

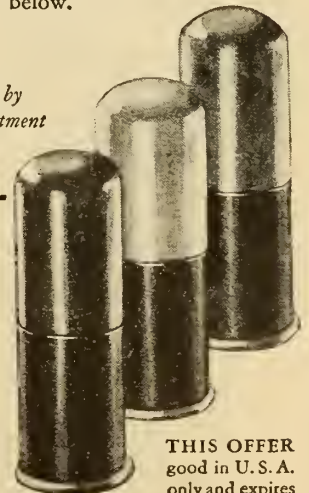
I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her since then.

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No more worry about stains on white shoes! Shinola White Cleaner takes spots off quickly and easily, and leaves shoes looking like new! It's easy to apply, dries quickly and does not readily rub off.

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Try Shinola today. You'll be delighted! Choice of liquid, tube or cake—at all stores.



Anderson who was telling me the other day that Anatole France once advised his friends never to congratulate an author when he brought out a new book. 'Each writer has been given only so much talent and only so deep a well of experience to draw from,' France explained, 'and with each new book he has less and less of this talent and reserve remaining. He uses it up, just as he uses up his years.'

Then I told a story of the peerless France, that the distinguished sculptor, Jo Davidson, once related to me in Paris. Davidson was doing a bust of the old master, and during rest periods France would wander about his study, caressing the tiny ivory statuettes and treasures that he had gathered from over the world. Finally he turned to Jo and said:

"My friend, most people love to love art; I love art itself."

THE deep hazel eyes of this very fine woman mirrored her acceptance of this abiding truth. I am sure that she, too, loved art itself; the sheer beauty of perfection; the rare blending of a spirit with the whole universe.

So it was we fell to talking of the art of acting. "One very fine thing can be said for pictures," Miss Hayes explained. "You see, on the stage an actor or actress rarely reaches the very heights of his art. Possibly once or twice in a long season he can say, 'This night I touched the stars.' And that night he might have played in Peoria, Illinois, or Atlanta, Georgia. His audience appreciated this perfection, but it was at best such a tiny audience in such a great world. And that moment of satisfaction was a second lost in endless time. But in pictures, once you are lifted to greatness even in one tiny scene, it lives on forever. It belongs to the world. Wanderers in Shanghai can see it, and lonely souls in Bagdad thrill over your triumph. That is very fine to know."

"You like pictures, then?" I questioned.

"There is much in them that no stage can equal. But I do think an actor has a better chance to grow into a character in the theater than on the screen. The weakness is inherent in the very method of making pictures. A part is not slowly developed from the opening and permitted to grow and expand to the end. The last scene in a picture, the dramatic climax itself may be the first one shot. The actor has no time to study and enrich the character with his own gifts. You play a part exactly as the director wishes you to play it. And once it is played, it is over. But even at that those high moments when one touches hands with real art are caught and preserved. And that compensates for a great deal."

MISS HAYES hesitated, then continued: "There are some who have made the screen carry them far into the blue. Take Garbo. You know, I follow her just as if I were a child trailing her heroine. She is a real heroine of mine, and a very great actress. And she will go on to greater heights. . . . Hollywood is a strange place. It is a world unto itself. When you go there for the first time, it makes no difference how much stage experience or reputation you may have—you start all over again. Hollywood definitely looked upon me as an elderly beginner." I got a laugh out of that.

"It's perfectly true," she insisted. "I had been playing professionally since I was nine years old, and I had turned thirty when I went to the Coast to make my first picture, and yet I was distinctly an inexperienced outsider. It was fun to try to break through."

Miss Hayes' plans were to play "Mary of Scotland" in New York until early in June.

Then she was to go to Hollywood to do "What Every Woman Knows."

"I'm terribly excited about it," she said. "I hope I can do something beautiful with it."

"Then what next?"

"They tell me I shall do a picture from the novel called 'Vanessa,' written by Hugh Walpole. I don't know what comes after that, but I've promised Max Anderson that later on I'll take 'Mary of Scotland' on the road—and then I'm going to take a full year off. I shall not even read a play during that time. I'm going to be plain Mrs. MacArthur. I'm going to rest and read and watch the old Hudson flow by our place in Nyack (New York), and play with my little girl. Goodness, it hardly seems possible that she's four years old."

WE walked the long blocks back to the theater. I started to say good-bye at the stage-door, but she insisted on my coming back to her dressing-room while she made up.

It was like talking to an old friend. You didn't even have to talk if you didn't feel like it.

I looked around the room, browsing among the pictures and photographs. There were a half-dozen authentic prints of the lovely Scottish queen on the wall, and over by the door were three large photographs of a rambling, old-fashioned white house.

"That's where we live," Helen said. "Charlie is crazy about photography. He took the picture himself."

"How much time do you spend there?" I asked.

"Why, I'm there all the time. I drive there every night after the theater; it only takes me forty-five minutes."

"Lucky lady!"

"It is nice to have a dear old house like ours, and rolling lawns. It's great for us all. . . . Little Mary is happy as a bird."

I thought, above everything else, what a sensible woman Helen Hayes is. She has refused to let values get mixed. She knows both what she wants and what every woman knows. She has plenty of fine ambition—but she has it well house-broken.

She doesn't love to love art—she loves art itself. And she doesn't love to live life—she really loves life itself.

"What we're most interested in now is how the crocuses are coming up," she went on, after a pause. "There is nothing in the world quite so important to us."

I WAS such an old friend now that I wanted to give some advice. "Say, on that year off why don't you and Charlie go around the world?"

"Charlie has been talking about going to Algiers and Cairo and I'd love to visit Scotland."

"Ah, go to Japan and see the sun set on exquisite Mount Fuji," I rattled on. "And then cross to gorgeous Peiping and see the Ming tombs and the Great Wall. And then drift down to Shanghai and Manila and Bali and Calcutta. And before you die, don't bother with Naples, but see the moonbeams trickle down on the white marble of the Taj Mahal."

A bell sounded somewhere. I should have gone long ago. I hurriedly found my hat.

The great little trouper stepped from her table and said good-bye at the door.

"I'll send you a postal card with the Taj Mahal on it," she said as she shook hands.

And forty-five minutes away the crocuses were popping out of the green velvet lawn.

Walter Huston Shuns Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

You see, although Huston says "art nothing. It's work—a job," he is never happier than when he has a character to play that he can get into and become. For him to enjoy a rôle, however, he must be sympathetic with it. The rôle doesn't necessarily have to be a colorful figure—big, powerful hero stuff. No. As long as it is human, natural, all right. Huston himself is a natural actor. He is very much a human being. And, in that he is, he enjoys other human beings.

And that's one of the reasons he returned to the stage. He wanted to watch an audience's reactions again. And that's why he picked "Dodsworth."

On stage, he carefully watches his audience. He wants his audience to feel the character he is portraying. If he sees smiles as he smiles, frowns as he frowns, and hears sympathetic clucks if he is balked by the villain of the piece, then he is tickled.

HE is getting such a reaction from "Dodsworth." You can tell it from his infectious grin as he swings around back-stage on one of the two revolving stages at the Shubert. The effect, to anyone watching him as he stands on the rim of the circular platform, is that of a kid on a merry-go-round who has just won the brass ring entitling him to a free ride.

He missed that glow from his audience when he was before the cold, unblinking eye that is a motion picture camera lens. Actually, it's the gregarious instinct in him, which simply means he enjoys having people around him and entertaining them.

He enjoys characterizations off stage as much as he does on. It is typical of his enjoyment of other people. He has a humorous fancy for people who do out-of-the-ordinary things, not necessarily big things, but something that emphasizes their being human.

For instance, Huston met Jose Iturbi, the noted pianist. Huston said he enjoyed his playing. (Huston himself is no slouch as a musician, by the way.) Iturbi invited Huston to hear him in concert that night at the famed Carnegie Hall in New York. Huston, due to playing in "Dodsworth," had to give his regrets.

"But you like my playing? You would like to hear me play? You shall hear me play," said Iturbi.

THE following afternoon, Iturbi called on the Hustons at their hotel suite.

"I would like," said Iturbi, "a grand piano." Huston grinned, but, nothing daunted, went to the house telephone and calmly gave an order—"One grand piano."

Before very long, a corps of sweating porters had wrestled the awkward bulk of a concert grand piano to the center of the Huston living-room. Iturbi rubbed his hands in satisfaction, sat down at the piano and gave his concert of the previous evening.

Huston is still chuckling about it.

He enjoys almost equally well getting his friend "Mac" to tell about his great scheme. "Mac" is a humorous, diffident type of a person, very enjoyable, who bobs up every now and then to say "hello" to "Walter," as he calls him, but he says it as though it was spelled "Wolter." Well, "Mac's" fantastic

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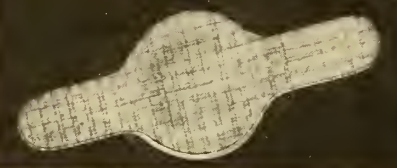
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ambition is to go down to the South Seas, where he has a family feud to settle with a sea monster. He says he has seen it and tried to capture it. Not only he, but his father. And before his father, his grandfather. One of these days, "Mac" is going to get that serpent. He'll expand at great lengths on the story before you can say "Loch Ness."

HUSTON will stop in the middle of making-up to go on stage to listen to further plans of "Mac" on his capture of the sea monster. But when he does, Clarence, his benevolently professorial dresser, steps in and begins handing him things to jack his mind back. Clarence is quite a character in his own right.

"I worry," says Clarence softly, "until I get him dressed." Huston was then dressed and out in the corridor leading to his dressing-room bidding goodbye to "Mac." "But," added Clarence, reaching for one of the "mahster's" cigarettes, "he makes work so interesting. Never a dull moment."

And how Huston enjoys such episodes. He enjoys them as much as he does his audience enjoying him in his stage characterization. His greatest satisfaction comes when he overhears some person say, "Why, that's just the way he is off stage, I bet!"

Another factor in Huston's dropping movies for a time is his desire to play Shakespearean rôles. In fact, he (with Mrs. Huston who will also take part) is on his way to Central City, Colorado, to play "Othello" there. To permit the Hustons to do this, "Dodsworth" has closed until the middle of August.

Speaking of "Dodsworth," and to show that the movies are not wholly out of his mind, Huston says he is going to do the play in a screen version, when the New York and a contemplated London run are over. And also to show that he is not lacking in a business sense, and knows his way about a bit, he has a little clause in his "Dodsworth" contract which stipulates that should he not be chosen to do *Dodsworth* in a film version, as is possible, he is to collect ten per cent of the money paid for the movie rights to the play.

ABOUT the London trip. Huston is looking forward to it. He thinks the town is more receptive to acting than any other. Also, he would like to do a movie there. He already has two offers.

Yet, so far as long term contracts—tying himself down for any great period—are concerned, they are out, Huston says. Pictures he will do, but only as his leisure dictates.

Wally Beery Debunks Matrimony

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

The loss of that happiness almost wrecked Wally's career. For two years he wandered around, doing nothing, caring about nothing. Then, with one valiant effort, he pulled himself together and went back to work.

He met Rita Gilman when she was playing a small part in "Robin Hood," and Wally was doing his never-to-be-forgotten picture of *Richard the Lion Hearted*. They were married in August, 1924, and the lovely, blonde Rita disappeared completely from the screen.

"RITA had the makings of a good actress," Wally continued. "She might have been a star by this time, if the breaks had been right for her. We all know that success in this business is largely a matter of luck and the right break at the right time. But she agreed with me that happiness in marriage was more important than any career, so she gave it up without a second thought."

His fourth rule is: "The wife should be home always at dinner time, should be there in the house, waiting when the husband returns. That may sound small and silly," Wally boomed, "but it means a lot to me, and I think it does to most men. There is something about coming home at the end of the day to find a wife waiting for you which warms the hearts of most men. Gadding wives are a nuisance and an unnecessary evil.

"These wives who think they are modern and sophisticated and all that sort of rot, may laugh at me for saying this. But they don't know what they're missing out of life and they don't know what trouble lies ahead of them. If a husband comes home a few times to an empty house, it soon becomes pretty darned easy to stop other places where there is human companionship. And that is usually the beginning of the end."

Wally labels his fifth rule: "Learn to share your recreations. When a husband finds his

pleasure in one thing and a wife in another, they are starting on the road which leads to an eventual split-up.

"Rita and I have been lucky because we've both liked the same things. If we hadn't, I hope to heaven that I would have been smart enough to make myself like the things she did, because I know that Rita would have learned to share my fun. In a case like that, the only answer is to make it a fifty-fifty proposition.

"Neither one of us cares a hang about social life and parties. Rita satisfies any desire she may have along that line by going to lunches and other things during the day when I'm busy. Both of us are crazy about out-door sports, hunting and fishing. When we built that place of ours at June Lake, I don't know which of us was the craziest about it. Whenever I feel the urge to go up there for a week or two—and it is 'way up in the wilds where there aren't any other people around—Rita is always willing and ready to pack up and go with me."

But, just as Wally believes in sharing pleasure, so does he believe in the wisdom of getting away from each other now and then.

"MY next rule is to take an occasional vacation from each other," he explained. "It does you both a world of good. You're always so darned glad to be back together again. Every once in a while I get in the plane and go somewhere on a hunting trip, some place where Rita would not want to go, where the hardships and roughness would be too much for a woman to enjoy. And, now and then, Rita goes down to Palm Springs or some other resort, and stays a week or so. She buys herself some new clothes and sits around a hotel for a while, doing the things all women like to do. Then, both of us are so happy to get back to the house in Beverly Hills."

Wally believes that the actual physical qualities of the house in which you live have a great deal to do with happiness.

"Make your home as attractive as possible," is another good rule to follow. "It doesn't make any difference how large or small, simple or dolled-up it is. It has to be a place to which you want to go. These hotel-houses, where people are coming and going all day and half the night, are the cause of a lot of divorces. And these interior-decorated places, where you're afraid to sit down because you might disturb the general layout, would drive any man away to a comfortable spot where he could be himself.

"When our house burned down a couple of years ago, we decided to rebuild it as nearly as possible like it was before. We both enjoyed that first house. It was exactly what we wanted. So many houses belong just to the wife—they represent what she thinks is perfect in a home. Oh, maybe she throws the husband a spare bone by fixing him up a 'den' in some corner, but even that 'den' is usually her idea of what a gentleman's hang-out should be.

"OUR house belongs to us both. We have tried to make every room easy to live in. There is no such thing as 'your room' or 'my room'; they are all 'our rooms.' I've seen cheap little apartments that look more home-like than the big expensive barns over which some woman has worked and labored, thinking she was making a home for her husband.

"And, while we're on the subject of homes, my next rule is to live in those homes, not to depend upon outside places and people for your happiness. These social butterflies are the ones that get into trouble first, usually. What's the use of being married, if you have to go running around to find your pleasure? We haven't been to a real Hollywood social function since we've been married—I mean one of those affairs where everyone goes to be seen and to show off.

"Understand, I don't mean that you should live like a couple of hermits. That's almost—but not quite—as bad as the other. Everyone should have a few friends. But be sure that they're friends, not fair-weather acquaintances. And don't depend upon other people. Let your own companionship have a chance to grow."

Wally's ninth rule would make it possible to avoid many of the most serious ruptures in any marriage.

"THINK twice before you speak, whether you're talking about something of importance, or something which looks in the beginning as if it didn't count for anything," he said. "That's an old rule and you'd think, by this time, that people would have learned to follow it. But they haven't. I have seen—and so has everyone—a husband and wife say little things to each other which grew and grew until they became darned important. And, the first thing, you know, they had a good, first-class family row on their hands. If either one had kept his mouth shut, it never would have happened. Believe me, that's one rule I had to learn to follow. I've got a habit of saying what I please without thinking. It's pretty tough sometimes to keep my mouth shut."

Wally believes that the one fundamental cause of so much unhappiness in Hollywood marriages is too much money. With one emphatic wave of his large hand, he brushed aside other causes as being of little importance compared to the matter of money.

"There is no use denying the fact that people can earn more money with less effort

Women Are Quitting

Old Time Make-Up Shades...
for an Utterly New Creation



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally NEW* idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.



The "Regular" Lipstick

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE

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Painful CORNS

RELIEVED IN 1 MINUTE!

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Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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Hundreds of thousands gladly paid \$1 for DE WANS, because it is pleasant and gentle... safe for the face.

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in Hollywood than anywhere else," he said with Beeryish vehemence. "And most of the people who are getting so much haven't been used to it, and don't know how to handle it. Their main worry seems to be to find ways to spend it. They get all messed up in money and forget about other things.

"SO the tenth rule, which probably should have been the first in importance, is—don't give your wife too much money to spend. And, by the same rule, don't spend too much yourself.

"That's the trouble with Hollywood wives who think they have an unlimited bank account, and who want to go one better than the next wife—they lose all sense of values. In plain words, they make fools of themselves. And, pretty soon, marriage isn't as important as putting on a big show. Too much time and too much money will ruin any marriage."

And, with these words of wisdom, Wally lifted his bulk out of a canvas chair, put on his "Viva Villa" sombrero and prepared to depart.

"I'm not much for talking about things," he said. "But I've been around Hollywood for a good many years. I've watched 'em come and go. I've seen 'em march up to the church and then march up to the divorce court. All they need is a little plain common sense to make a go of their marriages. But most of them don't have it."

WALLY'S own marriage is proof of the wisdom of plain common sense. The son of the cop on the toughest beat in Kansas City, who has become one of the biggest figures on the screen and whose salary is one of the largest paid each week in Hollywood, has learned by bitter experience. And has profited well by that experience.

The Woman Who Found Charlie Chaplin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

"He looked," Reeves described, "the typical London street urchin who knows every inch of the town as he darts through hurrying throngs and dodges in and out of rushing traffic, managing by some miracle to escape with his life. He had a cap on the back of his head and wore a shabby old suit, short in the sleeves and frayed at the cuffs—a suit he had long since outgrown."

"Do you remember the name of the piece he was in?"

"I'll never forget it!" he laughed. "It was 'Jimmy the Fearless,' a right-enough name so far as that goes. He had the leading part."

"THEN he had got on, even at that time?"

"Indeed he had," Reeves proudly agreed, "though only in his teens. But it was not until he did something strikingly characteristic that I realized he was a rare find. His father in the skit was ordering him to drop his novel and eat his supper—'Get on with it now, m'lud!'—and jabbing a loaf of bread at him. Charlie, I noticed, cut the bread without once taking his eyes off his book. But what particularly attracted my attention was that while he absentmindedly kept cutting the bread, he held the knife in his left hand. Charlie's left-handed, but I didn't know it then. The next thing I knew, he had carved that loaf into the shape of a concertina."

Directly after the performance Charlie Chaplin had an unexpected visitor and a most unexpected offer.

"Will I go to America?" he cried. "Only too gladly, if you'll take me!"

"I told him," related Reeves, "I'd have a talk with Karno. At hearing this, he wiped the smudge of make-up off his face to give his smile full play, and I saw he was a very good-looking boy. I had made up my mind about him before leaving his dressing-room.

"Well," considered Karno, 'you can have him for the American company if you think he's old enough for the parts.' We were then giving 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' 'A Night in a London Club,' and 'A Night in a London Secret Society.'

"He's old enough," I told Karno, 'and big enough and clever enough for anything.'

That settled it. Al lost no time in carrying the news to Amy.

"You're a good judge of talent, my girl," he

assured her. "What about a bite of dinner together?"

A little celebration was in order, for, thanks to a woman, Charlie Chaplin had been "discovered" for America.

"At what salary?" I inquired.

"Well, of course," said Reeves, defensively, "salaries with us weren't big in those days. You must remember, that was in 1910. Charlie was getting five pounds a week in England, but we doubled that for America to fifty dollars for the first year. It was really the opportunity, more than the money, that counted.

"It turned out well for more than one member of the company. At that time I also brought over Stan Laurel—then Stanley Jefferson—now the Laurel of Laurel and Hardy. It was a jump in salary for the others as well as Charlie, and they were all happy over it."

"Did you bring over 'Jimmy the Fearless'?" I asked.

"No," Reeves smiled. "We left 'Jimmy' at home, feeling that otherwise Americans might think we were carrying coals to Newcastle. Our main piece was 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' with Charlie playing a drunk who falls out of a stage box. Karno needn't have worried about Chaplin's age, or rather his youth. Charlie fooled everybody, even the manager of a theater we played.

"PERHAPS I should explain that in English music halls in those days there was a great deal of what might be called compulsory drinking. In the front of the house was a bar, usually run by the manager himself. When he paid off the actors at noon on Saturday, he expected them to hang around for an hour or two and spend part of their salaries standing treat. If they didn't do so, they weren't so likely to get a return engagement at his theater.

"Although there seldom was a bar in an American vaudeville house, there was always sure to be a saloon on the corner. That's what I'm coming to. As 'A Night in an English Music Hall' was a long piece, it usually made up the last half of the bill, so Charlie and I often went out front to watch the earlier acts.

One night we were standing in the lobby when the manager came out of the box-office and invited me to go for a drink.

"Bring along your young friend, if you like," he added.

"He doesn't drink," I said.

"Then why," he demanded, disgustedly, "don't you pal around with a man who does—the one who plays the drunk in your piece—that fellow Chaplin?"

"This is Chaplin," I told him.

"What, that kid?" He couldn't believe it."

Reeves chuckled at the triumph of art over rum.

"Charlie was with us for three years," he went on. "Then, early in 1913, he had his first picture offer to go into Keystone Comedies. He talked with me about it. 'I think you'll improve yourself,' I told him."

A REASONABLY conservative opinion, you'll agree. Having unselfishly given it, Alfred Reeves parted company with Charlie Chaplin in Kansas City. Three years later, the now famous film comedian cabled his old manager in London:

"Am about to make my own productions. Would like to have you with me."

On the midnight that Reeves stepped from a train in Los Angeles to renew an association which has continued ever since, he found Chaplin waiting for him with a fine car and a liveried chauffeur.

"Charlie was now a wealthy man, but the same boy I'd always known," he remarked. "It was simply that he had gone on making his way and earning his living, just as he had done from the time he was eight years old, when he went on the music hall stage as a stepper with 'The Eight Lancashire Lads.'"

"Nothing proud about him," I remarked.

"No," declared Reeves. "The only thing I ever knew Charlie to be proud about was his first trunk."

He heaved a sigh, then proceeded to lift the lid of an amazing trunk mystery.

"Up to that time Charlie, like the other members of the Karno troupe, had managed to get along with a basket—a sort of canvas-lined hamper commonly used in England. Then, one day as we were taking a stroll in Philadelphia, he saw in a shop window a huge trunk with drawers and no end of things. It was something new, just out. Charlie was determined to have it. What he wanted it for I couldn't possibly imagine, as he had only about two suits of clothes, with plenty of room for all his belongings in his basket.

"I tried to talk him out of such wasteful extravagance as paying over sixty dollars for a needless trunk. But, buy it he would, and buy it he did.

UP to that time most of his money had gone for books—he was forever buying and burying himself in them.

"Then he splurged on the sixty dollar trunk, and at a railway station we always knew just where to find Charlie—look for his trunk. He was sure to be standing proudly beside its imposing bulk. As the tour went on I, who as company manager had to pay the bills, noticed that a hitherto unknown charge for excess baggage was steadily mounting. That puzzled me, as we had not added to the number of pieces since leaving Philadelphia. It was not until we reached the Canadian border, where customs officials inspected our baggage, that the mystery was solved. Charlie's enormous trunk was loaded with—books!"

Something still remained a closed book to me, so I asked Reeves:

"And what became of Miss Amy Minister?"

"She became," he replied, pinking modestly, "Mrs. Alfred Reeves."

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

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One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Stuart's, Milwaukee
Racine Cloak Co., Racine

ALASKA
Hollywood Clothes Shop, Fairbanks

"Paducah Was Never Like This"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

were ready to shoot a scene, they found their shade-giving tourist had wandered off to the nearby prop room. Pop-eyed and open-mouthed (there's a picture of Cobb to conjure with) he stood staring at an overalled lad, whistling away as he went on turning out a first-class, mountain-sized dinosaur. Eventually, on the screen, the giant saurian would snap the pants off a pair of comedians and then roll over and play a mouth-organ.

It was there Cobb learned about those real artists of the movies. And what cinched the matter forever with him was that as he stood there, gazing awe-struck at the mechanical, harmonica-playing dinosaur, a man thrust his head through a window and yelled, "Bill, bring over the crown jewels and a can of mince meat to the back lot!" And Bill nonchalantly strolled off and, in exactly three minutes, strolled back just as nonchalantly, with the crown jewels in one hand—and the can of mince meat in the other!

"HEY, Bill," someone called him later, "the director don't like that mosque you built on 'The Arab' set." "Okay," Bill responded, "didn't like it myself. Let's get at it." And the next morning when Cobb appeared on the set, there stood a new mosque that made the old one look like a roadside service station.

From then on, Cobb scarcely knew there was a John Gilbert or a Rudolph Valentino in the business. No more than today he realizes, only in a vague and mildish sort of way, there's a Clark Gable, a Jimmy Cagney and a Fredric March.

For, to Irvin, the heroes of the movies will always be back there with the mosque-building, mince meat-carrying gang—and don't try to tell him otherwise. What's more, he can't understand why we're not all more aware of them.

"Maybe the mechanics of the industry are the most fascinating part of the whole business to me," he says, "because I know nothing about mechanics at all. Just leave me alone at home long enough, and I'll get a nut-pick out of order.

"Now take this series of pictures I'm going to do for Hal Roach. I'm to be an old 'sister-pecked,' retired steamboat captain in Kentucky. The day I was called for my first test, I strolled down to the set and looked around. I noticed one or two little things that weren't exactly in keeping with an old Kentucky parlor.

"SO, just offhand, I mentioned to Charlie Oelze, the prop man who was standing there, that it would have been better if we could have had a picture of a Confederate general over the mantel, and that the stuffed rainbow trout on the wall was kinda foreign to that part of the South. A big-mouthed, black bass would have been better, had there been such a thing as a stuffed big-mouthed black bass. And I also mentioned, offhand, that a horse doctor book was nearly always found in the front parlor of a Kentucky home.

"About twenty minutes later I strolled back to the set, and the first thing I noticed was a picture of General Fitzhugh Lee, himself, over the mantel, slightly gangrenous where the brass buttons had rubbed, but still game. The

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is nationally famous. Here are reviews of all the new pictures, with the casts of all the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader.

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speckled trout was gone and a stuffed, big-mouthed bass hung on the wall! Then, to top it off, on the table lay old Doc Walters' book, 'Diseases of the Horse.'

"In twenty minutes time! With no talk, no boasting, no excitement, there was General Lee, a stuffed bass and a horse doctor book. Charlie, a fairy godfather in overalls, had merely waved his hammer, and lo and behold, there they were. Now, to me, Charlie is a wizard. A scientific artist. A real genius of the movies.

"Anyone with a funny face can be an actor. Acting is the most elementary of all impulses. When a baby reaches two he begins to act and imitate.

"BUT how many people can get hold of a stuffed, big-mouthed bass in twenty minutes? Or, if the producer demands a wigwam in thirty minutes, will go out and skin a buffalo if necessary, and stick up a teepee that would fool a Sioux?

"Who hears anything of Willis O'Brien, the man who created those marvelous prehistoric animals that were seen in 'King Kong'? Or Wally Westmore, over at Paramount, who created those grotesque masks for the 'Alice In Wonderland' characters? And who helped Freddie March ride up to the top-notchers with that *Mr. Hyde* make-up in the picture, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'? None other than Wally Westmore. Those are the boys that make motion pictures the scientific artistry they are today. It isn't the actor, it's those boys behind the actor.

"The producer is the general back of the line, mapping out the plan of attack. The directors are the colonels and majors, relaying the ideas to the actors, who are the airmen, the infantry or the cavalry. But the prop men are the shock troops who stand the real brunt of the battle, and come through every time with colors flying.

"THEY called me over on the Fox lot the other day to talk over the setting for one of my *Judge Priest* stories that Will Rogers is going to do. We were strolling around the lot when suddenly we came across a little New England village.

"'Why, look here,' I suggested to the prop man, 'you don't need to build a new set. Put up a few columns on the front of that building and you've got a typical Kentucky court house. Take a few bricks out of the sidewalk and erect a monument of a Confederate cavalryman right where that statue of Joan of Arc now stands. Of course, where I come from we don't have "tuna salad" signs in our drug store windows, either. We have two big bottles, one filled with blue water and one with red. And, of course, between the bottles, in a jar, reposes the largest tapeworm taken from any inhabitant of Paducah County.'

"Well, in a day or so I was wandering around that lot again with Rogers looking things over. I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Columns had been erected around the old New England building and there stood a typical Southern court house. The very street had the air of a lazy Kentucky village. There was something strangely familiar about the Confederate cavalryman who sat on his iron horse. I walked over to it. And, by golly, there sat Joan of Arc dressed in a Confederate coat, with a Confederate beard pasted on and looking more like Stonewall Jackson than old Stonewall himself. The darndest thing to happen to Joan of Arc that I've ever heard of. Well, sir, I was overcome at the whole trans-

formation. And then, just as I was leaving, something else caught my eye. The drug-store had taken on a familiar down-South village atmosphere. There in the window sat two bottles, one with red water and one with blue. And between them was a jar with the largest tapeworm taken from any inhabitant of any county anywhere.

"Yessir, I'm for the boys who can turn New England into Paducah, Kentucky; can transfigure Joan of Arc into Stonewall Jackson with one jacket and one prop beard, and produce the largest tapeworm in captivity, all from Monday morning to Tuesday afternoon.

"In what other department of the movies can you find geniuses like that?"

"Of course," Irvin went on to explain, "as soon as I heard Cecil B. DeMille was making 'Cleopatra' I hurried out here to Hollywood to see if I could play the part of the asp. But, after thinking it over and knowing how Cecil feeds one moth-eaten victim after another to the lions, I knew he'd never be content with one little asp in a basket of figs. He'd want a boa-constrictor brought in with half the jungle of Africa and a mess of pygmies thrown in. And expect me to play both the snake and the pygmies. So I didn't try for the part after all.

"The shock of taking my own movie test was enough. 'Just be natural, be natural, Mr. Cobb,' they kept telling me. Now there's nothing in the world so hard as just being natural before a camera. It requires more action to the square inch than to play *Hamlet* with gestures. I kept feeling all my vital organs coming up in my throat, and for the first time I discovered there was something vitally wrong with my liver. Nobody's liver could have that flavor and not have something wrong with it somewhere.

"Well, I went to see the finished product of myself on the screen the next day, and here was this huge, mountainous something moving about on the screen.

"I said, 'What's that?' 'Why, that's the back of you, Mr. Cobb,' they said. 'You're beet over, digging for worms.'

"I know only this. My friends, those mute, inglorious heroes of the prop department are in for another job. They've got to furnish a more genteel going-away view for Mr. Cobb, or the movies for me are out.

"And knowing those boys back there in the wood-shed as I do, I fully expect to be beautifully rebuilt in a most fascinating manner. And what actor in Hollywood can do that for me?"

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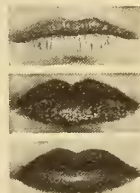
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Shirley, Take a Bow!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

of "darling, cute, beautiful, genius, and too, too divine," her wise mother grasps Shirley firmly by the hand and points out something up the street or across the set. All the mothers in the world will understand what a problem this mother has.

Shirley was five on the twenty-fourth of April.

She doesn't like spinach, but she might as well, because she gets it anyway. Her mother has charge of the spinach department, too.

She is no forced and artificial theatrical child, done up in ruffles, with a family to support. She wears plain, crisp, hand-made linens, and her father, George F. Temple, is the manager of a bank where Shirley's salary check goes into a savings account every week.

There are two older brothers, George and Jack, who attend the Santa Monica High School and Junior College. Shirley has them pretty well in hand, too. You can easily imagine what would happen in a household with two stalwart nearly-grown boys, when a morsel of pink doll-baby suddenly made her appearance.

SHIRLEY arrived when her parents were in their mature years—and if the scientists are right, these are most frequently the "wonder children."

She is a personality—definite, astonishing, and no wonder there is so much excitement about her. Consider how few real personalities have been discovered and developed by the screen in the last few years, irrespective of age. They come mainly from the stage now—a known quantity with proved ability. Shirley is a *picture* discovery. She made her debut at the age of three, in two-reelers—where, incidentally, a very large percentage of our good early picture material originated.

Shirley started right out as the leading lady in Educational's Baby Star series. She had the time of her life. Her dancing lessons began, and she couldn't hear music without practising. She can't now—only it isn't exactly practising any more. It's dancing.

She taught Jimmy Dunn the dance routine they did together in "Stand Up and Cheer." They rehearsed and rehearsed. After Jimmy, then the dance director, and finally the piano player were worn out, Shirley would rest a minute. It's well agreed that the picture was Shirley's—with Jimmy contributing such pleasing team-work that Fox is co-starring them now in "Baby Take a Bow" (this picture title was the name of her first song hit).

If you ever saw two kids having themselves a field-day, it's Jimmy and Shirley. Whole parties have been known to move out quietly, leaving Jimmy all alone—still in a rave over Shirley.

THE child's memory is astonishing. The old-timers regard her with joy—and despair. She knows her own lines and theirs, too. She rehearses her steps, runs over her dialogue for the next scene, and has her dress changed—all at once! Which will engage the understanding sympathy of all mothers of all little girls. It requires the dexterity of an acrobat to get her in and out of her clothes and to keep up with her, mentally and physically.

Mrs. Temple, wholesome-looking matron, attractively dressed, is not a chronic "don't" mother. Neither is she a "give-inny" who sits back and sighs and hands over the reins. Shirley is disciplined with a firm hand in a velvet glove, and her good manners are a gratifying result.

She is feminine all through. And original. The inventive—not the mimic—type. Most likely she will fight against ever falling in line and being rubber-stamped. She has theories about being different already, and this is one example—

An Eastern visitor at the studio told Shirley about her little girl, and invited Shirley to call. Shirley accepted, and then gave the matter thought.

"Has your little girl a pink dress?" asked Shirley presently.

"Oh, yes, she has a pink dress," answered the visitor.

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"Has she a blue dress?" persisted Shirley.
"Yes, indeed, she has a blue dress," answered the lady, slightly puzzled.
"Well, has she a riding habit?"
"No . . . she's rather young for that," admitted the lady.

Shirley beamed.
"All right. I'll wear my riding habit!"

There was the little affair of Janet Gaynor's autograph. Shirley has been a Gaynor admirer for years and years—well, two years, anyway. Way back to the time when Mrs. Temple hired the laundress on Mondays who washed for Frances Deaner on Fridays. Frances handles all Janet's publicity at the studio, and is a close friend as well.

The washlady heard Shirley mention Janet, so she proudly spoke up about her Friday customer—who really *knew* Janet Gaynor!

That was enough for Shirley. She had to get acquainted with Frances Deaner right away. And who could guess that in a fairly short time, Frances would be writing stories about Shirley, too?

JANET was very busy on a picture and there were several delays. Shirley is not good at waiting. She wants what she wants when she wants it, and, like all efficient persons, has discovered the best way to get a thing done is to do it yourself. Her mother took her out to the studio. Frances gave her the photograph, but the youngster had to have the star's signature.

Clutching the picture, Shirley marched all over the huge Fox lot. Janet had just left the café, she could not be found on her own set or on any other set. Frances telephoned her home. No, Janet was still at the studio. She must be in her dressing-room. Frances turned to talk with someone—Shirley escaped like a shot. Straight to the *sanctum sanctorum*, Janet's dressing-room—the dressing-room inviolate of the Queen of the Lot, which prac-

tically takes an act of Congress to approach. Shirley didn't know about that. She walked right in and said, "How do you do, Miss Gaynor. Will you please put your name there?"

Now they share honors, and are very good friends.

It is a misstatement to say Shirley is "working" in pictures. She is having too much fun. When she played hostess at her fifth birthday party at the Café de Paris, she said, "It was as much fun as making a picture." That was the highest expression of enjoyment she could think of.

HER favorite diet would be vegetable soup and ice-cream with chocolate "gravy"—if it were left entirely to her.

She will begin her formal schooling in September, but she can read now, and write her name. She has two (toy) pups, a large family of dolls, a play house with real flowers in the window boxes—and an electric stove. But she has so little time for cooking any more!

Her father quietly took the afternoon off from the bank and went to look at his daughter's name in electric lights. He managed to remain calm—a little stunned (wouldn't you be?). But the friend with him stopped traffic in his excitement, exclaiming, "That's his little girl! That's Shirley!" Mr. Temple was embarrassed, but proud.

She is even a business asset to the bank her father manages. Since her success, business has improved. People come in to have a look at Shirley's papa—and remain to leave their money.

Her second picture is "Little Miss Marker," a story by Damon Runyon. It is all her picture, as intended, even though her support includes the veteran Adolphe Menjou.

So, as Tex Guinan used to say, let's give this little girl a great big hand. And you, Shirley, take a bow!



Shirley shoots everything on the place! She's her own cameraman, and director, too. Here's Miss Temple at work on one of her new nursery productions, with her pet rabbit in the star rôle

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (*April*)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Françoise Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (*March*)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr. and Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (*Feb.*)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (*April*)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (*April*)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, *Mr. X*. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (*May*)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (*March*)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (*May*)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (*May*)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (*May*)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (*April*)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (*June*)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (*July*)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (*April*)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (*June*)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (*March*)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (*March*)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (*July*)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (*March*)

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (*March*)

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PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's Queen Christina, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as Grand Duke Peter. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot King Kong much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit Stingaree, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism and fantasy. Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Lovaton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically venerated. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exonerated, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard-guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prizefighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

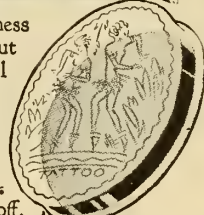
YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

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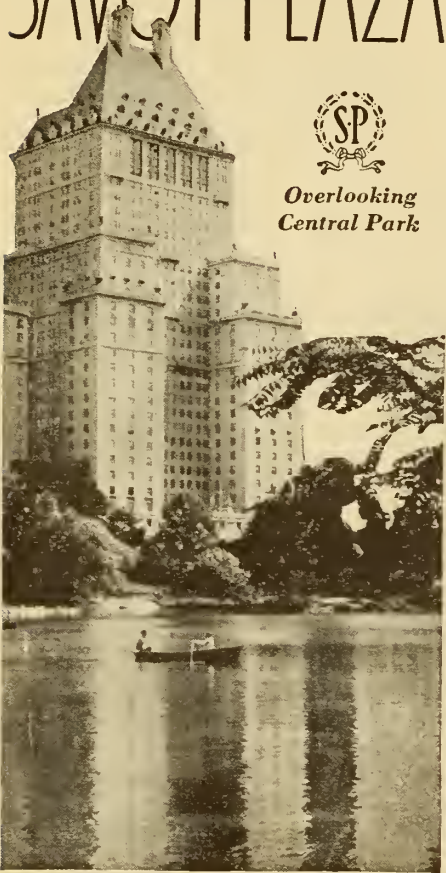
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Basking in the sun between polo matches at Delmonte (left to right): Mrs. C. M. Converse; Hal Roach, member of the winning Pacific Coast Senior team; Arthur Perkins, five-goal poloist; Mary Carlisle

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE each month

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE field of the motion picture broadened amazingly: They served science more and more. The queerest films yet projected revealed the work and love life of germs. As propaganda, Producer William A. Brady wrote: "The motion picture could, if it would, elect a President of the United States." Rupert Hughes pooh-poohed the idea that the films were an evil influence on youth. Doug Fairbanks directed W. G. (now Senator) McAdoo's family in a home movie. Our critic spoke of D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Barthelmess, as "the first genuine tragedy of the movies," and "the very finest expression of the screen so far." Other current hits included "Daddy Long Legs" (Mary Pickford), "Pretty Smooth" (Priscilla Dean), "I'll



H. B.
Warner

Get Him Yet" (Dorothy Gish), "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" (Fairbanks), "Oh, You Women!" (Ernest Truex), "Fires of Faith" (Catherine Calvert). The immaculate H. B. Warner told "How to Hold a Baby," illustrating with his eight-month-old Joan. Warner is now to be seen in the British production of "Sorrell and Son," which he made over here in 1927. Pages of pictures of bathing beauties of the day looked as if they were dressed for a Byrd Antarctic expedition. Director Mickey Neilan, wanting the juvenile rôle in Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs" well played, decided to return to acting himself. Lovely Anna Q. Nilsson's middle initial, we discovered, stands for Querentia. Remember Katherine MacDonald? We had a story on her. On the cover—Alice Brady.

10 Years Ago

FLORENCE VIDOR'S tennis teas were a social rage in Hollywood and she was toast of the town. Miss Vidor has been in retirement since 1928, the wife of Jascha Heifetz. Leading women were much excited over Ronald Colman, a new success. Continuing its search for old-time stars, PHOTOPLAY found Mary Fuller, who had lived in seclusion since 1916, and reported her plan to come back. Booth Tarkington wrote a tribute to Tom Meighan: "... his attitude, in reference to his success, is so little vainglorious that it might be called apologetic." Jobyna Ralston, a Harold Lloyd discovery, was blossoming into prominence at eighteen. And Ben Alexander, at thirteen, was described as "A Leading Man Whose Ambition Is to Have Long Pants." Fatty Arbuckle was ready to return to vaude-



Florence
Vidor

ville. Oscar Shaw, the song and dance man, was called a success in pictures after making his first. Pauline Frederick and Nazimova planned to take a vacation from films for a brief return to the legitimate stage. The author of "Three Weeks" had incorporated herself, becoming Elinor Glyn, Ltd., to free herself from business cares. Estelle Taylor was leading the race of screen beauties seeking to marry Jack Dempsey. Jetta Goudal was a new thrill in the picture colony. The six best pictures of the month were "The Sea Hawk" (Milton Sills), "Wanderer of the Wasteland" (Jack Holt), "The Signal Tower" (Wallace Beery), "Those Who Dance" (Blanche Sweet), "The Bedroom Window" (Ethel Wales), "Broadway After Dark" (Norma Shearer). Cover: Betty Compson.

5 Years Ago

GRETA GARBO (on our August, 1929, cover) had a double, Geraldine De Vorak, whose resemblance was such as to amaze even Garbo. Miss De Vorak could be mistaken for the star any time, any place. But one thing she could not do: she could not arrive on the set at her leisure and get by with it, as did Garbo. Miss De Vorak, however, has not abandoned her Garboesque appearance to this day—as show girl and model. Jack Gilbert explained why he married Ina Claire: "I simply met the nicest person I'd ever known in all my life." Ina Claire, Cal York discovered, married John Gilbert "because she liked his laughter!" The old line movie folk, long aloof and suspicious of the Broadway invaders who came to work in talkies, were joining hands with them now, to



Mary
Duncan

revolutionize film making. But screen actresses were offering no quarter to husbands who proved "excess baggage," hampering their careers. Jeanette Loff, Helene Costello, Pauline Garon, Dorothy Mackaill were some we told about who had checked their spouses with the judge. And Joan Bennett, just past eighteen, with a child and a divorce, was heading for stardom after appearing opposite Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Mary Duncan was the new sex-appeal riot. She retired when she married Laddie Sanford, the poloist, last year. The best pictures were "Broadway" (Glenn Tryon), "Evangeline" (Dolores Del Rio), "The Argyle Case" (Tom Meighan), "On With the Show" (Joe E. Brown), "Fashions in Love" (Adolphe Menjou), "Prisoners" (Corinne Griffith).

The Fan Club Corner

THE Second Annual National Convention of Movie Fan Clubs is fast approaching. It will be held in Chicago, August 11-12-13. Those planning to be in Chicago at that time are asked to write to the organization sponsoring this year's convention—the Movie Club Guild. Information regarding the entertainment, headquarters, business sessions, etc. may be had by writing either Lenore Heidorn, secretary of the Movie Club Guild, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, or to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. A large number of delegates from various clubs throughout the country will no doubt be at the convention again this year and a happy time is anticipated by all. Don't forget! Write for further details right away!

The new membership cards for the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs will be sent out soon. If you are a member of a fan club belonging to the Association, you are entitled to one of these new membership cards. They are attractively designed and will bear the official seal of the Association and the signature of your club official. Club presidents and secretaries are asked to be on the look-out for these membership cards and further instructions.

For the benefit of those who wish to establish fan clubs in their home towns, it is more easily accomplished in the following manner: Select your membership from friends and acquaintances, draw up plans for an organization to suit all members. Select a name in keeping with your interests and efforts. Do not select a star's name, or a motion picture player's name for your club, because you must, in such a case, obtain the personal approval and sanction of the star involved. This is often difficult to obtain. A club enjoying a program of entertaining activities such as movie parties, regular club meetings at the homes of club members etc., does not need the personal permission of any star or player to make it a happy and instructive movie friendship club. After your club is organized and your officers selected, write to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs for an official membership application blank. When your club has been admitted into the Association, it will share in the benefits just the same as clubs sponsoring and bearing a star's name.

Welcome to the New Rudy Vallee Booster Club! This enthusiastic club sponsoring Rudy Vallee has a splendid membership and is doing great things. The club bulletin, "The Vallee Voice," is an interesting and well arranged news organ of club activities. Those interested in joining this new-member club of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs should write to Beatrice Gordon, president, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City.

The new members of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club have their names listed in the latest issue of "Bodil and Her Fans," the club paper. Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., will send interested fans information.

The Bing Crosby Club recently appointed some officers, other than the president. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark is the new secretary. Maris Daniels and Adele Dracatos comprise the welcoming committee. Bing Crosby fans are asked to write to Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

"The Chronicle" is the new publication of the Ginger Rogers Club. The last issue of their club news contains the names of the sixty-seven active members, a list of the honoraries, and much news of the happenings of the club. Marion L. Hesse, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., is president.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes: "I wish to extend my thanks to the Association for acquainting so many fans with my club, as I have received many new members since my club joined the Association. Also, Tom Brown is planning a vacation trip to Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, this summer, if his work will permit him to leave the west coast. I hope to visit him there if all plans materialize." Mr. Cedrone's address is 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

For all information regarding the Joan Crawford Fan Club please address Marion L. Dommer, 9717-81st St., Ozone, N. Y.

Miss Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., sends word that she expects to be at the club convention again this year. She is president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club. McCrea fans are welcomed to write her about the club.

Many inquiries have been received regarding Dick Powell's club. For news of this organization write to Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill. Mr. Mank is also president of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club. All "shut-ins" are invited to write him about this new department of their club.

Miss Lucile Carlson, president of the Alice White Fan Club, 206 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., writes that her club will accept a few more girl members at this time.

The Chicago members of the Movie Club Guild are busy with arrangements for a large party to complete plans for the coming August convention.

Lenore Heidorn, president of the Billie Dove Club, entertained the Guild officers at a meeting in her home recently. It was decided at this time that a visit to the Century of Progress, the Hollywood Exhibit, and a trip to Chicago's Chinatown were to be definite entertainment features of the coming convention. Theater parties, luncheons and sight-seeing trips of special interest will be added to the many events already planned. The official program of events will be completed soon. Write for your copy.

The Movie Guild contains members of the following clubs: Agnes Ayres Club, Dolores Del Rio Club, Billie Dove Fan Club, Johnny Downs Club, Ivan Lebedeff Club, Ruth Roland Club, Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, Gloria Stuart Club and the Douglass Montgomery Club. Walter Dreffein, 951 N. Drake Ave., Chicago, is publicity director for the Guild.

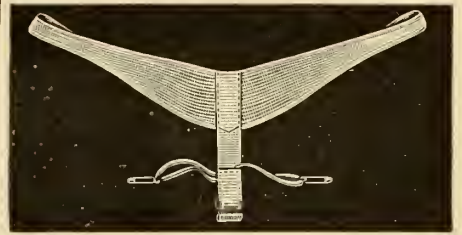
Franchot Tone fans are invited to write to Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Silver Star Club, 3 Cumberland Terrace, Portland, Maine, for membership news.

Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Ave., New York City, is president of the Maureen O'Sullivan Fan Club. Fans of Miss O'Sullivan can get information about her club by writing to Miss Brettmann.

Etheline Thornburg, 809 E. 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the Foto Fans Club. Write her for club information.

Carl Leffer, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, 819 West Center St., Decatur, Ill., wants all of Miss Jordan's fans to write to him.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEYOND BENGAL"—SHOWMEN'S PICTURES.—From the story by Harry Schenck. Directed by Harry Schenck. The cast: Harry Schenck; *A British Scientist*, Joan Baldwin; *Miss Baldwin's Maid*, Bee; *Interpreter*, Badri; *No. One Gunner*, Captain Nain Si; *No. One Native*, Tao Bin; *Schenck's Man-Servant*, Ali.

"BLUE LIGHT, THE"—MAYFAIR PROD.—Story and direction by Leni Riefenstahl. The cast: *Junta*, Leni Riefenstahl.

"BLUE STEEL"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Robert N. Bradbury. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *John Beaumont*, John Wayne; *Betty Mason*, Eleanor Hunt; *Sheriff*, George Hayes; *Melgrove*, Ed Peil; *Danti*, Yakima Canutt; *Innkeeper*, George Cleveland; *Bridegroom*, George Nash.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the novel by H. C. McNeile. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Hugh Drummond*, Ronald Colman; *Lola Field*, Loretta Young; *Prince Ahmed*, Warner Oland; *Algy*, Charles Butterworth; *Gwen*, Una Merkel; *Inspector Nielson*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Dr. Owen Sothorn*, Arthur Hohl; *Singh*, George Regas; *Lola's Aunt*, Ethel Griffies; *Hassan*, Mischa Auers; *Parker*, Douglas Gerrard; *1st Bobby*, Halliwell Hobbes; *2nd Bobby*, E. E. Clive.

"CALL IT LUCK"—FOX.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Adapted by Joseph Cunningham and Harry McCoy. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Pat Laurie*, Pat Paterson; *Herbert Biggelwade*, Herbert Mundin; *Sian Russell*, Charles Starrett; *"Lucky" Luke Barlett*, Gordon Westcott; *Amy Lark*, Georgia Caine; *Nat Underwood*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Lord Poindexter*, Reginald Mason; *Sid Carter*, Ernest Wood; *"Brainwave" Flynn*, Ray Mayer; *Alice Blue*, Susan Fleming.

"CHANGE OF HEART"—FOX.—From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris. Screen play by Sonya Levien and James Gleason. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: *Catherine Furness*, Janet Gaynor; *Chris Thring*, Charles Farrell; *Mack McGowan*, James Dunn; *Madge Rountree*, Ginger Rogers; *Harriet Hawkins*, Beryl Mercer; *Dr. Kreuzmann*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Shirley*, Shirley Temple; *Greta Hailstrom*, Irene Franklin; *T. F. McGowan*, Fiske O'Hara; *Mrs. Mockby, Jr.*, Druce Leyton; *Mrs. Rountree*, Mary Carr; *Mrs. McGowan*, Jane Darwell; *Howard Jackson*, Kenneth Thomson; *Mrs. Mockby*, Nella Walker; *Phyllis Carmichael*, Barbara Barondess.

"CHANNEL CROSSING"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Based on the book by Angus MacPhail and W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The cast: *Jacob van Eeden*, Matheson Lang; *Marion Slade*, Constance Cummings; *Peter Bradley*, Anthony Bushell; *Nigel Guthrie*, Nigel Bruce; *Vi Guthrie*, Dorothy Dickson; *Trotter*, Edmund Gwenn; *Dr. Wakley*, Douglas Jefferies; *The Captain*, H. G. Stoker; *A Traveler*, Max Miller.

"CIRCUS CLOWN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Happy Howard*, Joe E. Brown; *Alice*, Patricia Ellis; *Bebe*, Dorothy Burgess; *Poodles Hanneford*, himself; *Vaudeville act*, Ernest Clarke; *Jack Oakley*, Donald Dillaway; *Happy*, as a boy, Gordon Evans; *Ajax*, Harry Woods; *Dickie*, Ronnie Cosby; *Moxley*, John Sheehan; *Barker*, Earl Hodgins; *Ringmaster*, Wm. Demarest; *Mae*, Tom Dugan; *Sheldon*, Charles Wilson; *Stim*, Lee Moran; *Kingsley*, Wm. Davidson.

"COCKEYED CAVALIERS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edward Kaufman and Ben Holmes. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Bert Wheeler*, Bert Wheeler; *Robert Woolsey*, Robert Woolsey; *Lady Genevieve*, Thelma Todd; *Lucette*, Dorothy Lee; *The Baron*, Noah Beery; *Duke of Eskbit*, Robert Greig; *The Baron's Friend*, Henry Sedley.

"EMBARRASSING MOMENTS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Gladys Unger and Charles Logue. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Jerry*, Chester Morris; *Jane*, Marian Nixon; *Paul*, Walter Wolf; *Runyon*, Huntly Gordon; *Ahearn*, Alan Mowbray; *Slug*, John Wray; *Morganza*, Henry Armetta; *Miss Dudd*, Gay Seabrook; *Bartender*, Herman Bing; *Mrs. Stockleburger*, Jane Darwell; *Saunders*, Charles E. Coleman; *Mother*, Virginia Sale; *District Attorney*, Charles Wilson; *Jose*, Christian Frank; *House Guest*, Carl Miller; *Attorney*, John F. Murray; *Louie*, George Stone.

"FRIDAY THE 13TH"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Sidney Gilliat and G. H. Moresby-White. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Alf*, Sonnie Hale; *Frank Parsons*, Frank Lawton; *Eileen*, Ursula Jeans; *Millie*, Jessie Matthews; *Fred*, Cyril Smith; *Joe*, Max Miller; *Wakfield*, Edmund Gwenn; *Flora*, Mary Jerrold; *Blake*, Emlin Williams; *Mary*, Belle Chrystal.

"FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Elmer Davis. Screen play by Warren Duff and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Asaph Holiday*, Charlie Ruggles; *Beulah*, Ann Dvorak; *Rixey*, Eugene Palette; *Olga*, Dorothy Tree; *Alex Romanoff*, Robert Barrat; *Folsom*, Harry Beresford; *Brumbaugh*, Berton Churchill; *Prime*, William Davidson; *Millie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Mike*, Harry Tyler.

"GREAT FLIRTIATION, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "I Loved An Actress" by Gregory Ratoff. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Zita Marishka*, Elissa Landi; *Karpah*, Adolphe Menjou; *Larry Kenyon*, David Manners; *Joe Lang*, Lynne Overman; *Henry Morgan*, Raymond Walburn; *Mikos*, Adrian Rosley; *Herr Direktor*, Paul Porcasi; *Arpad*, George Baxter; *Queen*, Judith Vosselli; *Paul Wengler*, Akim Tamiroff; *Bigelow*, Vernon Steele.

"HERE COMES THE GROOM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Richard F. Flournoy. Screen play by Leonard Praskins and Casey Robinson.



He's twenty-six now and married, but Wesley Barry, of "Penrod" fame, plays a barefoot boy rôle in "The Life of Vergie Winters"

Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Mike Scanlon*, Jack Haley; *Mrs. Widden*, Mary Boland; *Patricia Randolph*, Patricia Ellis; *Jim*, Neil Hamilton; *Angy*, Isabel Jewell; *Marvin Hale*, Larry Gray; *Lieut. Delective Weaver*, Sidney Toler; *George Randolph*, E. H. Calvert; *1st Cop*, James Burtis; *2nd Cop*, Ward Bond; *3rd Cop*, James Farley; *Porter*, Snowflake; *Buller*, Arthur Treacher; *1st Gunman*, Ernest S. Adams; *2nd Gunman*, Edwin Sturgis.

"HE WAS HER MAN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Flicker Hayes*, James Cagney; *Rose*, Joan Blondell; *Pop*, Frank Craven; *J. C. Ward*, Harold Huber; *Deering*, George Pat Collins; *Nick*, Victor Jory; *Mrs. Gardella*, Sarah Padden; *Monk Shelton*, Russell Hopton; *Red Deering*, Ralph Harold; *Dutch*, J. M. Qualen; *Dan*, Bradley Page; *Whiteley*, James Eagle; *Waiter*, George Chandler; *Gassey*, Samuel Hines.

"HIGH SCHOOL GIRL"—BRYAN FOY PROD.—From the story by Crane Wilbur. Adapted by Crane Wilbur and Wallace Thurman. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: *Beth Andrews*, Cecilia Parker; *Jane Andrews*, Helen MacKellar; *Will Andrews*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Rob Andrews*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Bryson*, Crane Wilbur; *Phil Cudahy*, Noel Warwick.

"I CAN'T ESCAPE"—BEACON PROD.—From the story by Jerry Sackheim and Nathan Asch. Screen play by Faith Thomas. Directed by Otto Brower.

The cast: *Steve*, Onslow Stevens; *Mae*, Lila Lee; *Tom*, Russell Gleason; *Bonn*, Otis Harlan; *Harley*, Hooper Atchby; *Donovan*, Bill Desmond; *Irish Cop*, Eddie Gribbon; *Princeton*, Kane Richmond; *Mrs. Wilson*, Clara Kimball Young; *Mr. Watson*, Nat Carr; *Douglas*, John Elliott.

"I GIVE MY LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Vicki Baum. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Paul Vajda*, Paul Lukas; *Judy Blair*, Wynne Gibson; *Paul Jr. (at 21)*, Eric Linden; *Alex Blair*, John Darrow; *Bogey*, Sam Hardy; *Paul Jr. (at 12)*, Tad Alexander; *Alice*, Dorothy Appleby.

"KEY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by R. Gore-Brown and J. L. Hardy. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Norah*, Edna Best; *Captain Tennant*, William Powell; *Andrew Kerr*, Colin Clive; *Pauline*, Maxine Doyle; *Conlan*, Donald Crisp; *O'Duffy*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Kirby*, Philip Regan; *Dan*, Henry O'Neill; *Barrmaid*, Gertrude Short; *Homer*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Lt. Merrim*, Arthur Treacher; *The General*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Flower Girl*, Dawn O'Day.

"KISS AND MAKE-UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Stephen Bekefi. Screen play by George Marion, Jr., and Harlan Thompson. Directed by Harlan Thompson. The cast: *Dr. Maurice Lamar*, Cary Grant; *Anne*, Helen Mack; *Eve Caron*, Genevieve Tobin; *Marcel Caron*, Edward Everett Horton; *Max Pascal*, Lucien Littlefield; *Countess Rita*, Mona Maris; *Vilma*, Katherine Williams; *Magda*, Lucille Lund; *Rolando*, Rafael Storm; *Mme. Severac*, Mme. Bonita; *Mme. Durand*, Doris Lloyd; *Maharajah of Baroona*, Milton Wallace; *Plumber*, Sam Ashe; *Landlady*, Helena Phillips; *Consuelo Claghorne*, Toby Wing; *Chairman of Banquet*, Henry Armetta; *Taxi Driver No. 1*, Chick Collins; *Taxi Driver No. 2*, John Sinclair; *Jean*, valet, George Andre Beranger; *Mme. Dupont*, Rita Gould; *Greta*, Dorothy Christy; *Vilma*, Katherine Williams; *Magda*, Lucille Lund; *Beauty Clinic Nurses*, Judith Arlen, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Lu Ann Meredith; *Exercise Instructor*, Dorothy Drake; *Radio Announcer*, Helene Cohan; *Maharajah's Wife*, Jean Carmen; *Radio Listener*, GiGi Parrish; *Lady Rummond-Dray*, Ann Hovey; *Beauty Clinic Patients*, Betty Bryson and Jacqueline Wells.

"LAST GENTLEMAN, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Katharine Clugston. Screen play by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Cabot Barr*, George Arliss; *Augusta*, Edna May Oliver; *Rachel*, Janet Beecher; *Marjorie*, Charlotte Henry; *Loring*, Ralph Morgan; *Claude*, Edward Ellis; *Allan*, Frank Albertson; *Kella*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Judd*, Donald Meek; *Dr. Wilson*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Professor Schumacker*, Harry C. Bradley.

"LAUGHING BOY"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Oliver La Farge. Screen play by John Colton and John Lee Mahin. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Laughing Boy*, Ramon Navarro; *Stim Girl*, Lupe Velaz; *Hartshorne*, William Davidson; *Laughing Boy's Father*, Chief Thunderbird; *Laughing Boy's Mother*, Catalina Rambula; *Tall Man's Boy*, Wounded Face; *Yellow Singer*, F. A. Armenta; *Jesting Squaw's Son*, Deer Spring; *Red Man*, Pellicana.

"LET'S TALK IT OVER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Loves of a Sailor" by Dore Scharj and Lewis Foster. Screen play by John Meehan, Jr. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Mike McGann*, Chester Morris; *"Pat" Rockland*, Mae Clarke; *Mr. Rockland*, Frank Craven; *Alex*, John Warburton; *Sandra*, Irene Ware; *Gravel*, Andy Devine; *Bill*, Russ Brown; *Peter*, Anderson Lawler; *Helen Wray*, Goodee Montgomery; *Sailor Jones*, Douglas Fowley; *Sailor Murphy*, Tom Dugan; *Butler*, Herbert Cortell.

"LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Screen play by Jane Murnin. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Vergie Winters*, Ann Harding; *John Shadwell*, John Boles; *Laura Shadwell*, Helen Vinson; *Joan (19 years)*, Betty Furness; *Banny Truesdale*, Frank Albertson; *Hugh McQueen*, Creighton Chaney; *Winnie Belle*, Sara Haden; *Sadie*, Molly O'Day; *Barry Preston*, Ben Alexander; *Mike Davey*, Donald Crisp; *Ella Heenan*, Mabel Turner; *Pearl Turner*, Cecil Cunningham; *Madame Claire*, Josephine Whitell; *Herbert Somerby*, Wesley Barry; *Jim Winters*, Edw. Van Sloan; *Mr. Preston*, Wallis Clark; *Mr. Truesdale*, Edwin Stanley.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Hans Fallada. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lummen*, Margaret Sullavan; *Hans Pinneberg*, Douglass Montgomery; *Jachman*, Alan Hale; *Mia Pinneberg*, Catherine Doucet; *Communist*, Fred Kohler; *Iris Wife*, Mae Marsh; *Emil Kleinholz*, De Witt Jennings; *Franz Schuler*, the Actor, Alan Mowbray; *Marie Kleinholz*, Muriel Kirkland;

Nurse, Hedda Hopper; Widow Scharrenhofer, Sarah Padden; Frenchman, Earle Foxe; Shultz, George Meeker; Frau Kleinholtz, Bodil Rosing; Kleinholtz, Jr., Donald Haines; Kessler, Monroe Owsley; Heibul, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Luderbach, Paul Fix; Dr. Sesam, Carlos de Valdez; Mr. Sesam, Tom Ricketts; Lehman, Frank Reicher; Pultbreese, Christian Rub; Spannfluss, Etinne Girardot; Chauffeur, Max Asher.

"LOVE CAPTIVE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Max Marcin. Continuity by Karen de Wolf. Directed by Max Marcin. The cast: *Dr. Alexis Colleder, Nils Asther; Alice Trask, Gloria Stuart; Dr. Norman Ware, Paul Kelly; Roger Loft, Alan Dinehart; Larry Chapman, Russ Brown; Jules Glass, John Wray; Valerie Loft, Renee Gadd; Mary Williams, Virginia Kami; Buller, Robert Greig; Mrs. Forndyce, Jane Meredith; Annie Nolan, Ellalee Ruby; Pete Nolan, Franklin Arndell; Dr. Collins, Addison Richards; Dr. Blake, Sam Godfrey; Dr. Freund, Dimitrius Alexis.*

"MADAME DU BARRY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edward Chodorov. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Du Barry, Dolores Del Rio; Louis XV, Reginald Owen; d'Aiguillon, Victor Jory; Richelieu, Osgood Perkins; Duchess de Grammont, Verree Teasdale; Lebel, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Countess de Berne, Helen Lowell; Adelaide, Dorothy Tree; Marie Antoinette, Anita Louise; Duc de Choiseul, Henry O'Neill; The Dauphin, Maynard Holmes; Professor de la Vauguion, Hobart Cavanaugh; Bandit Leader, Robert Barrat; English Ambassador, Halliwell Hobbes; Mme. Noailles, Nella Walker; Sophie, Virginia Sale; Master of the Bedroom, Arthur Treacher; Zamore, Jesse Scott; Victorie, Camille Revelle.*

"MAN FROM UTAH, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *John Weston, John Wayne; Marjorie Carter, Polly Ann Young; George Higgins, George Hayes; Cheyenne Kent, Yakima Canutt; Barton, Ed Peil; Dolores, Anita Compillo; Judge Carter, Lafe McKee; Sheriff, George Cleveland.*

"MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woolcott. Screen play by Tom Reed and Niven Busch. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Damon Wells, Edward G. Robinson; Jessica Wells, Mary Astor; Ben Weston, Ricardo Cortez; Dr. Kendall, Arthur Byron; Stanley Vance, Louis Calhern; Patsy, Dorothy Tree; Curtis, David Landau; Inspector, Henry O'Neill; Barry, John Eldredge; Peabody, Virginia Sale; Martha, Margaret Dale; Daphne, Mae Clarke; Morgue Keeper, Harry Tyler; Hattie, Emily Fitzroy.*

"MERRY FRINKS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Alfred Green. The cast: *Mom Frink, Alice MacMahon; Uncle Newt, Guy Kibbee; Emmett, Allen Jenkins; Grandma, Helen Lowell; Joe (Pa Frink), Hugh Herbert; Lucille, Joan Wheeler; Norman, Frankie Darro; Mrs. Shindliver, Mabel Turner; Dr. Shindliver, Harry C. Bradley; Oliver, James Bush; Frieda, Joan Sheldon; The Russians, Ivan Linow; Michael Visaroff, Crooked Theatrical Agent, Harold Huber; Ramon Alvarez, Ivan Ledebef; Camille, Louise Beavers; Mr. Brumby, Harry Beresford; Settlement Worker, Ethel Wales; Truant Officer, Ed Keane; Buller, Charles Coleman.*

"MERRY WIVES OF RENO"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Directed by Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Frank Hammond, Donald Woods; Madge Hammond, Margaret Lindsay; Bernice, Glenda Farrell; Col. J. Kingsley Fitch, Hugh Herbert; Al, Frank McHugh; Tom Frazer, Guy Kibbee; Lois Frazer, Ruth Donnelly; Trapper, Rosco Ates; Mr. Derwent, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

"MIDNIGHT ALIBI"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story "The Old Doll's House" by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Warren Duff. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Lance McGowan, Richard Barthelmess; Joan, Ann Dvorak; Abigail, Helen Chandler; The Old Doll, Helen Lowell; Ardsley, Henry O'Neill; Angie, Robert Barrat; Senator, Robert McWade; Wilson, Purnell Pratt; Hughie, Harry Tyler; Babe, Paul Hurst; Blind Man, Arthur Aylesworth; Black Mike, Vincent Sherman.*

"MONEY MEANS NOTHING"—MONOGRAM.—From the play "Cost of Living" by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by Frances Hyland. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Kenneth, Wallace Ford; Julie, Gloria Shea; Green, Edgar Kennedy; Mrs. Green, Mabel Turner; Mrs. Ferris, Betty Blythe; Robby, Eddie Tambllyn; Helen, Vivian Oakland; George, Richard Tucker; Silverman, Tenen Holtz; Mrs. Silverman, Ann Brody; Buller, Olaf Hytten.*

"MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Travis Ingham. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Dore Scharly. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: *Ellen, Jean Arthur; Bob Kelsey, Donald Cook; Chris Kelsey, Richard Cromwell; Patty O'Day, Anita Louise; Mrs. Kelsey, Mary Forbes; Mrs. O'Day, Jane Darwell; Gubby Gerhart, Ben Alexander; Carter, John Wray; Head Coach, Dutch Hendrian; Assistant Coach, Ward Bond; Mr. Kelsey, Paul Stanton.*

"MURDER AT THE VANITIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Earl Carroll and Rufus King. Screen play by Carey Wilson and Joseph Kolumb. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast:

Eric Lander, Carl Brisson; Bill Murdock, Victor McLaglen; Jack Ellery, Jack Oakie; Ann Ware, Kitty Carlisle; Norma Watson, Dorothy Stickney; Rita Ross, Gertrude Michael; Mrs. Helene Smith, Jessie Ralph; George Boothby, Charles B. Middleton; Sadie Evans, Gail Patrick; Dr. Saunders, Donald Meek; Walsh, Otto Hoffman; Ben, Charles McAvoy; Beryl, Beryl Wallace; Vivien, Barbara Fritchie; Nancy, Toby Wing; Lona, Lona Andre; Stage Manager, Colin Tapley.

"MURDER IN TRINIDAD"—FOX.—From the novel by John W. Vandercock. Screen play by Seton L. Miller. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Bertram Lynch, Nigel Bruce; Joan Cassell, Heather Angel; Howard Suter, Victor Jory; Major Bruce Cassell, Murray Kinnell; Gregory Bronson, Douglas Walton; Duval, J. Carrol Nash; Sir Ellery Bronson, Claude King; Inspector Henley, Pat Somerset; Davenant, Francis Ford; Meah, John Davidson; Queechie, Noble Johnson.*

"MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Hildigard Withers, Edna May Oliver; Inspector Piper, James Gleason; Addison Stevens, Bruce Cabot; Janey Davis, Gertrude Michael; Young Detective, Regis Toomey; Detective Donahue, Edgar Kennedy; Mr. MacFarland, Tully Marshall; Boy Student, Jackie Searl; School Janitor, Fredrik Vogeding; The Teacher Murdered, Barbara Fritchie.*

"ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR"—LIBERTY.—Story suggested by "Search for the Spring" by Eleanor Gates. Screen play by George Waggener. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Natalie, Marian Nixon; Lyle Stuart, Neil Hamilton; Mathews, William Austin; Uncle John, Raymond Hatton; Judy Bryant, Aileen Pringle; Aunt Henrietta, Kathleen Howard; District Attorney, Bradley Page; George Bryant, George Irving.*

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Dorothy Speare and Charles Beahan. Screen play by S. K. Lauren, James Gow and Edmund North. Directed by Victor Seltzer. The cast: *Mary, Grace Moore; Monteverdi, Tullio Carminati; Bill, Lyle Talbot; Lally, Mona Barrie; Angelina, Jessie Ralph; Giovanni, Luis Alberni; Galuppi, Andres De Segurula; Frappazini, Rosemary Glosz; Muriel, Nydia Westman.*

"OPERATOR 13"—M-G-M.—From the stories by Robert W. Chambers. Screen play by Harvey Thew, Zelta Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Gail Loveless, Marion Davies; Captain Jack Gaillard, Gary Cooper; Eleanor, Jean Parker; Pauline, Katherine Alexander; Doctor Hitchcock, Ted Healy; Littledale, Russell Hardie; John Pelham, Henry Wadsworth; General Stuart, Douglas Dumbrille; Captain Channing, Willard Robertson; Sweeney, Fuzzy Knight; Major Allen, Sidney Toler; Colonel Sharpe, Robert McWade; Mrs. Shackelford, Marjorie Gateson; Gaston, Wade Boteler; Operator 55, Walter Long.*

"ORDERS IS ORDERS"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the play by Ian Hay and Anthony Armstrong. Screen play by Sidney Gilliat and Leslie Arliss. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Wanda, Charlotte Greenwood; Waggermeyer, James Gleason; The Colonel, Cyril Maude; Dave, Finlay Currie; Zingbaum, Percy Parsons; Brigadier, Cedric Hardwicke; Pavey, Donald Calthrop; Captain Harper, Ian Hunter; Patricia, Jane Carr; Dashwood, Ray Milland; Quartermaster, Edwin Lawrence; Slee, Eliot Makeham; Goffin, Hay Plumb.*

"PERSONALITY KID, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Hugh Herbert and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Ritzzy, Pat O'Brien; Joan, Glenda Farrell; Patricia, Claire Dodd; Stephen, Henry O'Neill; Gavin, Robert Glecker; Rankin, Thomas Jackson; McPhail, Arthur Vinton; Clarence, Clarence Muse; Duncan, Clay Clement; Tiny, George Cooper; Ed, George Pat Collins; Louie, Al Hill.*

"RETURN OF THE TERROR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edgar Wallace. Screen play by Eugene Solow and Peter Milne. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Olga, Mary Astor; Dr. Goodman, Lyle Talbot; Dr. Redmayne, John Halliday; Joe, Frank McHugh; Burke, Irving Pichel; Reinhardt, Frank Reicher; Steve Scola, J. Carrol Nash; Virginia, Renee Whitney; Pudge, Robert Barrat; Soapy, George E. Stone; Bradley, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Mr. Tuttle, Etinne Girardot; Colton, George Cooper; Jessop, Charles Grapewin; Tony, George Humbert; Mrs. Elvery, Maude Eburne; Miss Doolittle, Cecil Cunningham; Prosecuting Attorney, Frank Conroy.*

"SORRELL AND SON"—BRITISH & DOMINION-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the novel by Warwick Deeping. Screen play by Lydia Hayward. Directed by Jack Raymond. The cast: *Sorrell, H. B. Warner; Kit, His Son (child), Peter Penrose; Kit, His Son (adult), Hugh Williams; Molly, Winifred Shotton; Dora, Margot Grahame; Dr. Orange, Donald Calthrop; Buck, Wally Patch; Roland, Evelyn Roberts; Ethel, Hope Davy; Duncan, Louis Heywood; Mrs. Palfrey, Ruby Miller.*

"STOLEN SWEETS"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Karl Brown. Directed by Richard

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"THIN MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Nick*, William Powell; *Nora*, Myrna Loy; *Dorothy*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Guild*, Nat Pendleton; *Mimi*, Minna Gombell; *MacCaulay*, Porter Hall; *Tommy*, Henry Wadsworth; *Gilbert*, William Henry; *Nunheim*, Harold Huber; *Chris*, Cesar Romero; *Julia Wolf*, Natalie Moorhead; *Morelli*, Edward Brophy; *Wynant*, Edward Ellis; *Tanner*, Cyril Thornton.

"TOMORROW'S CHILDREN"—BRYAN FOY PROD.—From the story by Wallace Thurman. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: *Alice*, Diane Sinclair; *Dr. Brook*, Donald Douglas; *Dr. Dorsey*, Sterling Holloway; *Dr. Crosby*, John Preston; *Mrs. Mason*, Sarah Padden; *Jim*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Mr. Mason*, Arthur Wanzer; *Dr. MacNosh*, Guy Bellis; *Nurse*, Constance Kent; *Spike*, Hyram Hoover.

"TWIN HUSBANDS"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Robert Ellis and Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Jerry Van Trevor*, John Miljan; *Chloe Verrenden*, Shirley Grey; *Colon Drain*, Monroe Owsley; *Gordon Lewis*, Hale Hamilton; *Sergeant Kerrigan*, Robert Elliott; *Red*, Maurice Black; *Chuck*, William Franklin; *Butler*, Wilson Bengt.

"WHEN STRANGERS MEET"—LIBERTY.—From the story by Zona Gale. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Paul Tarman*, Richard Cromwell; *Ruth Crane*, Arline Judge; *Barney Crane*, Lucien Littlefield; *John Tarman*, Charles Middleton; *Capt. Manning*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Tarman*, Sarah Padden; *Nell Peck*, Maude Eburne; *Elaine*, Barbara Weeks; *Dolly*, Sheila Terry; *Steve*, Ray Walker; *Mrs. Rosinsky*, Vera Gordon; *Sam Rosinsky*, Lee Kohlmar; *Nick*, Louis Alberni; *Mrs. Mason*, Julia Haydon; *Mr. Schultz*, Herman Bing; *Mr. Peck*, Arthur Hoyt; *Ed Mason*, Franklyn Parker; *Leon Rosinsky*, Sidney Miller; *Mr. Pendleton*, Bryant Washburn.

"WOMAN COMMANDS, THE"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Douglas Furber. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Sebastian Marvello*, Edward Everett Horton; *Maisie Marvello*, Jenny Marvello, Cicely Courtneidge; *Lt. Donald Jamison*, Anthony Bushell; *Judie Marvello*, Dorothy Hyson; *Col. Philip Markham*, Frank Celler; *Albert Marvello*, Rebla; *Dan Marvello*, Bransby Williams.



A promising young newcomer with an M-G-M contract, you'll be seeing more of this exotic lady soon. Her name is Poppy Wilde

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS— Universal

HAVING played one too many jokes on his sweetheart, Marian Nixon, and on a friend, Walter Woolf, Chester Morris has the tables turned on him, with result that he believes himself a murderer, escapes to Mexico and endures harrowing experiences. Grand work by Morris, and never a dull moment.

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount

PLENTY of laughs in this one. Beauty specialist Cary Grant, his patient Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton, the husband whom she divorces to marry Grant, and Helen Mack, the latter's secretary, are all involved in this merry romantic mix-up. Grant's taxi chase after Helen and Edward Everett will have audiences rolling in the aisles.

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal

THE players all deserve better than this hoary old tale of the mother (Wynne Gibson) who makes a great sacrifice for her son (played by Tad Alexander, and later by Eric Linden). Paul Lukas surpasses himself as the art instructor who brings up the boy after his father's (John Darrow) death, accidentally, at the hands of the boy's mother.

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE— Columbia

AS the wife who is railroaded out of her home, Jean Arthur gives a performance that rates right up with the best of them. Too bad it's tossed away in a chromo like this. She turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory, and with her understanding, makes a man out of what was a first-class heel. Donald Cook is excellent.

THE MERRY FRINKS—First National

EVERY cast member is of definite value in making up a comedy well worth your time. Aline MacMahon is superb as *Ma Frink*; Hugh Herbert is *Pa Frink*; Allen Jenkins, their Communist son; Frankie Darro, his smart-aleck brother, and Joan Wheeler, the daughter who believes she can sing. To top everything, Uncle Guy Kibbee moves in.

HERE COMES THE GROOM— Paramount

THIS picture is just so-so. Jack Haley, whom Patricia Ellis introduces to the family as her crooner husband, has his high moments. The real crooner (Larry Gray) turns up, and besides this difficulty, it just happens that Haley's best girl, Isabel Jewell, is maid in the house. Mary Boland and Neil Hamilton are in it. Fair evening's entertainment.

THE LOVE CAPTIVE—Universal

A CONFUSED issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther is the doctor who effects marvelous cures—some-

times, and affects lovely ladies more. Two of these are Gloria Stuart and Renee Gadd. It is reasonably certain that any lady would enjoy being hypnotized by Asther. Paul Kelly and rest of cast fine, but story is weak.

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners

ANOTHER gangster picture, but with a new angle. On the spot, Jimmy Cagney flees from the big town, meets courtesan Joan Blondell and goes with her to a small village where she is to marry fisherman Victor Jory. Jimmy and Joan are right there. Fair entertainment, but not recommended for children.

CALL IT LUCK—Fox

HERBERT MUNDIN'S characterization of a cockney cabby and the fresh charm of the dainty Britisher, Pat Paterson, with a few laughs and a bit of suspense in the story, are the only worthwhile points in this over-worked plot—that of a supposedly broken-down horse, winning a big race.

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M

THE Oliver LaFarge story of Indian Ramon Navarro's love for Lupe Velez who has learned the evil ways of the white race, makes

poor screen fare. Besides the fact that photography is excellent, little can be said for this dull, slow-moving film.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION— Paramount

FAMOUS in his native Budapest, actor Adolphe Menjou goes down-grade upon annexing a wife (Elissa Landi) and trying his luck in America. But now, through a ruse, the wife becomes a star, and falls in love with playwright David Manners. Story is jumbled and sentimental, but colorful. It's Menjou's picture.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY— Warners

A COMEDY without one guffaw. Weak gags, stale situations and slapstick antics handicap Charles Ruggles who puts forth noble efforts as a once rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, a college chum, shames the old fight back into Charlie. There are gaming tables, false fire alarms and a crooked politician. Ann Dvorak, Berton Churchill.

ORDERS IS ORDERS— Gaumont-British

AN amusing skit from the British film factories, well up to anything that has come out of Hollywood. Excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood—a grand comedy team—the cast is all English. As a director and his nery assistant, filming scenes at the barracks, they are a riot. Good support.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners

FEEBLE and unamusing, weak material, too much even for its good cast. Margaret Lindsay catches husband Donald Woods in a falsehood and heads for Reno with Ruth Donnelly, bent on divorcing Guy Kibbee. Guy, unaware of this, accompanies Woods to Reno to help patch up things. Then comes trapping of the innocent wives with Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Rosco Ates, and Hobart Cavanaugh.

SORRELL AND SON— British & Dominion—United Artists

WARWICK DEEPING'S famous story of love of a father and son is beautifully told in this English production. Not an exciting picture, but one that will hold your interest and make you weep. H. B. Warner does a splendid acting job as *Sorrell*, the rôle he played in the silent version of the film some years ago.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox

AN exciting melodrama in a romantic setting. Diamonds in great quantities are mysteriously smuggled out of Trinidad. When the British attempt to find the smugglers, two Englishmen are murdered. Nigel Bruce, as the eccentric detective who unravels the mystery
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Unfaithful! And Bette Davis has just confessed. It's a close-up of the actress in a dramatic scene from "Of Human Bondage"

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125]

tery, is excellent. Good work by Heather Angel, Douglas Walton, and Victor Jory.

FRIDAY THE 13TH—Gaumont-British

AND on this day of days we check back the events of six different groups, all involved, directly or indirectly, in a bus accident occurring at midnight. Cast is English, and every member does a splendid dramatic acting job. Carefully directed; generally appealing.

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures

MORE excitement in the jungle, wild elephants stampeding, flipping boats filled with natives around like straws, crocodiles crunching away at tasty humans, pythons throwing new and old wrestling holds on screaming monkeys—and, in addition, a touching native romance.

THE PERSONALITY KID—Warners

PAT O'BRIEN as *Ritz* an egotistical prize-fighter believes he is winning on his ability, instead he is framed by friend wife, who is also his manager, Glenda Farrell. But he finds out, and leaves her, going down, down, down, until he learns he is to become a father. He accepts a framed fight and then crosses up the crossers and goes home to the little woman. Old stuff, well done.

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible

THERE'S a plentiful helping of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic and, at times, illogical. John Miljan plays a polished crook who, forced to assume a false identity, turns the situation to his advantage, thereby foiling villainous Monroe Owsley and winning Shirley Grey. Miljan carries the burden of the acting.

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British

LOCALE of this melodramatic British offering is a ship enroute from Dover to Calais. And the scurrying about of pleasure-seeking passengers makes it all the more convincing. Besides Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell and Nigel Bruce, known to American audiences, there is Matheson Lang who handles the rôle of a ruined financier with *finesse*.

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty

THE Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court. Richard Cromwell, son of the rascally landlord, and Arline Judge, daughter of the court drunk, are in love. The landlord is caught by a tenant making advances to his wife. The landlord murders the two. And, of course, everybody is suspected. However, it finally works out and Richard and Arline plan their own future.

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.

ON SLOW STEVENS' splendid characterization keeps this story running smoothly and interestingly. In a hired dress suit, his

first night out of jail where he has been railroaded by crooked bond dealers, he meets Lila Lee, a free and easy lady. They fall in love and decide on the straight and narrow. Onslow is saved from another dirty deal by Russell Gleason, and everybody's happy.

BLUE STEEL—Monogram

FOR the amusement of Western addicts and the youngsters, our handsome hero John Wayne once again shoots and gallops his way out of several jams when a band of outlaws attempt to take over a community because of gold deposits. George Hayes is the sheriff, and Eleanor Hunt the romantic interest.

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram

WALLY FORD, shipping clerk, is pursued and married by a rich girl, Gloria Shea. He loses his job, indirectly through her wealthy relatives who make fun of his boss, Edgar Kennedy. Then the panic is on. But Gloria sticks, Wally gets another job and traps a gang of thieves for good measure. Maidel Turner stands out as a gossiping neighbor. A few dull spots, but as a whole quite entertaining.

THE BLUE LIGHT—Mayfair Prod.

EXQUISITE photography and Leni Riefenstahl's inspired performance are a combination for intelligent audiences. Story is about superstitions of the Tyroleans when a blue light appears on a mountain peak at each full



Barbara Pepper is one of the newest and loveliest blonde menaces on the screen. She's the "other woman" in "Our Daily Bread"

moon. There is little dialogue—part Italian, part German—but those not knowing either language will have no difficulty in following the story.

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty

AVETERAN comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Neil Hamilton, young Park Avenue-er, marries Marian Nixon when his aunt threatens to close her purse, rumors having reached her in Paris of an affair with Aileen Pringle. Neil takes his wife over to straighten things out, not knowing she's in a jam with police and gangsters.

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.

AN argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. The Welfare Board, aiding a degenerate family whose sole support is one daughter, Diane Sinclair, insist upon sterilizing the whole family. But the girl is saved when it is discovered she is only a foster child. Sterling Holloway is the picture's one bright spot. Not recommended for children.

THE MAN FROM UTAH—Monogram

EXPOSING a gang of bank robbers who work a neat rodeo racket is John Wayne's job in this bang-up Western. And, in league with sheriff George Hayes, Wayne takes the situation in hand. Effective rodeo scenes add thrills. Polly Ann Young is the hero's prize.

THE WOMAN COMMANDS—Gaumont-British

ALTHOUGH Edward Everett Horton helps this English film considerably, he has appeared to much better advantage. Neither the comedy situations nor Cicely Courtneidge's portrayal as Queen in command of the *Marcello* vaudeville troupe rate more than a few hand-claps. Anthony Bushell and Dorothy Hyson are the romancers.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.

PLOT and dialogue are directed toward propaganda for early sex-knowledge to prevent youthful tragedies. It's more a preachment than screen drama. Crane Wilbur, who dares to teach sex hygiene in the high school, is ousted by Cecilia Parker's parents. But when trouble comes, they see the light. Well presented with Noel Warwick and Carlyle Moore, Jr. in support.

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield

THINGS just jumble along in an on-again off-again sort of way in this picture about heiress Sallie Blane, who can't make up her mind between the first-class boy she's engaged to and the second-class fellow she falls in love with. Finally, Charles Starrett takes the situation in hand, but gets himself a peck of trouble. Pretty poor screen fare.



MAKING LIVING A FINE ART

JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

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IN THIS
ISSUE

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?



IF IT'S OKAY . . . YOU'RE OKAY

• You want others to like you, don't you? You'd like to feel that you're an addition to a party instead of a nuisance. You'd like to feel that your business contacts are agreeable. Of course you would!

Then we say to you—*be careful about your breath*. Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) spares no one. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it.

You can reduce that risk by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Do it on arising, before retiring and, if you wish to be particularly careful, between times before meeting others. Listerine cleans and invigorates the mouth and combats halitosis. You *know* your breath is improved. Listerine gets results because it halts

fermentation, decay, and infection—major causes of odors in the mouth.

Don't expect immediate or lasting deodorant effect from so-called "bargain" mouth washes. Tests have shown that they have failed to hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Before social engagements

LISTERINE



Instantly ends halitosis

What a FOOL She is!



SO PROUD OF HER JEWELS . . . SO BLIND TO HER DULL TEETH, TENDER GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If men's eyes caught only the sparkle of her beautiful jeweled braeulet, this woman would leave a brilliant impression. But they can't forget and they won't forgive the fact that when she smiles her teeth are conspicuously dull and dingy.

Yet night and morning she brushes her teeth—just as faithfully as you do. Her teeth are dull because her gums need attention. She should clean her teeth with Ipana, and in addition she should *massage Ipana into her gums.*

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush" and the prevalence of tender, ailing gums. The coarse foods of yesterday have given place to soft

and creamy dishes, that rob our gums of work and health. Gums become weak and flabby—they tend to bleed. "Pink tooth brush" appears.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums when you brush your teeth. Use Ipana Tooth Paste for both purposes. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in restoring firmness to the gums.

And hard, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition! And they are *safer!*

Professional Opinion says:

- From a standard text:
"The effect of refined diet is appalling. The soft, fibreless foods do not give the gums sufficient exercise. They become tender and breeding places of infection."
- Excerpt from a professional journal:
"The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."
- By a famous specialist:
"Massaging the gums . . . aids the circulation of the blood and proves very beneficial."

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Hollywood, Cal.
May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
like they were in
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They were glorious. please
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Editor and Publisher*

William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor*

Ivan St. Johns, *Western Editor*

Vol. XLVI No. 4

September, 1934



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

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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Dick Powell— Music Master



Dick Powell, the heartache of a million girls, is doing his stuff on the mandolin. Just one of Dick's many ways of making melody



He may be handsome, but he's noisy! You see, this Mister Powell, who figures in all those song and dance movies, really knows what music is all about. And does he play plenty of instruments!



Ever see a film hero with mussed up hair? Well, look at Dick at his piano. Must have been composing to get in such a fix!



The comical looking gentleman on the end of the clarinet is none other than the same Dick Powell. Wonder how the girls feel about him when he looks this way? They probably think he's cute

WARNER BROS. GOLD DIGGERS FOR 1934.

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

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Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

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Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

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Five New Song Successes by **WARREN & DUBIN • KAHAL & FAIN • WRUBEL & DIXON**



Brickbats & Bouquets

.....THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK.....



Working in "Now and Forever" Shirley was taken by surprise when she was tossed up on a tripod for this photograph! Her rise to fame has been almost as rapid

THE \$25 LETTER

Recently I read that certain societies were going to war on pictures featuring stars who were being divorced frequently.

Does a piece of art lose its charm when the life of its perpetuator is exposed? I think any form of art, whether it be sculptoring, painting, singing, or movie-acting, should be judged upon its merits alone.

If a certain actress gives us two hours of fine entertainment, why should we feel less entertained, or prejudiced, because of her "private life"?

Historic celebrities gained much public applause years back, yet their private lives were "secret debaucheries." But who are we to judge?

The actors and actresses have their love affairs "lawfully." What right have we to demand that their films be barred?

MARIE ZIZLAVSKY, New Buffalo, Mich.

THE \$10 LETTER

Not long ago I attended a dinner, in which the feature speaker of the evening, a woman prominent in public life, wove into her talk two inspirational messages from "Queen Christina" and "The House of Rothschild."

One was taken from the impressive scene where the Queen said to the blacksmith, "I am highly trained for my calling and have a knack for ruling. So go back to your work, and leave me to attend to mine."

The second reference was to the words of *Baron Rothschild*, "To work with dignity; to trade with dignity; to walk the world with dignity."

These and similar incidents are living evidence that such plays wield a definite influence for good in people's lives.

MARJORIE COOK, Boise, Idaho

THE \$5 LETTER

My name is "Audience." I am male and female. I am youth and age. My complexion is red and yellow and black and white. All day long I toil in the factory, I sweat in the fields, I move monotonously on through office



Crown Thelma? Weary of the Garbo-Hepburn fight, one of Miss Todd's admirers suggests a contest

Or ZaSu? The scared look ZaSu Pitts wears here is not because a throne is threatened, however



routine, I despair amid the drudgery of domestic life, and then—I sink into a cinema seat, the lights dim, the show is on—then I am a king, I am a singer, I carry mails in the clouds, love claims me in the desert. I live in the present, past and future—until the theater doors swing behind me and I am back once more in the drib-drib every day.

HAROLD BLECHYNDEN, Shanghai, China

CUBA'S QUEEN

I read the interesting article "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," and I think it's going to be a grand war. But we Cubans want Garbo out of it. She is *the* Queen and more than that, a genius. She admits no competition.

GRACIELA ABRIL, Havana, Cuba

THREE-FOURTHS GLAMOUR

The Garbo-Hepburn controversy that has been burning up the pages of PHOTOPLAY for the last few months, I find extremely interesting.

I couldn't be classified as either a Garbo fan or a Hepburn fan, but I want to have my say in the argument.

Miss Garbo has been holding audiences spellbound for a long time now. Her technique is seventy-five per cent glamour and twenty-five per cent true acting ability, and she has been consistently placed in glamorous rôles. Miss Hepburn is purely an actress. Her star is in its ascendancy. I believe that if she plays "Joan of Arc" it will be the most inspiring portrayal of the decade.

R. MINZESHEIMER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Who can dispute the great Garbo's right to her throne after seeing "Queen Christina"?

Garbo is an enchantress who holds millions spellbound. Greta will always reign queen in the hearts of her movie subjects.

JANET TEMLEY, Hope, Ark.

GARBO AS JO?

In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY Miss Inez Marme stated that Hepburn had not Garbo's acting ability. I disagree with her.

Katharine Hepburn has made five pictures, appearing each time in a different type of rôle. She has played each well.

Garbo has made but one good impression on me and that was her fine acting in "Queen Christina."

Hepburn could have played this rôle well. But could Garbo have played *Jo* in "Little Women"? Never!

I say—three cheers for Hepburn, the most talented of them all.

LUCILE MOTLEY, Murray, Ky.

TWENTY CENTS WORTH

Kathryn Dougherty seems to think it lamentable that the public can see "Queen Christina" for twenty cents. She feels that a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

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 reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
"She Loves Me Not"
 with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
 Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
 Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent



MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"



a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet



KITTY CARLISLE

PRINCETON



"LOVE IN BLOOM," "I'M HUMMIN', I'M WHISTLIN', I'M SINGIN'."

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

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of Benvenuto Cellini (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelveteeths, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kalk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

Prizes Totaling \$10,500.00

are offered in two contests in this magazine. Warner Bros. Pictures and PHOTOPLAY invite you to name a cast for "Anthony Adverse." There are large rewards! And now's the time to send in your solutions to the "Movie Fill-Ins"

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad Grand Duke Peter. An impressive production. (April)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by rail-road magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society début. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COUNTESS OF MONTECRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the Lebanon family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Hayden, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As Death, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic-plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

Here's your Entertainment map for the new season

THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!

The WORLD MOVES ON
with Madeleine Carroll
Franchot Tone

HAROLD LLOYD
in **"The CATS'-PAW"**

SAY, POP, LET'S ALL SEE "THE CATS'-PAW."

ZANE GREYS
the DUDE RANGER
with George O'Brien

Janet GAYNOR
and **LEW AYRES** in
"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"
with Walter Connolly
Ned Sparks

THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.

CHARLIE CHAN
in **LONDON**
with Warner Oland

SERENADE
with Pat Paterson, Nils Asther
Herbert Mundin, Harry Green

MARIE GALANTE
with Spencer Tracy
Ketti Gallian
Ned Sparks, Stepin Fetchit

WILL ROGERS
in **"JUDGE PRIEST"**

LIFE BEGINS at FORTY

CARAVAN
with Charles Boyer
Loretta Young
Jean Parker

The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON
Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel

Fox

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

Brickbats & Bouquets

•••• IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT, SAY SO! ••••

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

performance by the great Garbo is worth infinitely more. It is.

But there are many, many people who appreciate good acting and who cannot afford to pay very much to see it. Why begrudge them a "bargain"? True art, as I see it, will not deteriorate by being sold cheap.

LEE DE BLANC, New Iberia, La.

DOUBLE BILLS

Sometimes, like all physicians, I take one of my own prescriptions. These include moving pictures, which usually relieve fatigue, afford mental relaxation and banish worry.

But I am entirely with accord with the views expressed by Kathryn Dougherty on page twenty-six of July PHOTOPLAY, regarding the

two-for-one policy of some movie houses. This negatives much, if not all, of the good that can be expected from attending such shows.

DR. HUGO ERICHSEN, Birmingham, Mich.

MARKEY

I have seen most of the star pictures of 1933-34. But none can compare with "Little Miss Marker." Shirley Temple should be crowned Queen of the screen.

JACQUELINE CAPLAN, Chicago, Ill.

A KING, TOO

While all this chaos is going on over Hepburn and Garbo, King Gable's throne is being threatened! Franchot Tone is marching in!



Clark Gable doesn't look very happy, even though he and Mrs. Gable were being entertained at the Marion Davies Foundation Benefit. Maybe Clark heard that some think another has stolen his throne and he's no longer king



Yet, with a smile like that, and the new popularity he won with his work in "Manhattan Melodrama," there will be plenty of Gable admirers ready and anxious to defend Clark's supremacy on Film-dom's throne

Are we going to let Tone be acclaimed King? I should say not! Suppose some of you movie-goers tell the world that Gable still reigns. How about it?

KAY LUTZ, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PEACE MAKER

Garbo has ruled for years, but now Hepburn comes to share that command. The throne should be parted. One should have the crown, the other the sceptre.

FRANCISCO AYON, JR., El Paso, Texas

GO RIGHT AHEAD!

I'm tired of the question, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?"

Please, can I start a squabble on, "Is It Thelma Todd or ZaSu Pitts?"

EVELYN HOBSON, Birmingham, Ala.

MAMA'S TECHNIQUE

Lots of grown-ups think movies are bad for kids. But I think movies make us behave. They also make us get good grades in school.

Last week, for instance, my mother said, "If you wash the supper dishes nicely every evening you can go to see Joan Crawford in 'Sadie McKee' on Saturday." So I did. And, boy, was it worth it!

I know if I don't make good grades, she won't let me go to the movies and that makes me study hard.

Also, movies teach us how to act properly in public.

PAULINE M., Graham, N. C.

ADULT MAKE-BELIEVE

It's the grown-ups, not the children, that need movies!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



Joan Crawford's allure is so powerful, she can even make children cheerful about dishwashing! Or, so one child confessed in a letter. Joan looks especially lovely in that sky-blue chiffon gown Adrian created for her. She wore it in "Sadie McKee"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

*in
Fannie Hurst's*

Imitation of Life.



Directed by

JOHN M. STAHL

THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... IF YOU DID LIKE IT, SAY SO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]



Wally looks rather glum! At the Screen Actors Frolic, too. But since he attended all five performances, he *must* have liked it! Long a favorite, Beery's glory never seems to dim

Children play make-believe all day—pretending—happy because they have a dream world.

But the only land of make-believe most busy adults have is the motion picture theater.

MRS. W. K., Los Angeles, Calif.

At last the ideal setting for the most fascinating man in screenland was found! "Manhattan Melodrama" gave Clark Gable the chance to show his talent.

G. M., New York, N. Y.

HICK TOWN HOLLYWOOD

Some think Hollywood is a sophisticated place.

But I think it's just a hick town.

In Hollywood, as in any hick town, when a woman is going to have a baby, everybody knows it. The only difference is, in Hollywood it gets in the papers.

In a hick town, if a boy calls on a girl twice in ten days, everybody predicts a marriage and

talks it over with the neighbors. In Hollywood they go a step farther and talk it over with the reporters.

In a hick town everybody knows that Mr. Such-and-Such socked his wife and she's gone home to mother. In Hollywood everybody knows it, too, but before she goes home to mother she has her pictures taken for the public prints.

Yes, essentially, it's a hick town. Just a few differences in minor details.

CATHARINE ANWEILER, Kokomo, Ind.

RIOT CALL!

When the lunch whistle blows at our C. C. C. Camp, every man makes a dash for the chow truck. But the speed we show then is nothing



William Powell made a large hit in "The Thin Man." Something about that half-insolent, come-hither look of Powell's attracts the ladies! His next is "The Casino Murder Case"

compared with the rush that follows, in the evening, when one guy comes into the barracks and yells, "Hey, fellers! Movies in five minutes!"

WILLIAM POPECK,
C. C. C., Coal Creek, Tenn.

CENSOR BE PRAISED!

Mr. Will Hays, you deserve praise! Your unceasing fight against the objectionable in pictures has the gratitude of every parent and person of good taste.

The battle is not yet won, but Mr. Hays is fast setting the standard of decency that the Motion Picture Art deserves.

GERALD J. LANE, Indianapolis, Ind.

CLIP! CLIP!

Clip, clip here. Clip, clip there. Here a clip. There a clip. Everywhere clip, clip.

No, this is not a play-by-play account of a sheep-shearer doing his stuff. It is only the scissors of ye olde censorship.

I consider myself a "lady" and am accepted in the most refined of circles; but I am yet to be shocked by a film that portrays life as it is lived by millions, yes, lived even by our own dear censorship boards.

BERDA DAYARA, Mt. Hope, Wash.

QUINTUPLETS WANTED

I wish Wallace Beery were triplets! Or better yet, quintuplets, since they've become the fashion anyhow.

As one man, he simply can't make enough pictures to suit me. I'm waiting anxiously now for "Treasure Island."

M. CARTER, St. Louis, Mo.

ATTENTION!

All married couples! Go and see Myrna Loy and William Powell in "The Thin Man." Not a triangle throughout.

BERTHA B. THORNLEY, Sheldonville, Mass.



Another reason why "The Thin Man" was a favorite film. Having definitely discarded her "other woman" rôles, Myrna Loy will be teamed again with Powell in his next movie

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Palette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

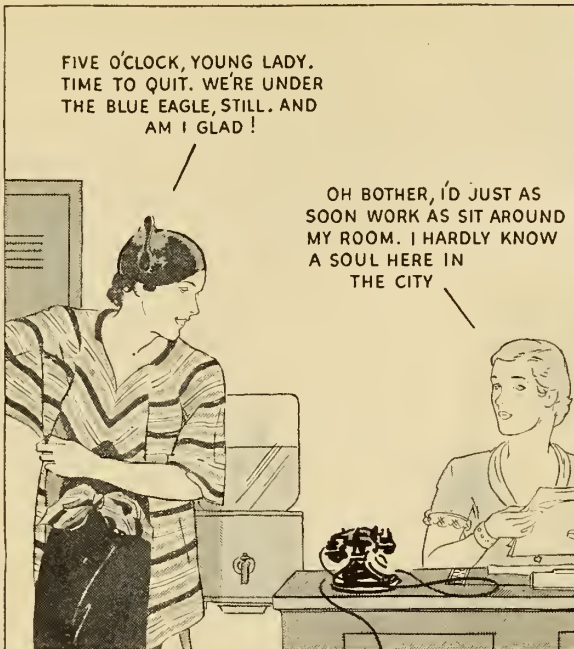
★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is expected to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

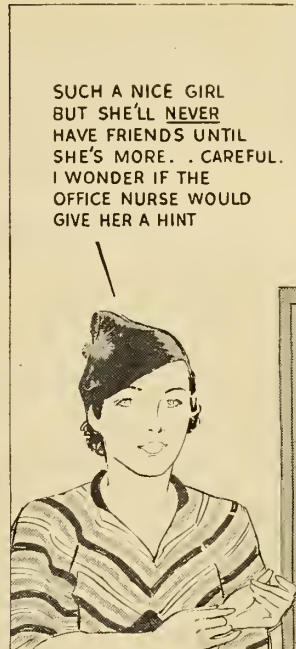
★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)



FIVE O'CLOCK, YOUNG LADY. TIME TO QUIT. WE'RE UNDER THE BLUE EAGLE, STILL, AND AM I GLAD!

OH BOTHER, I'D JUST AS SOON WORK AS SIT AROUND MY ROOM. I HARDLY KNOW A SOUL HERE IN THE CITY



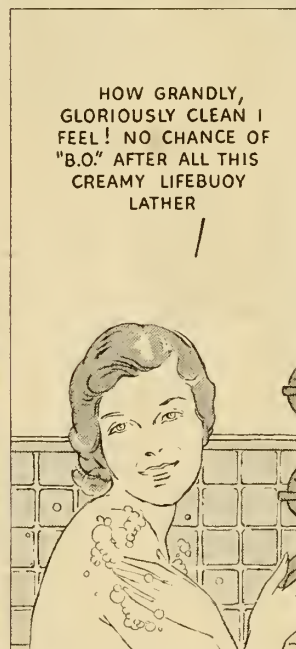
SUCH A NICE GIRL BUT SHE'LL NEVER HAVE FRIENDS UNTIL SHE'S MORE. CAREFUL. I WONDER IF THE OFFICE NURSE WOULD GIVE HER A HINT



NEXT DAY

THANK YOU NURSE, FOR TELLING ME. BUT... ARE YOU SURE I HAVE "B.O."? I'VE NEVER NOTICED IT

MY DEAR, WE GROW ACCUSTOMED TO AN EVER-PRESENT ODOR. THAT'S WHY IT IS SO IMPORTANT TO PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY



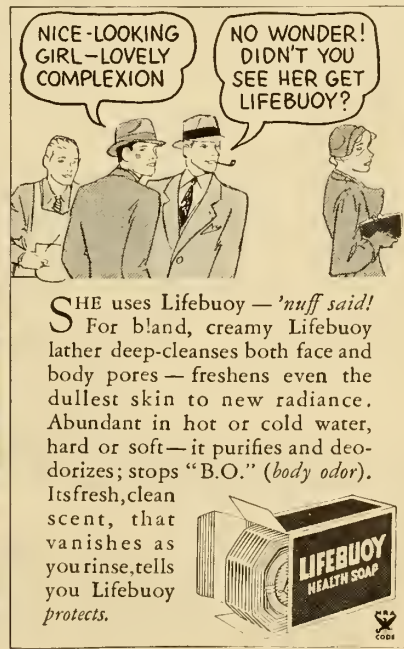
HOW GRANDLY, GLORIOUSLY CLEAN I FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." AFTER ALL THIS CREAMY LIFEBUOY LATHER



"B.O." GONE—most popular girl in the office

SHE'LL BE THE NEXT GIRL HERE TO GET ENGAGED

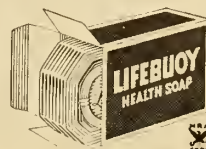
WONDER WHO THE LUCKY MAN WILL BE? SHE HAS SO MANY FRIENDS NOW



NICE-LOOKING GIRL—LOVELY COMPLEXION

NO WONDER! DIDN'T YOU SEE HER GET LIFEBUOY?

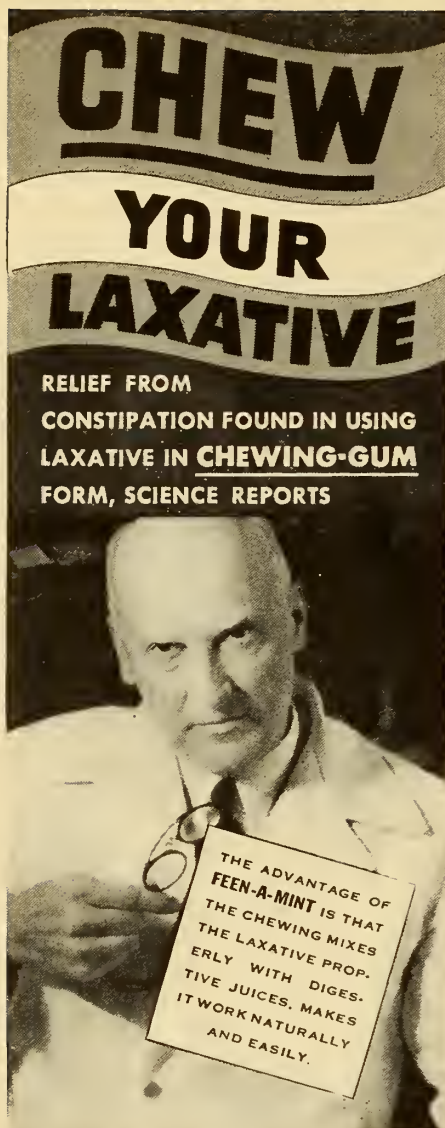
SHE uses Lifebuoy — 'nuff said!
For bland, creamy Lifebuoy lather—deep-cleanses both face and body pores—freshens even the dullest skin to new radiance. Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—it purifies and deodorizes; stops "B.O." (body odor). Its fresh, clean scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy protects.



CHEW

YOUR LAXATIVE

**RELIEF FROM
CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING
LAXATIVE IN CHEWING-GUM
FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS**



Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the lower intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

I REALLY LOVE THE TASTE OF FEEN-A-MINT—AND IT CERTAINLY WORKS MORE EFFECTIVELY AND SMOOTHLY THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE I'VE EVER TRIED.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for muffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

HIRE WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confined woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight, Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Palette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

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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KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga-film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KEY THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayouts. (May)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McVade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skillfully handled. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Quoted from special article—*New Movie Magazine*:

"I could afford to spend a million dollars for a new top-notch, first-rank star. This sounds foolhardy, at this time. But our revenue is derived from the box-office, and any star whose popularity would sweep the world like a storm, whose personality was startling enough, even sensational enough, to crowd the theatres again, would be worth a million of any studio's money. This industry, as a matter of fact, could use dozens of new stars—if they had the pull. The public is all set and ready for new excitement and new thrills. If we can develop personalities to give them those qualities, the public will swamp the box-offices."

—Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Carl Laemmle, Jr.
General Manager
of all Production
Universal Pictures Corp.

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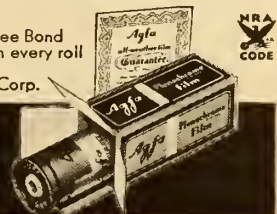


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of their*

Love-liness

*depends
on the
tooth paste
they use*

"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks **BETTY DOUGLAS**. Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.



GAY HAYDEN wears this beige an-telope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).



BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).



*The country over,
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women have changed
to Listerine Tooth Paste
. . . it cleans so much
better . . . gives teeth
such high lustre.*

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too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so

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Good Housekeeping
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1934 HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



Ernest A. Bachrach

JOAN MARSH, blonde and lively, the epitome of youth and all its lovely allure, now has a featured part in RKO-Radio's picture "We're Rich Again." Joan, as you know, designs her own clothes, when she can find the time. Here she is wearing her latest creation. We'd say Joan has a keen eye to grace and charm of line and assembled effect



Bert Longworth

BETTE DAVIS has been so busy, she wishes she were two people. And here, with the help of a mirror, she shows how she'd look if she were. She'd make more money, too, and that's what she wants. Bette finished "Housewife" at her home studio, Warners, and "Of Human Bondage" for Radio, then struck for a higher Warner contract



HANDSOME Don Alvarado and the petite Steffi Duna glide gracefully through the movements of one of their romantic dances in the RKO-Radio musical short subject, "La Cucaracha," in which they have the leading rôles. Something novel is promised with this picture. It will be filmed entirely in color, under a new and greatly improved process.



BLONGE, blue-eyed Alice Faye, called "Cuddly" by her intimate friends, continues her meteoric screen stardom with the leading feminine rôle in the Fox picture, "She Learned About Sailors." This former Vallee troupe singer has been a star since her first film rôle, in "George White's Scandals." Next came drama in "Now I'll Tell"

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



HOLLYWOOD is having a reformation. It has placed its own ban on sex pictures—an intricate problem for the producing companies to solve, for there are millions of dollars tied up in pictures either already made or in process of filming. The situation is like that of an automobile manufacturer who must either cast aside or rebuild the models already under construction. Mae West's "It Ain't No Sin" is being re-vamped, and is expected eventually to go forth under another very much milder title. And there are other similar cases. The question is, will these rebuilt films be in harmony with the trade-marked players' personalities?

THE studios are all headed for the vast open spaces. We may consider "Treasure Island" as a fair index of forthcoming productions. And our old time cowboys may ride range again.

But, meantime, what of the ladies of boudoir manners and sophisticated speech? Will they be able to turn to the right and get away with it? Well, I believe that Harlow, for one, can. In "Red Dust" she showed a distinct flair for comedy. Besides, it's not hard to imagine Jean playing the rôle of an outdoor girl.

ON the other hand, wouldn't it be a bit absurd to send that gorgeous face and figure into the wilderness as a trapper's mate?

Gloria Swanson is not only a personality. She is an actress of considerable versatility. Gloria has weathered many changes in screen modes these eighteen years. I have an intuition she can again turn the trick.

As for Anna Sten, she is in the fortunate position of being new—not altogether tried. She began with a somewhat artificial sex rôle, but there are possibilities of tragedy in that sturdy little Russian. In spite of her great success in "Nana," I feel that her real abilities have not yet been tested.

However, all this is largely guess. What will the tomorrow really bring for these great ones of today?

And so, it is not only the producers whose heads toss these nights on sleepless pillows. Many a star is also kept awake by her perturbing thoughts.

AT the time this is written Marie Dressler is very close to the Great Divide. Some months ago, after a devastating illness, she returned to the studio to make "Tugboat Annie," in conjunction with Wallace Beery. Though so weakened she went through her rôle with difficulty, nevertheless her inimitable power to depict laughter and pathos never failed her for a moment. What a gallant team was the Dressler-Beery combination. How it won the hearts of the world!

The secret of the success of this great pair of actors is not hard to find. Only a truly sincere person can play the rôle of a lovable, honest woman or man on the screen. Marie and Wally were never really acting in those heart-throb scenes in "Min and Bill" or "Tugboat Annie." They would have deported themselves in much the same way in real-life circumstances.

HOW understandingly sympathetic have been Marie's relations with all about her—from prop boy to fellow stars and producers. But her personal influence has necessarily been limited as compared with the good she exerted through pictures. Whereas only hundreds directly benefited from her helpful word and kindly smile, millions who laughed and wept with her throughout a film, left the theater bettered and comforted by the marvelous warmth of her screen presence.

I THINK it was a mistake ever to call the making of motion pictures an "industry." One might just as accurately speak of the "theater industry," the "dancing industry" or the "book-writing industry." No industry—important or interesting as it may be—such as manufacturing locomotives or oatmeal, ever captured the emotions. But that is really what a film does. Those back of your screen fare, from scenarist and casting director to producer, are engaged in one of the fine arts. If they are not, that particular studio must mend its ways or go out of business.

The case of Irving Thalberg exactly illustrates my point. Run off before him a motion picture that won't click with the public, he'll tell you what is wrong with it, and, what is better, so amend the plot and the lines as to insure the desired audience response.

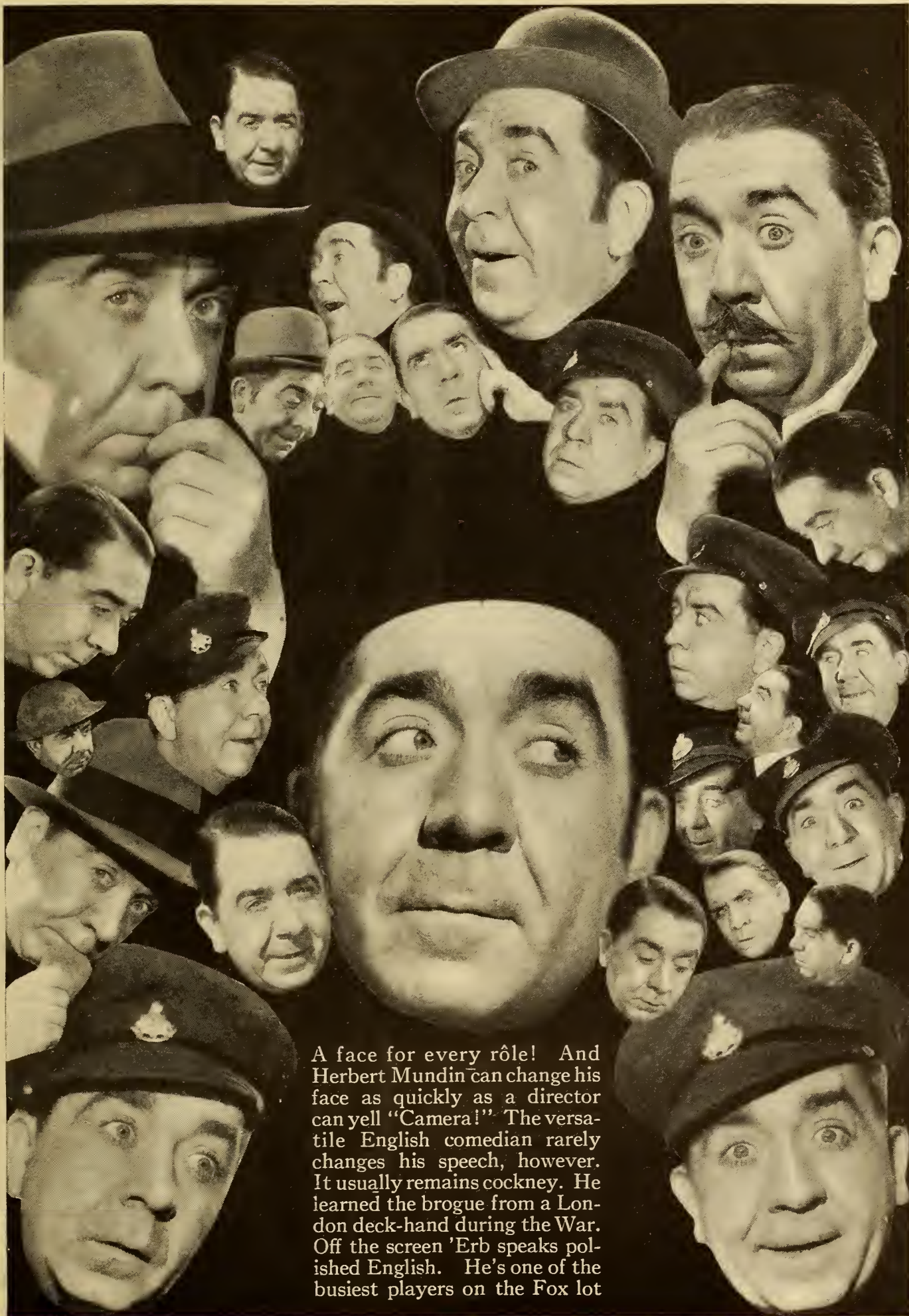
MR. THALBERG is an ace producer on the M-G-M lot. He is both creative and practical. No long-haired dreamer who believes in art for art's sake, he demands only entertainment in a picture—live, vivid entertainment that the average intelligent man and woman can understand and enjoy. If that theory isn't sound, then Charles Dickens was a failure as a novelist.

Today but thirty-five years old, Mr. Thalberg early won his spurs as a maker of great pictures. On the Universal lot, where he began his career, he inspired such memorable productions as "Merry-Go-Round" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Later, going to Metro, his "The Big Parade" was an international sensation and made John Gilbert a world-wide favorite. Likewise, "Ben-Hur" was acclaimed by the world. He sponsored "Flesh and the Devil," the picture that set Garbo's feet firmly on the ladder of fame. "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in which his wife, Norma Shearer, showed preeminent ability as an actress; "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in which Helen Hayes first appeared on the screen; "Grand Hotel," which brought together in one picture a dozen great stars—all attested to the fact that whatever Irving Thalberg's genius touched, was shaped into a masterpiece, notable not only for its entertainment value but for its artistry.

A man with a highly sensitive imagination, he might have been a novelist or a playwright, but he has the rare faculty of being able to deal with life as well as to create ideas; to manage people, and to organize and coordinate.

It is on such men as Irving Thalberg that motion picture hopes must be pinned. He can sponsor a film as robustly adventurous as "Trader Horn," or as ethereal as "Smilin' Through."

Under his sponsorship, Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton are now completing "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which, by the way, is one answer to the cry for better pictures.



A face for every rôle! And Herbert Mundin can change his face as quickly as a director can yell "Camera!" The versatile English comedian rarely changes his speech, however. It usually remains cockney. He learned the brogue from a London deck-hand during the War. Off the screen 'Erb speaks polished English. He's one of the busiest players on the Fox lot

The Miseries of Nudism

By Winifred Aydelotte

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

PONDERING at some length upon the brief economy of Maureen O'Sullivan's costume in "Tarzan and His Mate," I sat in the commissary at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and wondered, while waiting for her to join me at lunch, what the lady thought about nudism in general and nudism-for-the-sake-of-art in particular.

Nobody else in the celluloid circle had quite as much right to think about it as she had, I thought.

The vision of her, swinging lithely from tree to tree in nothing but the swift streamline that nature had given her, with no ruffles or skirts to offer any wind resistance, was occupying my mind when Miss O'Sullivan hove in sight.

Hove is the right word.

Boned, stayed, and arrayed in the voluminous, electric blue velvet costume of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she stood in the doorway of the commissary, completely blocking out all the California sunshine, and cast a despairing look across the crowded room in my direction.

"Nudism worked in the Garden of Eden until the snake came along and said, 'Yah! You're naked!' Right there women began to figure out ways to look attractive, though clothed," says Maureen O'Sullivan.





“Baby monks are darling, but the adults are mean. Every time one of them came toward me, I gritted my teeth. It meant another bite”

Proceeding cautiously and slowly, she barged between the tables, dragging chairs in her wake and gathering up quite a number of men's hats. It all reminded me of a large vessel easing through the crowded locks of a canal.

Exhausted, she finally came to rest beside me. And then began the business of getting her and all her paraphernalia into a chair, and her knees, stiffly fenced with an enormous hoop skirt, under the table. The combined efforts of two waiters and Johnny Farrow at last achieved the impossible. She was docked.

“Ship ahoy!” I said.
“Whew!” she heaved. “What a difference a couple of pictures can make in a girl's costume! Whenever I light anywhere in this dress I feel like staying for awhile.”

“What do you think of nudism in general and nudism-for-the-sake-of-art in particular?” I asked, without further ceremony.

“I'll have the fillet of beef with mushroom sauce,” she told the waiter. Then, turning to me: “I eat like a horse.”

“Neigh, neigh,”
I disagreed, for
I also had

ordered the fillet of beef.

“But what do you think—?”

“I approve of nudism in the right place, by the right people, and in the right way,” she said.

“But I do *not* approve of enforced nudism.”

“What do you mean—enforced?”

“I mean, ‘Tarzan,’” she said. “If I were on a desert island, I should probably dress exactly as I did in that picture. If I were in my own back yard for a sun bath I should probably have on less than that, for I think the sun is a great health factor. But, to be forced to go around with practically no clothes on for eight hours every day of a freezing winter; to stand knee deep in what I am sure was melted ice water and then have the sound man yell, ‘I can hear your teeth chattering, Miss O'Sullivan. You'll have to control them’ and with not even the doubtful recompense of a good, healthy tan after a year of working under those conditions—for the thick coat of body paint I had to wear kept me as white as a lily. . . . That's what I mean by the miseries of enforced nudism.”

“But didn't you, on the whole, feel healthier while making ‘Tarzan?’” I asked.

“I never was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]”

If anyone in Hollywood has a right to talk about nudism, it is Maureen O'Sullivan. And Tarzan's mate says she never was more miserable than when forced to go raw

The Revolt



Hollywood blames one man for the regrettable change in Dietrich, and refers to him as "Svengali" Von Sternberg. He is charged with making a Trilby of Marlene

POOOR Marlene. She's made such a mess of things.

The public she left gasping from that first impact with her personality and beauty four years ago is now breathing normally.

The American press, that flung prudence to the winds when it tapped out the reviews on her first Hollywood picture, is now sharpening the best of its garrotting adjectives for her latest effort, "Scarlet Empress."

Come down from the stratosphere, Marlene, and breathe again the nice, thick atmosphere with which your fellow men are well content. Come down, Marlene, before it is too late and the elevator service is switched off forever. For, in a town where personalities change overnight—nay, hourly—the transformation of Marlene Dietrich has stricken those who know her and love her.

Let a few lucid comparisons paint the picture for you of those mis-matched twins—the Marlene Dietrich of 1930 and *La* Dietrich, model 1934.

On a spring morning four years ago, I was called from my work-worn desk in the Paramount Studio publicity offices to the sanctum of the department head. There I found my boss playing host to a

strangely assorted pair—the diminutive Josef Von Sternberg and a large but very beautiful blonde. Cables had warned us that the noted director was bringing from Germany an unknown genius, so I realized that this blonde was the genius.

With an orthodox eye, I took inventory of her make-up. The clothes were unpromising—a frankly "Dutchy" baby-blue chiffon frock (selected, no doubt, for the mythical tropical California climate), an enormous bow-trimmed, pink hat and, upon-my-word-as-a-lady-press-agent, PINK SATIN SHOES.

We were introduced. She murmured something indistinctly. Von Sternberg did all the talking, laying out a definite campaign for her introduction to the American press. Miss Dietrich (we didn't know how to pronounce her name correctly at the time) managed occasionally a quavering "yes" or "no," but nothing more. She was frightened into a state of rigidity. A new country, a new language, and a fabulous Hollywood filled with lovely women of a slimness she never thought possible, had her stymied. There is little doubt Marlene that day felt like a country bumpkin.

Came the afternoon of her first interview. Marlene arrived at the studio an hour early. She had discarded the baby-blue and pink creation, to my immense relief, and affected an extremely mannish blue serge suit with a vagabond hat that did wonders for her gold and marble

beauty. The date was with the most famous of Hollywood's feminine columnists, and Marlene was in a fine flurry of nerves.

"Do you think she will like me?" she



No longer timid and friendly to writers, she openly shows her boredom and refuses to talk. They're a bit fed up



Defying critics, she clings loyally to Von Sternberg's direction

Against Dietrich

Does the German beauty stand at the top of the toboggan slide from which no one returns?

By Julie Lang

pleaded. "She will make fun of my English, no? She will like my clothes, you think? Must I not talk of my baby, Maria? Will she not like me if I have a baby?"

The famous feminine columnist, let me state, was more than an hour late, but Marlene did not think of questioning a newspaper woman's right to such privileges.

Now let us draw the curtain aside on a typical Dietrich interview in the 1934 manner.

An important screen magazine writer wishes to



Von Sternberg's discovery took the country by storm, revealing the famous legs in her inaugural Hollywood film, "Morocco." Gary Cooper was Marlene's love



Dietrich is gorgeous today, yes; but her new Sternberg film, "Scarlet Empress," wastes her



Do you believe it? This really is Marlene as she looked in German films, before Von found her. Not so glamorous then

see Marlene. Five dates have been made and five dates the star's secretary has cancelled before the writer is admitted to the *suite moderne*, Number 112, Dressing-Room Row, Paramount Studios. Ah, no, Dietrich never opens the doors of her *home* to the press. Her deep broadloom is never sullied with the imprints of soles that tread editorial floors.

The writer waits an hour before the star arrives, but never thinks of questioning the great one's right to such privileges. Clad in a costume that is a cross between a Heidelberg student's

uniform and a doorman's outfit, Dietrich enters with body-guard and chauffeur. After numerous telephone calls, a session with a perfume atomizer and a glance through a portfolio of her latest still pictures, she sends for the long-suffering writer.

The interview begins (with Dietrich staring out the window). It turns out to be one of her famous "yes and no" interviews. The tremulous writer asks question after question, but she is buffeted by that insurmountable "yes" or "no," or now and then a reckless "I don't know."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

CAL YOR K Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

MARLENE DIETRICH may remain loyal to Josef Von Sternberg (he will direct her next picture, "Red Pawn"), but Josef hasn't got a monopoly on her time any more. He used to be her escort on practically every occasion. For a while they were not on speaking terms.

And Hollywood has seen Marlene going about recently with Brian Aherne and Douglass Montgomery.

'Tis said that La Dietrich likes to go places with the tall and handsome Aherne because he can dance like nobody's business, and Douglass—well, maybe he appeals to her maternal instincts. Hubby Rudolph Sieber occasionally chaperons them.

WHEN Hal Rosson, Jean Harlow's "ex," was stricken recently with infantile paralysis, Jean was most solicitous about him, visited him daily, and phoned several times about his condition. Of course, Hollywood wondered if the tragedy of sickness would reconcile the pair. But Jean's closest friends



Surrounded by an admiring throng, Mary Pickford and Grace Moore leave the theater after the preview of "One Night of Love," Miss Moore's sensational screen hit



One wouldn't think it possible to see four happily married Hollywoodians at one time—but here they are. Seated are Mrs. Conrad Nagel, left, and Vilma Banky. Standing, Rod La Rocque and Leatrice Joy, now Mrs. William Hook, Jr., at the Hotel Del Monte

say absolutely no. Naturally, Jean thinks a great deal of her former lord and master, and when he was in danger he was first in her thought—but Cupid won't get a return engagement.

PRACTICALLY all Hollywood was backing Max Baer to win in the heavyweight championship ring masacre. Except one girl—June Knight.

FRANTIC calls from the *maison* W. C. Fields at Toluca Lake had Hollywood medicos scurrying there, to find the inimitable Bill in dire distress. He said he had done something to his leg while playing tennis and that it was turning green. Well, the doctors assured him it wasn't green, but black and blue, and that the trouble was a torn ligament. Bill heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I thought it might have to be amputated," he said, "and it wasn't that so much—" He sighed again.

"But what?" asked the puzzled doctors.

"Well—that's my *hollow leg*," Mr. Fields explained, as he rose, with another sigh, this time one of contentment, and hobbled to his pet revolving bar in the den.

IT would seem Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., might need that one thousand dollars a day his California real estate holdings bring him in.

His castle in England has eighty-three bedrooms, seven drawing rooms, a ballroom which accommodates five hundred people, not forgetting a staff of forty-eight servants—and a constant stream of guests.

By the way, he's reported returning this fall for a Broadway stage show.

Hollywood Goings-On!



Wallace Beery is telling his daughter, Carol Ann, that she will have curls like Joan's if she eats spinach. But Carol Ann is skeptical. Joan's mother is Kathryn Dougherty, publisher of PHOTOPLAY

RICHARD DIX' marriage to his secretary, Virginia Webster, was a perfect screen-idol-worshiper's dream come true. Here's how it happened.

Virginia, just out of college, was looking for a job. She answered an ad for a secretary, and found five hundred and ninety-nine other girls there. All were interviewed by one Mr. John Brimmer. The most favorable checks fell beside Virginia's name. She was hired.

Not as secretary to Mr. Brimmer, however, but to Richard Dix. Uncle John, as he is to Dix, was only fronting for the star.

In less than six months the secretary found herself in love with the boss, and vice versa. So what? So they quietly came East and were just as quietly married, with an European honeymoon in view.

But Dix's father became ill, and they compromised on a boat trip back to California. And there they are.

IN a little talk with Kay Francis just before she departed on her long-deferred European vacation, I found out that Maurice Chevalier does not hold the field alone. There are "three or four others" whom she sees as often as she does Maurice, but the fact has not been as publicized. Also, she is not going to be



Madeleine Carroll arrives in England, home again after making "The World Moves On" for Fox here. Her husband, Philip Astley, accompanies her

married, according to the way she feels now . . . But you never can tell what will happen on an ocean voyage!

JACK BARRYMORE is seriously ill with another attack of the jungle fever which he contracted several years ago. The germ of this malignant fever will lie dormant in the system for a long time, to go into action again when the resistance is low.

IN Warners' current "A Lady Surrenders," Jean Muir is the lady. But more money was spent on Verree Teasdale's costumes than on Jean's, which proves something or other.



On crutches! But W. C. can still take it! He scared fields when he hurt his hollow leg at tennis. He couldn't lose that leg! It was just a torn ligament

IF Franchot Tone has been letting his picture success travel above his ears, as some have said, he should be back running a normal temperature now.

A friend of his took it upon himself to collar Franchot and tell him the facts of Hollywood, ending thus:

"And please don't let Joan Crawford's success go to your head."

IT'S more like the third act of a Noel Coward play than an actual happening.

But it did happen and in Hollywood, of course.

Gloria Swanson rounded a corner on the M-G-M lot with Herbert Marshall in tow. "Oh pardon, please," they murmured as they ran head-on into someone in a hurry. There was a pause, then there they were—Gloria's ex-husband, Wally Beery, face to face with Gloria and her new heart interest. To top it off, around the same corner just then bobbed Connie Bennett, who married another of Gloria's ex-husbands, the Marquis, and who is Herbert Marshall's screen heart interest in her next picture, title in doubt.

For a long painful moment, the four of them stood there, not saying a word. Then all at once they started in the same direction, halted, started in the other, paused again and, finally, drifted off one by one.



Romantic rumors continue to fly concerning Lyle Talbot and Sallie Blane. Here they are, leaving the Hollywood Playhouse after the "Keep It a Dream" première

A PRODUCER who was present tells exactly how Garbo went about casting her new picture, "The Painted Veil." A list of all available directors was handed her. Carefully she read down until the name Boleslavsky caught her eye. "I'll take him," she said calmly, but firmly.

"You like his work?" the producer asked. Garbo shrugged. "I don't know his work, but he is a foreigner and they are better."

Next a list of leading men was given her. "We really have Otto Kruger, a splendid actor, in mind," she was told. Garbo was silent. "Of course, there is another prospect," they said, "Herbert Marshall, an Englishman."

"An Englishman?" asked Garbo. "All right. I take him."

"We're glad you like his work," they told her. "He's a fine actor."

"I am glad," she said. "Of his work I know nothing. But if he is an Englishman, he is all right."

Now the American company and American crew are wondering if Garbo will tolerate them long enough to make an American movie. And have even gone so far as to wonder if the American money she receives also will be acceptable.

THE creme de la creme turned out for Grace Moore's preview of "One Night of Love." Gloria Swanson arrived with Herbert Marshall, and as they were leaving, Gloria raised quite a fuss with a news photographer whom she thought had snapped them. He gallantly removed the plate from his camera and destroyed it. Gloria rewarded him with a reluctant smile, never guessing that the plate was a total blank!

ONE of Hollywood's most shocking tragedies was the violent death of Dorothy Dell in a recent automobile accident.

Dorothy, "Miss Universe" of 1930, gave unusual promise as a first rate star-to-be in "Little Miss Marker." She had played a lead in the last "Follies" produced by Flo Ziegfeld, had won a name on the radio—and seemed to



Charles Ray has been yawning at cameramen for a long time—but he has to stop it now! Once a great movie favorite, Ray is making a screen come-back in Paramount's picture, "Ladies Must Listen." It's his first feature since "Garden of Eden" back in 1927



"We laugh at the same things—which is most important," Richard Dix said in forecasting the success of his marriage to his secretary of six months, Virginia Webster. Virginia said she is not socially ambitious, that she will not enter movies. She's a home girl

have arrived at the first steps of an important career.

Nineteen years old—everything ahead of her—then a sharp turn in the road—and oblivion.

And apparently she was in the safest of all possible hands. The doctor who had saved her mother's life during a pneumonia siege was at the wheel of the ill-fated car, and died with her.

HERE is where I do a little announcing about myself. It gave me quite a nice feeling to find all you readers listening in when I began my broadcasts in "45 Minutes In Hollywood," the Borden program, when it was started Saturday, January 27. It was even more enjoyable to find you kept right up with me when "45 Minutes In Hollywood" went over to Sunday nights on April 8.

So, knowing your interest, I want to tell you that on and after Thursday, July 26, you'll hear me, still on the Borden program, "45 Minutes In Hollywood," at ten o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Don't forget it's a date, Thursday night, July 26, at ten o'clock, E. D. S. T., Cal York announcing. Thank you.

FRED ASTAIRE, dance king, insisted on having a stand-in on the set.

"Wouldn't do any good," the director told him. "No one else can imitate your steps or fold up into your postures."

"I know," agreed Fred, "but I want somebody to pant for me."

YOU'D never think, to look at him now, that some years ago the doctor told W. C. Fields he was in the last stages of tuberculosis and might as well give up. Instead, Bill bought himself an open-topped Ford and went driving over the country wherever his vaudeville tour took him.

No matter how far below zero the thermometer sank, there sat Willie with the breezes blowing about his head.

A year later he went back to the doctor. Much to that gentleman's surprise there wasn't a trace of the disease left. Since then, you can be sure, Fields has had a fondness for open cars.

GARBO'S amazing indifference to what is said and written about her continues to stump completely even the people who work with her.

Recently, a member of the M-G-M publicity staff closest to the Swedish enigma, gathered together a flock of clippings of all the wild stories—that Greta had married ten husbands, that she had been raised as a boy, that she was the secret daughter of a Scandinavian king—all sorts of things. He thought Garbo would really react when she saw how her silence had been distorted. She ran through the clippings, and then looked up.

"You put these in?" she smiled sweetly.

CONNIE BENNETT is still dazed with it all. She met her temperamental Waterloo in Robert Leonard, who directed her latest opus, still untitled. It was done by Leonard's mild, even and unruffled disposition. Nothing disturbs him. Thus, if a man isn't going to be conscious of fireworks, why set them off? So, after the first few days of the director's withering unconcern, Miss Bennett settled down to real cooperation and everything was sweetness and light.

GLORIA SWANSON'S matrimonial adventures threaten to make almost everyone in Hollywood an ex-brother-in-law or ex-sister-in-law to everyone else.

The last estranged Swansonian spouse, Michael Farmer, is said to have admitted in Europe he was "that way" about Jean Harlow and would like to have her boil his morning eggs—or words to that effect.

Swanson, Bennett and Harlow—ex-sisters-in-law. Beery, de la Falaise, Rosson and Farmer—ex-brothers-in-law. Wouldn't that be something?

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Crooner in the courtroom! But this round of Rudy Vallee's separation battle with Fay Webb was postponed in New York, so one of his lawyers could go on a honeymoon!



It's a soft drink at that! Jackie Coogan, once a star, is just another college boy now, taking his girl to the corner soda fountain. The girl is Toby Wing. She and Mr. Coogan are "steadies" now

Sidney Fox used to be a dancer, and she says the training exercises she learned then still help her keep that slender figure. Sidney only tips the scales at ninety-eight. And she wears a size ten dress



Captain of the Actors' polo team, Rogers and teammate Spencer Tracy map plays for a game with the Producers. Frank Borzage, of the rival four, kneels to get an earful of their strategy

Will Outwits The Sexy Fellows

WILL ROGERS—homely, homespun, and getting well on to fifty-five.

Outdrawing stars charged with sex-appeal like Clark Gable and Fredric March.

So say the motion picture theater owners of America. They confess they'll take Will Rogers in any kind of picture, good or bad, over any male star in the business. They ought to know. They are the gents who count your nickels as they roll through the box-office.

Seems strange—

Rogers never told the story of his love life. He's been married but once, and he's still working at it.

He's never revealed the great sorrow of his life, nor the great inspiration.

Then what kind of person is Will Rogers? What makes him tick—and click?

If you saw him in action and heard him talk, I think you'd agree with me—

Why a homespun star tops all the romantic males at the box-office

By Thornton Sargent

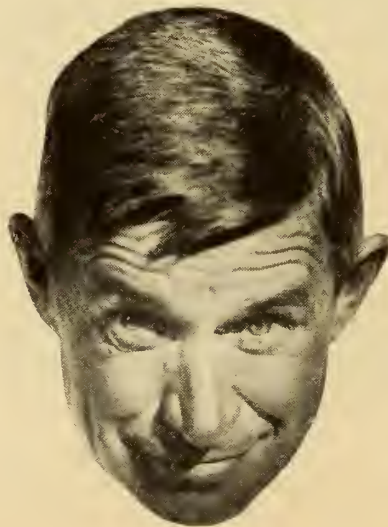
he's just a typical American. The keynote of his character is naturalness. He keeps it, despite Hollywood, by his inherent love of meeting people.

"There's nothing like meeting people face to face," says Rogers of the many excursions he takes out of Hollywood. "It keeps you on edge, meeting new folks all the time."

The most popular of Hollywood stars of his sex, according to the theater men, Rogers is necessarily one of the best paid. He is said to receive a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a picture. He gets five thousand dollars for each radio broadcast and huge sums for writing.

And what Rogers makes he takes good care of. His personal fortune runs into the millions. "I've got a dollar for every joke I've told," he says.

He puts money where he can keep it—into real estate—and comments sagely: "At least I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



How to be Naughty But Nice

Sparkling Jeanette MacDonald is the perfect example



In "The Merry Widow," with Chevalier, Jeanette is truly merry—not sophisticated and surfeited. Her American freshness excites and intrigues Europeans

IT takes a nice girl to be naughty—
And a nice girl who is just naughty
enough is so very, very nice.

By Reginald Tavinor

That is precisely the opinion of at least two continents about Jeanette MacDonald. She has succeeded in combining in one personality the seemingly irreconcilable qualities which make her the typical ideal of sweet American womanhood and the darling of such sophisticated cities as London and Paris.

Every American mother would like to have her daughter as nice a girl as Jeanette. She radiates the fresh cleanliness, the vital charm and healthiness which is her American birthright.

There is about her nothing of the vamp, of the adventuress, of the Old World sophisticate. It was Flo Ziegfeld who once said that if he had to typify *the American Beauty*, he could do it only with Jeanette MacDonald.

And yet Jeanette swept the Old World off its feet. She is amazingly popular all over Europe, particularly in places like Paris and Vienna, where an altogether different kind of charm is demanded of a woman.



Chevalier, Lubitsch, and Jeanette going over "The Merry Widow" scripts at a rehearsal. Lubitsch insisted on her for the title rôle, over Maurice's objections

There she must pierce the worldliness of centuries by her piquancy, by her wit, by her appeal to a psychology utterly foreign to Americans. And in Europe they applauded, acclaimed and almost mobbed Jeanette.

The American shakes a girl's hand. The European kisses it. There, in a nutshell, is the vast difference between New World directness and Old World *finesse*—and how can the same girl appeal to both?

Jeanette MacDonald is the *Dollar Princess* and she is the *Merry Widow*. How can the centuries and the psychologies be

bridged by the same girl? The *Dollar Princess* is one kind of a woman and the *Merry Widow* quite another, and yet, unlike Kipling's East and West, they do meet in Jeanette.

That's because Jeanette knows just how naughty to be while still remaining nice, and just how nice a girl has to be to get away with being naughty.

And that deliberately intriguing sparkle in her eyes, the sparkle that

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Harold Lloyd Returns to Hollywood Via China

A CHINATOWN with authentic atmosphere moves in on Hollywood for Harold Lloyd's first picture in two years, "The Cat's-Paw," by Clarence Budington Kelland.

"The Cat's-Paw" is the first published story Lloyd ever purchased for production, and rep-

resents a new policy for him. He gets away from gag comedy, relying upon story situations.

Lloyd plays a young man who has grown up in China, where his father is a missionary. He returns to America, becomes involved in a

political ring, and is elected mayor of a good-sized city. Members of the ring frame him to protect their interests. Harold, imbued with Oriental philosophy, attempts to meet his problem as a Chinese gentleman would. This leads to amusing situations.



Photo by Rhodes

And He Brings Us a New Type of Lloyd Comedy

The scene above shows Harold, in an ox cart, ready to leave the mission in a Chinese province and start on his journey to America. The missionary, standing in the doorway, is Alec B. Francis. On his left is Frederick Burt as *Keen Lung*, an influential Chinaman.

At the left of the picture, standing by the camera and wearing a fedora hat, is Director Sam Taylor. Behind him is Jack MacKenzie, cameraman. All the extras are Chinese. Before making the film, Lloyd studied two Chinese dialects. Chinese Nationalist gov-

ernment representatives helped on the Oriental sequences.

The supporting cast includes Una Merkel, Alan Dinehart, Grace Bradley, George Barbier, Nat Pendleton, Vince Barnett, Fuzzy Knight and Grant Mitchell.



Carl Laemmle, Jr., was born the year his father made his first motion picture, "Hiawatha." Junior and motion pictures grew up together

He replied: "Sometimes good, and sometimes not so good, like all boys."

Those were his exact words. I shall never forget them. I love them because they were the truth. Junior has never told me a lie. I think that is the greatest tribute he could pay me, for it means that I have his confidence. When children start lying to their parents, the parents have in some way destroyed the close personal relationship which should exist between them and their offspring.

You have the key, now, to Junior's character.

I am going to tell you a great deal more about him. But before I do so, I must set you aright on one important point.

So much has been written and has been said about my desire to have a son and to have him succeed me that my devotion to my daughter, Rosabelle, has been almost entirely overlooked by both press and public. This is, in a way, natural, for she is neither involved in nor at the head of a great studio, while Junior is.

I wish to say that in my heart she is not overlooked and I love her as deeply and as sincerely as I love my son.

"THE BOY"

The "grand old man of films" here presents a remarkable tribute to his brilliant son, who has followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father.

—The Editor

"'All Quiet on the Western Front' brought international renown to Junior, to Universal and to myself"

A FEW years ago, when I was still living in New York City, it became necessary for me to make a trip to the Pacific coast studios of my organization. It was a hurried visit and I had to leave at a moment's notice.

My son, Carl Laemmle, Jr., now in charge of production at Universal City, was then in school.

I was gone for five weeks. When I returned, I asked Junior if he had been a good boy.

Rosabelle was my first born. Junior came into the world in Chicago in 1908—April 28, to be exact. This was the year in which I made my first motion picture, "Hiawatha." Junior and motion pictures grew up together. I had always longed for a son to carry on, so his birth was a matter of gratification.

As the years passed, I watched both Junior and the motion picture industry grow and develop.

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By Carl Laemmle

President, Universal Pictures Corp.



LORETTA YOUNG is fascinating in a languorous mood—and, for that matter, in most any other mood. The girl with the dream in her eyes will be seen next in "Caravan," a Fox production. Her latest release is 20th Century's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Loretta is under contract to M-G-M, but all the studios want to borrow her



Bert Longworth

RUBY KEELER is so pensive, and Al Dubin, the song writer, feels that way, too. You see, they are conjuring up inspiration — Ruby for a new tap step and Al for a fresh tune to go with it. In a minute, we'll bet, there'll be exultant activity all over the "Flirtation Walk" set at Warners. Cute rehearsal togs on Ruby, eh?



Ted Allan

IF the mirror doesn't lie, it's love — and very tricky camera work, withal. The charming lady is Myrna Loy, and the gentleman in the looking-glass is George Brent, who, if you must have your details, is standing to the rear and right of Myrna. Director Sam Wood sits down to direct this sequence from "Stamboul Quest," for M-G-M



William Walling, Jr.

TOBY WING is all aglow with love at nineteen — an exciting and important experience! So important for Toby that she intends to wait until Jackie Coogan can ask her to wed (he'll be twenty in October). "Kiss and Make-Up" is the title of Toby's new Paramount picture, but she and Jackie don't have to make up. They don't even spat



Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia, on the set where Patsy is learning about movie production. Her father, the late Flo Ziegfeld (right) watched constantly for evidence of talent in Patsy



Child of Scorpio

It's in the stars for Patsy Ziegfeld to be an executive like her father, says Billie Burke

By Vera Ingersoll

WHETHER or not you believe in astrology, Billie Burke does. And that belief has guided her faith in her daughter's future. The actress, famous in her own right and as the wife of the late Florenz Ziegfeld, speaks here as the mother of the young, lovable and ambitious Patricia. Her words should be of great interest to any parent.

life, and I want her to do it just as young as possible. Before it hurts too much!"

Stern talk this, from one to whom life had turned so different

a face at the very age the young Patricia is now—seventeen. At seventeen Billie Burke, blue-eyed daughter of the circus and stage, was already a toasted darling in London and New York music halls; Billie Burke curls were the rage of the hour.

Billie Burke and stodgy middle age—the two are a contradiction in terms. Billie Burke today, vibrantly slender, alert, poised, with her tawny hair still in ringlets—still young in spirit. She was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Their Horoscopes Say— Like Father, Like Daughter

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, born March 21, 1873, on the very cusp between Pisces and Aries, both of which signs exerted their influence on his active, high-powered career, the abrupt closing of which two years ago threw a shadow over all Make-Believe Land. A natural dreamer and artist, with the theater his medium of expression, he was endowed with exceptional executive capacity and powers of leadership to make his dreams come true. Together with strong love of the voluptuous, glowing and splendid, a powerful domestic taste is indicated, which explains his unbroken harmony both with wife and daughter. Also a sincere and wholesome enjoyment of the simple things of outdoors. This brings him doubly in harmony with his daughter's chart, and explains why Patsy, rather than her mother, was his constant comrade on his outdoor walks, rides and jaunts. The stars made the choice for him.

PATRICIA ZIEGFELD, born October 23, 1916, therefore a child of Scorpio, of whom it is said: "Your great love of rulership and demand for obedience can make you both dominating and domineering, unless you learn to govern it wisely. Fertile imagination and keen, analytical mind, with great ambition are shown. You have tenacity of purpose and tremendous will-power to help you toward any goal you may espouse." What will that goal be? In another five years we should know.

"Every girl in planning her career should ask herself the question: 'What after forty? How about my career then? Will I still have it, or will life be ended for me?' You see, forty comes. We never think it will, but it does—and what then? I'm asking Patsy that already. You see—she's got to face

\$10,000 in Prizes for "Anthony Adverse"

Cast Selections

GET in on this contest now! It's red hot—as hot as \$10,000.00 IN PRIZES, plus the most thrilling romance of modern literature, can make it!

What's it all about? Why, PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures are INVITING YOU TO NAME THE CAST FOR THE MOST AMBITIOUS FILM PRODUCTION IN HISTORY—"ANTHONY ADVERSE."

A total of \$10,000.00 in prizes for that fun? ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN (157) PRIZES? Why—

Who is this *Anthony Adverse*, anyway?

Well, he's the adventurous lover of a royal purple and blood red age that Hervey Allen brought to life in his great novel published by Farrar & Rinehart and READ BY MORE THAN TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN A YEAR. And Warner Bros. Pictures will keep him alive in A GREAT MOTION PICTURE!

Anthony's recreated world is peopled with exciting men and women, and you are asked to think of them in terms of the most appropriate talent Hollywood has to offer, to make these absorbing creatures visible on the screen.

Postal Telegraph's far-flung facilities are making available to persons everywhere, ballots similar to the one appearing in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and which will also appear in the October issue. Warner Brothers Theaters and Farrar & Rinehart also are distributing these ballots, as are the Ford Motor Company factories and agencies, the manufacturers of the various other articles offered as prizes, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen, himself, has listed the twelve most important characters in this book, for the screen play. Fill in your ballot with your selection of actors and actresses best fitted to play each part, in accordance with the rules accompanying this announcement. Also fill the blank Postal telegram space with a fifty-word explanation of why you think a particular star should play the monumental rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

For your convenience, a synopsis of the book is offered below, but the best way to understand the characters is to read the book.

On page 80 you will find a list of players under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players of other companies for this production. The availability of these other players depends upon their contracts and production schedules.

All ballots must be in by midnight, September 15.

Full instructions about mailing them to PHOTOPLAY's New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the production by Warner Bros. Pictures, and on the strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title rôle. Neatness also will be taken into consideration by the judges.

And those prizes—ah, a few more words about those prizes!

The Ford V-8 motor cars—five of them—speak for themselves. You can have your pick of any of five swanky models, the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Victoria; Coupe, or the Convertible Cabriolet. Likewise the quality of Tecla Cultured Pearls is known to everybody. Think of a \$700.00 necklace for sending in the sixth best ballot!

Cash is welcome in anybody's pocket these days, and there are fifteen money awards ranging from \$300.00 to \$25.00.

Ten lucky contestants will fly to the Chicago Fair via one of America's finest, fastest and most comfortable air routes—the United Air Lines. They will enjoy the hospitality of the luxuricus Drake Hotel, for one week. This great hotel is beautifully located on Lake Michigan. The Century of Progress is more extensive, more elaborate, more thrilling this year than last. What more need be said?

Six gowns designed for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures by Orry-Kelly, that company's renowned stylist, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of New York and Hollywood, make most attractive prizes. Orry-Kelly is one of the geniuses of the Movie Capital who sets the fashions for smart women everywhere today. These are the same type frocks designed for new productions and for the private wardrobes of some of the loveliest and best-dressed women in pictures. Winners may select gowns such as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, appearing in "Here Comes the Navy," or Margaret Lindsay, who is so delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And what woman doesn't delight in an abundance of fine silk stockings? Women also know the superior quality of Mojud Clari-phane hosiery. Each of twenty prize winners will be supplied with forty pairs for a whole year's wardrobe—all the very latest shades. They are knitted of highest grade silk by a new process which eliminates all rings, streaks or shadows. Their "Screen-lite" shades are styled and sponsored by Orry-Kelly. To insure prize winners receiving up-to-the-minute shades each season through the year, they will have the privilege of ordering their stockings at any time over that period.

Women will be intrigued, too, by the offer of one hundred Day-Night Pre-Vue mirrors, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases. They actually preview make-up. Two-faced and purse-sized, Pre-Vue's electric blue side reveals just how make-up applied under artificial lighting will look in the glare of the sun. The amber-gold face foretells the appearance of daylight make-up when milady is viewed under electric lights. Thrilling, eh?

And so we offer you, the SUPREME MOVIE CONTEST OF ALL TIME! SEND IN YOUR BALLOT NOW!

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 47

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at

Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 46]



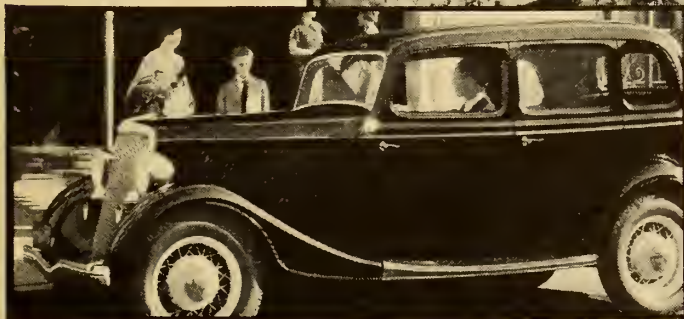
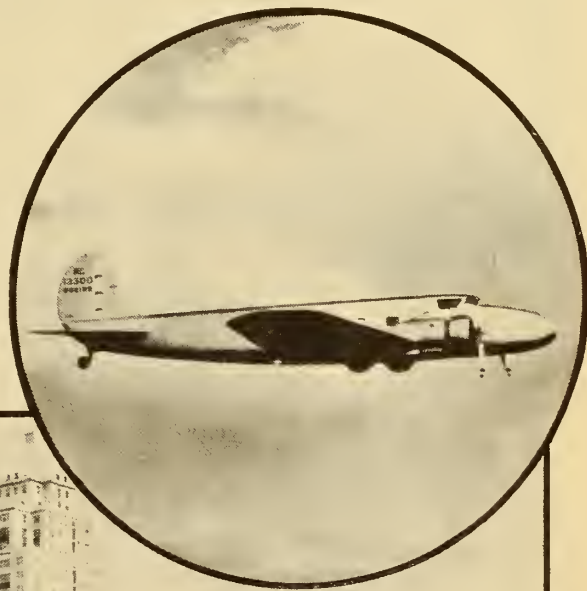
Margaret Lindsay in one of six prize gowns designed by Orry-Kelly of Warner Bros. and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc. They are lovely!

The luxurious, magnificently located Drake Hotel will accommodate those who win trips to the Chicago Fair. The Drake is the building on the right

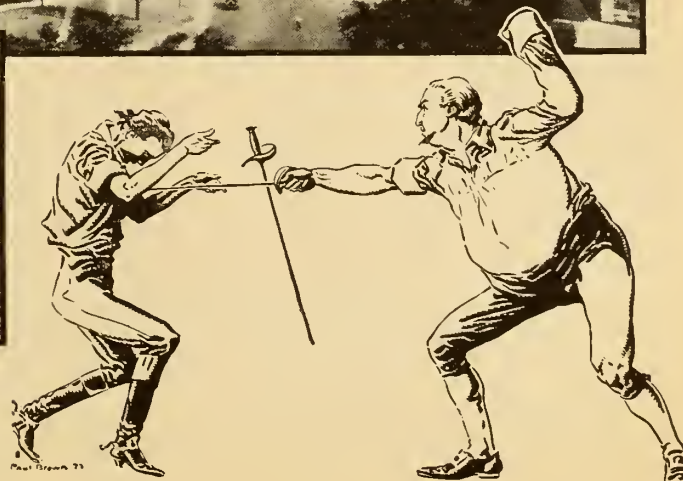


LOVE—"Anthony Adverse" is a thesaurus of love, one of the greatest romances of literature

Fly to the Fair! Ten contest winners will get round-trips to A Century of Progress in Chicago on United Air Liners



The new Ford V-8 De Luxe Fordor Sedan. One of the five models from which the first five prize winners may make a choice



DARING—"Anthony Adverse" as an adventure story is not equaled in all the writings of our modern fiction

followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steel-blue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, ascetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna.

Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges, through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a

child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissant Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes much of the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first real tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

Rules of the \$10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First five prizes—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00.

Seventh prize—\$300.00 in cash.

Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—\$200.00 in cash.

19th prize—\$125.00 in cash.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—\$75.00 in cash.

27th prize—\$50.00 in cash.

28th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

48th to 57th prizes—\$25.00 in cash to each.

58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-View Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

2. In three issues (August, September and October) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the cast box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve rôles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title rôle. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for may be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Addresses of the Stars," which appears in this issue on page 80 and which will appear in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY. Under this heading you will find the contract players at the Warner-First National Studios. You may suggest actors and actresses under contract to either Warners or other companies here listed, or free-lance players. The availability of such players for "Anthony Adverse," of course, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of PHOTOPLAY will be duplicated in the October issue. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any

Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to PHOTOPLAY Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanies this announcement of the contest and will be published in the October issue. However, it will be greatly to your advantage, in attempting to name a cast, to read the book published by Farrar & Rinehart.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, John Farrar. Also, W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this committee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

It is at this time he again sees Florence Udney, of the brown-golden hair and deep gray eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

Napoleon and the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables All America Cables

Mackay Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
RADIOGRAM	

ANTHONY ADVERSE BALLOT

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning September, 1934. **WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"?** A cast must be selected by September. The task of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make this truly history-making picture, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY Magazine in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse" a truly representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has agreed to the use of this special ballot which may be filled out and left at any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MAY BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any one of these issues of PHOTOPLAY before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of prizes.

----- CLIP ON LINE -----

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

ANTHONY ADVERSE	1	NELETA	7
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	2	G. J. OUVRARD	8
CARLO CIBO	3	SENIORITA DOLORES	9
BROTHER FRANCOIS	4	JOHN BONNYFEATHER	10
ANGELA GUESSIPPI	5	FAITH PALEOLOGUS	11
VINCENT NOLTE	6	DON LUIS	12

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of **Anthony**

Name _____ Address _____

PRIZES: One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1934-Model Ford Automobiles (winners may select any of five stock models). Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollar Tecla Cultured Pearl Necklace. Six gowns designed for winners by Orry-Kelly of Hollywood. Twenty prizes of Mojud Clari-phane stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (40 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Prevue Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handmade leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING

The Lassoing

RAIN lashed at him. Cool, tantalizing, man-made rain. Saturday afternoon on the M-G-M lot. A blazing sun outside. The dismal, dank atmosphere of war-torn France inside. Mud. Damp stage odors in still air. Gary Cooper flipped a cigarette. There was that mountain stream high up in the Sierras. He could make it in a little over two hours if they stopped work now.

"Cut," called the director. And another scene of "Today We Live" was in the box. "Nine o'clock Monday, everybody . . . Just a minute, Coop. How about joining us for a little deep sea fishing over the week-end? I've got the boat stocked up and we're leaving at four."

"Sorry. It's the mountains for me. Thanks—" He swung off and made a wide leap from the loading platform to the ground. Whew, it was hot enough to cook a cow's hoof! He'd forgotten the heat with that rain turned on. Already his wet clothes were steaming. The ocean suddenly became infinitely more attractive than a long, sizzling ride inland. "Hey!" he shouted to Howard Hawks, "Is that offer still open? Yea? Well, I'll be there . . ."

That's the way things happen. A rise in temperature and you make a casual decision that changes your life.

COOP didn't see her at first. It was dark in the companionway and as the slim yacht met the swells of the outer harbor, they lunged together.

"You seem to like my peach!" Her voice was gay, laughing. Coop took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. Darn it all, girls shouldn't eat peaches in dark places for a man to bump into. "Scuse me," he mumbled and passed on. Probably she was the giggly kind. Or worse yet, a dizzy deb who thought everything was "too, too divine." Almost, he wished he hadn't come.

For romantic effect, one should always see a girl silhouetted against an ocean sunset, her dress gently whipped about her.

Gary saw her sprawled on her stomach in an unrelenting sun, wearing slacks that couldn't possibly be "gently whipped." There was a nice smudge on her nose. She didn't bother to notice him especially. She just said, "Find another peach?" in a lazy, amused way. He grinned. "Yea. Right now!" It was too good an opening to miss. Anyway, she was sort of cute . . .

It was steaming hot. The cool ocean beckoned Gary Cooper. He accepted the invitation to go fishing on Director Howard Hawks' yacht — and that decision changed his life

"Want to shoot fish?"



Of The Lone Cowboy

There were mixed-up meetings, and Veronica fitted into his moods. So Gary Cooper decided it was fate, and fell in love

By Jerry Lane

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

"Are you by any chance guying me?"

"No." Lord, didn't she even know you *could* shoot fish! She was pretty dumb about it, too. But game. Her technique in handling a gun would not exactly have sent old Joe back on the ranch into ecstasy. She let the shell nick her nose and the rebound sent her reeling against the taffrail. No whisper from her, though. She took it like a hardy old buster. Coop wiped the blood away. "Good sport," he said gruffly, because he was feeling rather queer himself. She was *all right*, this girl. You didn't find 'em like that every day in the week.

That night she was even better. By moonlight . . .

He had discovered a lot about her from Hawks by that time. He knew she was Veronica Balfe, daughter of the Social Registerites, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields of New York. That she had come West to visit her grandmother on the Balfe ranch near Fresno, and was at present a house guest of her uncle, Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores Del Rio.

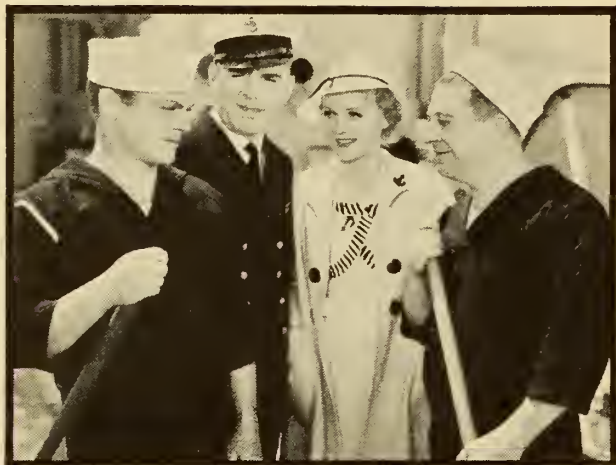
He learned, too, that she'd had a fling at a screen career under the name of Sandra Shaw.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Winnie, the dappled gray mare on Coop's ranch, approved of the yacht girl, too. Rocky could ride — she could speak his language. So, before long, they spoke of marriage



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *HERE COMES THE NAVY*—Warners

PUNCHES! Thrills! Climax piling on climax, laid against the background of battleships and dirigibles in one of the best Cagney films to date.

Jimmy, a hard-headed riveter, sets out to satisfy a grudge against petty officer Pat O'Brien by joining the navy and eventually O'Brien's ship. Then he falls in love with the officer's sister, Gloria Stuart, and the war is on.

Transferred to the aircraft division, Cagney comes to the rescue of his enemy, O'Brien, who has been accidentally carried aloft on a dirigible rope. Of course Jimmy wins Gloria and a promotion, but his cockiness is never conquered. Frank McHugh adds to the fun as his buddy.

There is a snappy staccato in the dialogue, performances, and direction by Lloyd Bacon.



★ *CLEOPATRA*—Paramount

LAVISHLY produced, with all the typical DeMille feasts and festivities, dancing girls and elaborate settings.

The story tells of *Cleopatra's* (Claudette Colbert) meeting with *Caesar* (Warren William) by way of a rolled rug, and her completely ensnaring him so that he decides to divorce his wife, marry *Cleopatra* and form an empire. His assassination leaves her at the mercy of his friend, *Antony* (Henry Wilcoxon), who also succumbs to her fatal charms, deserting his country, his army, his friends to be with her in Egypt.

Steadfastly, through doubts and fears, bribes and threats of war, they cling together and finally, defeated by Rome, they choose death in preference to slavery.

It is a passionate love story with thrilling effects. First-rate performances by the principals, and good support.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *OF HUMAN BONDAGE*—RKO-Radio

SUPERB performances and a deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's outstanding novel make "Of Human Bondage" an unusually interesting picture. Not all of what Maugham had to say has been retained, but there's enough to make an enjoyable evening for adults in the theater.

The film benefits from the uniform skill of Leslie Howard, an amazing talent newly revealed by Bette Davis, the charm of Frances Dee, and the seasoned work of Reginald Owen, Alan Hale, Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. Lester Cohen, the scenarist, obviously understood and relished the book, and John Cromwell, the director, handled the bitter story with intelligence.

It is a bitter story, this one about the cripple, thwarted in his ambitions as an artist and trying to reconcile himself to the study of medicine, who gives himself wholly to a torturous, insistent love for a vicious and ungrateful trull. Kindly love is wasted on him so long as her spell persists, and his adoration goes wasted and derided.

Club-footed *Philip Carey* could very easily have been made just asinine and ridiculous by an actor lacking Howard's mentality and artistry.

Bette Davis, heretofore in none too conspicuous ingénue rôles, makes of *Mildred*, the London waitress, a remarkable study of unfaithfulness. The story is handled without offense to good taste.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

OF HUMAN BONDAGE	TREASURE ISLAND
HERE COMES THE NAVY	CLEOPATRA
SHOOT THE WORKS	THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY
HIS GREATEST GAMBLE	SHE LOVES ME NOT

The Best Performances of the Month

Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage"
 Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage"
 Wallace Beery in "Treasure Island"
 Jackie Cooper in "Treasure Island"
 Chic Sale in "Treasure Island"
 Jimmy Cagney in "Here Comes the Navy"
 Jack Oakie in "Shoot the Works"
 W. C. Fields in "The Old-Fashioned Way"
 Richard Dix in "His Greatest Gamble"
 Marian Nixon in "We're Rich Again"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ TREASURE ISLAND—M-G-M

WITH a zip and a zoom, a gusto and a sturdy "yo, ho, ho!" this story of Treasure Island swings into action right at the start, carries thrills, chills, suspense and stirring drama right smack through to the heart-touching end.

It is a beautiful, moving, inspired and inspiring picture that will appeal not only to children, and have them right on the edge of the seat with enjoyment, but will do just about as much to adventure-loving adults.

It gives you a cheerful glow, a decided lift out of the run of ordinary things.

The picture stands the acid test of reality—meaning by that this—you find yourself taking part in the life of exciting adventure, quest of treasure trove; you feel the sting of the salt sea spume on your face in warm, tropical waters of a land of mystery and fascination. In other words, you live the rôles you see before you on the screen. You are taken out of yourself.

And it has such enjoyable characters as Lionel Barrymore as *Billy Bones*, Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins*, Wallace Beery as *Long John Silver*, Chic Sale as old *Ben Gunn*, and Otto Kruger as *Dr. Livesey*, and Nigel Bruce as *Squire Trellawney*.

All grandly entertaining. And grandly exhilarating.

The picture is a monument to Robert Louis Stevenson.



★ SHOOT THE WORKS—Paramount

THE heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch screen story as well, thanks to a grand array of well-cast players, good direction and sparkling lines.

Jack Oakie is the side-show barker who loves an actress, Dorothy Dell, but gambles away their love-inspired song hit, and her faith in him—and then watches Dorothy and his former employee, Ben Bernie, rise to greatness.

Just as Dorothy is about to marry a Broadway big shot, Oakie proves his love by sending a malicious gossip columnist to the hospital—and there's a grand reunion, with Jack all set for fame as a radio master of ceremonies.

The tragic note is the presence of Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody, both excellent, and both now in the land beyond.



★ THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY—Paramount

IT'S hard to tell whether W. C. Fields or Director William Beaudine should be credited with the paralyzing gags, situations and lines—but they're grand. Certainly the director should take a bow for casting the chain of chuckles without one weak link.

Fields, as *The Great McGonigle*, is entirely too classically comic to describe. You'll just have to see him.

The story is laid in the Nineties, and the *McGonigle* company's great opus, that antiquated "mellerdrummer" "The Drunkard," is presented with the entire original stage revival cast except with Fields as the dastardly villain.

With Joe Morrison, a valuable addition to the screen, Judith Allen takes care of the love interest. Baby LeRoy makes a few scenes miserable for his arch enemy, the star.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



**HIS
GREATEST
GAMBLE—**
RKO-Radio



PRESENTING a struggle between a life-loving father (Richard Dix) and a cold, convention-loving mother for the molding of a daughter's (Edith Fellows) character, this film has its moments of real emotional power. He kidnaps the child, but loses her to his wife when sent to prison. Years later, however, he escapes to aid the grown girl (Dorothy Wilson) and her lover (Bruce Cabot) to happiness.



**SHE LOVES
ME NOT—**
Paramount



SMART treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as light, riotously funny entertainment. Fireworks fly when gangsters, movie producers and the law seek out Miriam Hopkins in Bing Crosby's college dormitory after a shooting in the night club where she works. And it is in this scene that Miriam uncorks to display a type of humor that will amaze you. Kitty Carlisle, Edward Nugent.

**SHE
LEARNED
ABOUT
SAILORS—**
Fox



AND sailors learned about women in this fast, clean comedy that borders on lusty rowdiness. When gob Lew Ayres tries to get gay with cabaret singer Alice Faye in a Shanghai club, he finds plenty of opposition. They agree to be just pals, which, of course, leads to love. But that screamingly funny team, Mitchell and Durant, meddle in and mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine as a South American.

**WE'RE RICH
AGAIN—**
RKO-Radio



YOU'VE never seen such a merry marital madhouse. It all revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to millionaire Reginald Denny. There's a polo-playing grandma (Edna May Oliver) and her rowdy gang, Gloria Shea, who elopes with Buster Crabbe—and country cousin Arabella (Marian Nixon) who gets the millionaire in the end. Bouquets to Marian Nixon, Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell.

**MURDER IN
THE
PRIVATE
CAR—**M-G-M



THE riot of thrills, laughs and nonsense will no doubt cover up any weak spots in the plot. Things happen when Mary Carlisle discovers she is a missing heiress and, with Una Merkel, sets out in a private car to meet her father. Charles Ruggles, a "crime deflector," and Russell Hardie add to the confusion. Climax is reached when the car is uncoupled and starts back down grade.

**GRAND
CANARY—**
Fox



AN intriguing beginning sags in the middle and fades out to a thin, sad end. The tale of a doctor who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, takes a ship to Santa Cruz, meets *Lady Mary Fielding* (Madge Evans) and finally recaptures his past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Warner Baxter wasted as the doctor. Barry Norton, Zita Johann, Marjorie Rambeau, Roger Imhof also in cast.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

OUR DAILY BREAD—
United Artists



STAMBOUL QUEST—
M-G-M

AFTER a lengthy absence from the screen, King Vidor returns with much of his old power to direct his original story of man's struggle with the soil. Frankly communistic, the film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Tom Keene and Karen Morley do well, while Barbara Pepper, a vest-pocket Jean Harlow, makes the male contingent sit up and take notice.

ASPY story that builds and lets down, but has its moments. As the compatriot of Mata Hari, who makes the mistake of falling in love, Myrna Loy is excellent. George Brent is the man. He is a most ingratiating American doctor who gets mixed up in German-Turkish intrigue. Lionel Atwill is his menacing best as head of the Secret Service. C. Henry Gordon is still our favorite villain. Sufficient suspense.

BACHELOR BAIT—
RKO-Radio



BABY TAKE A BOW—
Fox

DIVERTING comedy for the family. Stuart Erwin as *Wilbur Fess*, an honest but simple guy, is type-perfect. *Wilbur* is an idealist who wants to see everyone happily married. He loses his job at the marriage license bureau, and stumbles onto a matrimonial-agency scheme, "Romance, Inc.," which makes a fortune. Rochelle Hudson is the girl. Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher are an amusing team.

THAT incomparable child, Shirley Temple, saves the day with her natural charm and ability. It's the old story of the "stolen pearls." Jimmy Dunn, her jailbird dad, who is going straight, is accused of the theft, but Shirley rescues the "jools" and reaps the reward. Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor and Ray Walker are also in the cast, but everyone has to take a rear seat when baby takes a bow.

THE WORLD MOVES ON—
Fox



BLACK MOON—
Columbia

MADELEINE CARROLL, English beauty, begins her American film career inauspiciously in this picture. A dozen threads of plot are picked up and broken in this prolonged opus. From a rather irrelevant duel in 1825, we are carried through the World War and the financial debacle of 1929, to a humble but snug harbor of today. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. Fair.

IF you are in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, native drums and human sacrifice, this will prove fairly entertaining. Action takes place on a West Indies isle where secretary Fay Wray has been sent to accompany Jack Holt's wife and child (Cora Sue Collins). A sinister note rings all through.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]

Women Must Be Amused



A sense of humor
is essential to a
successful lover

William Powell

tells

Ruth Rankin

"IF you keep putting out a product that bores the public, pretty soon you won't have any public," announced William Powell, fresh out of his swimming pool in a pair of ravishing red trunks.

"Same way with women. Have to keep 'em amused. Strangely enough, if you amuse them, they will amuse you. Because is there anything that keeps a man entertained better than listening to the sweet, appreciative laughter that follows his playful quips and droll sallies?" With which Bill took another head-on dive, to emerge dripping with protest this trip.

"But why ask me? Although highly flattered at the invitation, I must in all truth confess I am not qualified to speak."

"Go right ahead. You're doing handsomely—so far," I encouraged.

"But really—on account of having made two conspicuous failures at marriage, and . . ."

"Who said anything about marriage? We are discussing lovers, not husbands."

"Of course, there is a difference," Bill admitted, "although I strive to please in any capacity. When one meets with failure, that is the time a sense of humor is absolutely necessary in order to bound back.

"IF you expect to be caught on the rebound, you can't go around in mourning for your lost love. Not so that it shows on you, anyway.

"And it's not so easy. That's the time you have trouble just getting along with yourself. In my case, I wake up in the morning too mad even to talk to me. It is practically luncheon time before I can smile at that long, sour face the mirror gives back.

"So the next best thing to do is try to fall in love right away, and then you *have* to be pleasant. More than merely pleasant—you have to be agreeable, companionable, and amusing. And you certainly can't be any of those things without a sense of humor. Don't even try. It's just a waste of time.

"To get back to our premise—'a successful lover'—but with whom? People meet, they click, or they don't click. You can't do one thing about it if you don't hear that click, except smile gently and think 'better luck next time.'

"You need a sense of humor desperately when you take your best friend's wife to luncheon—and the telephone starts ring-

ing the minute you get home. All the telephones ring, all over Hollywood, including your best friend's. Of course he knew all about it beforehand, because he encouraged it. But try and tell that to Hollywood."

After two "conspicuous failures" as a husband, Powell has decided to "marry" a house instead of a woman. It may be more permanent

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Guessing Time for GARBO

By Kirtley
Baskette

Her Highness' contract ends soon. And new mystery envelops Greta's future



IT'S open season for Garbo-guessing in Hollywood. Anyone can play. All you have to do is guess what the mystic daughter of Sweden is going to do after she finishes her next picture, Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil."

Because, when that picture is finished, Garbo's contract with M-G-M is finished. She'll be as free as the air, to do what she pleases, to go where she wants. Already the cameras are grinding well along—in a few days she will have her freedom.



"Queen Christina" did not meet with the expected reception. And Greta's M-G-M pact ends with "The Painted Veil"

Will she quit Hollywood and the screen—cold? Will she embark on a new lap of her screen career, or stride silently and swiftly to the gangplank of a steamer and sail for Sweden and the impregnable seclusion which she apparently treasures so much?

Will she make her own pictures in Sweden; will she marry; will she vanish in a cloud of blue smoke; will she run for Congress in the Fall elections?

Garbo as she appeared in her first American picture, "The Torrent." M-G-M made this Ibanez story in 1925

Nobody knows just what the star will decide to do.

That's why the guessing is hot, hectic and heavy right now. At the present writing, Louis B. Mayer, who signs Garbo's pay checks, is as much in the dark as "Slickum," the studio bootblack.

Maybe Garbo is guessing herself—who knows?

And perhaps she has reason at that—for circumstances are of a different complexion than those which surrounded the last great Greta speculative spree.

At the height of her glory—Garbo and John Gilbert. Now a cozen stars surpass her as box-office magnets

You'll remember, that took place [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Reduce Those Hips,



You have one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen. (Don't fall over dead at hearing Sylvia give such an unreserved compliment. You should know, by now, that I never say anything I don't mean. That's the way I am.) When I see something I admire I've got to spill over about it. And I certainly admire your face. It has an exquisite ethereal quality all its own. You look as if you came from another world. You really look like an angel. But, oh honey! what a plump little angel you are!

People, watching your pictures in theaters, gasp when they see you in a close-up, because you're so beautiful. I gasp when I see how much there is of you in long-shots!

Yes, Evelyn, you're ethereal. But you won't be for long if you keep putting on weight. When I saw "Double Door," all around me people were saying, "My! Isn't she getting heavy!" The excess showed up in those tight costumes.

Look at yourself. What do you think of your upper arms? They could do with a little taking down, couldn't they? And how about the hips? You could spare a bit off them, too, and it wouldn't be any sacrifice. As for your legs—I don't know, but I've got an opinion.

I notice that the costume

DEAR EVELYN: Oh, baby, I've got some wonderful news for you!

The other day I was thinking about you—and you're the type of person who has such a lovely face that once you're seen, you're hard to forget. So, while thinking about you, I evolved two absolutely brand-new exercises. I could have written them out and stuck them in an envelope and sent them to your Hollywood address. But—even if I do say it myself—they're such grand exercises that I want all the girls who read *PHOTOPLAY* to have the benefit of them.

They're just for you, Evelyn Venable, but I'm sure you won't mind sharing them with other girls and women who need them. Besides, ever since I first started seeing you on the screen, I've wanted to tell you a few things.

Evelyn Venable is lovely—but no girl can be ethereal if she's plump! Sylvia detects a marring curve along the upper leg when Evelyn sits down. Now well-designed clothes hide it. But Sylvia says Evelyn must exercise it off for true beauty and protection



Sylvia

Legs and Arms!

designers are always careful to make your dresses ankle length—even when you're not in a costume picture. That just makes *me* suspicious. I can judge, from the rest of your figure, that you could lose something off your legs. And when you sit down and your skirt clings to you, my eagle eye detects a curve that shouldn't be on your upper leg.

So, because I dislike fat so much and because I think you can do so much more justice to your face by shaving off your body, I created some new exercises for you. Raise your right hand and swear you'll do just what I tell you. And I'll raise my right hand and swear you won't regret it!

First of all I want to give you that hip exercise,

Feeling that Evelyn should reduce hips and legs, Sylvia created two exercises to meet these special needs



With Kent Taylor in "Double Door," Evelyn was beautiful. But Sylvia says her facial beauty will be enhanced if she reduces her upper arms. It will take only a week

Sylvia says if Evelyn Venable, with her pretty face, follows this advice she will have all Hollywood envious of her charm



because it's so new and I'm so crazy about the things it will accomplish.

Stand with your arms at your sides and your feet straight ahead. Now turn your right foot so that the toe is pointing due left and the heel due right. Raise your arms above your head. Stretch your left foot as far back as you can make it go (bending your right knee). Now your feet will be about three feet apart. With arms still above your head, turn your body, twisting at the hips, and slowly touch the floor with your fingers as far to the right as they will go.

Baby, you can feel a pulling in your hips such as you've never felt before. The first time you try it, it will nearly kill you and you'll be cussing me out. (Well, maybe *you* won't, Evelyn, because I understand that you're a ladylike girl who doesn't use profanity. But some of the rest of the girls who try this one will start hurling words at my head. And the funny part is, I won't care—if they'll just do the exercise.)

When you've done that as I've described, reverse the process and put your left foot in the forward position and your right foot back, twisting and touching your fingers to the floor on the left side.

Do this five times on the left and five times on the right. That will be about all you can take at first. But do it every day. You'll be tired and sore until the fat starts breaking away. But don't mind that. You know [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

Mitzi, in the middle,
Grace Bradley, in the
light dress, and Mary
Carlisle go for sweets
in a big way

Proprietresses may
protest, but these
girls pack their own
candy. It has to be
done just so



Rubbing Elbows With The Stars

GREETINGS, JOAN:
You shameless
hussy, you! Basking

in the delight of a vacation
and asking me, sweating away at
my work, to write you all the
news. Spoiled, that's what you
are. Oh well, I'm a weak woman
when it comes to friendship, so
here I go . . . off to the races!

Let's begin with these candy-
and-cake making Samson sisters,
whose maple fudge alone is guar-
anteed to chuck your strongest
resolutions helter-skelter. The Samsons do a lot of candy-
making for the movie colony.

Craving free samples, I went to their little white cottage.
Mary Carlisle and Grace Bradley, covered with chocolate goo
from toe to top, greeted me gaily. They were packing their
own boxes. The pleas from the proprietresses meant nothing
to those pretty souls. They were having the time of their
lives and nobody but little Mary and Grace was going to place
their candy. "No packee . . . nobuyee!" Mary laughed, and

Another Mitzi Cummings Letter

*MITZI is a Hollywood girl who knows
her home town's celebrities intimately.
Blithely she skips from studio to party,
from one famous personality's home to
another.*

*Her letters to her friend Joan appear
every month in PHOTOPLAY. They are
spicy and revealing; sometimes a bit
audacious, but never without gay humor.*

tossed me a chocolate cream.
So I joined in the packing.

The phone rang. It was
Constance Bennett who wanted
a couple of pounds of almond
caramels. "Good and chewy,"
she stressed.

Joan, that's life for you. To
gain a single ounce this Bennett
woman not only eats candy, but
whipped cream desserts, big York-
shire puddings, double helpings of
mashed potatoes, juicy steaks,
et als. Grimly I masticated the

chocolate cream. Go on, hips, I dare you!

EVERY time I've gone to the movies lately I've run into one
of our brighter lights doing something amusing.

First time it was Maurice Chevalier. I went to the theater
alone one night. Dark glasses were on my *retroussé* nose
(take it or leave it!) because I'd been sitting around on a set
too long and got my blinkers sore. It was the middle of a
picture so I sneaked in and took [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Hollywood's Clever Extras

Huge silver bracelet and ring-trinkets worn by Frances Drake



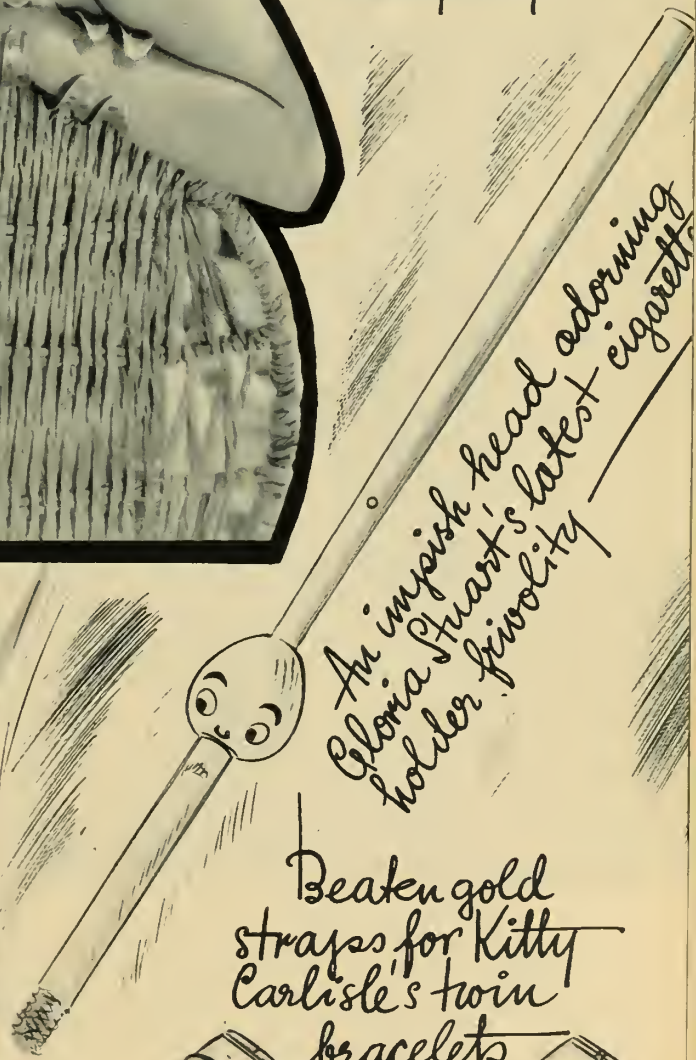
A white dove, wings spread, trims Pat Peterson's gown uniquely

Carole Lombard's dashing sombrero, kerchief and jewelry for beach costumes

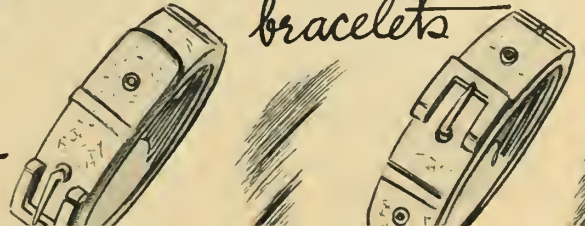


Bold script gold initials—a new Hollywood adjunct to necklines

An impish head adorning Gloria Stuart's latest cigarette holder frivolity



Beaten gold straps for Kitty Carlisle's twin bracelets



Aeronautical trend—sweeping wings on Carole Lombard's stitched taffeta hat



Woolens In Interesting Fall Guises

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTO-PLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants



COATS will have a lot of back interest this coming season. Royer has anticipated this trend in the striped wool coat which he has created for Peggy Wood to wear in "Handy Andy." An inset belt extends across the back only and a bloused effect is achieved between the shoulder yoke and this belt. The front of the coat is made with self-fringed revers, a scarf to match the crepe dress being drawn through buttonholes on each side. Note the sleeve fullness

Seymour



ANOTHER Royer costume for Peggy Wood combines two shades of woolen with great success. The dark monotone forms the body of the dress, extending up over the shoulders in front and back. The light patterned woolen forms sleeves and a deep section set in under armholes. Clips and a small collar are the only trimming

AN unusual version of the wide rever gives a new look to Drue Leyton's suit jacket in the picture above. The revers are set away from the closing instead of being a part of it. And the front hooks half way down in lieu of buttons. A collar of the blouse material is worn over the jacket. Woolen hat to match. A Royer design worn in "Charlie Chan's Courage"

Satin, Crepe and Velvet for Fall

— Seymour —



WOULD you imagine that Kay's gown had such a daring backless treatment? The wing detail is repeated and the grapes are used again for a large clip effect

WING-LIKE pieces jutting from the bodice of this black satin gown suggest a new fall silhouette. Walter Plunkett created it for Kay Johnson to wear in a scene from "Afterwards." The shoulder straps are held to the bodice by clusters of green grapes. As you can see, the skirt is very high waisted and slender to the point where a wide train sweeps out gracefully at the back



A PETAL motif is the clever theme stressed in both trimming and seaming of this gown Julie Haydon wears in "Afterwards." It is a regal gown in aquamarine crepe with a full train fanning out at back. The petals are graduated and stitched, the deeper ones forming a slight shoulder covering. A back view of the gown is shown at right. Plunkett design



CINNAMON velvet and antique gold lamé make a rich medium for this evening gown which Royer has designed for Peggy Wood. Worn in a scene from "Handy Andy," its silhouette and detail are typical of the new season's luxurious formality. The lamé bodice is Grecian in feeling with its soft drapery. The high waisted velvet skirt is quite slender through the hips



College Tips In Two New Pictures

- Seymour



YOU who are shopping with an eye to college must take a good look at this suit which Diana Wynyard wears in "One More River." You'll find many travel and campus uses for it. A mixed tweed jacket tops a monotone woolen skirt. Diana's knit sweater is the same color as the skirt, as is the unusual felt hat with roll brim and creased crown

In this scene with Cary Grant, at right, you see the back detail and cuff treatment of Helen Mack's smart dress. Grosgrain ribbon lacing at the back and crystal ball cuff links



TRAVIS BANTON has used the popular shirtwaist theme for a simple little gray wool frock worn by Helen Mack in "Kiss and Make-Up." It's a grand campus dress, tailored and wears well. Grosgrain ribbon laces the bodice which has inverted pleat fullness. Stitching is used to suggest a belt line for the straight skirt. Smart detail



Russell Ball

JEAN PARKER has the most beautiful figure to be seen in Hollywood, according to no less an authority than Mme. Sylvia. Here is Jean, posing, we may presume, as the Spirit of Athletics—hurling the discus, flinging the javelin, and taking off for a standing broad jump. All very Grecian, except the bathing suit, which runs more along the lines of West Coast beach 1934 models. Miss Parker's newest picture for M-G-M is "Operator 13," and she has been loaned to Fox for a leading rôle in "Caravan"



Don English

MAE WEST makes a glorious, if somewhat buxom, rosebud in all her floral finery for a burlesque show scene in "It Ain't No Sin." Not a thorn in sight, and surely Mae couldn't conceal one in that gown. She is known as "the American Beauty" in her new Paramount picture, which takes us back to the curves and capers of the Naughty Nineties

THE Man You Want

Mae West Gives You His Number

Reported by
Helen Harrison

"SEX and me," says Mae West, "have a lot in common. I don't want to take any credit for inventing it—but I may say, in my own modest way, and in a manner of speakin'—that I *have* discovered it!"

Who can doubt it?

When Mae West talks on love it behooves all you smart girls and boys to lend thine ear to a bit of a load of wisdom—and so the microphone goes to the lady with the golden hair, the provocative eyes, the curvilinear torso and the undulating hips!

"I don't need a psychologist to tell me what a man's thinkin' when we been dancing and he suddenly suggests a walk in the garden under a full yellow moon. If he's good-lookin', normal and in full possession of his faculties, it's a cinch he's goin' to want to take me in his arms and kiss me. I'd be worried about him if he didn't—think about it. Of course, I may have ideas of my own. And just because a girl has a come-on look doesn't mean that every man she dances with is good for a kiss.

"You may recall that in my pictures there are very few kisses. Remember 'way back to 'She Done Him Wrong' and 'I'm No Angel'? The same goes for 'It Ain't No Sin.' But when I kiss I mean it—as far as the story goes—and that brings me to a phrase that I've used often in pictures—but oftener in life: 'Is he or is he not *just my type*?'"

"That's what you've got to ask yourself before you go into a clinch—and let a lot of heart-aches meet you more than half-way.

"And just what *is* your type—bein' that I'm talkin' about you today. There's been plenty of talk about me. There'll be more. . . .

"It's up to every woman to find out just what her type is. I've been around and I've noticed that 'Marry in haste, repent in Reno' is something more than a railroad man's dream. But don't worry—I'm not goin' to preach to



Mae's Love Proverbs

A girl whose curves are knockouts has been known to win on points!

Tall, dark 'n' handsome—remember, women have a weakness for strong men!

Love is sweet madness—and many a woman's crazy to get married!

The harder a girl is to get—the easier she finds it is to get 'em!

A woman in love can't be reasonable—or she probably wouldn't be in love!

Men, marrying for a helpmate, often find they've picked a mismatch!

When a man starts to alibi he usually has a pretty good reason for it—a blonde or brunette!

A man in love is like a clipped coupon—it's time to cash in!

Men are all alike—except the one you've met who's different!

Many a man picks up a girl—only to fall himself!

Men admire devotion in their wives—beauty in other women!

There are only three types of men, says Mae, which greatly simplifies the pickin' for you girls. (What she is writing is just an invitation to "come up")

you. Everyone has the right to run his own love life—even if you're headin' for a crash. What I'm against is blind flyin'.

"You can take six men—or leave 'em—or six million men, but you'll find out there are only three types. There's the 'sweetheart' type, the 'father' type and the 'lover' type. One of 'em is *your* type. But only one—that's why you find women marryin' four or five times, pickin' out men who seem just about alike, except, perhaps, for their looks (sometimes they even look alike!). And the reason is that they just don't know they've started in with the wrong type (for them), and they go on and on, makin' the same mistake over and over again.

"The best way to get to know your type is to find out what kind of a person you really are! Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

\$500.00 in Prizes

Movie Fill-in Contest

NOW you may complete your three sets of solutions to the exciting, fascinating PHOTOPLAY "Movie Fill-in" Contest. The game draws near the end—and hasn't it been fun? But, if you haven't already started, there's still time for you to enter the contest. It closes at midnight, September 10th.

All you need do to have a grand time, and perhaps win one of the prizes totaling \$500.00 in cash, is fill in the solution ballots appearing in the July and August issues, and this September issue of PHOTOPLAY, and send them in. You'll find full instructions for arranging and mailing your entries in the rules printed on the bottom of this page.

How well do you know your movies, your stars and their backgrounds? Here's a chance to test yourself. You will get a world of enjoyment out of it. And couldn't you use the money?

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter.

When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballots provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each *single dash* represents a *single letter* and the total number of dashes gives, in each instance, the *total number of letters* in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the *blank spaces*. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite
 _____¹_____ _____²_____ in some short comedies called "_____"³_____ _____⁴_____ _____⁵_____ _____⁶_____ is now married to a screen player whose name is _____⁷_____.

CLUES

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel | Harold |
| 2. The first half of the last name of a British war-time Premier | Lloyd (<i>Lloyd-George</i>) |
| 3. A solitary state | Lonesome |
| 4. One of the Apostles | Luke |
| 5. The first two letters mean <i>to exist</i> ; the second two letters also, <i>to exist</i> | Bebe |
| 6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name | Daniels |
| 7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den | Lyon |

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as *actual spelling* when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$125.00
Second Prize.....	75.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Fourth Prize.....	25.00
Ten Prizes of \$10 each.....	100.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$5 each...	125.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine has published "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing appears in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—

1. Harold
2. Lloyd
3. Lonesome

4. \$500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," for July, August and September. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage. Spell "Fill-ins" the *commonly accepted way*, according to Webster's and Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the

originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

8. 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 may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

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

10. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions should be in by 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

CHATTER

FOR SEPTEMBER

One of the most rapidly progressing stars of the day is the charming brunette, ¹ ² ³ . Two of the pictures which brought her back to fame and fortune are " ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷" and " ⁸ ⁹ " The first title contains her own name.

A couple in Hollywood have separated and divorced, but neither ¹⁰ ¹¹ nor ¹² ¹³ permit that to spoil mutual respect. One of his recent releases is " ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶"

A prominent producer is sure that when " ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰" has its full run, ²¹ ²² will be recognized as one of the foremost feminine stars. A young blonde is forging to the front. Her first triumph of this year was " ²³ ²⁴," and now ²⁵ ²⁶ is well on her way to stellar honors. Another blonde who is carrying the high expectations of another studio is ²⁷ ²⁸. Some gentlemen still like them, a little!

An actor born in England, ²⁹ ³⁰, and married to an American actress whose first name is ³¹, is on the up-grade.

With each picture, the voice of ³² ³³ improves. This star may go operatic. He was most impressive in " ³⁴ ³⁵," playing opposite ³⁶ ³⁷.

An actor who overcame the handicap of his resemblance to another star, and is now popular in his own right, is ³⁸ ³⁹.

The question now being asked of ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ is whether or not she intends to live up to the title of her picture, " ⁴²," or be a good girl and act otherwise.

A foreign star in the midst of a severe crisis in her American career is ⁴³ ⁴⁴. The man who "discovered" her in Europe, and made her famous over here, now gets the blame for blotching her career. Well, life must have its little ironies. But aren't you glad that ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶, who got in trouble in Mexico, survived his difficulties and is still a Hollywood top-notch?

One of the proudest of Hollywood's young fathers is ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸. And Jobyna says he has a perfect right to be. . . . And so we wish you good luck!

CLUES

FOR SEPTEMBER

- The first five letters, *sorrow*, the last two letters, *plural suffix*.
- A glen.
- The popular name for a South American city.
- Motion through the air.
- Toward a lower level.
- A preposition.
- The popular designation of a South American city.
- To marvel.
- To obstruct.
- The first name of an English King called "The Conqueror."
- The first two letters, *a river in Italy*, last four letters, *healthy*.
- To sing.
- A banker or money lender.
- Definite article.
- Skinny.
- An adult male person.
- The whole.
- Adult males. Plural.
- Plural present indicative of *be*.
- Hostile persons.
- A glorious beauty of Troy.
- The first six letters, *a number below twenty*, last five letters, *a perennial woody plant having a self-supporting trunk*. Plural.
- Having reached the end.
- A place of learning.
- A spicy plant.
- The last name of a famous American humorist.
- A very thin cigar; a stogie.
- A part of an airplane.
- These four letters have the sound of a word meaning *to tote*.
- A Civil War general.
- One of the Southern States.
- A pile or heap.
- The first four letters have the sound of a word meaning *out of humor*, the remaining two letters mean *past*.
- The act of departing.
- The first five letters, *a Christmas shrub*, final four letters, *the hard, solid part between the pith and bark of a tree*.
- The first four letters have the sound of a word meaning *to wed*, the remaining two letters mean *upon*.
- The first two letters have the sound of a word meaning *the opposite of night*, the last four letters mean, *strives for superiority*.
- The first three letters, *conflict*, the remaining three letters have the sound of a word which names *a small bird*.
- The first name of a King called " of Orange."
- The first name of the author of "Young Man of Manhattan."
- The first three letters, *the fruit of the wild dogrose*, the last four letters, *to destroy by fire*.
- The first four letters, *saliva*, last four letters, *to explode*.
- The first four letters, *an earthy deposit containing lime*, last three letters (capitalized) stand for *east-northeast*.
- The first four letters, *a regulated course of eating*, the remaining four letters mean *wealthy*.
- A Confederate general.
- The first three letters have the sound of a word meaning *a shallow utensil with raised edges*, last two letters, *a man's nickname*.
- The first three letters, *a suffix—jurisdiction*, the remaining four letters, *not soft*.
- The name of the author of "The Green Hat."

September Movie "Fill-in" Contest Solution

1	17	33
2	18	34
3	19	35
4	20	36
5	21	37
6	22	38
7	23	39
8	24	40
9	25	41
10	26	42
11	27	43
12	28	44
13	29	45
14	30	46
15	31	47
16	32	48



The Smile That Hides

A Tear

By Sara
Hamilton



The rarest of all things in Hollywood is a new type, and that's exactly what Mady is. Miss Christians, famous abroad, no stranger to New York, now feels that she can carry on in her beloved father's place in pictures

SHE is known as the actress who didn't want to come to Hollywood, that Mecca of golden dreams and golden shekels that beckons to every artist, writer and performer in the whole world.

She is a girl who loved acting, wanted to express herself in pictures, to release the constant urge of self-expression that flowed in her veins from a famous actor-father.

And yet the years rolled by, pictures grew in importance, and still Mady Christians didn't come.

Mady Christians is one foreign star who shunned Hollywood, because it robbed her of a loved one. But at last she came, and isn't sorry

There was a bitter reason, too. Back in the days when Eric Von Stroheim was making "Foolish Wives," he brought from Germany its most famous actor, Rudolph Christians, for one of the rôles. A world famous actor was Christians, known and loved in Moscow, Vienna, New York, Berlin and London. In Berlin, Christians' wife and daughter, Mady, were waiting for him to complete his picture and hurry back to them.

"Only two more weeks," Mady, who was then attending Max Reinhardt's School of the Theater, would say. "I've been promised the rôle of *Portia* and I can't wait till father sees me. It will be the greatest thrill of my life." But he never did see his daughter's *Portia*.

The day he finished his part, he died in Hollywood. Suddenly, without a chance to send a word to his loved ones.

The news was a blow, not only to Mady, a young girl on the threshold of her career, but to the entire theater-loving world.

MADY couldn't bear the thought of coming to a place that had robbed her of her father. For years she held out, and then, as the pain lessened and Hollywood claimed so many of her co-workers back in Germany and in New York, she relented.

The day she arrived she clutched firmly in her hand a slip of paper. She couldn't even bear to trust it in her purse. It bore the address of the place where her father had lived and died. Before she saw any of her friends, she stopped off quietly to look for the little cottage he had written them about.

But it was gone. Time and Hollywood had marched on since those old days of silent pictures. The village had become a brisk little city. There were none of the palms and pepper trees her father had described to them. The lazy, lovely little street,

shadowed by overhanging pepper trees which she had expected to find, was no more. It had become a busy avenue, with shops and office buildings, and a huge new theater. And directly behind the theater, where once the pretty little cottage she was looking for had stood, was a crowded parking station.

And yet Mady Christians [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Hollywood Buys A Duck

The purchase might have been made long ago, for less money. But nobody wanted Joe Penner then

By Mildred
Mastin

QUACK, quack, quack!
Wanna buy a duck?

Joe Penner has been asking that question for the last nine years! Lots of people laughed. But nobody bought — until a few months ago.

Wanna buy a duck?

The answer, coming from Hollywood, is "To be sure, to be sure."

And the price being paid for the first "duck" Joe delivers is seventy-five thousand dollars. He's getting it from Paramount for a picture to be called "College Rhythm."

Hollywood could have bought this duck long ago — for much less money. As a matter of fact, four years ago Penner made a series of comedies in the East. But the movie people paid little attention to them. Recently, when these comedies were released again in the wake of his radio popularity, they packed the theaters and brought down the houses, in spite of their out-dated gags and old technique.

But four years ago Hollywood considered him just another slapstick comedian the movies didn't want. Until very recently, nobody anywhere ever wanted Joe Penner very much.

Nobody wanted him when, a youngster in a Detroit picture house, he performed on "amateur night." They thought he was terrible! Afterwards, when he batted around for years, from cheap vaudeville to burlesque and small town musicals, nobody was eager to sign him up.

He was appearing in movie houses on stage show programs when his first real break came along, less than a year ago. It was in radio. He didn't want to take it. Rudy Vallee made him the offer. Wanted Joe on one of his broadcasts.



With his bird in a basket, the world's greatest duck salesman left for the Coast. Joe and his wife, Eleanor (left) say they aren't afraid of the Hollywood marriage jinx

"Aw, Rudy, I don't wanna," Joe begged off, "I wouldn't be any good on the air. I'd flop. My stuff depends on pantomime—my cigar, gestures, bouncing my hat. That stuff is no good on the air. Besides, talking before a mike is like talking to a brick wall. I gotta have people around. I *ad lib*, you know. I *hate* radio!"

"But, Joe, on my hour you'll have people out in front. We broadcast before an audience."

It took a lot of persuasion, but Penner finally agreed to appear on the program.

"I tried not to think about the mike and that I was broadcasting," Joe says. "I kept my [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck



Expressive moods in Drue Leyton. The sincerity and tranquillity that invite trust and confidence — and —



Here is Drue's face dramatized by rapt eagerness, lifted eyes, parted lips, all magnets for attention



"A pretty, sweet young girl," you might remark of this photograph of Claire Trevor. "As a girl should be"



Interesting, what even a change in hair can do to color your whole appeal. Bangs make Claire more poetic



Pat Paterson as she generally wears her hair. Nice, conventional style for many a girl. All you can say!

WHAT is the magic that Hollywood works on the faces of the stars? Many a nice-looking girl has gone to Hollywood to emerge on the screen a glorious, appealing person. Hollywood wields a potent lipstick and a telling eyebrow pencil. But that is not all of the trick. Hollywood knows the art of dramatization. It knows that all the make-up in the world won't do that *legerdemain* alone. It knows that a keen eye and a deft hand are needed, but more than those, a sense of the dramatic.

Hollywood has done such a thorough job on the blondes alone that the whole country is blonde-conscious. Given a choice, many of us would choose golden locks in preference to bronze or black. And because this art of making the blonde picturesque is a very definite job and quite different from glorifying the brunette, I concentrate on the golden lilies this time. But the brunettes will have their turn later.

There are just three facial points that we may depend upon for theatrical value, and this is as true of you or me as of the stars. Those points are eyes, lips and hair.

Let's begin at the top and think of hair. If you are blonde, Hollywood would like to make you a little blonder, and that is for the sake of contrast in photography. If you are

blonde, Hollywood would probably curl your hair, because in pictures at least you get more design. But that idea works just as well for the average girl, because curling gives you a sense of fluffiness which you always think of in connection with light hair. Light hair suggests a child; curls suggest an angel. And an unbeatable combination for beauty, that is, when hair is the right shade and curled properly. Carole Lombard and Bette Davis are two blondes whose hair is lovely either curled or straight.

But even when you are blonde and curled, Hollywood isn't done with your hair. Not by a long shot. Arrangement is the next consideration. It must be orderly; the design must be definite, and in most cases you must have a clear face-line, untouched by dabs and loops of hair. With the exception of feathery bangs, every player on this page has a cameo face-line. Do remember this, for it's very important for your best effect. You can create almost any illusion you wish by the arrangement of your hair.

I admit that most of us are limited in daytime by good taste and the flat-crowned, saucer type of hat. But by night, you can put that hair as high or low as you please; you can copy Claire Trevor's intriguing bangs, you can do a dozen and one things. There are so many things to do that

DRAMATIZING THE BLONDE

you need never look just like the girl next to you, and yet you will be lovely and chic. The hatless hair fashion becomes more elastic all the time. So long as the arrangement is right for you, it's right, regardless of Hollywood, Paris or New York dictates. If you have grown monotonous to yourself, when you read this, sit right down to your dressing-table and do a little experimenting, and discover something new and lovely and alluring about yourself.

Now the eyes get their turn. That's where Hollywood is supreme. It can do almost anything with eyes. I shall never forget seeing my own after a master of make-up had used mascara, shadow and pencil. And was I pleased? Yet from the screen today, you don't see heavily laden, made-up eyes staring at you. They are subtly, naturally lovely in effect. And that's the lesson for all blondes.

The blonde eyebrow is usually lovelier when it's narrow, long and not too black. As a matter of fact, in personal make-up, it's more artistic to make that brow dark brown, and to use a black mascara on the lashes. And that mascara must be skilfully applied; never allow the

lashes to clot and cling together. When the mascara is dry, comb the lashes with those tiny combs for the purpose. And in the use of shadow, select pastel tones. These tones should have relation to your skin rather than your eyes. Many blondes have faint purple shadows, beautiful with white skin. Then a lavender shadow does the trick. Sometimes there are faint blue veins about the eyes. Then blue is your color. On the golden blonde, the natural shadow is usually brown, so brown shadow would carry out the normal coloring scheme, or perhaps a green for evening. You see, you are only emphasizing the intents of nature when you use color in this manner. And never overdo. Ann Harding's eyes are always beautifully made up for the screen. Their loveliness is artfully intensified without a harsh note or line anywhere. If you employ this same principle in your own make-up, you will be doing yourself a great favor.

Now we reach the lips. The blonde, almost more than any type, needs color on her lips, but this color must not be harsh or too deep. As a rule, there are two types of blondes,

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



A broad, loose braid adds just the picturesque touch to Madeleine Carroll's golden locks. A tip for many



Compare this picture of Madeleine with the one above, and observe the change for practical, daytime wear



Look at Pat now! A touch of Hollywood is introduced in that smooth coil of hair wound with tiny pearls



Your most potent attribute for new personality and appeal is your hair. Study the changes in Pat Paterson



Lilian Harvey is an exception to the dramatic value of hair change theory. Lilian always wears this coiffure



A well-known beauty wash in the form of tiny grains, mixed to a paste with milk, is one of the reasons for Joan Bennett's flawless skin. Good for all skin types

DEDICATED TO THE BLONDES

those with gold in their skin and those with pink. The golden-skinned blonde needs a vivid, warm shade—a shade which usually contains a little yellow, while the pink-skinned blonde needs a tone with just a touch of blue, which gives a rose-tinted rouge. If you will look at your skin without make-up in a clear light, it will not be hard to decide what type you are and what color accents you need. Face rouge should always be of the same general tone as your lipstick and powder of a true skin-matching shade. A trio of this make-up in the natural shades suggested will give you a natural, lovely and flattering make-up harmony.

The art of rouging the lips is very important. The general screen tendency today is to enlarge the lips slightly, the idea being that the generous mouth is much preferred to the tiny mouth. In the first place, it

is far more expressive, a terrifically important thing on the screen; and a slightly full mouth seems to indicate many of the more desirable human attributes, just as frank, sincere eyes do.

While it is unwise to tamper too much with the natural shape of the mouth by day, evening gives you more license. However you apply that daytime rouge, the line should be smooth and even if you wish attractive lips. Men, particularly, are repelled by carelessly smudged rouge lines. Lipsticks wear down that clear point after a while and simply won't give you a well defined line. But here is a Hollywood method that does it. After applying the rouge, take the flat end of an orangewood manicure stick and smooth that line perfectly. But do it when you first apply the rouge and while it is moist and creamy. If you will do this with any reasonably indelible lipstick, you may be sure that clear line will last you until you remove the rouge. If rouge fades from eating, etc., during the day or evening, you need only retouch the inner part of the lips; don't try to re-rouge the outline. You have no idea how this little trick will improve your appearance generally.

Blondes always look lovelier and fresher if that lip rouge is slightly creamy. If your favorite lipstick doesn't give you quite this effect, try applying a tiny dab of cream to the lips, wiping it away and then applying the lipstick. This touch gives you just that added bit of creaminess you need.

You may think by now that we are done with the blonde. But no. The subject of dramatization goes deeper than make-up, which is only one aid, after all. It is very intimately tied up with yourself. What the screen has done for all types is to teach them to express themselves through face, bodily movement and voice. You probably have watched many a player grow from a pretty face to an unforgettable personality. You might give a little thought to your face. Most of us are inclined not to use our face at all or to use it the wrong way. Many girls in an effort

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



All blonde lashes need a tiny touch of mascara, says Whitney Bourne. That compact mascara case is the size of a lipstick



Whitney uses no nail lacquer, but jams tips in white powder for whitening effect. We prefer the new bleaching pencil

"I LIKE ESPECIALLY THE FRAGRANT MILDNESS OF CAMELS"

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE OF PHILADELPHIA



■ As Sarah Lippincott. Mrs. Nicholas Biddle grew up in Philadelphia, playing in historic Rittenhouse Square, and then went to school in France. She shares her husband's enthusiasm for big game hunting and their country house is full of trophies. Golf, trap shooting, and tennis are great favorites with her and in the summer she gets very tanned sailing with her five children. She loves people and parties and invariably smokes Camel cigarettes.

*Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
than any other popular brand*

"Yes, I always smoke Camels," says Mrs. Biddle, "because I like their taste so much better than any of the other cigarettes. Camels have real flavor and yet they are so pleasantly mild that I never worry about how many I smoke. Camels never get on my nerves. That is another reason why I am so devoted to them. And I notice that whenever my energy is low, smoking a Camel renews it."

When you smoke a Camel you do feel an almost immediate relief from fatigue. You have released and made available the latent energy in your system. Camels will give you a "lift" and they won't get on your nerves.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS
ARE MILDER

Relief every woman should know about



ONE of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey... that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self... comfortable and relaxed.

Only a *balanced* preparation like Bromo-

Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a *liquid*—hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant...ever reliable...it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet... ready to relieve pain at a moment's notice. Or get it by the

dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so look for the *full* name. Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation... are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.



BROMO-SELTZER

Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

Ask The Answer Man



When Gertrude Michael went to Hollywood she expected to remain a week. That was over two years ago, and she's still there! As Calpernia in the movie, "Cleopatra," she is most alluring. It looks like Antony (Henry Wilcoxon) must think so too

GERTRUDE MICHAEL, whom everyone is asking about now, began her picture career "as a lark." She played the rôle of Richard Arlen's fiancée in "Wayward" which was made in Paramount's Long Island Studio two years ago. After the picture was finished she turned down other movie offers and returned to the stage. Later she accepted an offer to go to Hollywood, for a test. She expected to stay a week, but was kept so busy she hasn't had time to return East, even for a visit.

In Talladega, Ala., where she was born, she was giving piano concerts at the age of twelve

and also taking violin lessons. Graduated from high school at fourteen and entered the University of Alabama law school for a year. From there she went to Converse College; then to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music where she won a five year scholarship to study music in Italy. Plans to make use of this scholarship were altered by the death of her father.

Playing the piano and violin as well as singing and directing dramatic sketches over a radio station she founded, kept Gertrude busy for some time. Then followed stock work, Broadway plays and finally pictures.

Gertrude is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes. She lives in Hollywood with her mother and brother. Enjoys swimming, tennis and badminton. Has an extensive library of music. Some of her latest pictures are "Bolero," "George White's Scandals," "Murder at the Vanities" and "The Witching Hour." She will be seen soon in "Notorious Sophie Lang" and "Cleopatra."

GLENDON A. SCHUBERT, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Picture-goers are continually getting the Morgan brothers, Ralph and Frank, mixed. It was Ralph whom you saw in "Orient Express." He has also appeared in "Rasputin and the

Empress," "No Greater Glory" and "Stand Up and Cheer."

NAPOLÉON BERNABÉ, BULACAN, P. I.—The star whose birthday comes nearest yours is Elissa Landi, December 6th. Other stars who come under the sign of Sagittarius are Doug Fairbanks, Jr., December 9th; Sally Eilers and Rosemary Ames, December 11th; Karen Morley, the 12th and Irene Dunne, the 20th.

BERTHA DE PIERRE, MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.—In "Little Women" Paul Lucas played the rôle of *Fritz Bhaer*, the professor. The cast of the picture is too long to list here. If you will send a stamped return envelope, I will give you a copy of it.

MRS. CARLOS ANTHONY, CASCADE, MONT.—Words fail me when it comes to describing one Marx brother, let alone four of them. Anyway, here's the way you can tell who is who. Groucho wears glasses and an imitation mustache. Harpo wears a bushy red wig and never speaks on the stage or screen. (I hear that he makes up for it off-stage.) Chico is the one who speaks with a dialect and Zeppo, the baby of the family, plays straight. The names their parents gave them were Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively.



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.

They were all born in New York and are all married, except Harpo.

W. C. CLEMENS, CHICAGO, ILL.—The names of the songs in "Too Much Harmony" were "Black Moonlight," "The Day You Came Along," "Too Much Harmony," "Thanks," and "Buckin' the Wind." In "Torch Singer" you heard "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love." In "Gold Diggers of 1933" were featured "Shadow Waltz," "I've Gotta Sing a Torch Song," "Remember My Forgotten Man," "Gold Diggers Song" and "Pettin' in the Park."

English Additions to the Arlen Menu

Dick, not unlike lots of other men, really enjoys puttering about the kitchen. Here you see him preparing one of those new English "additions"



cheese, cut in small pieces, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and a few grains of cayenne.

Soak the bread-crumbs in milk for 15 minutes. Melt the butter, add the cheese and melt. Add the bread-crumbs and milk, the egg beaten slightly, and the seasonings. Cook for 3 minutes, stirring constantly, and pour over toasted crackers or thin toast.

English Patties are a perfect entree for luncheon, and also a good way to use leftover cold chicken. Have a cup of chicken, cut in small pieces, 6 mushroom caps, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, dash of grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon of sherry, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cream, and 1 cup of chicken stock. (The prepared chicken bouillon cubes may be used.)

Peel the mushroom caps and cut in cubes. Place these in a pan with the butter and chicken. Cook 5 minutes, stirring. Then add the flour, blend, and pour on the chicken stock. Let simmer for 10 minutes. Season

with salt, cayenne, nutmeg and sherry. Beat egg, add the cream, and pour in the mixture. When well blended and heated, fill patty cases with the mixture, and garnish with parsley.

And if you have never made a Rum Souffle, now is the time to begin. They are simply delicious, and can be made more interesting by pouring brandy over just before serving, which is lighted, and sent to the table flaming.

Rum Souffle—Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until lemon colored. Then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon of rum. Beat the whites of 4 eggs until dry. Fold these in with the other mixture. Butter a hot omelet pan, pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ the mixture, brown underneath and fold carefully. Place on a hot serving dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Cook remaining batter the same way. The souffle should be slightly

underdone inside. And will you enjoy it!

Indian Pudding—You scald 5 cups of milk and pour very slowly on $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Indian meal (white corn meal is an equivalent). Now cook in the double boiler for 20 minutes. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon of ginger. Pour into a buttered baking dish, place in a pan of hot water, and bake in a slow oven for 2 hours. Serve with cream.

THE Arlens did not return from Europe to revolutionize their kitchen with Continental cookery, but several English dishes—new to the American palate—did meet with Dick and Jobyna's complete approval.

The first is that good old stand-by, Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.

You know all about roast beef, so we won't go into that. Just be sure to rub the roast well with salt and dredge in flour. Place it in a hot oven to sear over and retain the juices, then lower the heat. And don't forget to baste every 10 minutes.

Yorkshire Pudding is a perfect complement to the roast. Use 1 cup of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour, 2 eggs, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt. Mix all but the eggs to a smooth paste, then add the eggs, thoroughly beaten. Cover the bottom of two hot bread pans or a biscuit pan with some of the fat from the roast that you have spooned from the pan in which it was roasted, pour the mixture in, about half an inch thick. Put in hot oven and bake for 20 minutes, decreasing heat. Cut in squares and serve. Can be baked, if preferred, in very hot iron muffin pans.

English Monkey—This is a grand dish for after the theater or for Sunday night supper.

Use 1 cup of stale bread crumbs, 1 cup of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of mild

Dishes that became favorites with Dick and Joby while they vacationed abroad

Dorothy Jordan knows a secret You should, too

"With LUX there's no trick at all in keeping dainty sweaters and frocks looking new"

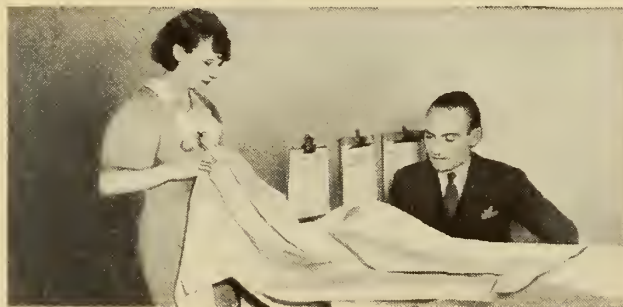


DOROTHY JORDAN, *petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.*

● "In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

"Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

● YOU, TOO, can keep your things like new the way Dorothy Jordan does. It's an economy because they'll stay smart looking twice as long. Avoid ordinary soaps . . . they often contain harmful alkali. Rubbing with cake soap mats fibres, makes woollens harsh and stiff. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



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"Lux saves us thousands of dollars," says Walter Plunkett, wardrobe director of RKO-Radio Studios. "We save on cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long. We find that anything safe in water washes perfectly in Lux. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies, and even rugs are washed with Lux here. Lux keeps colors fresh, fabrics like new."



Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck
— **TRUST TO LUX**

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adaptable film . . . It
soaks up the sun's
brilliance . . . it
drinks in the dull
light of the shade
. . . works on days
when ordinary
films fail.



Accept nothing but
the familiar yellow
box with the
checkered
stripe.

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Gwenllian Gill
Julia Graham
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Walter Kingsford
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Lodge
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord

Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Mison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Dorothy Stickney
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tibbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
Jack Donahue
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Edith Fellows
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor

James Gleason
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Frank Melton
Conchita Montenegro
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Edward Everett Horton
Alan Hale
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Brian Aherne
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Clie Chandler
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Ben Lyon

Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Joel McCrea
Polly Moran
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Eric Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Adele Thomas
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett

Ronald Colman
Fredric March

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
John Mack Brown
Nancy Carroll
Patricia Carron
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Dick Heming
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating
Tim McCoy

Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Jessie Ralph
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Charles Sabin
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Warburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Creighton Chaney
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Lilian Ellis
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louis Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
William Henry

Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Jan Howard
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Matteson
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Wanda Perry
William Powell
Esther Ralston
Donald Reed
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Loretta Young
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Edward Everett Horton
Alan Hale
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

June Knight
Edmund Lowe
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neyssa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Ella Lee Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summerville
Polly Walters
Lois Wilson
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Irene Castle
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Phillip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye

Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Terry La Fontaine
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Helen Lowell
Emily Lowry
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phillip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Henry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Joan Wheeler
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

— Here are the snapshots
you asked for — I'm wearing
yours next to my heart.



Don't just write it — PICTURE IT — with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Reduce Those Hips, Legs and Arms!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

you're accomplishing what you need to accomplish. And you'll use muscles you've never used before!

And now for those upper arms. As I said in the first of this letter, I've got grand news for you, darling. I promise that if you do just what I say, you will reduce your heavy upper arms in one week's time. It hardly seems believable, but it's true. I know! I've tried it!

With the heel of your hand and all your fingers (but keep the fingers together), knead your upper arm as if it were dough. Don't dig in with the finger-tips, because you don't want to bruise your lovely skin. Just squeeze and squeeze hard with the heel of your hand on top, and your fingers, all tight together, on the lower part of your arm. Then put a Turkish towel over your arm and slap the fat away.

When you've done that, go in and lie down on your bed. Ask a friend to help you with this one. Relax the whole body. Lie on your right side. Stretch the left leg out behind you, keep the right leg straight. Now put your left arm above your head and have someone pull on that left arm. But here's a warning: Don't let that pull be jerky. Have your friend pull slowly and steadily upward and be sure you feel all your weight being pulled upward. You

must relax while this is being done. But isn't it a marvelous feeling? You can feel all those muscles stretching, stretching, and you can know that the flesh is being pulled off your arms.

After each steady pull, lie still for a second or two and then repeat. This should be done five times every morning and five times every night, darling. Don't neglect it.

There you are—the kneading with the hand on the arm, the pulling and stretching, the slapping with a towel over the arm, and I assure you that in just one week's time the flesh will melt away.

Incidentally, both the stretching arm exercise and the hip exercise will also reduce the upper part of your leg. It has never failed. The idea is that the stretching and pulling destroy the fat cells underneath the skin.

That's all I'm going to give you for now, Evelyn. I'm going to put you on your honor to eat properly. Take simple, sensible food and go in for plenty of vegetables and fruit. Avoid (and this is all you have to avoid in the fruit line) peaches and watermelon. Both increase the water in the body and that causes weight. I'd like for you to go on my general reducing diet. I don't want you to starve your-

self and you won't need to, if you'll take these exercises conscientiously.

Please, Evelyn, follow this advice, because with a few pounds off your body you'll be one of the most charming girls on the screen. You have beautiful mannerisms, an unsophisticated calmness and such a lovely facial expression.

Your facial expression tells me a lot about you. It tells me you're a lovely girl, gently bred. But all of your loveliness can be so much more enhanced if you will get to work and take off the excess weight.

You know what I wish you'd do? I wish in about a month, after you've been doing these exercises, you'd send me your picture in a bathing suit. I'd like to compare it with some of the photographs I've seen of you in long fluffy skirts. You see, Evelyn, when that excess weight is off, when those hips, arms and legs have been shaved down, you won't have to conceal yourself in long, loose clothes. Why, you'll be so proud of your figure you'll begin begging for rôles in which you can wear abbreviated costumes. All Hollywood will be envious of you! You can do it. You know you can! And I'm rooting for you.

Love,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

Would you be good enough to repeat your "complexion diet" in your very interesting department?

Mrs. C. C. B., Boulder, Colo.

Gladly. Here it is. Once a month, for five days do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or, if available, cherries, and boil them (without rinsing) over a very slow fire. Start with just enough cold water to cover them for about an hour of boiling. Spread a double layer of cheesecloth in a sieve and let the juice strain through this overnight. Drink a glass of this juice the first thing in the morning. If you don't want to waste the berries or cherries, you can make an excellent jam out of what's left.

Two hours after you've taken the juice, drink a glass of skimmed milk. Drink a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses. The last thing at night before going to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice. When raspberries or cherries aren't in season, use tomato juice instead. Glad you think my articles interesting. Thanks for the compliment.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you be good enough to send me your reducing diet? I need it very badly.

H. T. R.

I love to hear people with enough strength of character to admit they need reducing. But that diet is very long and takes up a lot of space, so please send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope so I can mail it to you. You'll find it beneficial, I am sure. You get plenty of the right kind of food and lose weight, too.

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am a violinist. My hands are very red and it embarrasses me, since when I play people naturally watch my hands. Can you help me?
T. W., New York City

You bet I can help you. Every night before going to bed, massage your hands with a good cold-cream and massage each finger, too, with the same movement you use to pull on tight gloves. Then put gobs of cold-cream on your hands and sleep with loose kid gloves on. It's an old-fashioned remedy for red hands but it works. Every morning wash your hands in cold water and use plenty of hand lotion on them and then, a dozen times during the day, rub down your hands and fingers with that same "glove movement." Just before you go on the stage to play, hold your hands high above your head so that the blood can run

away from them. And when you're sitting, do not let your hands hang down at your side. Place them so the blood runs toward the arms.

Dear Sylvia:

I've always understood that apples were fattening, yet I notice that you give them in some of your reducing diets. Why?

V. A., Nashville, Tenn.

Raw apples seem to absorb the water in the body and that's reducing. Also, they're wonderful eliminators and nobody can get thin unless the eliminating processes are in perfect working order. Eat plenty of raw apples. They're healthful—and thinning as well.

Dear Sylvia:

My husband doesn't want me to diet. He says it will make me grouchy. How can I persuade him?

Mrs. R. W. W., Kansas City, Mo.

Well, I don't know how you can persuade him, but I know one thing: There is plenty of nourishing and stimulating food in all my diets, and if you don't believe that, take them to your doctor. He will tell you that you get plenty to eat. The reason people on most diets are grouchy is because they're half starved. If the system has all the energy-food and all the minerals it needs, you don't get grouchy. Why don't you ask your husband to let you diet for a week and promise him that if you complain once, you will stop. After that it will be up to you not to complain. But you'll feel so grand that you won't want to complain. You'll certainly feel better than when you stuff your stomach with rich, heavy foods. I'll guarantee that!

Mark your calendar!  Set your clock! 

Tune in on *Borden's*
"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

NOW BROADCAST THURSDAY NIGHTS AT 10:00, E. D. S. T.
 OVER THE COLUMBIA NETWORK



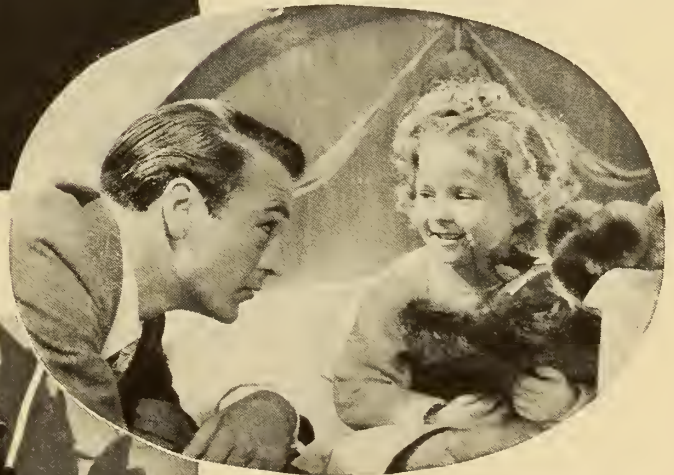
Irene Dunne and John Boles in RKO's "Age of Innocence."

HERE's what America calls superlative radio entertainment!

It's exciting as Hollywood... glamorous as Hollywood... because it *is* Hollywood—transplanted for forty-five breath-taking minutes before the microphone.

Make it a date to tune in *this* Thursday night on Borden's "45 Minutes In Hollywood," at 10 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time (9:00 P. M., E. S. T., 8:00 P. M., C. S. T., 7:00 P. M., M. T.) Columbia Network.

Gary Cooper and Shirley Temple, starred in "Now and Forever," new Paramount production.



Chorus of Universal's forthcoming musical, "Romance In The Rain."

PRESENTED BY
Borden's
 EVAPORATED MILK

Jane dreams of romance



BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

JANE dreams of romance — every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them day after day.

"What can be the matter with my skin!" Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care. Then you *protect* it—keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.



Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular **Lux Toilet Soap** care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin



KAY FRANCIS

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"BRITISH AGENT"

Guessing Time For Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

when Garbo's contract expired following the completion of "As You Desire Me," which was a tremendous hit, capping a chain of hits. She packed up her bags, stored her antiquated limousine and sailed away amid a deafening chorus of idolatrous cheers. She was in a position to practically write her own ticket and dictate her own destiny. She could return, if, when and how she pleased—and when she did a substantial salary boost awaited her.

AT that time she said nothing. Other than an understood agreement with M-G-M that if she *did* make any pictures she would make them for M-G-M, no contract bound her. For almost two years she did not communicate with her producers.

But now—

Figures, cold figures, reveal that the popularity of Garbo today is not the popularity of the Garbo of that golden age. And you can't blame it all on the depression.

"Queen Christina"—the picture which was Garbo-inspired and Garbo-generated—fell short of the anticipated enthusiastic reception which a Garbo return picture should have met. Several things worked against it; bad times; an always doubtful costume play with characters of little general appeal; the rise of new idols; Katharine Hepburn—and an inexplicable Garbo apathy.

At the recent convention of the Motion Picture Theater Operators in Hollywood, statistics showed her former box-office ranking had been passed by almost a dozen stars. Some were on her own studio lot.

The explanation was to this effect:

"Garbo is still Garbo—but she can't stay away like this and keep her place. Unless she works more often, she'll keep on slipping. And even the great Garbo has to have popular pictures. The ones she has been playing in are too sombre, solemn and serious."

So—

Unless "The Painted Veil" is a phenomenal success, Garbo possibly will be accounted an expensive flop.

Doubtless her present earning power will have a great deal to do with the terms of any new contract offered by M-G-M—and if her salary were lowered—if it were held where it is without a boost—would Garbo take it?

She never has before.

This much everyone who has got to within shouting distance of Greta agrees:

If Garbo ever decides that she is considered a flop—if her own mind tells her she is slipping—she will quit Hollywood and pictures overnight.

She may do it anyway. For personal reasons. Marriage?

THERE always have been Garboesque marital rumors, the most recent and exciting, of course, involving Rouben Mamoulian, the director.

Long before that, fluttering back from Sweden, came the word that Queen Greta was about to become a Princess, under persuasion of Prince Ingvard of the Royal House. Actually, it all is said to have started when Garbo and a suitor of long standing, named Sorenson, were seen in the company of the Prince. But,

anyway, that even remotely rumored possibility is out. Prince Ingvard is now a married man, the husband of a former German actress for whom he renounced his royal rights.

Name anyone else who, by the greatest elasticity of fact or rumor, threatens Garbo's single state.

Marriage is a poor, almost absurd, conjecture.

But a Hollywood desertion is not.

Garbo has never owned a square foot of Hollywood soil. She has nothing to bind her to this country. But in Stockholm her friends and her business agents have been busily preparing for the Queen's return. A town house, high on a hill in Stockholm, belongs to her, and a forty-five mile square estate on a remote peninsula across the bay from the summer estate of King Gustaf is being made ready for the erection of a country chateau. Her



Jobyna Ralston, Mrs. Richard Arlen (that's Dick, of course, looking on), is telling the latest antic of their bouncing young son

favorite paintings are being bought for this place by her brother, Sven. Evidently she plans to live there.

It's a long way from Hollywood. She can't commute.

That estate (and not Ivar Kreuger's castle, as it was erroneously rumored that she had purchased) is the number one sign which points toward permanent residence in Sweden—and consequent abandonment of Hollywood.

Here are a few more:

Greta has friends in Sweden—and even social ambitions!

In contrast to her nun-like withdrawal from the world in this country, she gets out and goes places in her natural habitat. During her

last visit she was a familiar figure at the theaters, at the public parks, and at fancy but exclusive functions.

In fact, when she left to return to Hollywood the last time, she jocularly referred to the movie town as "my cloister." Which seems to support the theory that Garbo's Hollywood hibernating is and always has been—an act.

THEN, too, she's something of a national idol in her homeland, an idol who transcends the limits of a picture personality. She could be even a bigger frog in a smaller pond—in Sweden.

That her mother, her brother, grandmother, and various relatives still live in Sweden would probably have little bearing on her actions, because Garbo is not particularly a family girl. In fact, some of the relatives thoroughly disapprove of her!

Just how much Garbo's place on the screen means to her now is hard to estimate; but it would seem to be the only thing of real value in her life—in Hollywood at least. She must have saved enough money to supply all possible wants, because it is pretty hard to see where she has spent much.

But giving up the adulation of millions would be a loss to which even a Garbo could hardly remain indifferent.

Is there any possible truth to the insistent rumors that Garbo will produce her own pictures in Sweden?

She would not have to touch a nickel of her own. English and German picture interests, both now playing for the world market, would snap up Garbo at once. Even if she insisted on shooting her films in Stockholm, either production group would be glad to accommodate her.

However, at M-G-M she has the very cream of the artistic talent in the industry at her beck and call. The same seasoned men—right on down to the lowliest "grip" and prop boy—have literally grown up with her. They know how to present her in the most effective manner on the screen.

Would she be the Great Garbo without them?

NO, she wouldn't! Garbo may express preference for actors and technical men who are not native Americans, but she knows that the best talent, regardless of nationality, is in Hollywood. And perhaps that's the reason that during the past few weeks the pop-eyed populace of M-G-M has noticed Garbo more than once on the set of "The Merry Widow" in earnest conversation with Ernst Lubitsch. It is known that she admires his work deeply, and wants him to direct her.

And perhaps that is the reason why Adrian, the famous costume designer at M-G-M, and Greta have been thick as thieves. Garbo thinks a lot of Adrian.

Could it be possible that she is at this moment planning a producing organization of her own—fortified with the best ability in Hollywood?

Could she possibly be luring these men of unquestioned genius to help her make greater Greta Garbo pictures in Sweden?

Hollywood's having more fun, guessing!

NO MORE POCKETBOOK PANIC*

for *Loretta Young**"Re-take . . . and all because
her handbag spilled open."*

NOW this star insists on the
convenience and security of

TALON-FASTENED Handbags

Screen stars are really before the footlights *all* the time. Whether at work or play, they have to be particular about the clothes they wear, the accessories they choose.

When it comes to handbags, it's the ones with the Talon-fastened closing that star with the stars. For this slide fastener adds to the trimness of any handbag style . . . eliminates unhappy accidents . . . and assures convenience and security. Smooth in operation, lightning-fast, the Talon Fastener closes a handbag quickly, easily.

Talon-fastened handbags for every occasion are available at leading stores in all price ranges.

Be sure to look for the name Talon on the slider. It's your guarantee of quality, not only in the fastener but in the bag itself!

**Pocketbook Panic* is that terrible feeling you get when your handbag opens and the contents spill out or are lost.



The Lassoing of the Lone Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

But he discovered more about her as they danced at the Casino on Catalina Island. Very important things, such as the fact that she reached nearly to his shoulder, had the most amazing blue-green eyes in the world and wonderful dark hair and a marvel of a mouth. She had a dimple, too. Every girl, Coop decided, should have one. You kept saying things to make it appear.

If she had been a pal that afternoon, she was an enchantress by moonlight. A young witch in floating silvery green that did things to her eyes. Why couldn't all girls fit into moods like this? She didn't say much, either. But the silence between them vibrated electrically . . .

"Do you ride?" he wanted to know the next morning, as they sat on deck in bathing-suits. "Yes, but I'm a little afraid of horses." Women did not admit that to him as a rule. Here was a novelty!

"But you do swim?" For answer she sprang lightly to the rail.

"Last one in is a—" But she didn't finish, for a long shadow shot out beside her.

All in all, it was a most successful week-end.

MONDAY meant slipping back into the mud-and-rain atmosphere of the picture. Work, rehearsal, drill, slushing about a "stormy" stage, more work . . . Visions of Veronica vanished into the background. He didn't call her up. She didn't call him. Lost contact.

A few days later Gary went into the projection room to view the rushes. He was late. The small theater already was darkened and he stumbled over someone's foot. Stumbled heavily. With a quick apology he drew back and sank into a vacant chair, wondering why the "someone" had said nothing.

Not even a healthy "ouch"! When the lights went up he looked around—and there was Veronica.

After that, of course, there was just one thing to do. Gary did it.

She had come with friends but Gary insisted on taking her home.

"I can't half kill a girl without doing something about it," he grinned. "Besides we seem to bump together quite well!"

They were at her door before either of them realized it.

He hadn't intended asking her to dinner—but he did. He hadn't considered taking her to dance at the Coconut Grove—but that's where they went.

A GRAND evening—and the next morning he had to leave for a ten-day location trip to March field for airplane sequences.

Sky rides—tail spins against soft white clouds—a man's world—and a pair of fascinating green eyes faded into the distance.

And then he was back. Spending every free moment out at old Jeff's place working on his saddle.

On Sunday Sam Goldwyn gave a party at his Malibu beach home. Not the ordinary party. Sam's kind.

That means you spend the day in a revel of good talk and good sport—or sleep—just as you please.

Gary went. He stretched out luxuriously in the warm sand with his head resting on a

slight elevation. Minutes passed. Then the elevation moved.

The sand slipped away and from behind an antique bandana a flushed young face appeared. Veronica's.

"This isn't funny any more—our mixed-up meetings," declared Gary. "It's fate—" And maybe it was.

WEDNESDAY night they danced. Friday night they went to the fights. Rocky, as everybody called Veronica, wasn't the squealing sort. She sat perfectly still when Thunder Pete socked the life out of Battling Jim. And she didn't catch a fellow's arm and pretend to be frightened when he put his "Yellow Peril," that in-posing motor car, up to seventy along the highway.

Coop felt a sort of wonderment.

He's never known anyone like her. Was it possible he had found a girl who spoke his language?

One evening they were asked to an elaborate dinner. Very dressy—the silver-on-gleaming-damask variety. Coop had worked eleven hours that day and he had a hankering for starlight and quiet. And just Rocky. Would she understand? She was wearing a glamorous new gown that any girl would want to display.

In silence they got into the Yellow Peril. Simultaneously they turned and something in her eyes made Coop venture to say it. "Would you mind if we ducked the dinner?"

She laughed. "Do you know, I was just wondering if you would mind!"

It was the beginning of one of those spun-with-magic nights. The ocean tossed jeweled moonbeams at them as they sped up the coast road. In formal evening clothes they drove into a dining shack famous for its fried chicken and the absence of such small items as knives and forks.

Coop watched her managing a drumstick with her fingers as if she had been used to it all her life. "You'd be a great hand at round-up time," he mused.

"But Coop," she informed him between bites, "this is *really living!*"

"And now, Lady Balfe, shall we wait for the finger bowls?" That slow, twisted smile of his. They laughed together—and drove off into the night . . .

ROCKY had taken a little house with the old Swedish woman who has been her companion since she was two. The Yellow Peril began to brighten its driveway with astonishing regularity. And the two women were frequent visitors at Gary's ranch.

The first time they went there was a great fuss. Winny caused it.

Winny, the dappled gray mare that is Coop's pride, has always maintained a dignified aloofness in regard to ladies. In fact, she scorns them. But with Rocky it was different. She went up to her and nuzzled her gently and nibbled at the wood violets Rocky was carrying.

And for once the girl wasn't afraid of a horse. She rode off on her, leaving Coop in a state of supreme contentment. If those two were pals already . . . Well!

But it was Biff who officially adopted Rocky into the family circle. The ugly, lov-

able old bulldog lumbered up to her for close inspection. She might have been passing through customs. When he finished, Biff sidled off. Then, with a quick spring, seventy pounds of loyal dog landed beside her on the couch and "grfff-ed" his approval.

Following that, it was only a question of time before Coop himself asked her to join the family.

He did it after a long afternoon ride. He had on the ramshackle hat he invariably wears, that he has hung on to since "The Virginian."

A girl like Rocky might be expected to be annoyed at it. Instead—she took it from him and wore it.

"Do you know what that means out West here, when a girl wears a man's hat?" Coop demanded.

"I know it's a good sunshade, but—" But Coop had her in his arms and was demonstrating.

THEY decided to wait a year until Rocky was twenty-one before they married. It seemed the wisest thing to do. Gary had a heavy production schedule that permitted no time off for honeymoons. He started working day and night in "Design for Living."

And then, abruptly, a year loomed up as eternity. It happened like this:

Rocky decided it was about time she paid her parents in New York a visit. At the same time, Paramount requested Coop to make a personal appearance there in connection with the opening of "Design for Living." He had to leave ahead of her, and for the first time in eight months there was no way of reaching her.

It dawned on Coop that separation could be pretty terrible. He met her at the station in a huge car, with showers of roses—forgetting completely that she had three cars of her own. But she went in his while her chauffeur and people trailed behind.

Gary crammed five shows a day and twenty-one interviews into the next two weeks—and somehow found time for stolen moments with Rocky. He was taking off make-up in his dressing-room at the Paramount Theater when he arrived at a sudden decision. He swung around and caught Rocky by the shoulders.

"Let's have the wedding *now* . . ." And later the doorman cast a curious look at the starry-eyed girl coming out with a streak of grease-paint across her chin.

Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe were married on December fifteenth at two o'clock in her mother's Park Avenue apartment, in front of six people. A few days later in Phoenix, Arizona, he told her: "Why didn't I discover you sooner? What a lot of time I've wasted!" Seven months later he was still telling her that.


THEY were standing at the taffrail of a slim yacht as it rose to meet the swells of the outer harbor—and nocking fish. Only this time the shell didn't nicker her nose. She knew how to handle the gun now. And over it, her eyes met Gary's in a look of complete understanding.

He realized it then, once and for all. *He had found a girl who spoke his language . . .*


From the Wardrobes
of the Stars
To Your Very Own!

GLAMOROUS FASHIONS of CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Universal's lovely English star, Binnie Barnes, chooses Celanese Satin Striped Taffeta for this dramatic gown. This unusual halter neckline creates a revealing decolletage, front and back.



Barbara Robbins, petite star of the RKO-Radio picture, "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove," greets the cocktail hour in a sleek, tailored frock of sumptuous Celanese Dama Moiranes.

**Available at the shops
carrying Hollywood Cinema Fashions**

Celanese—the fabric playing the starring role in the private wardrobes of Hollywood's chic stars—is available now in stunning Hollywood Cinema Fashions. The very fashions your best-beloved star chooses for herself—in her favored Celanese—can be yours too. And in the same rich, shimmering weaves—silvery Celanese Satins... metal-printed Celanese Crepes... rustling Celanese Taffetas and Moires. Like Hollywood, you'll applaud the serviceable advantages of these fashions, as Celanese weaves are all pure dye, and dry clean perfectly.

*

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City

HIGH-LIGHTING BLONDE BEAUTY REQUIRES A KEEN EYE, SUBTLE COLOR SENSE AND A DEFT HAND

By Carolyn Van Wyck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



Bette Davis stresses the importance of pastel liprouge for the blonde. Bright warm and rose tones are advocated, as they harmonize best with natural tints

to appear sophisticated and old beyond their years, develop a dead, set face expression, and only now and then can you shake them out of it. Many are denying their greatest charm when they do it, because, after all, you are your loveliest usually when you permit some real emotion to play on the face—gay, unstinted laughter, pensive thought, tenderness and understanding or happy animation. On the screen you must use your face; you must develop sincere expressions that help your story along.

Then, opposed to the set face, is the type that works it to death. Now and then you see the coy girl who seldom puts herself over by this method, but more often you see the tense, strained face, which is just as unrestful and unattractive as the girl who is all arched eyes and twinkles. Animated relaxation, which means that your face is relaxed but that eyes show a spark of life and meaning, is something worth developing. If you've fallen into any of the bad facial habits mentioned, give a little time to correcting them, just as you might bad posture. About the best way is to think of pleasant things when you can, to forget your face while you're thinking. While you're doing this, if you could catch a quick glance in the mirror, you'd probably find a newer, more interesting self there.

Since the blonde, by the very tone of her

coloring, suggests beauty and grace, don't let awkward, hasty movements ruin this illusion for others. You have an airy, fairy look, so you must live up to it. Try to learn to move lightly and gracefully; don't plump yourself down heavily in chairs, or bang through doors or slouch along the street as you walk. Again you kill the illusion of loveliness. Here's an important actress' method of developing a graceful, easy walk. Think of some tune—the popular ones are great for this—as you walk along. You don't have to hum, but just think. You'll find yourself in step with "May I?" or something of the kind. Another advantage, it gets you where you're going in a hurry. You'll find that this thinking of a pleasant tune puts you in a nice mood, too.

Your speaking voice is far more important than you generally think it is. Aside from appearance, it is one of the first things that meets the attention of the newcomer. You may be the grandest, prettiest girl in the world, but if your voice is rasping, shrill, you poison yourself with others right then and there. All of us can't take elocution or singing lessons, but we can watch ourselves and avoid the usual pitfalls, two of which are a flat, nasal pronunciation or its opposite, the very broad *a*, which sounds affected and ridiculous. There is, however, a note between the two which places your *a*'s and other vowels in a pleasant sound range.

A low voice is much preferable to a high, shrill one, and most of us can drop the tone a little if we try. Hasty speech always annoys others because they can't get what you say, and no one likes to ask you to repeat. Affected slowness is just as bad. Again, there is a desirable in-between.

If you can't think of bright, pleasant things to say, everyone of you can avoid banality in speech, two or three of which are the much-used, over-worked comments, "Is that so?" and "And how!" Another overdone phrase is "Pleased to meet you," when you're introduced to someone. Better just a nice smile and no words, than that. We all fall into speech habits and now and then if we'd just stop to think what we're saying, we'd be amazed. The point is, we're not saying anything at all.



Elsie Larson uses this grand little protector when removing her dress to prevent fatal lipstick stains. Held between the lips, it saves you cleaners' bills and annoyance

"MAKE-UP TIPS," our youngest leaflet, was written for both blonde and brunette. It tells you methods of application as well as name of products, and is yours for the usual fee of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Other leaflets on hand are "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan," "Fresh as a Daisy," "Skin Worries," and "A Heavenly Halo." Please send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet to facilitate mailing. And address Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, who is also glad to advise you on any beauty problem including hair, skin, make-up, nails, etc.

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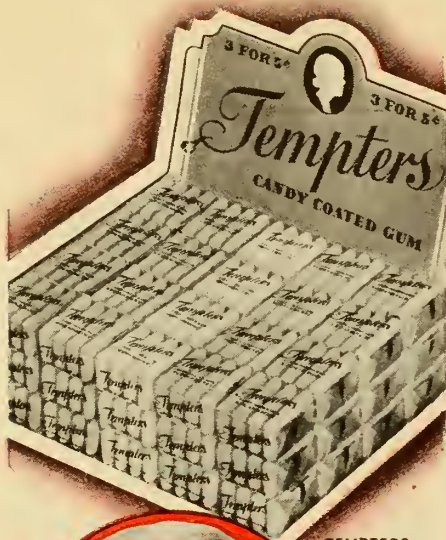
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Bing Crosby gets a new name
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ple share \$300.00 in awards.
And Bing gives fifty pictures!

THOUSANDS of admirers of Bing Crosby offered new terms to describe his individual vocal style, as a result of the story, "No More Crooners!" that appeared in PHOTOPLAY Magazine last May. Now the Anti-Crooner Contest Editor gives you the names of the winners.

Responses flooded in from everywhere, from all over this country and from Canada. This widespread interest is the highest form of

compliment for the brilliant Paramount star. His devoted followers were all pleased at the idea that Bing should no longer be labeled just a crooner. And so, what will he be called in the future? Ah, that's a surprise in store for you!

Those of you who did not win awards have the gratitude of PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Paramount Pictures Corporation for your efforts. And Bing says many thanks!

First Prize Winner—\$100.00

Jeanne H. Johnson, 1808 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Fifty Consolation Awards Personally Autographed Photographs of Bing Crosby

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Nanise E. Johnson, Memphis, Tenn.; Edward Slutts, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. F. Fijux, Laulaton, N. J.; Don Linson, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. N. Brewer, Memphis, Tenn.; Louise Blakeman, Kansas City, Mo.; Harold Sullivan, Lincoln, Neb.; Ronald Nance, St. Louis, Mo.; Laura A. Bohuslav, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Annie McRae, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Celia Lewin, Dallas, Texas; H. B. Bendon, Atlantic City, N. J.; Irene A. Jones, Albuquerque, N. Mex.; Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass.; Mrs. Syl Rufing, McKeesport, Penna.; Miriam Grove, South English, Iowa; Dewey J. Gilmore, Lowell, N. C.; Emily B. Myers, Hornell, N. Y.; W. T. Perry, Langley Field, Va.; Mrs. George Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.; Audrey Richards, Salt Lake City, Utah; Charles S. Wilton, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. J. S. Charles, Philadelphia, Penna.; Marcelyn Bennett, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Boles, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. Clarence Wulfjen, Sheridan, Wyo.; Mrs. C. Cummings, Galveston, Texas; Helen Louise, Orlando, Fla.; Edna Schenck, Woodcliff Lake, N. J.; Helen Hickman, Hot Springs, N. C.; Mrs. F. R. Kraft, Elyria, Ohio; Harold R. Greenspan, Providence, R. I.; M. E. Marshall, Wilmington, Del.; Louis L. Rikliss, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy Little, Rockport, Miss.; Marion Yeatman, Washington, D. C.; Rose Allis, Yuba City, Calif.; Gertrude Brock, Beverly, Mass.; Helen M. Watson, Concord, N. H.

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"The Boy"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

While Junior was born in Chicago, we soon moved to New York City. Junior attended the Ethical Culture and Clark Academies in New York City, graduating in 1925. His precocity pleased me, and his close attention to his work and high scholastic records were a constant source of pleasure to me. He was an entirely normal boy in every way and, while not neglecting his studies, went in for outdoor sports of all kinds, particularly tennis, at which he was adept.

FROM the time of his birth, he was close to me. He also was close to my business. Many executives still in my employ can remember Junior playing in the corridors of the offices we occupied. They also remember his rapt attention when they came to my home to discuss our problems.

I made it a point to take Junior with me on many of my trips abroad. We have been companions on trips across the Atlantic at least a dozen times. I believed that travel was a part of his education, and I think it meant much to him. His understanding of human and international relationships contributed, I believe to his success in making "All Quiet on the Western Front," one of the greatest pictures of all time.

On these trips and when we were at home together in New York City he continually talked of motion pictures, the problems of production and distribution. I encouraged this interest, delighted to see it grow. At no time in his life has Junior ever wanted to do anything but what he is doing.

Had he shown a desire or inclination to do anything else, I would have allowed him to do that thing. I would have helped him in every way possible to make good. He never would have known my disappointment. But, fortunately, he took to motion pictures. The result is that he is giving his best to his work today. If he had gone into them because I had wanted him to do so, or if I had forced him into them, he would today be a mechanical executive instead of a creator, breathing life into his products and inspiring those who work with him to their greatest efforts.

Junior always has had everything he desired that was good for him. He has never known the meaning of poverty as I have known it, and I am glad. But he has known of my poverty. He knows what it means. He is tolerant of it. He has no false ideas about wealth. Therefore, he is not a snob.

I think that our first difference of opinion—and there have been many—came when Junior, in his eagerness, wanted to work.

I WANTED him to attend college. I knew the handicaps of a lack of education. And there was vanity in my stand, too. I wanted to be able to say, proudly:

"My son is a college man."

But he had different ideas.

"Papa," he said, "there is no university in the world giving courses in how to make motion pictures. And making motion pictures is what I want to do. You have a college, papa, from which I would like to graduate. It's Universal City, California. There I'll learn something worth while."

I saw that the boy was thinking clearly and

sensibly, and that if he had learned to think that way, his education wouldn't be slighted. A man who thinks educates himself. So I said: "Go ahead, Junior."

We moved to California and bought a home in Beverly Hills. It is a large place to accommodate our growing family. The are sixteen rooms in a Spanish home, surrounded by thirty-one acres. With me live Rosabelle and her husband, M. Stanley Bergerman, an associate producer at Universal City, Carol Bergerman, 4, and Stanley, Jr., 2, in addition to Junior.

Some day, Junior will bring home a bride. This will make me very happy. I, as do all persons of German birth, like to be surrounded by children and grand-children. Junior and I eat all our meals together at home. From morning until night we talk pictures.

Sometimes, Junior comes into my room in the morning with a fresh idea which he thinks will work. He sits on the side of my bed, wakes me up, and says:

"Papa, what do you think of this?"

Perhaps it has something to do with production methods. I go back through the years and tell him of the times similar ideas have been tried out, and whether or not they proved practical. Then I tell him whether or not I think his idea is good.

Sometimes he takes my advice—sometimes he doesn't.

People ask me what questions he brings to me. The answer is that he brings every problem which bothers him to me, whether it has to do with the business or his personal affairs. As I said in the beginning, I have his confidence, he always talks things over with me, and always is absolutely frank.

I HAVE met all the young ladies he takes out socially, and I know exactly how he feels towards all of them. Some of them I like and some of them I do not like. I keep my feelings to myself unless he asks for my opinion.

I must say this for Junior—whether or not I have liked all the young ladies to whom he has been attentive, he has shown remarkably good taste and never has associated with any young men or young women who have not been worthy of his companionship and friendship.

I say that sometimes he wakes me up in the morning to talk over his problems. To carry on through the day, we talk over the business at the breakfast table if there is any need for it. Throughout the day he has access to my office at all times. Again we meet at dinner—and I have seen the time when he has wakened me out of a sound sleep at night to ask me to help him solve some problem which is upsetting him.

In all my years, I have never known a young man who has worked as hard as he has.

He starts to work early in the morning and often doesn't stop until early the next morning. He settles production problems, confers with writers, directors and players, plans advertising campaigns—and, on top of this, he reads books every spare chance he gets. His desire is to find stories which can be produced—good stories.

All in all, I believe he works too hard. He suffers from cold because he seldom gets the

exercise he needs, and at times is forced to go away for rest and relaxation.

"Junior," I say to him, "you are working too hard." But he only smiles at me and keeps on working.

He has one trait that I admire above all else save his honesty. He is like a bulldog. Once he gets his teeth into a thing, he won't let go until the job is done. Once he makes up his mind to do a thing, he does it. Nothing will stop him.

HE attacks a problem from one angle. He's stopped. He goes after it from another and another and another until finally he wins out. He always seems to get what he wants. He's been that way since he was a little boy. Once he thinks he is right, there isn't one chance in a hundred of slowing him down, not to mention stopping him.

WHEN he first arrived in Universal City, he had an inspiration. As long as he hadn't gone to college, I guess, he decided to bring college to Universal City. He wrote, directed and supervised "The Collegians," a series of short subjects. They were highly successful and praise was heaped upon his head. He paid no attention to this, but kept plugging.

Before he had finished, he had made four successful series, totaling forty-four pictures, and every one of them made money. They were clean, clever, bright and entertaining.

His mental growth was rapid. I saw, by the very problems he brought to me that he was ready for promotion, so I made him an associate producer. Four years after he had first walked into Universal City, he was elevated to the rank of general manager. He was then just 21 years old. In fact, his promotion was in reality a birthday present to him. It was a wise move for at that time I was in poor health and needed someone to carry on.

Junior was and still is the youngest executive in the industry. A great many people questioned my judgment. They didn't know Junior very well. Since then, they have learned to know him, and they respect his judgment. The critics forgot that I'd been in his confidence from the day of his birth, almost, and that I knew his capabilities.

I went to Europe shortly after giving him his new job. I wanted to see what would happen. Plenty did.

He decided that "All Quiet on the Western Front" would make a great picture, purchased the rights, got his writers and director, and went into production. There is no need to dwell on the artistic and financial success of that picture. It brought international renown to Junior, to Universal, and to myself.

I CONSIDER it his greatest achievement, even to this day, after he has made more than three score of excellent pictures.

Perhaps, in telling of my relations with him, I am painting too sanguine a picture. I have told you of his attributes and his keen judgment. I wish to add that I consider him impulsive. All youth is impulsive. Age becomes conservative, makes fewer mistakes—but loses some of the divine fire and the inspiration that is needed in life.

Junior has made mistakes—plenty of them. I would not, could not, humiliate him by enumerating them here. He knows what they are. He has learned from bitter experience. We all make mistakes. I have made my share. The motion picture industry has gained a sort of international fame for some of its more glaring mis-steps because it always basks in the light of publicity, where nothing can be hidden from an interested public. And in industries which have not attracted such wide attention, gross mistakes have been made. There never was an infallible man.

JUNIOR is a thoughtful boy, always has been. He has always been considerate of me in every way. He has given me many material gifts to show his affection. On my desk and in my office are at least half a dozen pictures of him. One which he gave me when he was seventeen is the most precious present I ever have had from him, I think. And I like another one he had taken for me when he was eleven, and still another when he was 21—the year he became general manager.

Unfortunately, we have not been together socially a great deal during recent years, and have not been able to travel together. I would have enjoyed these things. However, we have both been working, and have not been able to get away from work together. One of us always has to be on the job. And I have been ill a great deal, and unable to travel. The trips we had together when he was a boy linger as golden hours and days in my memory.

Wednesday nights, we go out to dinner together. That's the servant's night out. We attend many banquets and other functions of a semi-public nature, attend previews and such things. We always try to see the previews of the pictures which Junior makes, so that we can discuss their reception afterwards. But I'm afraid our days of travel are over.

The best "get-togethers" we have are the nights we stay home and play poker together. I like that game. I'm old-fashioned and never have learned to care for bridge.

Even during the games he asks me questions. Should we buy this story—engage that star—give a contract to this director—spend so much on a forthcoming production.

As the years pass, I know that he will act with better and better judgment. He has the whole world before him. And I hope, as the years pass, I will never lose his confidence and his respect. I have made money out of motion pictures, but his love and the love Rosabelle holds for me are far more precious.

I can give the world little advice on how to raise children. I have only one rule by which I have been guided. That is, to train children to be truthful. Moral strength, character, will develop from this.

IN THE years to come, I hope that Junior will carry on as I have carried on, even if I am not here to see. I want him to keep his youthful outlook, to struggle against mistakes, to hold to the ideals that I have held to in his conduct of his own personal life and in the conduct of the studio I have built.

From a business standpoint, my hope for him runs parallel to the hope I have for my business.

There is a large sign at Universal which reads:

"Universal's ambition: To make motion pictures so interesting, distinctive and entertaining that every person in the whole wide world will want to view them."

Beneath it is signed my name.

For lovely fingertips no polish so smart as New GLAZO..now 25¢



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GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25¢. In Canada, 30¢.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40¢. In Canada, 50¢.

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of polish preferred)

Natural Shell Flame Geranium



The Revolt Against Dietrich

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

No, she cannot talk much about Maria, there is the kidnaping menace. No, she cannot talk about her personal life, it is so silly, so crude of these Americans wanting to know how she works, plays and lives. No, she cannot say much about her latest picture, because Mr. Von Sternberg would not like that. No, no, NO AND NO!

She is openly bored with the business at hand, while the desperate writer struggles valiantly to get just one "quote" for her editor. But the great star shrugs, drags her lovely fingers through a mass of curling copper hair, inhales lustily the essence of tuberose and lets the embarrassed interviewer suffer.

AND then the subservient writer pounds out a story which dresses up the Dietrich rudeness in glamour, her lack of opinions in mystery, her ruthless disregard for the men and women who have pushed her to the heights in picturesque eccentricity.

But revolution is brewing. The latest edict from the Queen has caused rebellious muttering among the serfs. The arrogant manifesto decrees that no one, not even Marlene's co-workers at the Paramount Studio, may contact her directly.

Some writers who, for four years, have extolled Dietrich are now ready to take a nice juicy crack at their former idol in print. I know of half a dozen men and women whose jobs have been jeopardized because they were unable to deliver—after weeks of nerve-racked waiting—a Dietrich interview to their editors.

I know of one girl who saw Dietrich just before the exclusion edict, got little or nothing from the interview, but succeeded in writing a whopping good story. Marlene asked to okay the article. But, instead of being approved, the manuscript was "blue penciled" to such an extent the spineless mess was thrown into a waste-basket. This girl lost a badly needed check and the doors of one publication are closed to her because of the fiasco.

The same writer is now a motion picture critic. I wonder what she has written about the automatic gyrations of Marlene in that baffling union of statues and pageantry, "Scarlet Empress"?

We who have worked beside her find it impossible to reconcile the Dietrich of 1930, who did not think she was important enough to demand a mirror from the prop boy for location work on "Morocco," with the star who now stalks across the lot, eyes straight ahead, with seldom a flicker of recognition for passing studio employees.

HOLLYWOOD blames one man for the regrettable change in Dietrich, and refers to him as "Svengali" Von Sternberg. The charge is that he has made a Trilby of Marlene.

It is true Marlene has gone along believing Von Sternberg a genius, the only man who could guide her to lasting fame. It is true that she permitted him to talk her out of her early enthusiasms and informalities, to cut short several close friendships, to go into a semi-hermit existence. As for the rumors of a mesmeric power he has over her, I give them short shrift. But if it was Von's idea that Marlene should consider herself on a rarefied

plane where earthly criticisms, conventionalities and laws cannot touch her, then Dietrich swallowed his dogma without question.

As for her devotion and gratitude to the man who took her out of a Berlin music hall, I'll still give the lovely *fraulein* a hand. This loyalty is one of the few original Dietrich characteristics still visible to the naked eye. Despite all rumors of a split between them, he will direct her again, in "Red Pawn." But should she extend gratitude to the point of endangering her professional career?

Recalling some of those qualities of the pre-royalist era, it is comforting to remember

secretary to Clara Bow). The baby, fascinated by the color, clutched Marlene's costly strand of turquoise beads, breaking it. But Marlene made short of our audible distress. She gathered the beads from the floor, placed them in an envelope and gave them to the child!

Marlene's impulsive generosity has not changed. She still enjoys gift-giving, but now it is done in the manner of a queen deigning to bestow royal favors on deserving subjects. Recently, she heard that her make-up operator had lost a prize wire-haired terrier. She had the dog replaced with another blue ribbon specimen within five hours. She overheard her hair-dresser describing a coveted sports fur coat. The fortunate young lady is now wearing the garment.

COMPARE this with a Dietrich who had the sets of "Scarlet Empress" barred to the press, after an item appeared in a New York tabloid stating that the star was very playful between scenes and did a good job of mimicking her director. It seems it is not politic for the serfs to know the great Dietrich is human to the extent of indulging in nonsense and laughter. There is little doubt that Von Sternberg was in back of this Czarist order, but Marlene is the one who will have to accept the result.

Then there was that mortifying incident on the Paramount lot last April, when several thousand motion picture exhibitors were making a tour of the studio and meeting the stars.

To a man, the players had turned out to say "hello" to what Mae West calls, "The real men in our lives." Dietrich was absent. Excuses were made for her and the delegation was divided into groups of two hundred to be guided over the sets. The irrepressible Texas contingent spied Marlene walking a few yards ahead of them, deep in conversation with Von Sternberg. A young and effervescent owner of a large chain of Southern theaters called, "Hi, Miss Dietrich, turn 'round and say howdy." The cry was taken up by the other Texans, begging for an autograph, even a smile, but Dietrich went on walking—not a backward glance, not even a moment's hesitation. The reactions of a few of our best Southern theater owners cannot be put down on paper.

LEADING drama critics have voiced the opinion that Dietrich's star soon will be on the wane if she is not awakened from the Von Sternberg anesthesia, both off and on the screen. They say her acting in "Scarlet Empress" is that of a puppet.

If this is true, I wonder what Marlene will do. She has made prodigious sums during her stardom, but she has spent a great deal. The rent alone of her Bel-Air home runs into four figures monthly, and there are six servants and two body-guards. She has been lulled in luxury for four years, a luxury made possible by the worship of movie-going America, a worship fanned into a conflagration by the American press.

But what a wanton waste if the Dietrich beauty is permitted to slip into the limbo of forgotten stars. What a stupid sacrifice if she clings to her present mirage of mistakes, and what a blast to the hopes of those who still believe in her if she refuses to recapture the fine shadows of her early good sportsmanship.



There's no doubt Al Jolson and the Missus (sure, Ruby Keeler) had one grand time during their recent round-the-coast trip.

Marlene's former manner of presenting a gift. Her offerings were many and were invariably presented personally, so she might enjoy the surprise and pleasure of her friends. When she ordered flowers for those first Hollywood acquaintances, she delivered them herself, carrying an armful of roses into homes where butlers agitatedly puzzled over such an unprecedented social gesture.

There is still another recollection of a Marlene longing for her baby Maria during that first separation—the day she caught up a three-year-old child visiting the studio with its aunt (the ill-starred Daisy De Voe, former

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeply stirring voice. Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near



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El Paso, Texas. For some years they have peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony's axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come

upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony's Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG—*Paramount*

A CROOK comedy-melodrama involving two thieves Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh who, jealous of each other's notoriety and skill, endeavor to prove to each other and to the police their respective superiority in matters of stealing. Good comedy is supplied by Alison Skipworth and Leon Errol. Miss Michael and Cavanagh both do well.

DR. MONICA—*Warners*

THOUGH slow-moving, this story of the woman doctor (Kay Francis) who wants to have a baby, and cannot, will appeal to feminine audiences. She takes the maternity case of a friend (Jean Muir) only to discover that her own husband (Warren William) is the child's father. Kay has some excellent scenes, and Jean does a fine job, but Warren is wasted in a walk-through rôle.

JANE EYRE—*Monogram*

THE old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Important in that it brings back Virginia Bruce, breath-takingly beautiful, and reveals a lovely rich voice in the Schubert "Serenade." The story concerns an orphan who becomes a governess in the strange Rochester (Colin Clive) household, where an insane wife with a pyromania complex is kept hidden.

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—*Liberty*

FASHIONED with original twists and presented with some unique effects, this interesting enough story serves Neil Hamilton and Miriam Jordan as a very entertaining vehicle. It is a smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce. Neil and Miriam, divorced, become successful lawyers, opposing each other in court over the same subject that disrupted their own marital bliss—mothers-in-law. But it all ends well. Henry Armetta, Claude King, Hardie Albright, Dorothy Appleby.

HEART SONG—*Fox-Gaumont-British*

A PLEASANT little English dialogue film, in which the queen's maid, Lilian Harvey, entrances duke Charles Boyer with a song, while he is temporarily blinded. His various attempts, upon recovery, to find the "voice" that thrilled, make a delightful fantasy.

LOUISIANA—*Robert Mintz Prod.*

AN interesting experiment which fails to jell in spots, is this picture with an all-Negro cast. There are moments when it reaches a high point of frenzied sincerity. It is the story of a group of Negroes, torn between

their pastor's teaching and lingering racial belief in the old Voodoo woman who casts spells with incantations and drums. Some of the scenes are fascinating, and beautiful voices are heard in spirituals.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—*Fox*

CERTAINLY the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series, with Warner Oland doing nothing much besides tiptoeing around in a cook's costume. The story, involved and sleepy-eyed, concerns a string of pearls and the trouble Chan had to deliver them. There is a near murder, a real murder, four crooks, a moving picture company on location, and a romance between Donald Woods and Drue Leyton.

RANDY RIDES ALONE—*Monogram*

THOSE favoring Westerns will be thoroughly entertained by John Wayne's tracking down an outlaw gang led by George Hayes. Lots of action, and good suspense. Alberta Vaughn is the feminine appeal.

IT'S A BOY—*Gainsborough*

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON does his very best in this English farce, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. It's all about a bridegroom being blackmailed on the morning of his wedding. However, everything comes out right in the end, as usual.

ARE WE CIVILIZED—*Raspin Prod.*

DRAMATIZING various conflicts from the very beginning of civilization, William Farnum preaches a powerful sermon on world peace. Through his talk is woven a poorly handled modern tale of tyranny and news censorship, which is interrupted by historical scenes of certain eras, as he refers to them.

THE STAR PACKER—*Monogram*

DISCOVERING the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy job, but John Wayne gives us an exciting chase and gains his point by outwitting this master criminal who has terrorized the community. Youngsters will be on the edge of their seats every minute. Verna Hillie is the girl.

WHITE HEAT—*Seven Seas Prod.*

LOCALE of this mild little yarn is Hawaii, where David Newell, in charge of a sugar plantation, affairs with a native (Mona Maris), but later marries Virginia Cherrill from the States. A cane fire, started while Newell and Hardie Albright are in terrific fistic combat, livens things at the end.

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough

ANOTHER British-made musical that just doesn't hit the bell, despite the comedy efforts of Cicely Courtneidge, popular in England, and Sam Hardy who plays the part of *King Kelly*, a night club owner. Cicely handles the dual rôle of *Kelly's* maid and a famous French actress *Mlle. Zaza*.

THE TELL-TALE HEART—Clifton-Hurst Prod.

THIS gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for timid souls or children. The cast is all English, with Norman Dryden portraying the youth who slowly goes mad, to the point of killing an old man whose ugly eye haunts him. Splendid direction and photography.

THE LOST JUNGLE—Mascot

AFTER an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage, Clyde Beatty takes us to a South Sea isle for still greater thrills. Not an especially strong plot, but it's meat for the youngsters. Cecilia Parker is adequate as Beatty's fiancée.

Child of Scorpio

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

wearing a frock of blue sprigged net, a fabric so crisp and Springlike that no woman could look other than young, lithe and sparkling in it. Much of the "little girl" charm that for two decades held Florenz Ziegfeld, the "Great Glorifier" and connoisseur of feminine beauty still shines from her, as she talks calmly of business and its exacting demands and the necessity of starting young, in order not to be left high and dry in later life.

But never once does she make the poignant reminder: "Look at me." It is of Patricia that she speaks; first, last and always of Patricia. The "Baby Pat" so well known on Broadway as her father's idol. The "little girl who had everything."

"The reason I want Patsy to be an executive and not an actress is that she is much like her father. And he was a truly great businessman, you know, although he was so much of an artist, through and through, people were apt to forget his business side. But he had it, and it was one of the sides I loved and admired the most in him, even though he never encouraged me to mix in it—much as I might.

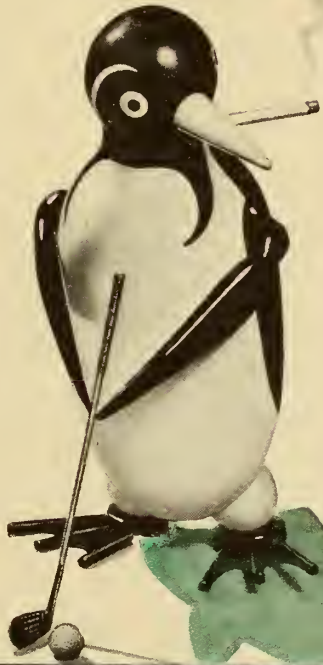
"Patsy had always done well in school," abruptly she turned back to seventeen and its plans. "She has quite a taste for research, chemistry, biology, and so on. After she graduated from school this June, I told her she could go to college. It was her own choice to become associated with William A. McGuire and myself in the production of the life story of her father. She has a rôle in the film, but she is also working in the research end while she masters production technique. Meantime, she is working hard on her stenography. That will help her, wherever she works. I can hardly expect her to be just a housewife, can I? Patsy has always lived on Broadway, you see."

No, one could hardly expect the young Patricia to take to darning socks, straight

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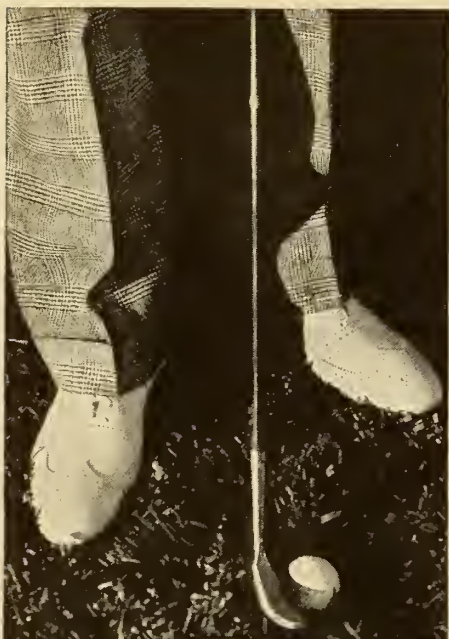
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from that background of tulle, light, color, scenery. Nor with entire ease can one vision her at a typewriter, clicking out: "Dear Sirs: I have yours of the tenth . . ."

"Her father wanted her to be a good trouper always. That was what he was always teaching her. He was always watching for evidences of talent in her.

"Yes, we did think of the stage for Patsy, once. She had her taste of the stage young—as early as fourteen—in 'The Truth Game,' for its short run in Baltimore. That was in 1931. And I hope she has the Ziegfeld talent and administrative ability. The stars say so, anyway. Patsy is a child of Scorpio, you know. That brings her very close to her father's Aries, and it may be why they were so crazy about each other."

According to Miss Burke's explanation, executive ability of the highest order, great tenacity of purpose and tremendous will power enable the children of Scorpio to reach any goal they may espouse. If this were so, in Patricia's case it would seem logical enough that it should be the theater and the business life of the theater.

"The business end of production has such perfectly tremendous opportunities now. Even though advancement may seem slow to Patsy, when it comes it should be of the permanent order. I figure it will take at least five years for her to find herself, but that ought not to be too high a price to pay. Patsy is only seventeen."

"But aren't you forgetting one rather important thing, Miss Burke?" I asked. "Patricia may marry, and upset all these plans. Have you never thought of that?"

"Patricia marry? No, I haven't thought of that!" Her tone was the subtly hostile tone mothers will use when they talk of their children marrying. "No, no, that will not be possible in Patricia's case—until many years hence, when she has launched her own career, made her own place in the world. She has no right to think of marriage until then," Patsy's mother insisted firmly. "To do so,

she would have to slight either her husband or her career. To mix the two is impossible. That was recognized even in my day. I had to give my promise to Charles Frohman that I wouldn't marry for five years, after he gave me my first chance. And I kept my word."

Now spoke Billie Burke, the good trouper who, with the body of her idolized husband lying in state, had agreed "the picture must go on." She did not stop to shed one tear until her part in that picture was completed.

"But that promise you made Mr. Frohman—after all, wasn't that before?" I suggested. "Before?"

"Before that masked ball of New Year's Eve, 1913, when you first met Mr. Ziegfeld?" I was well up on my Burke memoirs. "And the moment he stepped into the room your heart fairly stopped. You were ready to collapse in a faint. You haven't forgotten all that?"

"I've forgotten nothing! Except your tea, I'm afraid." I was facing a perfectly poised, correct hostess in her salon. "How will you have it, cream or lemon?"

"Lemon, if you please." I tried to sound just as composed. And so Billie Burke gave me tea, and we talked of this and that.

My hour was up. "Thanks a lot and goodbye." I was outside the Burke door.

"Wait!" A slender, white hand was on my arm. A pair of blue eyes, blazing like California sun through midsummer storm. "I want to ask one little favor," Billie Burke was whispering. "Whatever you write, don't speak of me as Flo Ziegfeld's widow. Say I'm his wife, more than ever his wife, now he's not here. That I'd rather have had these nineteen years with him than the grandest stage career in all the world. I take it all back, all. Patricia not marry? No, no. Certainly she must marry!"

"I wouldn't have her miss what I've had, not an hour or a thrill of it. No matter what else she has or doesn't have, she must have that—love. It's all there is, really." Her voice broke. "The one thing truly glorious!"

Hollywood Buys A Duck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

eyes on the audience out front, and just imagined I was on a vaudeville stage and not in a broadcasting studio. I used all my regular gestures and pantomimes and *ad libbed* when I felt like it. After the broadcast I beat it.

"The next morning I was walking up Broadway—just like usual, only it was different. People kept coming up to me—people I didn't know—saying 'Boy, you were grand.' 'You wowed 'em, Penner.' 'That was a good job, Joe'—and all that kind of stuff. Gee, I couldn't believe it! I had wowed 'em! And, you know, I still can't believe it!

"Then they put me on my own program. That was last October. And, boy, was I scared! The day of the first broadcast dawned, and I couldn't even talk—my throat was all tight and lumpy. I went over to the studio a couple of hours early, to try to collect myself before we went on the air. When the broadcast was over, I slipped out and crawled into a cab and hurried home to Eleanor—that's my wife. She'd stayed home to listen. People said it was good. But I wasn't sure. Several weeks went by—with a broadcast once a week—and still I couldn't tell if I was wowing 'em.

"Then, all of a sudden, stuff began to pour

in—fan mail by the bushel, requests for pictures, congratulatory telegrams and—*ducks!* Stuffed ones, live ones, rare ones, freak ones, toy ones—hundreds and hundreds of ducks. At about the same time, people began saying, 'Ohhhh, you na-a-a-sty man!' Or, 'You silly citizen!' And I knew I had caught on. But, gee, you know, I *still* can't believe it.

Before Joe left New York, I asked him how he felt about going to Hollywood.

"Gosh! I'm thrilled as a kid! We're going by boat. I haven't been on a boat since 1914, when I was nine years old and my grandfather brought me over to America. I was born in Hungary, you know. I promised Eleanor I'd take her to Hungary this summer and show her where I used to live. Then this chance came—so we're going to Hollywood instead!"

"Don't you and Mrs. Penner get worried," I asked him, "going out to Hollywood where so many happy marriages hit the rocks?"

He looked surprised, as if the idea had never occurred to him. "Aw, no! Eleanor and I—we aren't like that. Nothing could happen to our marriage. We're just ordinary people, and we don't care about a gay time or chasing around with the big shots."

Eleanor Vogt was a dancer in a show that Joe played in. Like most of the show people, Eleanor didn't think much of Joe at first. She watched his act from the wings, and razzed him when he came off. But then, the show got stranded in St. Louis over Christmas, and her folks lived there, so Eleanor invited Joe down to the house for Christmas dinner. They were married the following November—1928.

"No siree," Joe repeated, "Hollywood couldn't make any difference as far as Eleanor and I are concerned! Besides, I'm not going to play any love stuff in the movies. No-o-o-o-o. I think it's a mistake for comedians to try to hold up the love interest of a picture. They're supposed to be funny, not romantic. I don't want to be a movie hero. I just want to be comedy relief. See? I'm not good looking enough for love stuff, anyhow. But I think I'll be able to put my comedy over in the movies, because there's so much pantomime to it.

"Only trouble is, I can't ever rehearse right. Four years ago when I made those two-reelers I would learn my lines, then in rehearsal I just walked through the part. It wasn't until the cameras began to grind that I could really 'turn on.' Then I would say to myself, 'This is the real goods! Whatever you do now goes down on celluloid, and the people sitting out front in movie houses are going to see it!' Gee! Then I could get going. But not in rehearsal. Same way with radio. I've had sponsors and directors say to me at a rehearsal, 'That's flat, Penner. Is that the way you're going to do it on the air?' 'Heck, no!' I always tell them. 'Just leave it to me. I'll be okay when I can see some people out in front!'"

PART of the secret of Penner's success is his spontaneity. Even on the air he changes lines or adds gags as he goes along. All of his famous gag lines have happened spontaneously. On the vaudeville stage he used to wise-crack, "Wanna buy a rhinosonamous?" Or, "Wanna buy an ash barrel?" The lines usually got a laugh. But one day, out of a clear sky, he said, "Wanna buy a duck?" And the audience howled. He repeated the line again before he left the stage, and it got a bigger laugh the second time. He was playing in Birmingham, Alabama, in a small theater, and his dressing-room had windows that opened on the street. After his performance he went into his dressing-room to rest. As the people poured out of the theater he heard youngsters yelling at each other, "Wanna buy a duck?" He's used the gag ever since.

The thing that pleases him most about his stuff is that it appeals so universally to children. "That's why I try hard to keep my humor clean," he says.

Penner is the only outstanding radio comedian who didn't make a big reputation on the stage before he went on the air. Will Rogers, Durante, Cantor, Ed Wynne—all of them were nationally known stage successes before they ever faced the mike.

He is also one of the few "big names" who made a hit without any help. He had no build-up, no elaborate publicity or advertising. He went over simply because the public heard him and liked him.

Success hasn't changed him—he still has the same manager, the same agent, the same song writer he had when he was playing small-time vaudeville.

"I'm working hard now and cashing in while I can," he says. "I probably won't last long. You see, I'm not really great. Maybe the public will tire of me before long, and I'll lose my popularity. But, gee, while it lasts, it's grand! And I still can't believe it!"

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Both dignified and glamorous is this coiffure designed for a mysterious lady who is every inch a princess! Can you imagine making that whimsically curled hang out of oily, stringy locks? If your hair is too oily, treat it with the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* described below.

This sleek-soft coiffure was selected by an important star playing the role of a most intriguing lady. The turned-up curls must snuggle close to the head. Don't attempt them with harsh, fly-away hair. For too-dry hair, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair

IT'S A CRIME — SHE'S
SO MUCH OLDER
THAN HE IS —

SHE'S THE SAME
AGE, REALLY — IT'S
THOSE DISHPAN HANDS
THAT MAKE YOU
THINK HER OLDER

WHAT CRUEL LIES old-looking hands can tell!
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Nowadays clever wives keep hands soft, smooth, young with Lux! Costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX EVERY DAY KEEPS OLD HANDS AWAY!



How to Be Naughty But Nice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

means so much when her lips say so little, sums up the entire answer. It was that sparkle, and the same sparkle in her voice, that made the playboys of Paris cable frantically to New York for American Beauty roses to shower her with—and, believe it or not, that sparkle came from the Quaker town of Philadelphia.

IT was that same sparkle which made two young French women see Jeanette's performance twenty-seven consecutive times in Paris, each time to wait outside the stage door with a home-picked bouquet and scold the *gendarmes* for letting the crowd get so close that they threatened to crush their favorite. Jeanette's sparkle is as much for women as for men. Both sexes on both continents idolize her.

In London Jeanette knows a middle-aged woman cook. She knows her because one day, while an English crowd was virtually mobbing Jeanette in her car, they almost crushed a little old lady in a bonnet, who had inadvertently gotten in the middle of them. Seeing the old lady's danger, Jeanette quickly opened the door of her car and pulled her inside. This action, unknown to Jeanette, was seen by the middle-aged cook.

"I never thought much of Americans, and still less of American movie actresses," the cook wrote to Jeanette shortly afterward, "but the kindness I saw you do that old lady has changed my opinion altogether. I know you are famous and I am only a cook, but I know that even famous actresses sometimes get to the place where they need money. I have a little—not much—saved up, and I wanted to tell you that it is for you any time you want it. If you are sick or anything and cannot come to me, I will come to you wherever you are."

When Jeanette went to Europe they had a wild newspaper story over there that she had had an affair with a prince on the Riviera, and that the prince's wife had found out about it and disfigured her. Jeanette's personal appearance proved that she was not disfigured. Then the newspapers claimed that she was in reality her sister, and Jeanette knew only one way to prove that she was herself.

She sang "Beyond the Blue Horizon" from "Monte Carlo."

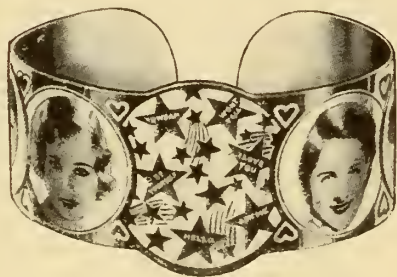
The public feeling, which might have condemned the imaginary affair with the prince, turned to wild acclaim. After her first performance she was the toast of Paris. She sang, and sang—and the mobs up in the highest galleries yelled for more.

IN London the swells in the stalls and the costermongers in the balconies yelled, "More! More!"

"I loved it!" said Jeanette. "Don't ever let anyone tell you that the English aren't enthusiastic. At times, I believe, they are even more enthusiastic than Americans."

Jeanette is very proud of being American. She has assumed no European mannerisms—never a trace of a broad *a*, or any attempt to be anything but herself. That makes her all the more proud of her European triumph. Her pictures are more popular over there than any other films that the theaters can buy; they even revive her old ones in preference to showing the new ones of other stars. That is why

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she has made "The Merry Widow" at M-G-M simultaneously in English and French.

Ernst Lubitsch, who has directed Jeanette and Maurice Chevalier, together again in this picture, knows all about Jeanette's being naughty but nice. Himself a European and generally conceded to be the master hand at naughty-niceness on the screen, he insisted upon Jeanette playing the rôle even over Chevalier's loudly publicized protests. And he sat in his office, chewing his cigar, until he got her.

"JEANETTE has just what it takes to make the widow merry," was the way he put it. "Without her, she would be a sad widow indeed."

Herr Lubitsch, incidentally, is the gentleman responsible for the rather daring experiment of rewriting the lyrics of all the songs in the picture to bring them up to date, at the same time making Jeanette wear a tightly-laced corset to fit the period. The music, of course, remains the same.

But that "what it takes" is merely Lubitsch's phrase for Jeanette's ability to appear naughty without sacrificing a whit of her niceness. Those changeable green eyes of hers, that easy, natural grace, and that vital something, which makes her the only American actress who actually convinces you she is a European princess.

Anything crude, vulgar, or even suggestive is as foreign to her as a person as it is to her rôles on the screen. One of the biggest professional battles Jeanette ever had was over a picture made at another studio which, wholly against her wishes, stressed the naughtiness.

"Sophistication—real sophistication—is out of the question if a girl is to try to be both naughty and nice at the same time," she said. "Without that disarming innocence she becomes simply naughty, or even obviously off-color."

It is a peculiar naïvete which prevents Jeanette herself from becoming sophisticated; perhaps the sincerity and simplicity which she inherited from her Welsh mother. Her father was Scotch. And maybe it is easier to understand that twinkle in her eyes when she admits she has some Irish in her somewhere. After London, Paris, several years on the stage and several more in the studios—all centers of sophistication—Jeanette has acquired a knowledge of the world and its ways, but has not lost her enthusiasm while acquiring it.

"I still get as big a kick out of everything as I ever did," she tells us. "And I don't think a girl who has become blasé can possibly have the same sort of appeal she had when things were new to her. They don't thrill her any more, and consequently she loses her charm to thrill others. There is something about the freshness of youth, about the niceness of youth, that no amount of naughtiness can replace."

PLAIN naughtiness, says Jeanette, is always ugly. It is only when combined with niceness that the naughtiness is piquant like a spice and tickles the world's sensibilities in exactly the same way. And she says that the naughtiness more or less comes natural to most of us; in other words, there will be just enough of it if people just keep on trying their hardest to keep on being nice.

For the rest, forty million Frenchmen and a hundred and twenty million Americans can't be wrong—not to mention a few million Britishers. Jeanette MacDonald is both naughty and nice; she couldn't be half as nice if she weren't just as naughty, and she couldn't be so naughty if she weren't so nice.



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TATTOO

The Smile That Hides A Tear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

isn't sorry she has come. Somehow, she feels she has grown closer to her father just by coming. Now, his work will be her work and she feels she can take his place and carry on.

With the arrival of Mady Christians in Hollywood, we find the rarest of all things—a new type. There is no one quite like her in the movie colony. Which is a relief, heaven knows, from the numerous Garbo and Hepburn and Dietrich doubles that hit town. She's tall, even above average height, and frankly hefty. Her imitations of certain producers wringing their hands and wildly exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Miss Christians, you must reduce. You've just gotta get thinner," is a riot in itself. And I doubt very much if she has even the slightest notion of starving herself into the usual semi-coma.

FOR one thing, she laughs almost constantly. There's a gay, infectious something about her that hints of Vienna and London and other exciting places—places where she has lived and known gay, exciting people.

Her hair is naturally blonde and even naturally curly. Her eyes are an astonishingly childlike blue.

But it's her mouth, a big, sensitive, beautiful mouth that so obviously reveals the hurt she bore so bravely, but never quite got over, in the death of her father.

In direct contrast to so many boys and girls who come to Hollywood and fight like wildcats to become celebrities, Mady has lived all her life with the famous. Her mother was a celebrated opera singer and, of course, there was her father. In fact, her earliest recollection was of women, some young, some old, some lovely, some homely, bribing her with boxes of chocolates to get her father's autograph for them.

It was the hidden chocolates and resulting upset "tummy" that finally persuaded her famous parents that a convent was best, perhaps, for little Mady.

Mady didn't mind the convent. In fact, she loved having children to push over. Naturally she was punished for it, but good grief! there they were and, as she had never before played with children, she thought it only right to do the thing that brought from them the loudest howls. So she pushed them over.

SOME years later, when her father took over the Irving Place Theater in New York in which to present a series of German plays, Mady crossed to New York and remained several years.

She begged, wept and stormed to be allowed to act in one of her father's plays. "Well, of course, Mady," her father said, "you know you are more than a little like an elephant, don't you?" Which didn't bother her in the least. Elephant or no, she wanted to act. Finally he gave her a mere bit and then next day, after her performance, told her plainly but kindly that she would make a marvelous Viennese cook. But never an actress.

Did it daunt her? You don't know Mady. She actually inveigled her father into giving her a letter to Max Reinhardt, the great producer in Germany. And when the war broke out, she and her mother hid themselves to Germany and Max.

"What are your qualifications?" he de-

manded. "Why should I admit you to my school?"

"I was one of the biggest actresses on the New York stage," Mady assured him, which in one sense was right.

"What have you played in?" he asked.

Mady rattled off a list of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Molière and others.

"Very well," he shrugged. "Appear before the board the day after tomorrow and let us hear you." And here was a pretty kettle of fish, for she didn't know a line of any of them. Not a word.

DID it stop her? You still don't know Mady. She memorized passages by the yard and appeared right on time before a straight-faced, stony-hearted board, who watched her coldly as she ranted and recited.

And looked at her as if to say, "So this is all that comes from Rudolph Christians, tck, tck."

At last Reinhardt spoke. "Not good but loud," he said, and to her utter amazement, accepted her in his school.

But the trouble was, as soon as he gave Mady a part with Ernst Lubitsch, a fine character actor in those days, or some other noted player, she became so engrossed in watching him that she forgot her cues. It was awful and Lubitsch could have killed her.

But Reinhardt didn't lose faith. He chose her from all the school to play *Portia*. It was just at this time that her father was in Hollywood. She cabled him the news. But he never heard how Mady walked out on a Berlin stage and brought tears to all eyes because she, Rudolph's daughter, the child of their idol, was also a fine artist.

He died the day she made her debut.

After a tremendous success on the Continent, she was sent for to make an English movie.

"You speak English, of course?" they asked.

"Of course," she replied.

It nearly knocked them silly. "Of all the goofy questions," she grinned. And that finished them.

"Miss Christians," they said, "we are delighted to find you speak such priceless New York slang, but you must learn to talk English. What you are speaking is New Yorkese with an awful twang."

SO she unlearned New York and learned English, softening her vowels. She now speaks, to her amusement, very precise English.

And there isn't a trace of German accent except when she gets excited.

She has had her successes on the New York stage, and now Hollywood has her for its own. It is fond of this grand person who takes time and effort to write in a little note-book the name of every studio employee with whom she comes in contact, and opposite each name lists little mannerisms and habits. These she memorizes, so she won't call Mr. Strickling, Mr. Wheelwright. Or Mr. Locan, Mr. Wiles. Or Rose, Mary.

And unless I miss my guess, the public will soon be taking Mady (which is really short for Margaret) for their own when they see her in her first M-G-M movie, "Wicked Woman." For she came to Hollywood with a great heartache which she is hiding under smiles.

Rubbing Elbows With The Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

an aisle seat. Maybe I looked Greta Garbo-ish, I don't know, but Maurice, sitting right in front of me, turned around and that lower lip shot out in a big smile of greeting. I smiled right back. Just before the picture was ended, however, I stole out into the night. That's what Garbo would have done . . . and that's what I had to do so he wouldn't know I wasn't Garbo.

Item two: Having heard tell that "20th Century" was simply goofy and lots of fun, I gathered up my best boy friend and trotted down to see it. I loved it, but what was even more exciting than the picture itself was the exit, from the row ahead again, of Claudette Colbert. With her was tall Pat de Cicco, whose picturesque name once belonged to the golden Thelma Todd.

I choked down my pride, summoned rudeness and stared her up and down. The results of which are, to wit: A white felt mannish sports hat with brown band; a tailor-made white polo coat fitting superbly; brown and white sports shoes; plenty of rouge, and bangs.

I not only ogled her, I followed her right out of the theater to the street. She stopped in front of a billboard that read, "The Hit Picture Since 'It Happened One Night.'" I am moved to remark that this tickled the fair lady no little. Which isn't, after all, so surprising.

Episode number three: Nancy Carroll, one of my pals, came down the aisle with a young man and stood there, helplessly looking for a seat in the packed house. The usher led them to the only vacancies there were . . . two seats all equipped for the deaf and dumb!

MEET Mary Caroline, my dear Joan, the fair young daughter of the Belle of the South, Dorothy Jordan, and Merian Cooper of RKO-Radio. The whole family just returned from Honolulu, where the wee person made her debut.

I was interested in seeing her wardrobe, so it was thrown open for my inspection. A tiny, half-finished petticoat, folded away amidst the magnificence, caught my eye. Dorothy had started to make it, sister Mary explained (Dot was out of the room), but never having handled a needle before in all her life, she finally gave up in despair. Mary rescued it from the wastebasket and there it was.

Now Dorothy, before she was married and lived down at the beach across the street from my sister, used to always wither us with glib recitations of what she was studying. She was always studying, that one. It made us feel that our own lives were wasted and futile. Now, announced Mary with a gleam in her eye, the very next time Dorothy gets academic she'll just wave that half-finished slip and wither her.

ONE of my pet tricks is to eat my heart out looking at jewelry that I can't afford. But I do enjoy myself, just picturing they were mine, so I went into a shop where a lot of very special movie jewelry gets sold, and had a look around.

I noticed a handsome smoking set. It consisted of cigarette holder, match case and cigarette case. It was all in ebony, set in diamonds in a cobra design. The jeweler told me it had belonged to Rudolph Valentino, who

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had it specially made in Paris. It was being offered for sale by his brother, and George Raft seemed the likely customer at the moment. It seems perfect for George, doesn't it?

Cobras, the jeweler explained to my awe-struck ears, had a mysterious influence in Valentino's life. He could handle them without any danger, and he had a call that actually brought them slithering up to his feet.

I've been very outdoorsey of late. Nature asserting itself. So let me tell you about the fairy-story type of garden that Mrs. Jack Warner has. Four terraces reach to the house way up high. There are swimming pools, tennis courts and the like scattered over the different levels. A profusion of woodland flowers peek at you from everywhere and a big, exciting waterfall cascades down under three little rustic bridges, into the lower garden and forms a pool where water-lilies live. Poetic, no?

I WAS there recently at a charity fete and it was a very gay looking crowd that attended. Booths housing fortune-tellers, handwriting experts and similar entertainers were well patronized. There were lots of wheels of chance, and under a great tent the Tango paraphernalia was set up. At least three hundred were sitting around the circular table paying their bit, in this pleasant way, for charity.

Mrs. Warner, in powder blue dress and big navy taffeta hat (I mustn't forget the pair of scrumptious orchids on her shoulder) was having a grand time. So were Doris and Mervyn LeRoy. (Doris is Mrs. Warner's niece, she that had the big wedding.)

I dunked the new bathing suit, first time, in Mrs. Louis B. Mayer's pool. 'Twas at a charming little birthday luncheon she gave for a young niece. The outdoors was the setting, and a very smart eye-ful it is. Stunning aqua marine blue and white leather and iron porch furniture is scattered about, and the floor is pure white marble.

Around one side of the house is a splendid

garden filled with exotic plants. Everything is dominated by a striking carved well spouting water from a lion's head. This was brought from Italy by W. R. Hearst and presented to the Mayers as a little token of his esteem!

Under gay aqua marine blue and white fringed umbrellas were the luncheon tables. Lunch, my pet, was Something! Soup, squabs, salad, heavenly dessert and champagne, even. The melon cocktail was served in scooped out orange baskets with tiny silver bells tied on the handles. Later, the butler brought in a big doll, the lamp variety, dressed in green ruffled skirts trimmed with white balls. The skirt was made of crisp lettuce and the white balls were cheese stuck on tooth-picks, which we, following the leader, plucked out of the lady. The tidbit went with the elegant tomato mousse that followed. Cute?

And speaking of lettuce, Billie Burke eats loads of it. Keeps that fresh complexion.

With some it's lettuce, with some it's rouge, and with some it's love! I think that last is what accounted for the happy face on Mae Clarke when I saw her in a restaurant on a Thursday night (cook's night out). She and a most attentive escort were making goo-goo eyes at each other. She looked simply adorable in a large black hat, with her hair fluffed around her face for a change, and a soft-colored red dress with a high neck to it. Maybe, on the other hand, it wasn't love at all. That emotion's supposed to affect the appetite, isn't it? Well, there was nothing left of their steak and potatoes when I peeked over the booth twenty minutes later.

I had a special night that night. I went to see Will Rogers do "Ah Wilderness" in the flesh. That was something. I enjoyed every minute of the play and nearly bursted a suspender laughing at his curtain-call remarks. Said he's been in about every line of entertainment. Musical comedy, talkies, vaudeville, circuses—now the legitimate drama. Next, he guessed he'd have to get into Congress!

Yours,

MITZI.

Will Outwits the Sexy Fellows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

can ride over it." Despite his wealth, deep in his veins runs the true, down-to-earth neighborliness that made "Old Hickory" Jackson and the yarn-spinning Abe Lincoln so dear to the hearts of this country.

Like them, he hates pretense. Destroys humbug. Like them he's just folks. If he doesn't like something, he tells the world about it. And we sit back and cheer the guy who has the nerve to say what we're scared to.

There's one bogus impression of Will Rogers I must first destroy—that he can't be interviewed. The quotes in this article are genuine, though Rogers really does not grant interviews very often in Hollywood. Not so much that Will minds being quoted—but he objects to being misquoted.

The quickest way to arouse his dander is to tell him you've heard he doesn't talk to reporters because he can sell his jokes. When he goes on the road for lectures, he receives reporters. And he talks. His American sense of fair play rules these interviews. He gives everyone the same thing. Doesn't play favorites with the paper that runs his column.

Back in Hollywood Rogers is more reticent.

Perhaps he dislikes the silly questions hurled at movie stars. Or perhaps it's the sentiment he voiced when he said: "When I die, I'm going to have on my tombstone: 'Here lies Will Rogers—not responsible for all the bum gags the publicity department has pinned on me.'"

What kind of a man is this? To continue, Will, or—as he is known to his friends—Bill, will be fifty-five on November fourth. He was born in Oologah, Indian territory, and a thing of which he is very proud is the Rogers Hotel in his home town, Claremore, Oklahoma.

He's kind of leathery and weatherbeaten, weighs two hundred pounds in the raw (which surprises most folks). Nobody tries to push him around. The only one that ever succeeded was a ferocious steer, which left a twelve-inch scar on his waist. "He was a tough baby," comments Rogers.

He has a blue suit and a brown one and his pressing bills are the lowest in the nation. He wears these suits on the road or to parties. Will may wear a dress suit in an occasional picture, but away from the studio his greatest concession to Hollywood style is to button

up his shirt and wear a black bow tie with a dark coat.

In Hollywood you're likely to see him sliding from behind the wheel of his car and ducking into a lunch stand for a bowl of chili and beans. At such a time he looks like a cow-hand—with boots, blue dungarees, open shirt, and probably a leather jacket. When he balks at posing for still pictures, the photographer usually quiets Rogers by promising a dish of chili.

LIKE most Americans, Rogers is an indulgent father. He's proud of his son, Will, Jr., who's going to Stanford, and [of son Jimmy, who attends a boys' school about thirty miles from Los Angeles.

Like their father, they're polo enthusiasts. Rogers admits to no favorites, though he may be soft on Jimmy.

"When it comes to picking the horses, Jimmy usually gets his choice," observes Rogers. "And whatever horses he gets he usually makes them look the best."

He's also proud of daughter Mary, who looks more like a movie star than her father. When she recently returned from a road tour with "Reunion in Vienna," he was asked what he thought of her going on the stage.

"What has a parent got to say about anything like that?" he parried. "I'm in the same business."

While at home any place, he's not too keen on fashionable society. One Sunday, on the pitch and putt golf course on his Santa Monica Canyon ranch, Mary Rogers' niblick drove a ball between the eyes of a young social light and stretched him out cold on the turf.

The next day Rogers was absent, in the city, until night. His family figured he must have been busy buying some sort of guest insurance. But when Mary unwrapped the package her father brought home, she found it contained a dozen new drivers.

Rogers is a restless individual with the spirit of the pioneer cowboy surging through his blood. He never has to stop and think up something to do next. There are always a dozen things he'd like to do. Some years ago he barnstormed about the country, lecturing in sixty cities in as many nights.

After completing a picture last summer he jumped off to Europe and flew through Asia. In the middle of a production, he's just as likely as not to hop an airplane for an appearance on Sunday, thousands of miles away, and show up for work on the dot Monday.

His latest excursion in quest of adventure left Hollywood breathless. Stifling a desire to take a ten weeks' airplane tour of Russia and Africa, he announced his intention of essaying his first dramatic stage rôle—that of the father in the West Coast presentation of Eugene O'Neill's great play, "Ah, Wilderness."

CYNICS tried to imagine Rogers improving on Eugene O'Neill's lines. He killed that thought quickly. "I wouldn't think of trying to change a word."

Rogers explained that his return to the stage is a fulfillment of a long restrained desire.

"I want to get back, just for a while. Getting back on the stage now and then is good for a person; it keeps them on their toes.

"Some people can't figure me playing any part that George M. Cohan played. But, as a matter of fact, this 'Ah, Wilderness' in some ways is just like lots of pictures I've made. It's about a plain family man and his troubles, not a lot different from *David Harum*.

"I don't know whether I can get away with



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Ever hear of "cathartic constipation?" Some laxatives cause it. They work by irritating the membranes of the digestive tract—and when taken regularly lose their effect. Soon the laxative-constipation habit has you in its grip!

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it, or whether I'll be a flop, but I'm certainly going to try it for all I'm worth."

And just to show he is worth plenty, he packed theaters like they haven't been packed on the Pacific Coast in years.

But because he won't improve on O'Neill, don't imagine he follows scripts *verbatim*. His pet abomination is what he calls "A B C directors—the kind who want you to stick in every comma, if and but. I won't do it. It isn't natural. People don't talk that way in real life."

ROGERS' penchant for improving scripts demoralized Peggy Wood, featured with him in "Handy Andy." She had been used to memorizing her lines ahead of time. But with Rogers she gave up.

"I don't even look at my lines until an hour or two before I'm going to speak them, because Will Rogers is quite likely to speak lines the scenarist never thought of. That makes me change my dialogue. If I get definitely 'up' on certain lines, I can't just forget them and say something else.

"So I just wait and hear what Will says and then try to fit the script's dialogue to it. The result is sparkingly fresh conversation. No one else in the world but Will Rogers could do it."

Rogers, on the spur of the moment, invented one of the best laughs in "Handy Andy." Coming to him in jail, the script called for Peggy Wood to say: "I've got to get you out."

"Get me out," *ad libbed* Rogers, with a look that suggested it was unnecessary: "I've already whittled out my gun."

Again, during the same picture, he was supposed to be taking golf lessons. The professional grabbed Rogers' arm during the course of the swing. Turning to him, Rogers improvised: "I had no idea golf was such an affectionate game."

Rogers' independence makes him stand out as one of the few persons Hollywood hasn't been able to train.

He has simplified the picture acting business to the point where he makes it appear ridiculously easy. He doesn't bother with rehearsals. He doesn't study dialogue.

He doesn't use a dressing-room. If clothes are to be changed, he does it in his car or behind

a set.

The only thing that makes him fighting mad is to be around a set with nothing to do. He doesn't mind reporting for work on time but he dislikes being called at an early hour and then waiting—sometimes an unavoidable situation.

He economizes on time by sleeping anywhere, any time, and waking up with a wise-crack.

His office is the portable typewriter he carries in his car. While waiting on the set, he reads every paper from cover to cover.

Between noon and two o'clock he concentrates more intently, and at that time writes his column for the newspapers. If he's busy, he sometimes puts it off to four—but not often.

Rogers remembers his better jokes. When this writer commented on his favorite, "The way to cure the traffic problem is to keep off the streets the automobiles that ain't paid for," he smiled appreciatively and replied: "And I liked the one, 'This country may need a good five cent cigar, but it also needs a place where man can park his car.'"

Though one of "us folks," Rogers' favorite diversion is the millionaire pastime, polo. His penchant for this game, and for flying, has given the Fox studio officials gray hairs. But they're helpless before the stubborn determination of Rogers to do as he pleases.

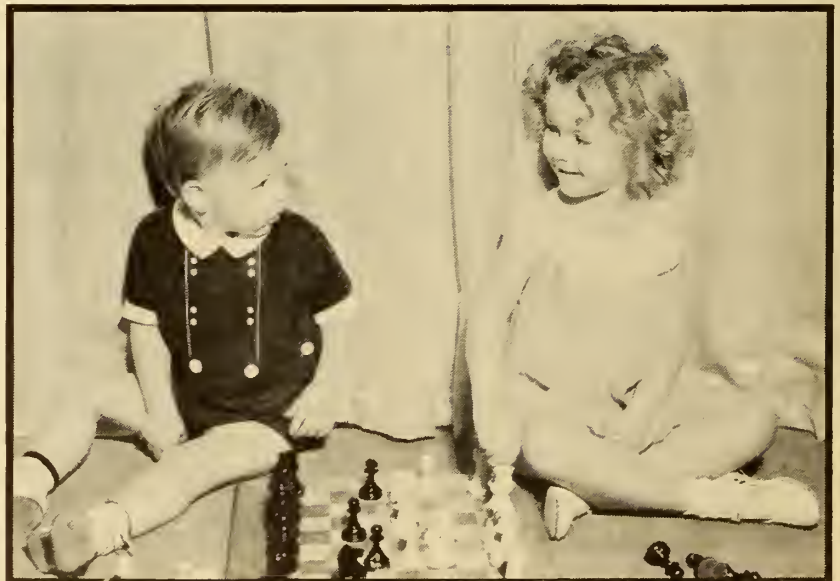
HIS love of horses, dating back to his cowboy days, led him into polo. He had borrowed two horses from J. A. Wigmore, Cleveland millionaire and polo enthusiast, to enter a goat roping contest.

When Rogers tried to buy the horses, Wigmore refused, saying he could have the ponies if he'd come to Midwick and learn to play "stick and ball."

Rogers' interest, once aroused, never waned. He now has a polo field and could have a three goal ranking if he desired.

It is Rogers' opinion that in the not too distant future, polo will become as popular as baseball is today.

"Of course, it isn't easy for a great many boys to pay what it costs to get the right kind of horses, but we're steadily getting more and more polo players in the country, and the



Just one more move out of Shirley Temple, and Baby LeRoy is going to start throwing things! He was having a good time by himself, playing with *all* the chessmen at once, when Shirley horned in

game some day will be within the reach of almost everyone."

During the filming of "Handy Andy," he took one of the worst spills of the season, though he discounted the seriousness of his fall at the Riviera Field.

"I bumped into another rider, and it threw me off balance. I knew I was going overboard, so I tried to step off just like you do in a pony express change and I thought maybe I could keep my feet. I was wrong."

Rogers rolled over and over, the horse's feet miraculously missing him. Will got up, ran after his mount, played the rest of the game, scoring five goals to star in his team's victory.

AS an onlooker later, he saw Cecil Smith, Texas player, knocked from his horse when the ball struck his knee. As Smith lay still for a long time on the far side of the field, a man turned to Rogers and said, "Think he broke his leg, Mr. Rogers?"

"Dunno," replied Rogers. "Take a pretty good doctor to tell that from here."

With all his activities, picture making, radio, writing and traveling, Rogers leads a well ordered life—despite the countless requests for him to act as toastmaster at banquets. He ducks all he can, but every time he sees a publicity man coming he calls, "Whar's the benefit?"

Rogers really has Hollywood baffled. It's scared he won't come and scared he will. He doesn't spare anyone. But in banquet speeches he carries on as always, hewing to the line that has brought him success—striving to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the least number of words.

A lot of folks have attempted to match wits with the sage of Santa Monica Canyon to their regret. At a recent Chamber of Commerce banquet in Beverly Hills, the "ex-mayor" of that community was the victim of considerable ribbing by the speakers, including Frank Merriam, Lieutenant-Governor of California. Merriam complained that Rogers' conversation with a lady at his right made it difficult for other guests to hear what Merriam was saying.

"I apologize," said Rogers mildly. "You see I was just asking the lady on my right who was the distinguished speaker, and she did not know so she had to ask the party next to her, and it went on that way all around the table. You'll just have to blame it all on the ignorance of the guests as to the identity of the distinguished speaker."

If Rogers accepted every invitation to speak that he receives, he wouldn't even have breakfast to himself. But despite his many refusals, particularly to those whom he thinks are attempting to capitalize on his name, he makes a surprising number of appearances. And he works tirelessly to give a perfect performance.

THOUGH it isn't generally known, Will Rogers almost lost his life as a result of a trip to Pomona to address some high school baseball players. On the way home, tired from his drive and picture work, he went to sleep at the wheel. He woke up with a start and found his car off the road, its radiator against an embankment on the side.

But such a narrow escape doesn't mean so much to Rogers. At fifty-four he's as young as any boy of eighteen—just as eagerly excited about his next airplane trip, polo game, or long drive.

For some time a magazine has been after Rogers to write his biography.

"Pshaw," he says, "I'm too young to write the story of my life."



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The Man You Want

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

"Women want certain things in marriage—companionship, a home and children; or security, the right to a title and a front seat in the lap o' luxury—or maybe just love, plain and fancy. Then make up your mind, first of all, as to just what you want—and *don't kid yourself!* Maybe you'll find you don't want marriage at all. It's possible, you know. Better get yourself straight on this at the beginning. It'll save a lot of lawyer's fees later on!

"**H**OW do you go about knowin' what type a man is?

"It's simple. Let me show you.

"Say you go to a dance and meet a man who seems mighty attractive to you. He makes a date with you. You start going out 'steady,' as the phrase is. Just naturally, the talk gets around to love—and marriage—and you (if you know what's good for you) keep pretty quiet. You get his views. Men, I have found, aren't nearly as apt to say things they don't mean as women. If they don't get their cue they usually tell the truth. That's your chance!

"He'll either confide in you that he wants a home and three kids—two boys and a girl, maybe—and a little car. Or he'll give you a line about how marriage is all right, in its way, but it just isn't his way. Or he'll tell you how lonesome he's been (and this type will probably be a lot older than the others), and how he craves companionship for his long, lonely evenings in front of the fireplace in his carpet slippers. Of course, they won't say it just in those words—but that's what it'll amount to.

"And that's the time to do some mental arithmetic!

"**J**UST what *are* you looking for? If you want a home, some kids of your own and a pretty loyal husband, then take that first guy. If you like men yourself and are broadminded about the way your husband spends his evenings—and if he finally gets around to offering matrimony—then the second one'll do for you; though you mustn't get the idea you can change him *after* marriage. Maybe he'll change—and maybe he won't. But don't put your money on it—win, place or show. If, on the other hand, you've seen a little of life yourself and find that it's not much fun to spend your time waitin' around for a man's free evenings . . . that you're still catchin' all the bridal bouquets, but haven't caught a groom yet, then the security this third man offers is something you can afford to spare a few minutes considerin'.

"In talkin' to so many people in this kind of an intimate talk I have to set down certain general ideas. Some of them'll apply to your case—and some of them will give the girl next door somethin' to think about. In order to help you find your type and to sidestep some of the pitfalls that are avoidable, I'd suggest you listen to a little reason along the following lines:

DON'T marry a man to reform him—that's what reform schools are for.

DON'T be suspicious or unnecessarily jealous—it just gives a man ideas.

DON'T keep a man guessin' *too* long

—he's sure to get the answer somewhere else.

DON'T give up all your boy friends for one man—you may need them when he forgets to call.

DON'T ape the movie stars—your sweetheart fell in love with you.

DON'T think a career will replace love—Eden's more fun than a noiseless typewriter.

DON'T come crawlin' to a man for love—he likes to get a run for his money.

DON'T believe all a man tells you—he probably doesn't himself.

DON'T cry for a man who's left you—the next one may fall for your smile.

DON'T sacrifice too much for a man—he never enjoyed anything more than giving up a rib!

"And here are a few hints which may open the door to your happiness:

To hold a man's love—keep lovin' him.

Keep your youth—there's more calls for sixteen than sixty.

Men like to be praised—never miss an opportunity.

Look your best—who said love's blind?

Be amiable—men don't like to be crossed—or double-crossed.

Kiss and make up—but too much make-up has ruined many a kiss.

Cultivate your curves—they may be dangerous but they won't be avoided!

Brains are an asset to the woman in love who's smart enough to hide 'em!

Be regular—there isn't any competition against the girl who's regular.

What's the use of talkin'—actions speak louder than words!

"I've had lots of friendships with men in my life and I think the public has a pretty good idea of *my* type of man after seein' me in my pictures. I've never been very vague about it—'tall, dark 'n' handsome.'

"Of all things there's nothin' sadder than a woman afraid of love. The homes of relatives are cluttered up with such disappointed, embittered, old-young women—who didn't know love ain't no sin! They've missed up on the best things of life—a home of their own, admiration, the beauty of contentment—because of some silly, old-fashioned notions that have kept them from being themselves—from holdin' hands over a rustic fence with a freckle-faced boy—or kissin' a handsome young sailor lad near a waterfall when the stars hung low!

"**L**OVE ain't no sin—like the world, it's the people in it, and it's what makes the wheels go 'round!

"I've always contended the right place for a woman is in a man's arms—but a man whose lovin' can make her believe a three-year-old coat is better than a new mink. When he can do that—well, as they say in Hollywood—'He's just the type!'"

The Fan Club Corner

MANY fan club delegates are preparing to attend the second annual convention of movie fan clubs, sponsored by The Movie Club Guild, to be held in Chicago, August 11, 12 and 13. The program follows:

Saturday, August 11th

1:30—Registration of delegates—PHOTOPLAY Magazine office, Room 1129, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3:30—Visit to Lincoln Park.

4:30—Trip to Chinatown.

7:30—WLS Barn Dance—or Theater Party. (WLS Barn Dance reservations must be made in advance.)

Sunday, August 12th

10:30 A. M.—Meeting of all delegates for visit to A Century of Progress. Special visit to Hollywood at the Fair.

Monday, August 13th

12:00 A. M.—Luncheon.

7:00 P. M.—Theater Party.

10:00 P. M.—Dancing Party.

Many important questions regarding fan club activities will be discussed during the business sessions of the convention, and the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs extends a hearty welcome to all delegates.

Lenore Heidorn, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill., is Chairman of Arrangements for the convention.

THE Agnes Ayres Fan Club is planning some very interesting new contests, prizes to be donated by Miss Ayres, herself. The club headquarters have been moved to 955 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill. A copy of the club's publication, "Stardust," will be sent to all Agnes Ayres fans interested in joining this club.

Miss Florence Scafidi, secretary of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., writes: "You scrapbook fans have a splendid opportunity to increase your collection through our club clipping bureau." Interested Rogers fans are invited to write her for more information.

The president of the John Boles Music Club writes: "All John Boles fans interested in hearing about Lillian Musgrave's visit to John Boles' home in Beverly Hills, and her good luck in meeting Mr. and Mrs. John Boles and family, should write to her at 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn."

Helen Raether, president of the Lew Ayres Fan Club, sends in the first issue of the club bulletin, "The Telescope." It is an interesting little club paper. All Lew Ayres fans are asked to write Miss Raether at 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes: "Our club is making plans to issue a club news magazine in early winter. This will be published every three months. It will contain departments of much interest to all Tom Brown enthusiasts. Please tell other club officials to send me copies of their bulletins." Mr. Cedrone's address is 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

Glenna Riley, 149 S. 7th St., New Castle, Ind., is the new president of the Chevalier-MacDonald Fan Club. She is taking over the duties of Mrs. Eva White, a staunch fan club worker, who has accepted the post of honorary president of her chapter. All Chevalier and MacDonald fans write her.

WHAT MODERN MOTHERS TELL WORRIED DAUGHTERS ABOUT GRAY HAIR



"What's the matter with you lately, Ruth? Every-time you comb your hair you act as if you've lost your last friend."



"But look how gray my hair is getting. I'm not that old. And I don't like it a bit . . . but what can I do?"



"Gray hairs are nothing to get upset about, Ruth. I know a simple, safe way to end your gray hair—lots of women use it."

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- 1 Empty a capsule of powder into a plain water glass.
- 2 Then pour a little of Mary T. Goldman's colorless liquid over the powder and mix the two.
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WOMEN by the thousands are turning to the new Mary T. Goldman's to find real freedom from gray. Requests for the famous Free Single Lock Test have come pouring in. For this improved way makes coloring gray hair simple, safe, economical. It can be done at home. No experience needed nor "skin test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it harmless to hair

and scalp. No matter what the natural shade of your hair, you can bring youthful color with all the warm lustre of nature's own. We'll send you FREE the Single Lock Test package. You can prove results by trying it on a small lock snipped from your hair. Or get a full-sized bottle from your druggist on money back guarantee. FOR FREE TEST—MAIL COUPON.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Fretuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rameau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

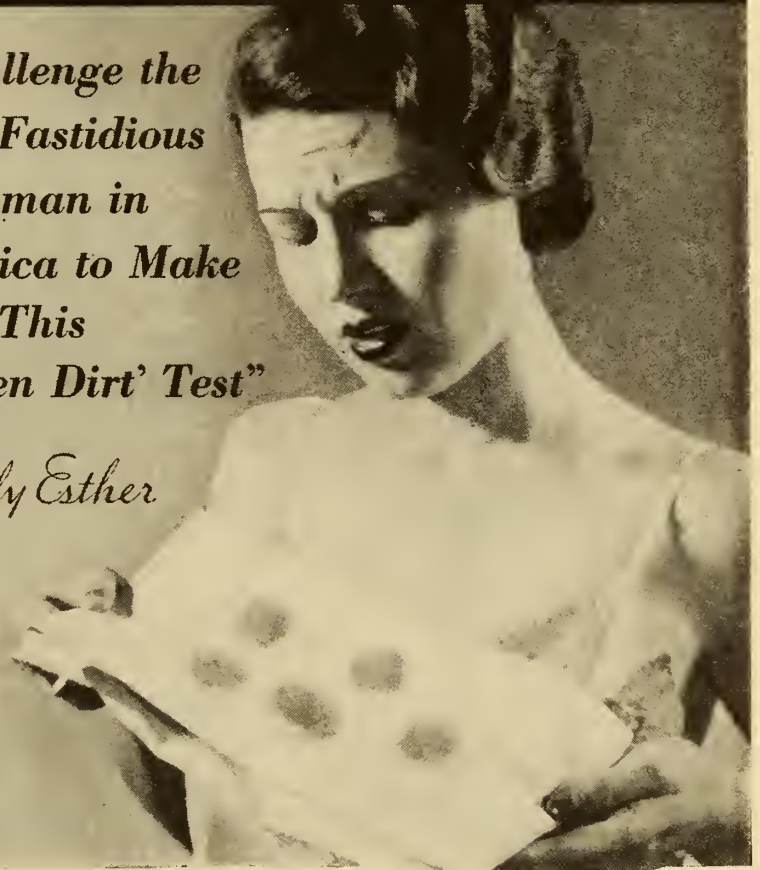
MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

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MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "bid" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-clia dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, hut the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—The story is beautifully handled, and Grace Moore's glorious voice will be a treat for all music lovers. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)



That elderly roué with his hairy cheek against Diana Wynyard's luscious shoulder really isn't what he seems. It's just handsome young Ted Newton in a masquerade get-up, appearing in "Let's Try Again"

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (March)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiance, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

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SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot King Kong much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deeping's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit Stingaree, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's

engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism and fantasy. Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.— Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the Turner family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, TIE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exonerated, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prizefighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

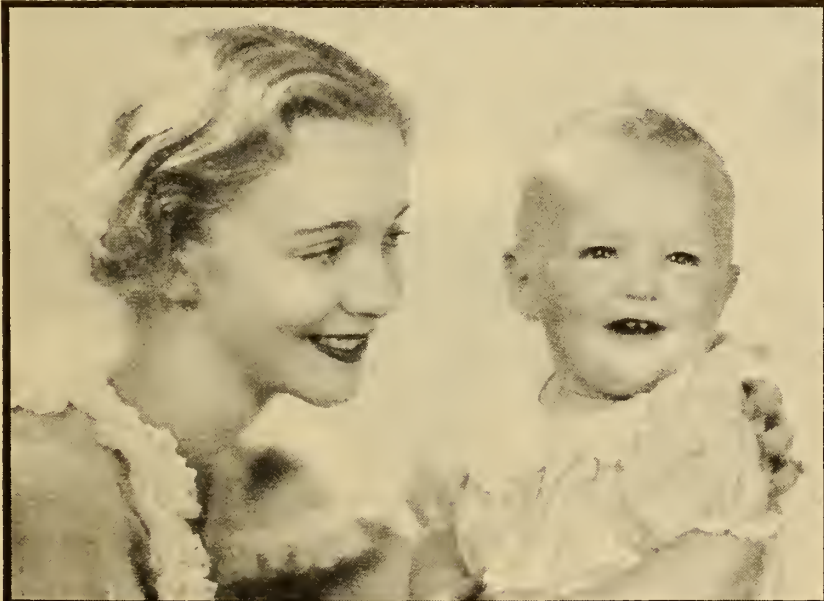
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

"THE great players and play-makers of tomorrow will interpret and write for the screen." (PHOTOPLAY editorial, September, 1919.) Great or near-great, there are few hold-outs today. Fifteen years ago, Alec B. Francis, middle-aged, mellowed by an impressive stage career, a genuine love of music and a good pipe, had already been in movies seven years. (He died in July).



Alec B. Francis

That prophetic issue carried lots of fascinating stories about Anita Stewart, William Desmond and his bride, Mary McIvor, Clara Horton, David Butler, Charles Hutchison, Pathe's scientific stunt man, and Enid Markey. PHOTOPLAY was making its public director-conscious. There were intimate sketches of James Cruze, directing Wallace Reid, and Paul Scardon, Harry T. Morey's megaphone pilot.

Bebe Daniels quit capering opposite young Harold Lloyd and moved over to Lasky's for dramatic parts. Mary Miles Minter's new Realart contract was said to assure her \$1,300,000 over a three-year period. Pearl White, abdicating as the Pathe serial queen, signed with Fox for dramatic features. Boyish Dick Barthelmess had raised a mustache for his next Griffith film.

Rex Beach was in the movie game to supervise production of his novels. We noted editorially: "There is a most extraordinary reaction everywhere against the 'war story.'" Superior pictures were Chaplin's "Sunnyside," "The Avalanche" (Elsie Ferguson), "Better Times" (Zasu Pitts), "The Spark Divine" (Alice Joyce), "Secret Service" (Robert Warwick). The beauty on the cover—Mary Thurman.

10 Years Ago

BLANCHE SWEET, ill and in retirement for years, was acclaimed for her comeback via the "Anna Christie" route, with "a new charm, a new power." (After 1925, Miss Sweet's rally collapsed. She has not been seen at all on the screen since 1930, and lives quietly in New York.) Much more famous than when we wrote him up in 1919, James Cruze had not forgotten a needy old friend who "knew him when." Luke Cosgrave, paternal partner of Cruze's youthful barnstorming, told how the director had recently lifted him from "wagon stock" obscurity to good rôles in Hollywood. Nita Naldi, an outstanding vamp, dieted off twenty pounds. Chaplin at last had found a leading lady to supplant Edna Purviance. She was unknown Lita Grey. He said she had "the



Blanche Sweet

spark." And how the spark did fly! Charlie's "ex," Mildred Harris, was about to realize a lifetime ambition—going to Europe to study and entertain. "The Diplomat of Hollywood" was Kathlyn Williams' title. Possibly because she was the first to charm Pola Negri. It will be recalled that she was apt at charming tigresses in the serial days. Robert W. Frazer, whom Pola called "the perfect lover," was "Hollywood's champion radio bug." Dustin Farnum was divorcing. The six best pictures: "Babbitt" (Willard Louis), "The Arab" (Ramon Novarro), "Being Respectable" (Irene Rich), "Manhandled" (Gloria Swanson), "Captain January" (Hobart Bosworth), and "The Perfect Flapper," with Colleen Moore, who was also the cover girl.

5 Years Ago

GARBO went vacationing, "maybe to avoid meeting Gilbert," who wed Ina Claire. Greta was to do one more silent, then her talking "Anna Christie." Unknown Virginia Bruce got a Paramount contract. Dustin Farnum died. The following night his brother, William, pulled himself together for a stage comeback. Ora Carew was now known as Joana Hokkan. Mary and Doug were making "The Taming of the Shrew." The best pictures included "The Hollywood Revue of 1929" (M-G-M all-star cast), "The Single Standard" (Garbo), "Drag" (Barthelmess), "The Greene Murder Case" (William Powell), "Paris Bound" (Ann Harding), and "The Dance of Life," with the late Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll, whose red locks gave color to our cover. Maurice Chevalier



Nancy Carroll

was an idol over here after making one bad Hollywood film, "Innocents of Paris." Personality! Matty Kemp, Buddy Rogers, and Grant Withers were the principal Hollywood beaux. Quotations: Lila "Cuddles" Lee, now grown-up: "I don't want to be a sweet soul with a ga-ga heart." Myrna Loy: "I could never have been a leading lady in silent pictures." William Haines: "At heart I am not a wise-cracker." The first musical film boom pushed ahead full speed. Louis Silvers, Buddy De Sylva, and many other composers mined Hollywood gold. All big producers had annexed song publishing houses. John Boles, with a broad musical background, was hoisted to prominence by sound, after months of Hollywood indifference. Bebe Daniels was a singing sensation.

The Miseries of Nudism

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

more consistently sick and miserable in my life. I had one cold after another. I was never without a snuffle, but always without a handkerchief, for where could I carry a handkerchief in that costume without appearing overdressed. I was never without an ache or a pain.

"I was never completely and comfortably warm, and I was never, never, never without a bite from one of those da—those monkeys. I always had the same average—one fresh bite, one about half-healed, and one scar.

"I LOVED the baby monkeys. They're darling and lots of fun. But the adults are mean, and whenever the action called for one of them to come running toward me and tell me something about *Tarzan*, I just had to grit my chattering teeth and pray. It always meant another bite, some place.

"It took us a year to make the picture, you know. And I just chalk it up as three hundred and sixty-five days of unexcelled discomfort. And even leaving the monkeys out of it, I wouldn't be a nudist for anything. Even now, in the middle of summer, I sometimes stand and shiver at the remembrance of those freezing days and nights in that calico wisp before the camera, and send up thanks that I am fully and warmly dressed again.

"No sharp twigs, no roots, no razor-backed trees, no ice water, no mosquitoes, no flies, no gnats.

"The theory of nudism is all right—if there is no snake. It worked perfectly in the Garden of Eden, until the snake came along and said, 'Yah! Yah! You're naked!'

"Right then and there, women began to figure out ways and means of appearing attractive, though clothed.

"And every woman today knows that if she is dressed in a gown that has a high collar and a skirt that swirls down around the ankles, the entire ensemble leaving everything to the imagination, she is much more attractive and mysterious than if she were in a *Tarzan* costume. A dress conceals a multitude of defects."

I contemplated in my mind's eye *Tarzan's* mate all wrapped around in cotton batting and sewed up for the winter. The picture was disappointing, and carried with it a sort of mummified dullness.

"I'll tell you one thing," she said. "If there really is a definite trend toward nudism, I don't think it will do a bit of harm. But if I were in charge of things, I would have a board of censorship which could perch critically on the necessary æsthetic plane to differentiate between those who are beautiful enough to appear in public without any clothes on, and those who would disfigure the landscape."

SHE paused and regarded the pitiful remains of her handsome lunch.

"They say," she remarked thoughtfully, "that they might make another 'Tarzan.' But after 'The Barretts' is finished I'll make 'Hide Out,' then I am going back to Ireland for a visit. You know, I'm awfully glad I came to Hollywood in the first place, even if I have been uncomfortable, but I'll never be a big success in pictures.

"You have to be a freak of nature to be a

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film star—something extraordinary, mentally, emotionally or physically. And I *know* I'll never go very far with the 'Tarzan's.' Every one of my eight fans took the trouble to write to me and to tell me how unsuited I was for the part, and how badly I looked in the costume, and how I should be ashamed of myself. I haven't anything for the screen. I'm not a freak of nature. I'm just average and human."

I ignored it all with the exception of Ireland. You can't do a thing with modesty like that.

"What do the Irish think of nudism?" I asked.

"They don't think of it," she said. "Ireland is too cold."

She looked at the clock on the wall.

"Well, well, duty calls," she informed me. "I must go to be on the set on time. I'm allowing myself fifteen minutes to get out of here because, you see, I shall have to work against the current."

THE two waiters and Johnny Farrow gallantly hoisted her out of her chair. She stood wavering for a moment, overcome by the ballast.

Then she got a slant on the door and achieved a slight momentum.

"Shall I crack a bottle of champagne over you?" I asked.

"You're too late. I'm launched," she said.

Slowly, majestically, the great ship broke loose from her moorings. Inexorably, it began to glide down the track toward the open sea.

"What do you think of nudism now?" I called after her.

"Well, it has its points," she said, brushing a director's table aside lightly.

Fifteen minutes later she stood poised and triumphant at the threshold. The commissary was a shambles, but Ireland's navy was unscathed.

Women Must Be Amused

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

Bill paused to welcome two more architects and a scenario writer. The rest were already there. He is about to perform in another picture. He is in the throes of building a house.

He is looking for a boat to charter for a vacation cruise. Another man arrived, armed with alluring photographs and descriptions of boats. Bill is a permanent welcome committee.

HE bought Hobart Bosworth's house and decided to make a few changes. When he finished having ideas, there was nothing left standing but a fireplace, chimney and the foundation. So he (and forty-seven other people) are now at work building a Georgian house on the Spanish foundation. Isn't that just like a man? Always wanting to change things.

"Thought I'd marry a house for a change," Bill tossed in an aside from a discussion as to where he will put the Acropolis when Billy Haines brings it back from Greece.

"I've married a lot of women—well, two—and I thought a house might be more permanent. Right now it's very difficult for me to talk about love, except architecturally, be-

cause my love-life is almost entirely absorbed by the house. . . . Now here, at this end of the swimming-pool," Powell turns to Architect III, "I want a group of trees with sex-appeal. Graceful, languid, cool-looking. Not crisp or active, or trees that make you *think*. Sort of tired and willing, sleepy—soft little gentle sounds—trees to relax with . . ." That ought to give you some idea about Bill.

"I FULLY anticipate being the successful lover of this house," Bill explained with a suave Powell look, especially effective in a pair of red shorts, "because I expect to combine humor with underlying stability. I always think of the house as feminine, and I am going to give it the most tender and devoted care.

"In the first place, everything is being paid for as we go along. I think women are apt to suspect a man's sense of humor if he doesn't pay his debts. My house will never have to worry over the bills for her façade, her patio, or her plumbing. A woman in debt always has so much defiance mixed with her gaiety.

"I shall prove that my sense of humor is *substantial* by having her pantry always well-stocked. You can be as humorous as you like, but it won't amuse a hungry woman. That reminds me, excuse me a moment."

His voice on the telephone drifted back into the garden—"Russian Eagle? Table for two, eight o'clock. Blini and Shaslik. Powell."

And Kathryn Sergava, the lovely little Russian actress in the one-piece bathing-suit, sunning herself in the Powell patio, smiled with pleased serenity.

Theodor, the infallible Powell butler, arrived with a drink for the most recent dropper-inner (this goes on all the time), and proved that his master's sense of humor must be contagious.

It was an enormous drink—half a tumbler full—with water on the side.

"But, but—I just wanted a small-waisted high-ball," protested the flattered and flabbergasted guest.

"Oh, pardon sir," said Theodor, removing it. "I thought you were from Connecticut!"

We don't know what Connecticut has to do with it—but it seemed a good answer at the time.

"And then," Bill jumped back, abandoning architecture for a short moment, "there is always one woman that every man can love successfully. When he branches out, it requires that he be adaptable and persevering. He has to seem entirely natural, no matter what kind of a performance he is required to give.

"Every experience alters his opinion. Situations one approached with assurance at twenty are bafflers later on. You have far less conviction as you learn more. The channel widens until the shore is invisible on both sides.

"A SENSE of humor is imperative when a lady says 'no.'

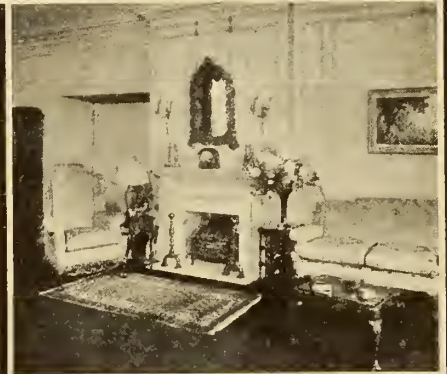
"You need it more when she says 'yes'—or when she implies it, since the sages inform us that no lady says 'yes.' But you can tell!

"When she does say it, sometimes you're so surprised you run like fury. Sometimes you marry the poor girl—to her infinite regret. Probably out of fatigue she has given the fatal word. But how are you to know?

"Personally, it would seem to me that the time a man most desperately needs a sense of humor is when the lady's husband walks in—and then walks out, saying, 'She's all yours, my boy. Take her, with my blessing.'

"That's a very tough one to laugh off!"

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALONG CAME SALLY"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story by Tim Whelan. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *Sally Bird*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Mademoiselle Zaza*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Michael "King" Kelly*, Sam Hardy; *Queenie*, Phyllis Clare; *Billy*, Billy Milton; *Casino*, Ben Weldon; *Little Joe*, Enrico Naldi; *Joan*, Ann Hope; *Madison*, Ivor McLaren; *Percy*, Rex Evans; *Tubby*, Tubby Cipeen; *"Gloves" Clarke*, Hartley Power.

"ARE WE CIVILIZED?"—RASPIN PROD.—From the story by Harold Sherman. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Paul Franklin, Sr.*, William Farnum; *Norma Bockner*, Anita Louise; *Abraham Lincoln*, Frank McGlynn; *Feliz Bockner*, Frank McGlynn; *Paul Franklin, Jr.*, LeRoy Mason; *Dr. Leonard Gear*, Oscar Apfel; *Col. Saller*, Stuart Holmes; *Moses*, Alin Cavin; *Buddha*, Conrad Siderman; *Confucius*, Sidney T. Pink; *Caesar*, Harry Burkhart; *Christ*, Charles Requa; *Mohammed*, J. C. Fowler; *Christopher Columbus*, Bert Lindley; *George Washington*, Aaron Edwards; *Napoleon*, William Humphries.

"BABY TAKE A BOW"—FOX.—From the story by Philip Klein and E. E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Shirley*, Shirley Temple; *Eddie Ellison*, James Dunn; *Kay Ellison*, Claire Trevor; *Welch*, Alan Dinehart; *Larry Scott*, Ray Walker; *Jane*, Dorothy Libaire; *Trigger Stone*, Ralf Harold; *Flannigan*, James Flavin; *Mr. Carson*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Carson*, Oliver Tell.

"BACHELOR BAIT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edward and Victor Halperin. Screen play by Glenn Tryon. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Wilbur Fess*, Stuart Erwin; *Linda*, Rochelle Hudson; *Allie Summers*, Pert Kelton; *Ivan Dusen*, Skeets Gallagher; *Big Barney*, Berton Churchill; *Don Belden*, Grady Sutton; *District Attorney*, Clarence H. Wilson.

"BLACK MOON"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Clements Ripley. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Lane*, Jack Holt; *Gail*, Fay Wray; *Juanita*, Dorothy Burgess; *Nancy*, Cora Sue Collins; *Dr. Perez*, Earnold Korff; *Lunch*, Clarence Muse; *Anna*, Eleanor Wesselhoelt; *Ruwa*, Madame Sul-te-wan; *Kala*, Lawrence Criner; *Macklin*, Lumsden Hare.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE"—FOX.—Based on the novel "The Chinese Parrot" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by George Hadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Paula Graham*, Druce Leyton; *Bob Crawford*, Donald Woods; *J. P. Madden*, Paul Harvey; *Marlin Thorne*, Murray Kinnell; *Professor Gamble*, Harvey Clark.

"CLEOPATRA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Waldemar Young and Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by C. B. DeMille. The cast: *Cleopatra*, Claudette Colbert; *Julius Caesar*, Warren William; *Marc Antony*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Calpurnia*, Gertrude Michael; *Herod*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Octavian*, Ian Keith; *Enobarbus*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Cassius*, Ian MacLaren; *Brutus*, Arthur Hohl; *Pothinos*, Leonard Mudie; *Appollodorus*, Irving Pichel; *Octavia*, Claudia Dell; *Charmian*, Eleanor Phelps; *Drusus*, John Rutherford; *Iras*, Grace Durkin; *Achillas*, Robert Warwick; *Casca*, Edwin Maxwell; *Circero*, Charles Morris; *The Soothsayer*, Harry Beresford.

"DR. MONICA"—WARNERS.—From the play by Marja Morozowicz Szepekowska. Screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Dr. Monica*, Kay Francis; *Anna Verree*, Teasdale; *Mary*, Jean Muir; *John*, Warren William; *Louise*, Virginia Pine; *Mr. Peltinghill*, Herbert Bunson; *Mrs. Hazlett*, Ann Shoemaker; *Burton*, Phillip Reed; *Mrs. Monahan*, Emma Dunn; *Mrs. Chandor*, Virginia Hammond; *Dr. Brent*, Hale Hamilton.

"GRAND CANARY"—FOX.—From the novel by A. J. Cronin. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Dr. Harvey Leith*, Warner Baxter; *Lady Mary Fielding*, Madge Evans; *Daisy Hemmingway*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Susan Tranter*, Zita Johann; *Jimmie Corcoran*, Roger Imhof; *Dr. Ismay*, H. B. Warner; *Robert Tranter*, Barry Norton; *Elissa Baynham*, Juliette Compton; *Captain Renton*, Gilbert Emery; *Troul*, John Rogers; *Steward*, Gerald Rogers; *Purser*, Desmond Roberts; *Marquesa*, Carrie Daumery.

"HEART SONG"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Friedrich Hollaender. The cast: *Juliette*, Lillian Harvey; *The Duke*, Charles Boyer; *The Empress*, Mady Christians; *Didier*, Maurice Evans; *Arabella*, Friedel Schuster; *The Chamberlain*, Ernest Thesiger; *Offenbach*, Julius Falkenstein; *The Regimental Doctor*, Huntley Wright; *The Hospital Orderly*, Reginald Smith; *Marianne*, Ruth Maitland; *Elinne*, O. B. Clarence.

"HERE COMES THE NAVY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Al Cohn and Ben Markson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Chesty*, James Cagney; *Biff*, Pat O'Brien; *Dorothy*, Gloria Stuart; *Gladys*, Dorothy Tree; *Droopy*, Frank McHugh; *Executive Officer*, Willard Robertson; *Droopy's mother*, Maude Eburne; *Naval Commander Denny*, Robert Barrat.

"HIS GREATEST GAMBLE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Salisbury Field. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Harry Hervey. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Philip Eden*, Richard Dix; *Alice*, Dorothy Wilson; *Stephen*, Bruce Cabot; *Florence*, Erin O'Brien Moore; *Alice, as a child*, Edith Fellows; *Bernice*, Shirley Grey; *The Butler*, Leonard Carey; *Jenny*, Eily Malynn.



Helen Trenholme leaped from radio dramatic acting to a rôle opposite Warren William in Warners' "The Case of the Howling Dog"

"IT'S A BOY"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the story by Franz Arnold and Ernest Bach. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *Dudley Leake*, Edward Everett Horton; *James Skippell*, Leslie Henson; *Joe Piper*, Albert Burdon; *Anita Gunn*, Heather Thatcher; *Eustace Bogle*, Alfred Drayton; *Allister*, Robertson Hare; *Mary Bogle*, Wendy Barrie; *Mrs. Bogle*, Helen Hays; *Lillian*, Joyce Kirby; *Registrar*, J. H. Roberts.

"JANE EYRE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Charlotte Bronte. Adapted by Adele Comandini. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Jane Eyre*, Virginia Bruce; *Rochester*, Colin Clive; *Blanche Ingram*, Aileen Pringle; *Charles Craig*, Jameson Thomas; *Mrs. Fairfax*, Beryl Mercer; *Brockelhurst*, David Torrence; *Lord Ingram*, Lionel Belmore; *Daisy*, Joan Standing; *Adèle*, Edith Fellows; *Dr. Rivers*, Desmond Robert; *Grace Poole*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Reed*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Bessie*, Hylda Tyson; *Miss Temple*, Gretta Gould; *Bertha Rochester*, Claire DuBrey; *Lady Ingram*, Edith Kingdon; *Halliburton*, William Wagner; *Jeweler*, Olaf Hytten; *Minister*, William Burres; *Mary Lane*, Gail Kaye; *Jane, as a child*, Jean Darling; *John Reed*, Richard Quino; *Georgiana*, Anne Howard.

"LOST JUNGLE, THE"—MASCOT.—From the story by Colbert Clark and John Rathmell. Directed by Armand Schaefer and Dave Howard. The cast: *Clyde Beatty*, Clyde Beatty; *Ruth Robinson*, Cecilia Parker; *Larry Henderson*, Sid Saylor; *Sharkey*, Warner Richmond; *Kirby*, Wheeler Oakman; *Thompson*, Maston Williams; *Explorer*, J. Crauford Kent.

"LOUISIANA"—ROBERT MINTZ PROD.—From the story by J. Augustus Smith. Directed by Arthur Hoerl. The cast: *Laura Bowman*, Edna Barr, Lionel Monagas, J. Augustus Smith and Morris McKenny.

"MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR"—M-G-M.—From the play "Rear Car" by Edward E. Rose. Screen play by Ralph Spence, Edgar A. Woolf and Al Boasberg. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Scott*, Charles Ruggles; *Georgia*, Una Merkel; *Ruth*, Mary Carlisle; *Blake*, Russell Hardie; *Murray*, Porter Hall; *Manks*, Willard Robertson; *Carson*, Berton Churchill; *Allen*, Cliff Thompson; *Titus*, Snowflake.

"NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frederick Irving Anderson. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Frederick Irving Anderson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Sophie Lang*, Gertrude Michael; *Max Bernard*, (Sir Nigel Crane), Paul Cavanagh; *Inspector Parr*, Arthur Byron; *Aunt Nellie*, Alison Skipworth; *Peltz*, Leon Errol; *Capt. Thompson*, Ben Taggart; *Robin*, Norman Ainsley; *1st Jeweler*, Arthur Hoyt; *2nd Jeweler*, Edward McWade; *Countess Di Cesca*, Madame Jacoby; *Augustus Telfer*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *House Detective*, Del Henderson; *Floor-walker*, Stanhope Wheatcroft; *1st Clerk*, William Jeffries; *2nd Clerk*, Jack Mulhall; *3rd Clerk*, Perry Ivans; *4th Clerk*, Alphonse Martell; *French Marshall*, Lucio Villegas; *Oscar*, Adrian Rosley.

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Lester Cohen. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Philip Carey*, Leslie Howard; *Mildred*, Bette Davis; *Sally*, Frances Dee; *Nora*, Kay Johnson; *Griffiths*, Reginald Denny; *Miller*, Alan Hale; *Athelny*, Reginald Owen; *Dunsford*, Reginald Sheffield; *Dr. Jacobs*, Desmond Roberts.

"OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by J. P. McEvoy and Jack Cunningham. Adapted by Walter DeLeon and Garnett Weston. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *The Great McGonigle*, W. C. Fields; *Albert Pepperday*, Baby LeRoy; *Wally Livingston*, Joe Morrison; *Betty McGonigle*, Judith Allen; *Gump*, Tammany Young; *Cleopatra Pepperday*, Jan Duggan; *Dick Bronson*, Jack Mulhall; *Mr. Livingston*, Oscar Apfel; *Charles Lowell*, Joe Mills; *Bartley Neauville*, Samuel Ethridge; *Mother Mack*, Emma Ray; *Agatha Sprague*, Ruth Marion; *Mr. Wendelschaffer*, Otis Harlan; *Mrs. Wendelschaffer*, Nora Cecil; *Sheriff Brown*, Richard Carl; *Sheriff Jones*, Lew Kelly; *Pullman Porter*, Oscar Smith; *Conductor*, Edward J. LeSaint; *Passenger*, Davison Clark; *Bertha*, Dorothy Bay; *Waitress*, Maxine Elliott Hicks . . . Cast of "The Drunkard"—*Drover Stevens*, Larry Grenier; *Mary Wilson*, Ruth Marion; *Landlord*, William Blatchford; *William Dawson*, Joe Morrison; *Mr. Arden Rencelaw*, Jeffrey Williams; *Squire Cribbs*, W. C. Fields; *Edward Middleton*, Samuel Ethridge; *Agnes Dawson*, Judith Allen; *Manager of Opera House*, Del Henderson.

"OUR DAILY BREAD"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by King Vidor. Adapted by Elizabeth Hill. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Mary*, Karen Morley; *John*, Tom Keene; *Chris*, John T. Qualen; *Sally*, Barbara Pepper; *Louie*, Addison Richards; *Mother*, Madame Boneita; *Uncle Anthony*, Harry Holman; *Father*, Harold Berquist; *Old Lady*, Marion Ballow; *Mrs. Larsen*, Alma Ferns; *Larsen children*, Three Millsfield children; *Barber*, Lionel Baecus; *Cigar Salesman*, Harris Gordon; *Jew*, Bill Engel; *Plumber*, Frank Minor; *Carpenter*, Henry Hall; *Undertaker*, Frank Hammond; *Bully*, Lynton Brant; *Politician*, Henry Burroughs; *Little Man*, Harry Brown; *Professor*, Harry Bradley; *Blacksmith*, Captain Anderson; *Sheriff*, Harrison Greene; *Lawyer*, Si Clogg; *Tough Guy*, Ray Spiker; *Deputy Sheriff*, Eddy Baker; *Chief*, Frank Barnard; *First gossiping woman*, Doris Kemter; *Second gossiping woman*, Florence Enright; *Italian shoemaker*, Harry Samuels; *Jewish boy*, Sidney Miller; *Jewish wife*, Nelly Nichols; *Violinist*, Alex Slumberg; *Stone Mason*, Bud Ray; *Mannibal*, Bob Reeves; *Powerhouse man*, Ed Biel; *Motorcyclist*, Jack Baldwin.

"RANDY RIDESALONE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by Harry Fraser. The cast: *Randy Bowers*, John Wayne; *Sally Rogers*, Alberta Vaughn; *Matt Black*, George Hayes; *Spike*, Yakima Canutt; *Sheriff*, Earl Dwire; *Deputy*, Tex Phelps; *Henchman*, Arthur Ortega.

"SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS"—Fox.—From the story by Randall H. Faye. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Larry Wilson*, Lew Ayres; *Jean Legat*, Alice Faye; *Peanuts*, Frank Mitchell; *Eddie*, Jack Durant; *Jose Lopez Rubenstein*, Harry Green.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Edward Hope, and the play by Howard Lindsay. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Paul Lawton*, Bing Crosby; *Curly Flagg*, Miriam Hopkins; *Midge Mercer*, Kitty Carlisle; *Buzz Jones*, Edward Nugent; *Dean Mercer*, Henry Stephenson; *Mugg Schnitzel*, Warren Hymers; *Gus McNeal*, Lynne Overman; *Frances Arbutnot*, Judith Allen; *J. Thorval Jones*, George Barbier; *Charles M. Lawton*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Arbutnot*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Martha*, Margaret Armstrong; *J. B.*, Ralf Harold; *Andy*, Matt McHugh; *Arkle*, Franklyn Ardell; *Baldy O'Mara*, Vince Barnett.

"SHOOT THE WORKS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. Screen play by Howard J. Green and Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Nickey*, Jack Oakie; *Joe Davis*, Ben Bernie; *Lily Raquel*, Dorothy Dell; *Jackie*, Arline Judge; *The Countess*, Alison Skipworth; *Sailor Burke*, Roscoe Karns; *Larry Hale*, William Frawley; *Bill Ritchie*, Paul Cavanagh; *Axel Hanratty*, Lew Cody; *Man from Board of Health*, Monte Vandergrift; *Waiter*, Tony Merlo.

"STAMBOUL QUEST"—M-G-M.—From the story by Leo Birinski. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Annamarie*, Myrna Loy; *Beall*, George Brent; *Von Sturm*, Lionel Atwill; *Ali Bey*, C. Henry Gordon; *Karl*, Rudolph Amendt; *Amil*, Micha Auer.

"STAR PACKER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by R. N. Bradbury. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *John*, John Wayne; *Anita*, Verna Hillie; *Mallock*, George Hayes; *Yak*, Yakima Canutt; *Mason*, Earl Dwire; *Parker*, Ed Parker; *Pete*, George Cleveland; *Sheriff*, Tom Lingham; *Deputy*, Arthur Ortega; *Boy*, Davie Aldrich.

"TELL-TALE HEART, THE"—CLIFTON-HURST PROD.—Based on the story by Edgar Allan Poe. Adapted by David Plunkett Greene. Directed by Desmond Hurst. The cast: *The Boy*, Norman Dryden; *The Old Man*, John Kelt; *The Girl*, Yolande Terrell; *First Investigator*, Thomas Shenton; *Second Investigator*, James Fleck; *The Doctor*, Colonel Cameron; *Asylum Superintendent*, H. Vasher.

"TREASURE ISLAND"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Long John Silver*, Wallace Beery; *Jim Hawkins*, Jackie Cooper; *Billy Bones*, Lionel Barrymore; *Leotter Livesey*, Otto Kruger; *Captain Smollett*, Lewis Stone; *Squire Trelawney*, Nigel Bruce; *Ben Gunn*, Charles "Chic" Sale; *Pew*, William V. Mong; *Black Dog*, Charles McNaughton; *Mrs. Hawkins*, Dorothy Peterson.

"TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW"—LIBERTY.—Suggested by "The Eternal Masculine" by Dorothy Canfield. Continuity by Albert De Mond. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jack Smith*, Neil Hamilton; *Evelyn Van Suedan*, Miriam Jordan; *Mr. Populopolini*, Henry Armetta; *Dave Talbot*, Hardie Albright; *Miltzi*, Dorothy Appleby; *Mrs. Evanshire*, Mary Forbes; *Judge Gorman*, Edward Martindel; *Mr. Evanshire*, Claude King; *Pamela Evanshire*, Lona Andre; *Mrs. Walker*, Betty Blythe; *Sam Walker*, Edward Kane; *Mrs. German*, Claire McDowell; *Anthony Populopolini*, George Lewis; *Mrs. Van Suedan*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mrs. Populopolini*, Nellie V. Nichols.

"WE'RE RICH AGAIN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Alden Nash. Screen play by Ray Harris. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Maude*, Edna May Oliver; *Mrs. Page*, Billie Burke; *Arabella*, Marian Nixon; *Booky*, Reginald Denny; *Carolynne*, Joan Marsh; *Erp*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Wilbur*, Grant Mitchell; *Vic*, Gloria Shea; *Healy*, Edgar Kennedy; *Fuji*, Otto Yamaoka; *Charmion*, Lenita Lane; *Mr. Green*, Dick Elliott; *Jose*, Andreas De Segurula.

"WHITE HEAT"—SEVEN SEAS PROD.—From the story by James Bodrero. Directed by Lois Weber. The cast: *Lucille Cheney*, Virginia Cherrill; *Leilani*, Mona Maris; *Chandler Morris*, Hardie Albright; *William Hawks*, David Newell; *Arnia*, Arthur Clayton; *Mac*, Robert Stevenson; *Hale*, Whitney de Rahm; *Mrs. Cheney*, Naomi Childers; *Adam*, Nani Palsu; *Leilani's Father*, Nohili Naumu; *Mrs. Hale*, Kamaunani Achi.

"WORLD MOVES ON, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Mary*, Madeleine Carroll; *Richard*, Franchot Tone; *Erik*, Reginald Denny; *Baron von Gerhardt*, Siegfried Rumann; *Baroness von Gerhardt*, Louise Dresser; *Carlos*, Raul Roulien; *Henri*, Raul Roulien; *Warburton*, Lumsden Hare; *Manning*, Dudley Digges; *John*, Frank Melton; *Madame Girard*, Brenda Fowler; *Notary*, Russell Simpson; *Frenchman*, Walter McGrail; *Madame Girard II*, Marcelle Corday; *Jacques the boy*, Charles Bastin; *Jacques*, Barry Norton; *Charles Girard*, George I ving; *Fritz*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; *Jeanne*, Georgette Rhodes; *Brathwaite*, Claude King; *Clumber*, Ivan Simpson; *Culbert*, Frank Moran; *Felchit*, Stepin Fetchit.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"DO you believe in love at first sight?" Charlie Ruggles asked a girl on the set.

"Well," considered the lady, "I think it saves a lot of time."

YOU'LL never know how near Jean Harlow came to following Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell to the Great Beyond, via a tragic accident.

It happened when Jean and Patsy Kelly were making a scene at M-G-M in "Born To Be Kissed." Suddenly, a huge arc light, high above them, ripped from its moorings and plummeted right for the well-known platinum-blond head.

But fortunately, a safety chain, attached to the rafters, caught the mass of glass and metal a few feet above her—and held it swaying, just time enough for Jean to show a neat pair of French heels flying away from there.

No show of temperament, however (and that's *one* occasion when one would have been justified). Jean went right back to work, after the light had been hoisted back in place.

JUST to keep you in touch with the grapevine rumors.

Glenda Farrell insists it's a lot of nonsense that she'll marry Robert Riskin, the screen writer . . . Lyle Talbot and Sallie Blane have eyes for no one else. . . . Meanwhile, Lyle's "ex," Elaine Melchior, and a New York attorney are very serious. . . . The whisper is

that the Madge Evans and Tom Gallery romance is not getting closer, with Madge seeing quite a bit of a studio executive. . . . Ernst Lubitsch is squiring Sheila Mannors. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie are so close to marriage, the grapevine has them secretly wed. But that rumor is many months old. . . . Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson and Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard form a week-end yachting foursome. . . . It is still being insisted that Charles and Paulette ought to announce their two-year-old marriage. . . . Winifred Coe Dix, "ex" of Richard Dix, denies she will marry Dr. Harley J. Gunderson. . . . This must be something on the Hollywood eligibles—Mady Christians sending to Europe for her sweetheart. . . . Randolph Scott right after he and Vivian Gaye broke their engagement took to Sari Maritza and Wynne Gibson, with Vivian taking to Bobby Labranche. . . . The Buddy Rogers squiring of Mary Pickford goes on apace. . . . Katharine Hepburn still picks Director Gregory La Cava as the ace escort. . . . Phil Regan may visit Joan Crawford on the set and *vice versa*, but Phil is doing quite some crooning to Betty Grable. . . . Patricia Ellis is all taken up with Henry Wilcoxon. . . . Lanny Ross and his manager Olive White had fun on the sands at Atlantic City. . . . Sylvia Sydney and George Jean Nathan still palling around. . . . Lillian Bond, it's around, and Sidney Smith, wealthy playboy now shooting big game in Africa, will marry when he returns. . . . And Marian Marsh's admirer is Lord Walderon.

RALPH GRAVES, the triple-threat man, author-actor-director, and Betty Flourney, debutante and University of California co-ed, think their elopement to Yuma, Arizona, to become Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves was one of the best things either has done.

OVERHEARD on a movie set. A leading man asked a lovely little bit player to go with him to see the play, "Ah, Wilderness."

"Why, thanks a lot," the little blonde cooed, "but honest, I never cared for them jungle plays. The snakes make me nervous."

AFTER all the talk about there being no stars in Hecht and MacArthur's movie, "Crime Without Passion," we find there is one—Helen Hayes. She went out to the studio to visit her husband, MacArthur, and he put her to work in the picture—as an extra.

Fanny Brice was out there that day, too, and she fared the same.

Then, caught up in the spirit of the thing themselves, Ben and Charlie put on their coats and played in the picture, too.

Helen Hayes was curious to see her husband on the screen, so she went out several days later to look at the rushes. Everyone who had seen them thought Charlie was a success. But Helen's comment was, "You're a good fellow, Charlie, but a terrible actor!"

THE only time Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur ever really "went Hollywood" was a few weeks ago when Charles Lederer arrived



Molly O'Day, favorite of silent pictures, is making a comeback with an important part in RKO-Radio's film, "The Life of Vergie Winters"

from the coast. In his honor, Hecht and MacArthur banked the whole studio with flowers and hung golden tinsel and red satin streamers from the ceilings. Thought the gaudy show would make the Hollywood technician feel more at home.

IT'S going to be fun to see who wins in the ZaSu Pitts-Pauline Lord "hand-sprints." Both are in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and both have strikingly similar a manner of using their fluttering hands. Maybe Director Norman Taurog will have to turn it into a relay race.

And will they be shaking hands when it's all over?

WHEN Mae West loves 'em—they're never the same. Witness the case of Roger Pryor, who strayed from his home lot at Universal to play with Mae in "It Ain't No Sin" (which may get a new title).

Roger came back to Universal—and no one knew him. All the kinks had been taken out of his hair! It was curly before he left—but Mae must have melted them out.

Roger casually explained it with—"I've had enough curves to last for a while—I'm going straight from now on."

RUTH CHATTERTON thought she was insuring a little privacy when she selected a Hollywood rooftop as a sun bathing spot. But she didn't figure on the marvelous mechanical age in which we live.

Several times recently, no sooner has Ruth, sans clothing, stretched out for a bit of roasting than the whirl of propellers on an airplane swooping low has sent her scurrying to safety.



Henry Wadsworth, of the Kentucky Wadsworths, suh, has been given a rôle in M-G-M's "Four Walls." He was in "Operator 13," too

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A Statement by
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
Publisher of
PHOTOPLAY Magazine

I REALLY believe this announcement is one of the great moments of my life. You see, it was through PHOTOPLAY Magazine that so many of you readers became almost personally acquainted with Sylvia of Hollywood. You read her fascinating stories of the stars and their beauty problems in PHOTOPLAY . . . you flooded her, through this magazine, with questions about your own health and beauty. And now, after months of persuasion on my part, Sylvia has finally consented to put all her beauty secrets . . . every scrap of the knowledge she has acquired through years of work and study . . . into a single book. A book written just for you thousands of women who can be beautiful . . . if you only know how and where to begin.

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"DISRAELI"

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1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney caddy characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackall, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony*. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns, Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society début. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COUNTLESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

The Winner of The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal

for the best motion picture released during 1933 will be announced in the November issue of

PHOTOPLAY

The huge vote on this, the fourteenth award, reflects the ever-increasing public interest in this annual poll.

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (April)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

**Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You
the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that
Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe**

The story of one man
against a million—and of the
woman who loved him, yet
was his enemy to the death.
Told by the man who lived
this astounding romance.



LESLIE
HOWARD

KAY
FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN

**"BRITISH
AGENT"**

With William Gargan in Cast of
Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
*** A First National Picture ***

Brickbats & Bouquets

THE AUDIENCE SPEAKS TO THE CENSORS—



Mae West's admirers consider her frank, humorous treatment of sex wholesome entertainment. But the censors say her films need purging. West pictures were among the first to be stamped for change

THE \$25 LETTER

He has worked hard for many years making a good living for a large family. He still keeps the old-fashioned working hours that the years have accustomed him to. But there are Saturday afternoons. Then no golf course calls him, no club lures him. His treat, looked forward to all week, is the movies.

By leaving the office promptly at noon and eating a hasty lunch, he is in front of the box-office buying his ticket at quarter to one. There is a method in his carefully planned routine. Counting two hours to a show, he is out by a quarter to three. This enables him to get to another movie house in time for the three o'clock show. Out at five, home to dinner at six. Two movies—it's been a wonderful Saturday!

We, his children, are often surprised at Dad's taste. But he defends his likes and dislikes ardently. In his day he saw many of the fine actors of the old school. He knows good acting. And, if truth be told, he also likes to look at a beautiful girl. But he is really an idealist at heart, a romanticist of the first water.

Good, bad or indifferent, however, the movies claim him for their own on this one lark each week. He has lived a vigorous life, a hard-working life, a self-sacrificing life. His children call him "Old Faithful." His shoulders are a little stooped now. But he gets far more pleasure from his two movies a week than his children and grand-children get from their amusements.

MARY PYLE, Evanston, Ill.

THE \$10 LETTER

My mother recently underwent a complete examination in a nationally known medical clinic for a serious heart irregularity. The final verdict was, "No organic trouble whatsoever. Worry, nervousness, strain."

Her eminent specialist, after learning that she lived in a small town where recreations are few, said, "Do you go to the movies?"

"Often," my mother answered.

"When you go, do you still worry? Or do you lose yourself in watching the picture?"

"That is the one time," she answered him, "when I forget about everything—health, business and all the rest."

"That's fine!" said the specialist. "Do you know, when the doctors and nurses think they'll go mad with the blood and pain and death around here, they go to the movies? It keeps them sane. You just *keep on* going to the movies."

PEGGY BAUM, Austin, Minn.

FIVE thousand letters! That is the number PHOTOPLAY Magazine received this month from readers on the "clean-up" movement. Only a sprinkling were in favor of radical changes. We are printing here just a few excerpts of what both sides to this controversy think.

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 reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

I am becoming more and more convinced every day that the movies are a most essential form of education, especially to our children.

Recently we were entertaining some guests, when the topic of conversation turned to whaling. After most of us grown-ups had expressed our view of methods, etc., my little nine-year-old daughter, Sylvia, asked if she might "have the floor."

Upon being given permission, she went into a detailed description enlightening us as to just what course is pursued from the time a whale is sighted until it is finally harpooned.

It terminated that she had seen a picture with whaling sequences and had been greatly impressed. This is just one instance of the many educational benefits she has derived from the movies.

MRS. HENRY S. DAHN, Richmond, Va.

IN MEMORIAM TO MARIE DRESSLER

You so loved laughter that we must not weep

Since you are gone. The winds of heaven sweep

Your soul to quiet harbors. May you know

How much we miss you here. We loved you so!

LOUISE BALDWIN, Mt. Vernon, Ind.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Jean Harlow's vampish screen rôles made reformers say "Thumbs down!" But Jean's behaving now. She's starting work on "Dolly," guaranteed pure and censor-proof

• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture.

The love story of one woman and one man



THE WORLD MOVES ON

"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley

...that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today



●

Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale . . . An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache . . . An important event in motion picture history. —*New York American*

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story. —*New York Daily Mirror*

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments . . . gay and charming ones as well. —*New York Sun*

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —*New York Daily News*

●

FOX

Brickbats & Bouquets

•• BOTH SIDES OF THE MOVIE CLEAN-UP ••

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

HOME-COMING

Heaven was hushed, and excited.

The most beautiful stars were carefully arranged. The Man in the Moon had a shining face. Angels pinned white gardenias on their filmy gowns, and waited breathlessly. In a moment the most adored star of the whole world would arrive—Marie, who walked with kings and queens but never lost the common touch.

Lucky angels! Treat your new star ever so kindly. For down here we love her dearly.

MABEL S. VAN TASSELL, Newark, Ohio

A FULL LIFE

She went through years of heart-break and failure, but never was she bitter. And when, at the age of sixty, she "made good," fame and success didn't change her.

Marie Dressler was always the same—generous, human, understanding, and courageous to the end.



Months of work and lots of money were spent on "Chained," the Joan Crawford-Clark Gable film. When it is released, it will have been much altered



Even Shirley Temple's smash hit, "Little Miss Marker," has been cited as giving offense. No, it wasn't Shirley's swiping a barbers' pole, but the film's gangster element that was frowned upon

Her passing has left an empty place that can't be filled.

But because of the way she lived, she leaves a rich heritage. For she gave heart and hope to those who have passed the bloom of youth. And to the young she offered inspiration and a pattern for successful living.

We mourn the loss of a fine actress and a great person.

MRS. T. R. ADAMS, Milwaukee, Wis.



Miriam Hopkins certainly looks like a nice girl. But some of her rôles have been naughty. So, her latest pictures have preferred positions on banned lists

Harold Lloyd has never had anything cut from his films by the censors. Here, with Grace Bradley in "The Cat's-Paw," Lloyd proves to reformers he's still being good

A LESSON TO LEARN

The present censorship movement demonstrates that we have failed to learn the lesson which our experience with the Volstead Act should have taught us—namely, that it is about as impossible to dictate the public morals as to direct the weather.

If a wholesale purging of the screen takes place, the bootlegger in the form of night club entertainers, publishers of risqué books, etc., will gobble off the fat of the profits.

CHARLES SEITZ, JR., Salina, Kan.

Why can't the reformers realize that the people influence the movies, and not that movies influence the people?

MRS. CARL BICKELL, Salem, Ore.

A few years ago in a downtown theater a bomb was found. The guilty ones, when asked by the judge where they had learned to make a bomb, said, "From books in the Carnegie Library."

Some people were dumbfounded! For, of course, they had expected young people to get all such ideas from seeing movies!

MRS. N. W. WILLIAMS, Atlanta, Ga.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



*The warmth of Sten! The brilliance of March! The genius of Tolstoy!
The vision of Mamoulian! The wizardry of Samuel Goldwyn!
.. here truly is a romance of unforgettable beauty!*



ANNA STEN and FREDRIC MARCH

in
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
PRESENTATION OF

We Live Again

a ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
PRODUCTION

From the novel, "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

I have read modern novels which have shocked me with the gross immorality of their daring wording. Then I have seen the movies derived from these novels and been astounded by the totally clean products begotten from such sordid sources. Motion pictures, although they have handled extremely delicate themes, have not been immoral.

IRVIN CALLAHAN, Baltimore, Md.

The cry is, "These pictures should not be seen by our children! Ban them!" This is the only country I know of that believes in bringing the nation's mentality down to the level of a child's.

As for the reformers, the sad part is they are sincere in believing they have a right to say what you and I shall or shall not see.

J. S. HOOK, Washington, D.C.

Why not have pictures that are made specially for the children and limit the patrons of other pictures to adults?

ROBERT W. PETTIT, Freeport, N. Y.



Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable delighted many audiences in "It Happened One Night." But this picture has been branded "Objectionable in spots" by the reform movement

Thanks to The League of Decency, indecent motion pictures are on the wane and will in a short time have vanished entirely. Give us more movies like "Harold Teen" and "Melody in Spring."

WILLIAM F. WRIGHT, JR., Texarkana, Tex.

CHILDREN WHO CHOOSE

I believe every sensible person wants vulgarity and filth kept from the screen, just as we want it kept out of our schools and homes. But to accuse and attack the movies as a whole is unfair.

The movies play nursemaid to my youngsters, and they are devout movie fans. No, no, ye purity squad! Don't quake for their safety. They are taught at home to discriminate their actions as well as their associates.

O. P. COLEMAN, Memphis, Tenn.

To clean up the screen for me, give me talkies that will laugh and ridicule the reformers into silence, as Don Quixote did knight-errantry in Spain when it went too far. Pollyanna is dead!

JOHN E. THAYER, Cambridge, Mass.

I am in favor of this crusade to "clean up" the movies, but I think it is being stretched a little too far. After all, Box-Office is really our best censor. The public will go to see good,

entertaining films and stay away from those that are bad and worthless.

EDWARD GRIGGS, San Francisco, Calif.

Why make a slapstick comedy out of the drive for better films by throwing things at the producers? Why not lay the blame where it belongs—at the feet of the public? Films are made to please the public.

MRS. T. L. McNAMARA, El Dorado, Ark.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Ann Harding became a target when "The Life of Vergie Winters" was declared to be "not recommended"



Dolores Del Rio and Victor Jory here seem utterly oblivious to what the world thinks! But when "Madame DuBarry" was finished, it had to be virtually remade to meet the new moral code

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen
and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ Edmund Lowe ★ Ruth Etting

★ GLORIA STUART

★ PHIL BAKER

★ Paul Lukas

★ Ethel Waters

★ Chester Morris

★ Alexander Woolcott

★ Douglass Montgomery

★ Binnie Barnes

★ Roger Pryor

★ Karloff

★ Gene Austin

★ Graham McNamee

★ Bela Lugosi

★ Alice White

★ June Knight

★ Victor Moore

★ Andy Devine

★ Hugh O'Connell

★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra

★ Sterling Holloway

★ Henry Armetta

★ Downey Sisters

★ Beal Street Boys

★ Douglas Fowley

★ Wini Shaw

★ Helen Vinson

★ Candy and Coco

★ Surprise Personality

HEAR THESE SONG
HITS—

"Talking to Myself."

"Blue Sky Avenue."

"I Ain't Gonna Sin No
More."

"Somebody Looks Good
To Me."

"Don't Let This Waltz
Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND

Screen play by RIAN JAMES

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

A
UNIVERSAL
PICTURE

Brickbats & Bouquets

WHAT WILL THE REFORMERS' ANSWER BE?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

MISUSED SEX

The basic obligation of any art is to portray human character and life. Any sex fact or situation which truly mirrors life as an integral part of the story is justified, no matter how startling. Surely the youngsters are better off in contacting such facts artistically instead of smuttily, as most of us learned them,



Reformers have objected to some spots in the Margaret Sullavan-Douglass Montgomery hit, "Little Man, What Now?" Reason for protest: some scenes depict ladies of questionable character

in back alleyways. But the use of sex to bolster up an inherent weakness in a film should be condemned.

PAUL CHESHIRE, Portland, Ore.

GOOD AND BAD

Films have cultivated among thousands of young people a love for and interest in literature, the arts, history, more correct English, better diction and poise. They have stimulated things that are fine and beautiful. And while films, like most people, have weak spots and faults, mostly they are good.

SALLIE M. BALL, Marshall, N. C.



While several women are having censor trouble, George Raft is the only male star to get the rap from the purifiers. The reason, of course, is Raft's playing so many gangster rôles

STAGE STANDARDS

May the movement to clean up pictures tend to bring about better movies in every way!

I think it is only fair to ask motion pictures to maintain the highest standards of the legitimate stage and not turn our movie houses into burlesque shows.

MRS. W. NOBLE, Auburn, N. Y.

As for making all pictures suitable for children to see, I have read many splendid books which I would not want immature children to read. But I fail to see why I should curtail my reading for that reason.

M. B. M., Asheville, N. C.

If the public, through the Box-Office, shows an inclination toward pictures of a "more wholesome" type, the producers certainly will not hesitate in trying to give them what they desire.

LLOYD SMITH, Baltimore, Md.

PAGING SHAKESPEARE!

All in all, a "clean up the movies" campaign is a good thing. But those who are up in arms over the immorality of pictures should take a good, long look at Shakespeare, whose plays are filled with the identical vices shown on the screen today. Immorality in those days was something to get excited about! Yet, everyone is urged to see Shakespeare's plays.

MARY IRENE WOODRUFF, Charlestown, Mass.

I think about ninety-nine per cent of this criticism against movies is unjustified! The work of modern film producers is the best education one may procure at a small cost.

FLORENCE STREET, Chicago, Ill.

When they get through censoring the movies what will we have left? If you go down PHOTOPLAY's own list of "Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933," (August issue, page 102) twenty-five at least would now not be permitted, while changes in some of the others would be necessary.

ELAINE LEWIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Only last night I read this statement by a famous sociologist, "Education, sex education, is what is needed today to prevent the sex crimes that are sweeping our country."

The screen is a most effective way in which to teach sex-education.

P. L. RHODES, Wilmington, N. C.

As the wife of a small-town theater owner, I know that we can scarcely take in film rental on the so-called "good, clean" pictures, while we pack our house with a Mae West film.

MRS. RALPH MENEFEE, Hoxie, Kan.



It was the gangster element, too, that put "Manhattan Melodrama," with William Powell and Myrna Loy, on the reformers' lengthy taboo lists

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who *is* an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! IM DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU — NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE ARENT VERY NEIGHBORLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE

HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG



NEXT DAY —

Sue gets the "lowdown"

ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS

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 CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL.....

THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBOUY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE



NEXT WEEK

OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBOUY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT

NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBOUY AT ONCE



"B.O." GONE — *appreciated at last!*

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME

DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SMOOTH AND CLEAR BETH'S SKIN LOOKS LATELY?

YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBOUY HAS DONE FOR HER

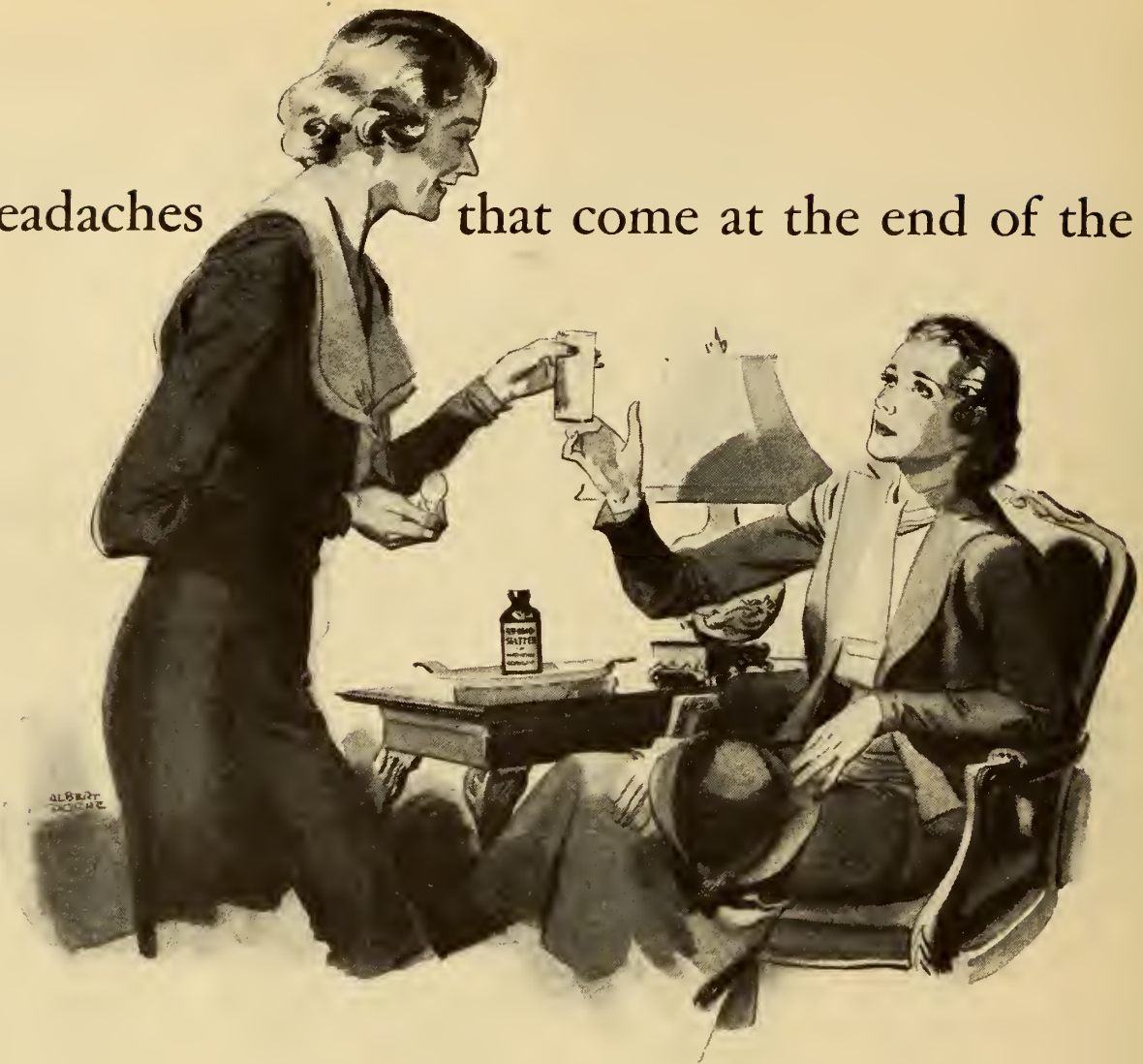
YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe*? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

NRA CODE

Headaches that come at the end of the day



YOU COME HOME tired and depressed. Your head aches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the bloodstream. Your alkaline reserve is

made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients... each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your

medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the full name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation... are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

BROMO-SELTZER



Clarence Sinclair Bull

VIRGINIA BRUCE did right well by herself in her comeback picture, "Jane Eyre," even though she had been away from the screen for nearly two years. She was loaned

by M-G-M to Monogram for the film, M-G-M having renewed her contract on her return. Negotiations with other producers who are seeking the loan of Virginia are under way



Eugene Robert Richee

JOAN BENNETT and Francis Lederer practice their music lesson for Paramount's version of the New York stage hit, "The Pursuit of Happiness." And Joan and

Francis sing to the accompaniment of the clavichord, granddaddy to the piano. The action is during the Revolutionary War, and a piano would be a century ahead of its time



HER majesty, the Queen! It's Anna Neagle, a reigning favorite on the English screen, playing the rôle of the young monarch in the British picture, "The Queen's Affair."

Hollywood has been trying to lure Miss Neagle into American films. And it's rumored now that before long she will be cast opposite Ronald Colman in a Hollywood movie



WILL ROGERS, as the amiable and shrewd *Judge Priest* of the Fox film of that name, enjoys a drink, a smoke, and a little chewing. In real life, Rogers does none of these

things, except chew gum. His next picture is to be a version of Pitkin's "Life Begins at Forty." Incidentally, Shirley Temple is to do a film titled "Life Begins at Four"

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



WHEN a big job needs doing, usually along comes the right man to do it. While the cry for reform of motion pictures has been going up throughout the land, a revolution has been taking place within the inner circles of the industry itself.

In Hollywood sits Joe Breen, a crusading, determined Irishman, who has been delegated by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America to make a thorough, non-compromising clean-up of the screen and Breen is taking his mission with the grimmest seriousness. So is his superior, Will Hays.

Codes have been drawn up in the past, but supervisors, directors and others have shown a latitude at times in observing them. Perhaps we should not blame them much. Americans are notorious as a people for enacting and then forgetting laws. Besides, the making of a picture is an amazingly involved process—a score of persons influence its course. What comes out of the hopper is not always the idea that went in.

SINCE he became “czar” of the movies in 1922—in reality but a newspaper title—Will Hays has done much to keep the industry within bounds. But it must be remembered that Mr. Hays’ power is not absolute; he can only suggest or argue; he cannot command. Able and influential as he is, in the final analysis he is an employee of the motion picture industry. Yet without his guiding hand the industry would long ago have got into serious trouble. He has again and again set his foot down upon practices likely to bring unfavorable public reaction. I am pretty certain that had he had undisputed control the present wave of reform would not be rolling across the land.

BUT the producers have suddenly become submissive to the Hays influence. And that is why Joe Breen, in charge of studio relations, is watching every step of every film production like a hawk.

The reform is so wide sweeping that not a single foot of film may be released without Joe Breen’s stamp of approval.

This means that he first must have thoroughly read the story from which the script is to be made; that he must approve the script; that he or his representatives must see all the rushes as the production progresses; that he must recommend cuts and retakes where he thinks necessary; and that he must follow through every change. When the picture is ready for the theaters he must see the final print. Appeal is permitted, but the machinery for that is a new set-up altogether removed from the Hollywood studio heads. If the system doesn’t work it won’t be the fault of Will Hays or Joe Breen.

ANOTHER factor that has added fire to the conflagration now burning has been much of motion picture advertising. Unwise advertising has often made pictures appear objectionable. As long ago as November of last year an Advertising Advisory Council was formed, by resolution of the Board of Directors of the Hays organization. The purpose was to secure uniform interpretation of the industry's advertising code. J. J. McCarthy was charged with this responsibility.

The clean-up he has accomplished in advertising has really been quite surprising. Mr. McCarthy has shown what the industry can accomplish when it gives its full-hearted support to any movement over which it has control.

BUT there is another phase of the situation that is giving serious concern—a phase that long has irked the motion picture producers. A number of publications—chiefly magazines—have made it their business to print whatever they have deemed fit concerning motion pictures and motion picture players. Every pretense of a scandal, every rumor, is set forth in a manner that reeks of the scurrilous.

Brazen misrepresentations made about both actors and pictures give the public an impression that is very misleading and damaging. Obviously this cannot go on. I venture to prophesy that the producers will find a way to crack down upon the publications guilty of these offenses. PHOTOPLAY has never printed an untruthful or offensive article and I can promise that it never will.

IT is the greatest of all tributes to Marie Dressler to say that her appeal was universal. That is a stamp which has been placed upon but few human beings. It is the unmistakable sign of true greatness. I do not care what your status in life may be, of one thing I am certain: if you ever saw Marie Dressler on the screen she went straight to your heart. That was because the shining qualities that made her so beloved by everyone that knew her personally, were revealed—every word, gesture, and facial expression—in her film interpretations.

Sympathy and kindness are not unusual qualities, but too often they are based on a kind of indefinable weakness. Marie Dressler's understanding was rooted in character. I think it was the recognition of this strength behind her kindness that won for her not only the love but the respect of the world.

CHARACTER can be faked but for a short time. Four years before the public is a prolonged acid test. And during that period of her great screen triumphs Marie Dressler did not reveal so much as a single flaw. From the moment she appeared in the rôle of the old broken-down woman in "Anna Christie" and we took her to our hearts, we recognized in her golden metal of the finest quality, quality that had been achieved in the fiery furnace of life.

Two years ago, revealing in PHOTOPLAY something of her philosophy, she said: "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." (And what a mind and heart and imagination was she blessed with!)

A million human beings come and go, some of them making a great stir in the world. Some leave behind them a legacy of fear, of glittering grandeur, or of ruthless ambition. Marie left a far greater legacy: the respect, the tenderness and the love of us all.

The Most Exciting Woman in Hollywood

Movies once eluded her. Now Grace Moore stirs Filmdom as no actress has ever done before

By Barbara Shawn

NEVER has such a demonstration been experienced in Hollywood.

The audience literally carried Grace Moore from the theater, in a triumphant wave of enthusiasm. If a carriage had been waiting, they would have torn loose the horses and pulled it down Wilshire Boulevard!

Mary Pickford fought her way through to touch her hand, the tears of emotion damp on little Mary's face, her hat sitting comically on top of her head. Gloria Swanson ran from person to person, hysterically exclaiming, "And to think that all my life I've *tried* to be a prima donna!"

The mob stampeded to get one glimpse of Grace, shouts of "bravo" split the quiet Beverly Hills air, husband Valentin Parera saluted producer Harry Cohn on both cheeks (did Cohn blush!)—it was one big, happy riot!

It happened at a little neighborhood theater



"To health and love!" Grace Moore says they are the most precious things in life. But she is finding her triumph in "One Night of Love" very sweet, too! Her husband, Valentin Parera, Spanish actor, was a constant visitor on the set during the making of this thrilling comeback picture



at a preview of "One Night of Love," to a girl who made up her mind four years ago that it was *going* to happen—some day.

There were no "bravos" at her first picture *début*. There was no departure in a blaze of glory. She had conquered the hyper-critical audiences of Europe and the Metropolitan Opera, but Hollywood had eluded her. In spite of three seasons with the Metropolitan, of her incomparable voice, her rich background—Grace was not a success in her first two pictures made at M-G-M, "A Lady's Morals," and "New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett.

Arriving directly from the operatic stage, she was too overweight to photograph well. "Because then," she explains impishly, "it was the fond theory that all singers had to be fat—a theory now entirely outmoded. When I reduced later without the least damage to my voice and gained a lot more nervous energy, Gatti-Cazzaza [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

BACK *to the* FARM

Hollywood's new fad is husbandry (which means agriculture, and *not* matrimony)

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

QUICK—back to the farm! Grab the first bus, train, plane or passing wheelbarrow. If you want to keep up with the latest, hottest, newest Hollywood craze, get yourself a pair of blue jeans, grab up a stray pitchfork and heave-ho for the hay mow.

Because Hollywood has gone farm crazy and nothing can stop it. Extras, actors, producers, supervisors (the latter, quite a little dazed by it all, keep asking just where they are going and why they must carry two pigs under their arms) are rushing out to buy up farms, ranches, orchards, countryside acres—anything for a chance to get back to the soil. It's the biggest trend since the Cherokee-strip land rush, and dozens of swanky interior decorators have hoisted signs reading, "Classy Tops for Covered Wagons."

Oh, Suzanna!

Of course, all this back-to-the-land rush really started when Hollywood got a load of the peace and contentment of the Joel

McCreas on their little ranch out "San Fernandy Way," and harked to the call of Lewis Stone yelling "gee-haw" to a team of plough horses. And glimpsed (a glimpse was plenty!) Victor McLaglen digging away in his little flower bed, and beheld Leo Carrillo "ranching" it like mad in Santa Monica Canyon.

Then out stepped Bing Crosby to buy up a horse farm. Mae West went sightseeing for an orange ranch. Dick Powell went nutty on a walnut ranch spree and the rush was on.

Those who couldn't leave town caught up the spirit of the thing in grand style. Now fancy outdoor swimming pools are being rapidly remodeled into duck ponds. In fact, the quacking of ducks and hissing of geese is the commonest sound in all Beverly Hills today. At first everyone thought it was Lupe quacking and Johnny hissing, but now they know better.

Limousines are being turned in by the dozen for surreys (with fringes on) and streamline hay wagons, equipped, of course, with radios, make-up tables, black marble bars and miniature badminton courts. It's no sight at all any more to see a heated game of badminton going on atop a hay wagon trundling down Hollywood Boulevard while spectators loll around

The cows are movie-struck now, with all the stars raising lemons and turkeys



in the hay, sipping hard cider cocktails from old oaken buckets.

Golf courses are becoming cow pastures overnight with the cry, "Soo-Bossy, Soo-Bossy," supplanting the cry of "Fore, you ——!"

Summer houses and play-rooms are being done over by Willie Haines into simply elegant barns with white satin walls and muslin trimmed cow stalls (you should see the look on the cows' faces). Ducky orchid-hued elevators run up to the hay lofts, where only the best people are found these days.

Invitations to really swank affairs today read: "You're invited to a horseshoe pitchin', gol durn it, down to Bing Crosby's old horse farm. Take the 'San Diegy' pike past Lew Stone's potato patch until you come to Mae West's silo. After that it's up to you."

All these houses, of course, are equipped with hot and cold running water, and chromium-lined butter churns are the last word.

NIGHT clubs are converted into Little Red School Houses at the rate of one club a day. For the first time, several Hollywood movie moguls are (to their childish delight) discovering the difference between hen tracks and writing.

Adrian is sewing night and day, turning out little Maud Muller costumes that consist of a wisp of brassiere and cloth of gold shorts. Purple toe-nails go with these, of course. And what's more, Adrian predicts the return of the sunbonnet and the traveling salesman.

Hens' nests are being designed by the best Hollywood designers with typical Hollywood touches. One farmer reports one of his hens went completely Hollywood in her little love nest and laid twenty eggs that immediately opened and (surprise, surprise!) twenty little Bus Berkeley cuties leaped out and went into a farmerette's routine that threw the cows into some kind of mooing fits. The girls went right into their dance, singing "We Are Little Ruby Keeler Milk Maids," and swung their milk pails (pails by Travis Banton), and danced up and down the silos (also by Banton). The cows went into the center formation that should have been photographed looking down from the windmill, flipping their tails like mad — so that the ensemble looked like a sunflower opening to greet the dawn.

But that was nothing, just nothing, they say, to what happened over on the Ted Healy stooze farm. It seems Ted has gone in for stooze-raising and goes about with a little sprinkling can, cinging,

"Sprinkle little baby stoozes

In the noon day suns;

Peep up your little half-cracked heads,

You simple sons of guns."

Jimmy Durante, poor [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Bus Berkeley girls are milkmaids in Hollywood today. When a hen laid twenty eggs, there hatched a whole chorus array



She Was The Noblest

MARIE DRESSLER is gone. But, as long as the world loves to laugh, with a sprinkling of tears in that laughter, her name will live in its memory.

Marie did not belong to this or any other one generation. She was as young as eternal youth and as mellow with rich experience as all maturity. One of her proudest little boasts was that she had lived to entertain the grand-

children, and even the great-grandchildren, of the men and women who had laughed over her songs and antics in the days of carriages and gas-lighted theaters and "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

Marie faced death as she had faced life, fearlessly. For three years she had known that she was suffering from an incurable disease. But she had met poverty and disappointment and heart-break without flinching. So she met pain and illness with a smile which refused to be dimmed. No one, except the few who were closest to her, knew the hours of agony which Marie suffered behind the closed doors of her own home.

A tribute to beloved Marie Dressler by one of her dearest friends

On the night that "Christopher Bean," her last picture, was previewed, Marie insisted on going to the neighborhood theater where it was shown. She had made that picture only by the sheer force of her indomitable will to work and she wanted to see, with her own eyes, the reaction of a living audience.

After the preview, Marie was mobbed in the lobby and on the sidewalk by an admiring, affectionate crowd. In spite of the protests of her friends, she stood for more than an hour, laughing and talking and autographing books and scraps



Of all Marie Dressler's popular film performances, the public and critics probably liked her best in "Min and Bill," with Wallace Beery



All the world truly was her stage, and mourns the gallant trouper whose career spanned generations. Her character exalted her profession

The sensational "rediscovery" of a once brilliant stage star: The "Anna Christie" talkie (1930) rescued Miss Dressler from long eclipse

Lady of Them All By Eleanor Packer

of paper. Afterward, she collapsed in her car, white-faced with the excitement and exertion.

"It makes me mad to think that I can't stand up under a little thing like that," she said with a sparkle of fire in her tired, blue eyes. "I wouldn't have disappointed those people for anything in the world. They had waited to see me. I would have been an ungrateful old fool if I had slipped out a side door, as the folks from the studio wanted me to do. Those people are my friends. I owe everything I am to them. And I'll do my share as long as I can stand on my two feet."

That was the fighting, gallant spirit which carried Marie through the long, hard, worried years until she reached her final triumph in motion pictures. That was the unconquerable courage which forced her to open her eyes during the last hours of her life, to smile hopefully into the faces of her friends, gathered in heart-broken anxiety at her bedside, and to whisper gratefully, "Everyone is so good to me."

Marie found her greatest joy, during the last months of her life, in the friends whom she knew and in the messages from the thousands of friends whom she had never seen. Every day, until almost the last, Marie was lifted against a pile of soft pillows so that she could look through the letters and gifts which poured in from every part of the world. Again and again she took off her glasses to brush away the tears in her eyes.

Though ill, Miss Dressler attended the preview of her last film, "Christopher Bean," and stood for over an hour, besieged by admirers



The farewell appearance of the most popular star in motion pictures. The beloved Miss Dressler in "Christopher Bean," with Lionel Barrymore

"I don't know what I've done to deserve all this," she said, her voice trembling with gratitude. "I must get well so that I can show everyone my appreciation."

When the entire country joined in the celebration of Marie's sixty-second birthday last November, Marie refused to consider it as a personal tribute.

"It is not Marie Dressler whom they are honoring," she explained, "it is the profession which I represent. At last, after all the years in which they have been treated as mountebanks, or disregarded—except when they were needed—the men and women of the stage are coming into the respect which they deserve. If I have done any little thing to help us reach that place of dignity, I am proud and happy."

Marie probably did more than any other one person to elevate the stage and screen to their rightful places in the respect and admiration of the world. A profession to which Marie Dressler belonged must have dignity and stability. Because Marie so thoroughly represented those qualities. She was one of the first to step over the deep chasm between the social world and the colorful, whispered-about realm of the theater. She glorified the profession of entertainment by the wholesome, generous wealth of her own proud dignity.

The men and women of the theater, whom she has so honored, as well as the men and women to whom she has given laughter and pleasure, owe Marie a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

Marie spent several days in rest and seclusion before that birthday dinner, gathering strength for the excitement of the evening. Even so long ago as last November, Marie's illness was rapidly wearing down her vast store of vital energy.

Dressed in white and wearing at her shoulder the snowy orchids which were the gift of her friend, Will Rogers, Marie was driven to the side entrance of the huge sound stage which had been transformed into a dining and dancing room. The words "Happy Birthday, Marie," were spelled in red roses against the velvet draperies behind the speakers' table. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

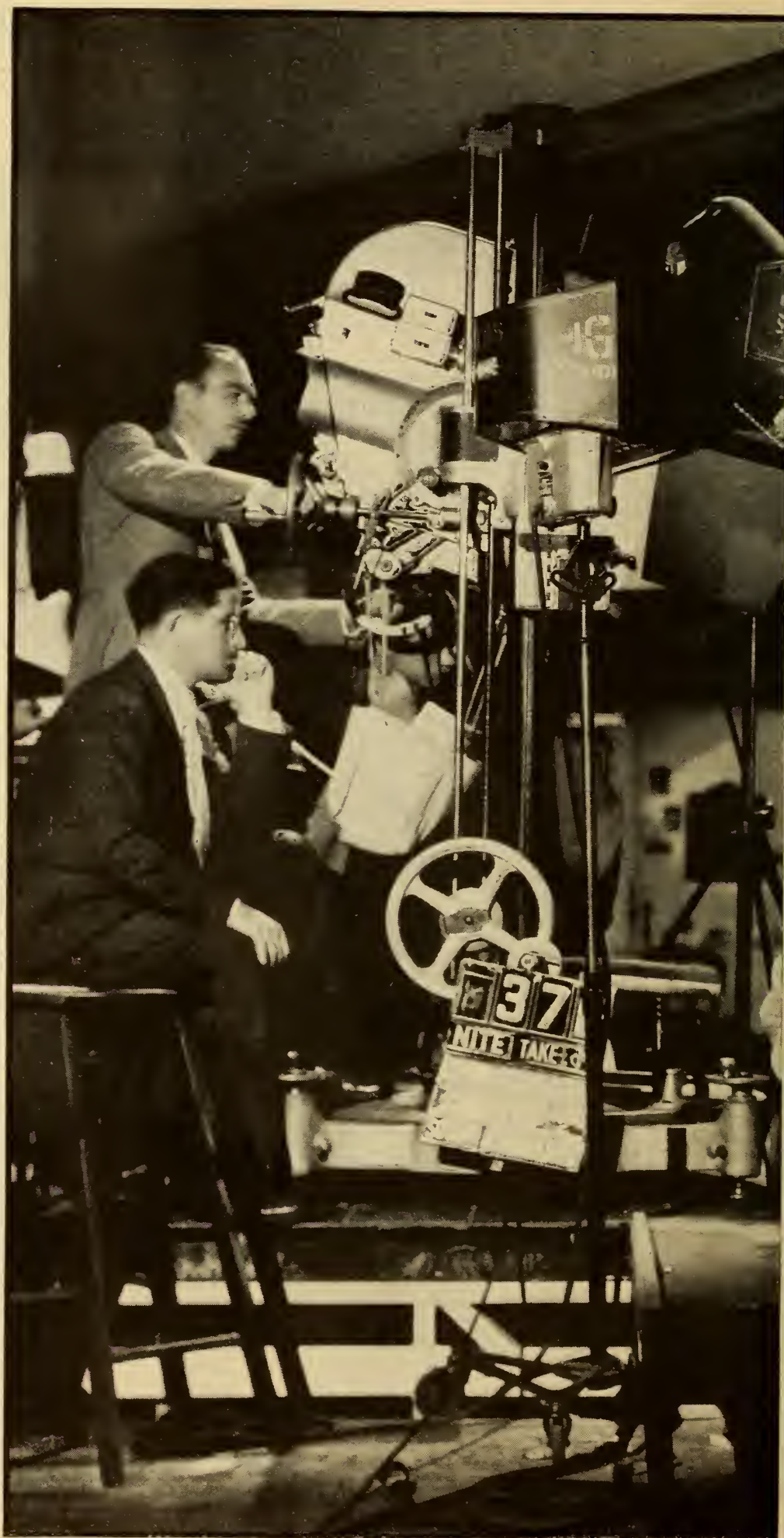
Marie in "Tillie Wakes Up" (1917), a slapstick comedy. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" was a hit, but she was soon out of films



GARBO


Starts Her New Picture

"TAKE 1"—which means the first scene in Greta's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "The Painted Veil." The first call of "Camera!" for a Garbo picture is always a thrilling second. This time it stirred more excitement, more speculation than ever before. The great Swedish star's M-G-M contract ends with this production. What will she do? What will M-G-M do? Well, perhaps much depends on the public's verdict. Is Garbo still the queen? Will the public like the adaptation of this Somerset Maugham novel, about man's battle against cholera in the Chinese interior, and a woman starved for love through her doctor-husband's zeal for his work? It should, for Garbo never fails. The great one, as *Katherine Koerber*, is displaying some silk stockings to her sister, *Olga*, who is preparing for her honeymoon. The sister rôle, second most important in the picture, was coveted by many of Hollywood's younger actresses, but finally entrusted to Cecilia Parker, just graduating from Westerns and serials. Richard Boleslavsky, directing Garbo for the first time, reclines on the floor in his worn leather jacket, with his inevitable pipe. William Daniels, head cameraman for the celebrated Scandinavian in all her American pictures, sits pensively on the step-ladder, left foreground. His assistant, Al Lane, is at the camera controls. (The electrician, standing in the background, also has worked on all of Garbo's productions.) All of the sets for "The Painted Veil" were constructed on stilts, as this photograph reveals. The set has a ceiling, which is unusual from a scenic angle.—Photo by Milton Brown





DO WE WANT



vaudeville, the pool room, beer parlor and saloon then were standard forms of recreation. Occasionally a "legitimate" stage show came to town. That was about all the average American community could boast of in the way of organized entertainment.

The younger generation knows little of these oft-repeated facts, except through hearsay; the older generation seems to have forgotten them. Monotony made town and village life of only yesterday, if not dreary, at least uninteresting.

There was little for respectable citizens to do when the day was over except to sit on the front porch, or wander on Saturday night with the crowd up and down Main Street. Most lights were out before the night was well begun.

The pool rooms, livery stables, saloons, and even the barber shops were breeding spots of vice. Young men ganged on corners and annoyed women and girls passing by with their leers and their comments. Girls sat at home peering from behind lace curtains, longing, rather than hoping, for something to happen. And sometimes it did.

Bright spots lurked just beyond the edge of town—dance halls, where young men dashed up in their buggies behind high-stepping trotters, with their girls. And drinks were freely served. "Nice girls" were not supposed to go to such places, but then as now impatient youth was often careless or reckless. Many a scandal was wafted over back fences of quiet streets lined with rows of majestic elms.

It was an age of repression and—hypocritically—of innocence. Underneath, that ole debbil, human nature, was rarin' to go, and often did.

Compare the past of one of those towns with its present. The pool rooms are uncurtained. You can see through to the rear walls. So, too, with the bars that have replaced the ancient saloons. The few words you will hear in the barber shop are as sanitary as the equipment. Street corner loungers are scarce. There is little aimless walking or foregathering. The brightly illuminated motion picture theaters have absorbed the throngs. And the long lines of parked cars tell where families are spending the evening.

AT the present time motion pictures are on trial. They are under a barrage of criticism such as perhaps was never before directed against a major industry. It is one of the most amazing phenomena in history. Seventy million people who have been weekly patrons of the twenty-odd thousand theaters in the land are suddenly asked to question their greatest amusement; to reject much of what they had come to accept as legitimate entertainment.

Half the present population of the United States had not been born when motion pictures came into recognition as a new form of entertainment. The burlesque and

CENSORSHIP ?

The old question of what to do was solved for the town with the appearance of the first motion picture theater. It brought something to amuse, interest and feed the mind. It provided a place to go. It made contact with the outside world to the remotest spot in every continent. It brought new think-

ing, new living, new manners, new ways of dressing, of speaking. The motion picture, as it developed into a fine art, became one of the greatest revolutionizing forces that history has ever known.

It has comforted our loneliness, lightened our burdens, brought us forgetfulness or solace in our sorrows. It has heightened our happiness, and increased our laughter. It has helped solve our problems and made us better men and women.

In its twenty years of existence PHOTOPLAY Magazine has received over six million letters from its readers. And among those letters there have been thousands that come straight from the heart. "I have been blind for thirty years," one man writes, "but, thank God, my sense of hearing is acute, and a talkie gives me a pleasant evening of entertainment. From the words I visualize action and actors."

"I lost a son," says a woman. "and there is one young actor on the screen who is so reminiscent of him in appearance, speech, and gesture that for the brief hour the picture lasts I am almost convinced I have my boy with me again."

"I had a quarrel with my husband, and we did not look at each other until the film was half over. A sentimental scene found our hands reaching for each other."

Others write they are "toned up for a day," acquire a "broader, more tolerant view of life," find their hearts softened toward their enemies, resolve to take better care of their parents, or just have "a good, all around time."

And yet, in spite of the great good motion pictures have done and are doing, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, they should receive the attention of reformers.

It is no indictment of the motion picture industry to say that the most surprising thing about this great clean-up wave is not that it should now arrive, but

A far more serious menace threatens pictures than the present movement for reform

By Kathryn Dougherty

are suspicious of even the appearance of departure from a strict moral code.

The flood of gangster pictures of yesterday were dubiously regarded by many broad-minded citizens because, so they said, if not actually inciting to crime, they might dull the public conscience toward crime. As a matter-of-fact, producers were merely transferring to the screen faithful replicas of one phase of our national life. And the public, as a whole, made no protest.

Hard on the trail of gangster films came another flood more equivocal, perhaps, in its effects, but in the minds of moralists possibly all the more questionable for that reason—sexy, sophisticated films, dialogue with double entendre, heroines none too virtuous, heroes none too honorable. Around such pictures as these the clouds of censure began to gather; but still the storm did not break.

It was argued that the typical American novel, the typical American play, went much farther than did these films, and that indeed such pictures were but sections from the daily lives of many; that the screen was but a mirror that reflected in considerable measure contemporary American life. Such arguments, however, could not stave off the inevitable; the tempest of screen reform finally was upon us.

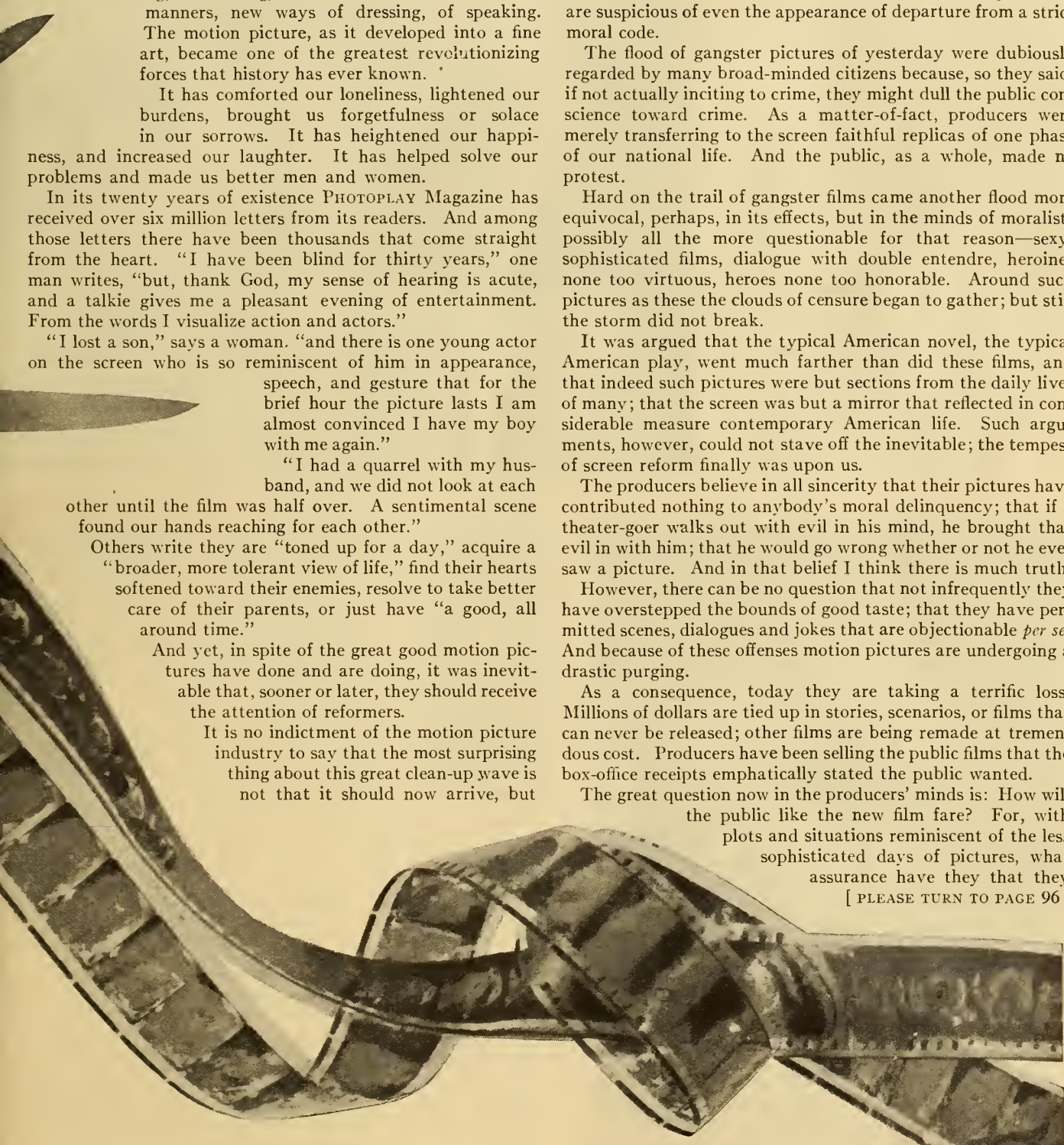
The producers believe in all sincerity that their pictures have contributed nothing to anybody's moral delinquency; that if a theater-goer walks out with evil in his mind, he brought that evil in with him; that he would go wrong whether or not he ever saw a picture. And in that belief I think there is much truth.

However, there can be no question that not infrequently they have overstepped the bounds of good taste; that they have permitted scenes, dialogues and jokes that are objectionable *per se*. And because of these offenses motion pictures are undergoing a drastic purging.

As a consequence, today they are taking a terrific loss. Millions of dollars are tied up in stories, scenarios, or films that can never be released; other films are being remade at tremendous cost. Producers have been selling the public films that the box-office receipts emphatically stated the public wanted.

The great question now in the producers' minds is: How will the public like the new film fare? For, with plots and situations reminiscent of the less sophisticated days of pictures, what assurance have they that they

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



CAL YOR K Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

THEY are looking upon the Gary Cooper-Sandra Shaw Eastern vacation trip as another victory of the sweet social graces over the rugged Cooper yearn for the open spaces.

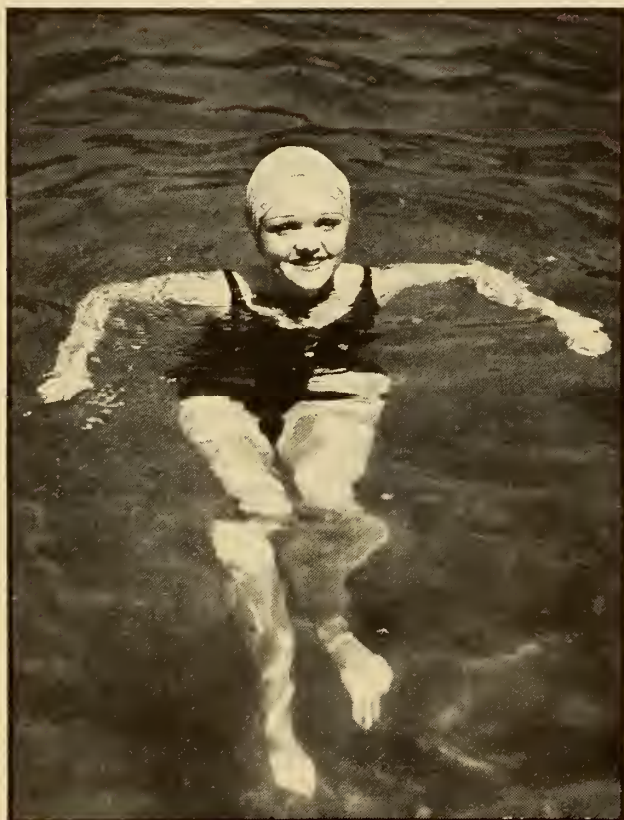
The first one was Gary's capitulation and abandonment of his beloved Van Nuys ranch for a palatial Beverly Hills mansion. Then it was understood that the first vacation trip would be *a la* Gary—out into the mountains on some kind of hunt or other.

BUT lo!—arriveth ye vacation and it's the man that pays and pays. The Coopers are now in the very social atmosphere of Long Island where the only bit of wild life to please the eye of the former "cattle-rassler" is a lone and confused migratory duck flying over the marshes.

It's said that Sandra has suggested that Gary appease his urge for the outdoors by a fishing trip in Florida waters aboard her stepfather's yacht—but what is a fish to a guy who has shot lions?

WILL ROGERS makes the following sage observation: A girl may wear a bathing-suit when she can't swim, a riding habit when she can't ride—but when she puts on a wedding gown, she means business.

IN her first scene with Garbo in "The Painted Veil," little Cecilia Parker who plays her sister, was no more nervous than the great



A sextet of important screen talent: Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg, his wife, Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Ernest Vajda, playwright. The occasion was the house-warming party that Ernst Lubitsch gave upon opening his new, palatial Spanish home

Pert Kelton says it's fun to reduce when swimming is part of the routine. Pert recently went to Catalina Island on a reducing vacation, and a vigorous daily swim was on the get-thin schedule. Miss Kelton is currently delighting movie audiences with her comedy rôle in RKO-Radio's "Bachelor Bait"

Garbo herself. Greta was supposed to unhook Cecilia's wedding gown, and help her lift it over her head.

Garbo didn't get all the hooks undone, and in the ensuing struggle, it looked as if Cecilia would be imprisoned for good.

She choked and sputtered, and Greta worked feverishly at the hooks, murmuring agitatedly, "I'm so sorry."

IT would seem a certainty that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., intends to spend the rest of his natural life as a Britisher, in that he has turned down at least two lucrative Hollywood movie offers.

It is also rumored he is selling his holdings here.

What with Doug, Sr., buying a monocle. Wonder if he brought it back with him?

JOSEF VON STERNBERG tells this story on himself. (The man's human, after all!) As he was leaving a Hollywood restaurant the other eve, several autograph hunters bore down on him, led by a small girl. "Sorry," he said, "I can't write."

The girl looked him over coolly, and remarked, "I thought as much, after seeing your pictures!"

A YOUNG lady sent Dick Powell a letter full of lip-rouge kisses—and her name. No need for words!

Hollywood Goings-On!



famous head. Fastened with invisible hairpins, and unbraided, it will look as if it has been trained in the position.

Get to work with a mirror and you can beat Greta to the punch.

ALICE FAYE is just like the little old lady who very carefully dresses herself in her best whenever she leaves the house—in case of accident she'll not be embarrassed.

Alice, before going to bed nights, dons a fresh, frilly nightie, ties a new ribbon about her blonde locks, dabs on the mascara and lipstick, says her prayers—and so to bed, ready for fire or earthquake. Alice is particularly afraid of the latter.

In fact, her new home is of wood construction, supposed to be safest, in case—

Incidentally, or maybe not incidentally, Alice is oh, such a good girl at the studio—so she can get off every Thursday between four and five—to listen to the Vallee broadcast.

ONE of the most lavish soirees of the past calendar stretch was Junior Laemmle's masque ball in honor of Director Mervyn LeRoy and his bride, Doris Warner. The merriment lasted until dawn.

Two famous stars were not there—but still they dominated the party.

Mae West and Greta Garbo don't go in for such whing-ding—but there were more West and Garbo impersonations and costumes there than any other!

WILLIAM POWELL, that high-powered escort he's turned out to be, was squiring a lovely girl the other night at a well-known restaurant, gathering place of the stars. At a nearby table, facing him, was Judith Wood, who also has been getting a lot of attention lately from Bill. Well, Judith spent the evening pulling faces at Bill every time he leaned over to talk to the latest "heart." But really, Judith isn't bothered. Because Douglass Montgomery is around quite a bit, with that romantic look in his eye.

IT is interesting that Gloria Swanson has been elected to play—and sing—opposite John Boles in "Music in the Air," the Jerome Kern operetta Fox is producing. Gloria gave John his first opportunity in the movies in one of her pictures.

CLARK GABLE and Director Clarence Brown were discussing a mutual friend.

"Did Bill complete his education?" asked Brown.

"Not yet," said Clark. "He's still a bachelor."

GRETA GARBO has a new coiffure, which you'll see in "The Painted Veil." It's an improvement on her well-known long bob. Look right behind the ears and you'll see two strands brought up, one from each side, to form a band—ribbon-like—across the top of the

Looks like an M-G-M reunion! Chevalier has just contracted with Metro; Gloria, though being loaned to Fox for "Music in the Air," will return to Metro; Miss Shearer has just finished "The Barretts"; Mr. Marshall is in "The Painted Veil," and Vajda did the screen story for "The Barretts"

The horse is patient enough, but Arline Judge can't seem to get aboard. Not even with the help of her husband, Wesley Ruggles. Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles and the rubber horse were initiating the swimming pool at their new Beverly Hills home when the cameraman got this chummy shot of them



HERE'S a deep-dyed secret for you, girls. Clara Bow's flaming hair is not naturally red. It's brown.

THIS was to be expected—since the twins.

His pals now call him "Bing-Bing" Crosby, and the twins, "Bang" and "Boom."

IS it anything more than a coincidence that shortly following Kay Francis' departure for Europe, Maurice Chevalier announced plans for a quick trip to open his villa at Cannes?

Kay and the personable Gaul have long been said to be more than just professionally interested in each other, although Kay denied that when she sailed. Yet, both plan to be in England during the same weeks.

IN Francis Lederer's new dressing-room at Paramount there's but one signed picture of Steffi Duna (supposedly the heart), one of Marlene Dietrich—and three of Joan Crawford!

IT was a typical Will Rogers suggestion, the one he made to Irvin S. Cobb. Irvin has been having plenty of fun in his own right in bragging about taking over Greta Garbo's beach house. So, Will up and told Irvin he ought to change his name to Cobbo.

YEARS ago, Mae West's father, Jack West, was the idol of prize-fight followers in New York. He was then a contender for the welter-weight ring title.

The other day Jack and daughter Mae strolled into a popular Hollywood dining rendezvous, and were greeted with tumultuous applause. West, elder, pinched his daughter's arm.

"You see?" he expanded. "They haven't forgotten me."

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was safe on the boat at last, what a sigh of relief Joseph M. Schenck must have heaved. He was always for a reconciliation between Mary and Doug.

Perhaps it was his wishing that sent Doug back to America. Mr. Schenck was so happy over his engagement to Merle Oberon, British actress, he wanted everyone else to do likewise.

HERE'S an item about "45 Minutes in Hollywood," the Borden radio hour Thursday nights at ten o'clock. You know, that Borden program is my week's moment. I wouldn't miss it for a date with—well, anyhow, I wouldn't miss it. So many interesting bits happen in the studio.

You heard Jack Smart impersonate Victor McLaglen—many have written me about the thrills. Jack was telling Vic's life story. You remember the scene where he was in a tomb—way out in the wilds of Egypt.

The technicians wanted to make a voice sound sepulchral—just as if it was coming from a tomb.

Everything was tried—talking through the wrong end of a megaphone—through cheese cloth, and a lot of other tricks. They just didn't work—until Jack—smart—"Little" Jack, scales something like three hundred—ambled in with a huge pasteboard carton and smacked it over his own head. Then he took the microphone and shoved it up under the carton and muffled his voice. You remember the voice—more sepulchral than a tomb!



Eddie G. Robinson and family, little Eddie, Mrs. Robinson (standing), and Jeanne, her daughter by a former marriage, taking the sun on the lawn of their Beverly Hills home. Eddie is known as one of Hollywood's proudest fathers. And this picture seems to prove it's true. The baby is just seventeen months old

An excellent day on the links for an autograph hound when four stars of the films go out to shine at golf. From left to right, Johnny Weissmuller, Bruce Cabot, Richard Arlen, and Adolphe Menjou, walking along the fairway. We don't know who won, but of the four serious gentlemen, Adolphe is the most grim



WHATEVER the reconciliation between Lupe and her *Tarzan* Weissmuller, the fact remains, Johnny turned down a part in "The Girl Friend" (no less), starring wife Lupe Velez

CONNIE BENNETT'S friends say it is true that she'll return from her European jaunt no longer a Marquise. Anyhow, just when the Marquis Henri started for Hollywood from far distant parts, Connie started packing.

WHEN Virginia Pine Lehman packed up and went to New York, many of the wiseacres regarded it as a cooling of the romance between herself and George Raft. But Virginia said that George hadn't his divorce yet, and she needed some stage experience before attempting an ambitious screen rôle.

AN actor friend was about to introduce Jimmy Cagney to his wife. "But I know your wife already," Jimmy smiled. "I knew her before you married her."

"That's where you have the advantage of me," cracked the friend, "I didn't."



Family reunion. Alice Brady affectionately greets her father, William A. Brady, noted theatrical producer, who came to the Coast to visit his famous actress-daughter



It's rarely you see a picture of Marlene with her husband and daughter, Maria. The Siebers were attending a concert. When Miss Dietrich turned, at the end of a number, to comment to her husband, *fuff!*—the camera-man's bulb flashed, and the photograph was made. Marlene was startled!

Wedding bells again for Gloria! Just two months after a divorce from sculptor Blair Gordon Newell, the beautiful Miss Stuart tripped down to Mexico and became the wife of Arthur Sheekman, a scenario writer. Mr. Sheekman has collaborated on several of Eddie Cantor's scripts



Latest romantic rumors are teaming Douglass Montgomery and Judith Wood. Certainly they seem to be having a good time partying together at the Fifty-Fifty Club

GLORIA STUART, now the wife of Arthur Sheekman, the writer, told me in great confidence that she and Arthur would be one quicker than PHOTOPLAY could be printed. Being an old skeptic, I raised a well-trained right eyebrow. They were married just a week later.

AT four P. M., Director Norman McLeod was discovered to be in bed. A total collapse, we were informed.

It seems he arose early, gay as a lark, and had his first bout with a new physical instructor.

Dressed, lasted through breakfast—staggered back to bed. The instructor was *too* good.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Not A Minute of Childhood

Helen Mack has no regrets. But she would not let a daughter of hers become a child actress

By Julie
Lang Hunt



Helen's mother, Mrs. Regina Mack, had what it takes to be a child star's mother. Today, with greater screen success ahead, she is still Helen's adviser and guide

"PROMISE me there won't be a line of self-pity in this story."

This admonition came at the end of my interview with Helen Mack—an interview devoted to a childhood lost while taking the jumps that sometime lead to fame.

"I don't regret a minute of it. I would do it all over again, including every sacrifice. I am glad my mother took destiny into her own hands and turned out a child actress."

This observation came at the beginning of my interview with Helen Mack.

"I would never let a daughter of mine do it. I would never permit her to set foot on a motion picture set or on the stage until she is quite done with childhood, with dolls—and later—with boys and college."

This acknowledgment came during my interview with Helen Mack.

At twenty, an established screen actress, with a substantial Paramount contract, and thirteen years of stage and picture experience, Helen directs all credit to her mother.

If she can't recall much of dolls or nursery rhymes, she can suavely reminisce with her directors on Gloria Swanson's rendition of "Zaza," and how she, Helen, learned during that picture to cry on a minute's command. And just in case you like dates and figures, Helen was eight years old when she played with Swanson in "Zaza."

If there isn't even a dim recollection of "dressing up in mother's clothes," of a favorite school chum, or of raids on the cookie jar, Helen can conjure up pictures of herself at seven, entering the forbidding offices of theatrical agents, chanting the litany of Broadway, "Is there anything for me today?"

A childhood was traded in for a make-up box, and a girlhood



At six Helen entertained the neighbors with imitations. At seven her mother put her on the stage

was swapped for a vaudeville tour, but Helen says it was worth it: She got the best of the deal—but the same deal won't do for her child.

Helen was born in Rock Island, Illinois, and her leap from the banks of the Mississippi to the banks of the Hudson happened something like this.

Mrs. Regina Mack's life was tinted by a footlight fixation. But she married early, settled down in a neat white house and copied French dresses for Helen when she came along.

When Mrs. Mack discovered her four-year-old mimicking Marguerite Clark after a movie matinée, she decided on the spot that her child had that something from which stage stars are made, and from that moment Helen's future was clinched.

But what to do with a child-genius in the Middle West? Mrs. Mack had never met an actor in her life and hadn't the vaguest notion of how one goes about presenting a prodigy to the world at large. So Helen was presented to the neighbors. She did bits of Francis

X. Bushman, to the delight of Mrs. McGillicuddy down the street, and dashes of Kathleen Williams for the admiring O'Briens across the road. The child was a wonder, the neighborhood agreed, and Mrs. Mack seethed with ambitions for her offspring.

When Helen was seven, and her repertoire of imitations had extended to Clara Kimball Young and Bessie Barriscale, Rock Island was thrown into a ferment [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



AS a belle of the Mid-Victorian period, Julie Haydon makes a lovely picture. The gown, fashionable in the eighteen-seventies, is a confection of green taffeta with lace ruffles. Julie wears it in "The Age of Innocence," RKO-Radio's screen adaptation of Edith Wharton's famous novel, with John Boles and Irene Dunne in the leading rôles



Leslie Howard and Kay Francis in the leading rôles (he in the title part) of Warner's version of the novel, "British Agent"



"British Agent" recalls the gory nightmare of proletarian Russia throwing off the oppression of centuries and pouring through the streets in armed hordes, venting hatred on overlords. Through it all, the British agent watches for a chance to further his scheme. His job is to keep the Russians in the trenches, harassing the Germans from the East. The Allies must have time to weld the millions of eager young Americans into an irresistible battering-ram for democracy

The agent seeks relief from the strain of waiting at a Gypsy tavern. Here we see (left to right) Phillip Reed, Howard, Mariana Schubert, William Gargan, Cesar Romero

The voices of the nation's new leaders keep the Russian populace at a fanatical pitch. Share, comrades, share alike, Lenin tells them. The picture abounds in colorful scenes





Here he was, now in Russia, as undercover man for the British government. And his first assignment was to attend a ball, when he knew that Russia was a powder mine—with the fuse already lit. Action was imperative! Yet he (Leslie Howard) talks calmly to *Lady Carrister* (Doris Lloyd), exchanging social chit-chat. Both in center



His government had said if he was caught, it would not help him. He was caught, betrayed by the girl he loved. He hears this from the *Commissioner* (J. Carrol Naish), on the right. But he still hasn't played all his cards



She (Kay Francis) loved the British agent deeply, but Russia more. She dupes his pal (William Gargan) and learns his hideout, that he might be shot down

With representatives of two other governments (left, Phillip Reed; right, William Gargan), the British agent (Leslie Howard) cunningly lays his plots





STAGE, radio and screen meet on a movie set to combine their talents for picture making. These four entertainers, left to right, are: Victor Moore, Broadway veteran; Ruth Etting, of radio fame; Alice White, film actress, and Phil Baker, radio and musical comedy favorite. They met at the Universal Studio to begin work on "Gift of Gab"

How I Make A Spectacle

The directorial wizard gives us a
"look-in" on his super-showmanship

By Cecil B. DeMille



Master of detail!
DeMille, indefatigable in research,
is ever alert in his
direction. He knows
what he wants



Egypt's Queen entertains *Antony* with a leopard dance (a typical DeMille revel) in
"Cleopatra." Many men work many months, preparing such a spectacle

TO begin with, when I make a spectacle it is not merely the work of a few months of research and study, it is the product of twenty years' experience in motion pictures. The staff assisting me has been with me over a period of many years, and those in the audience with keen eyes will catch in the crowds on the screen many faces familiar in my pictures for two decades.

A spectacle cannot be made by one man alone—it is a combination of the work of dozens of people whose concentrated effort over a period of months—years, really—brings to life all the color and authority of an era in the world's history.

period in which these great lovers lived. It must be authentic, because history is known. It must be imaginative, because imagination is the life of all artistic creation. It must be forceful, because the Roman was the most dynamic period in the history of the world. It must have passion, because the passion of Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra rocked the destinies of an empire.

In research we cannot stop with the findings of one authority. We must read all who treat on the subject, and all of this knowledge must be adapted to fit the "ideal" of the subject as it exists in and appears to the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

\$10,000 in Prizes

YOU'VE just enough time left to enter the GREATEST CONTEST IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES, with the chance to share in \$10,000.00 IN PRIZES FOR NAMING A CAST FOR "ANTHONY ADVERSE"!

Don't miss this thrilling experience afforded you by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Warner Bros. Pictures. Get busy right away and send in your selection of actors and actresses for the screen adaptation of Hervey Allen's superb romantic novel, published by Farrar & Rinehart, which Warner Bros. will produce soon. And remember, THE CONTEST CLOSSES AT MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 15! All entries must be in by then.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN (157) AWARDS WILL BE MADE! Motor cars—Airplane round-trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago—Cash—A varied and inspiring assortment! Such a generous prize list gives you an unusual opportunity to be among the winners. And YOUR IDEA MAY BE THE VERY ONE NEEDED TO SOLVE THE DIFFICULT CASTING PROBLEMS.

The best way for anyone to understand the characters is to read the book. However, a synopsis is printed below.

Your cast is to be written on a ballot form, which appears on Page 47.

Identical ballots are being made available everywhere by Postal Telegraph, Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the manufacturers of the various prize articles, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen has listed on the ballot the twelve most important characters in his story. Fill in your choice of an actor or actress best fitted to play each part. Also fill in the blank Postal telegram space with an explanation (not over fifty words) of why you choose a particular star for the tremendously important title rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

On page 108 you will find a list of players under contract to Warners—First National Studios. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players under contract to other companies, or free-lancing, and they will be considered if their working schedules permit their availability for "Anthony Adverse."

Full instructions about mailing ballots to PHOTOPLAY'S New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the

opinion of the judges, are suited for the Warner Bros. production, and on strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title rôle. Neatness counts.

FIVE NEW FORD V-8 MOTOR CARS HEAD THE PRIZE LIST! Winners may select any of the five models named in the rules. No superlatives need be employed here to describe the Ford car. Its performance and beauty are familiar the world over. Nor is there any cause for elaborating on the \$700.00 TECLA PEARL NECKLACE, WITH GENUINE DIAMOND CLASP, offered as sixth prize. Matchless awards, these!

CASH—you say you can use some cash? Well, fifteen money awards are waiting, ranging from \$300.00 to \$25.00!

United Air Lines is providing TEN ROUND-TRIPS BY PLANE TO THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR! The lucky contestants will be accommodated for one week at the luxurious Drake Hotel, situated on Lake Michigan.

Orry-Kelly, renowned stylist for Warner Bros., has designed SIX

PRIZE GOWNS, which have been reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of Hollywood and New York. They have the same fine lines and quality as Orry-Kelly's creations for Warner productions and the private wardrobes of many fashionable stars. Winners may select such gowns as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, appearing in "Here Comes the Navy," or Margaret Lindsay, so delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And girls, you won't be out of SILK STOCKINGS FOR A YEAR if you win one of the twenty Mojud Clari-phane hosiery wardrobes. FORTY PAIRS! And you may order part of the wardrobe at different seasons, to keep up with the new shades. New-process Mojuds are ringless,

streakless, shadowless. "Screenlite" shades are styled by Orry-Kelly.

ONE HUNDRED PRE-VUE DAY-NIGHT MIRRORS, of convenient purse size, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases, make ideal prizes for women—or perfect gifts for masculine winners to pass on to sweethearts, wives, or sisters. They actually preview make-up, show how cosmetics will look under any light. Their patented double-face, electric-blue and amber-gold, make this possible.

So don't delay. Send us your "Anthony Adverse" cast—PRONTO!



The Chicago World's Fair—a blaze of glory in the night! Ten contest winners get round-trips by plane, and a week's hotel accommodations free while seeing the Fair

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 47

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes,

straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steelblue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

for "Anthony Adverse"

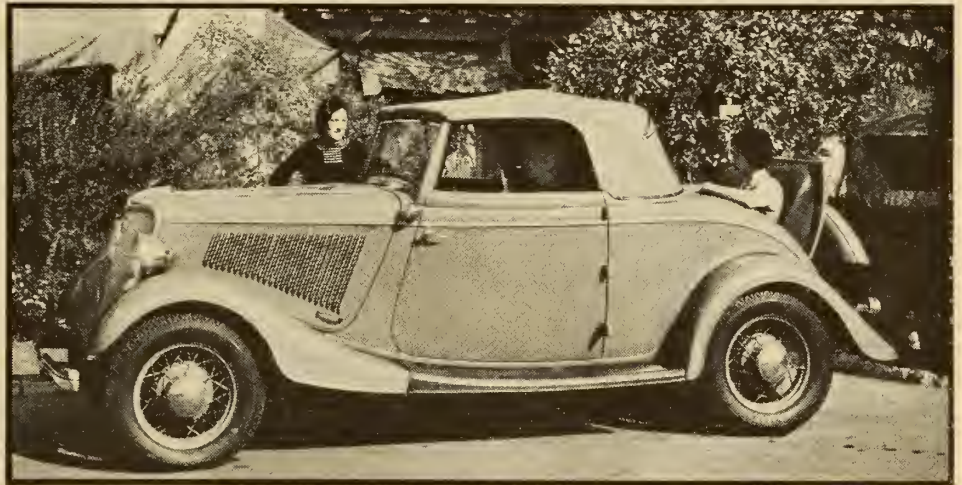
Cast Selections

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, ascetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the

convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna. Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

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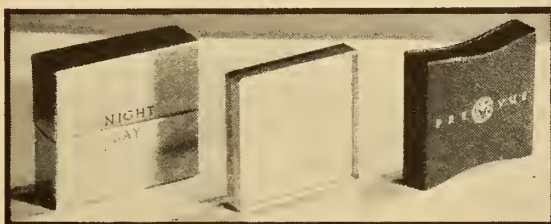


Just look at these prizes! The first five winners get a new Ford V-8—five models to choose from! Above is the popular Convertible Cabriolet

Silk Stockings For A Year!

Each of twenty prize winners will get as many as forty pairs of the famous Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings! The year's hosiery wardrobe may be completed by ordering a part each season, to be sure of up-to-the-minute shades! (These stockings styled by Orry-Kelly)

Six enchanting gowns designed by the celebrated Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. pictures, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., will be among the prizes. The Orry-Kelly creation above, worn by pretty Dorothy Tree in "Here Comes the Navy," gives you an idea of their *chic* and fine quality



100 Day-Night Pre-Vue Mirrors, with fine leather cases, will be awarded. They serve for proper make-up in any light



A \$700.00 Tecla pearl necklace, made of real pearls "cultured" in the oyster, is offered as the sixth prize. It has a genuine diamond clasp

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather — the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissaint Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

Send in your "Anthony Adverse" cast selections now! The contest closes September 15. Don't let the chance to win one of these 157 impressive prizes slip by!

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

It is at this time he again sees Florence Udney, of the brown-golden hair and deep gray eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

Napoleon and the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of

Rules of the \$10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

Fifth prize—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00.

Seventh prize—\$300.00 in cash.

Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—\$200.00 in cash.

19th prize—\$125.00 in cash.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Orry-Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—\$75.00 in cash.

27th prize—\$50.00 in cash.

28th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

48th to 57th prizes—\$25.00 in cash to each.

58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

2. In three issues (August, September and October) PHOTOPLAY Magazine has published the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the cast box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve rôles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title rôle. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for may be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Addresses of the Stars," which appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine on page 108. (Unlisted players also eligible.) Under this heading you will find the contract players at the Warner-First National Studios. You may suggest actors and actresses under contract to either Warners or other companies here listed, or free-lance players. The availability of such players for "Anthony Adverse," of course, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine is the official form to use. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any

Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to PHOTOPLAY Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanies this announcement of the contest and may be used at your convenience. However, it will be greatly to your advantage, in attempting to name a cast, to read the book published by Farrar & Rinehart.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, John Farrar. Also, W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this committee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by 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 complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.



Mitzi

It's a galaxy—a whole galaxy of famous folk, no less. Mitzi met them at the Miramar, and from left to right they are (seated) Sid Silvers, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey (on the arm of the couch), John P. Medbury, (rear) George Raft, Virginia Pine, and Kay Kyser, hotel band leader

STAR-GAZING

With Mitzi Cummings

HULLO, INFANT—

This holiday situation has got me. Looks like I'll never get out of town at all. But I'm getting even. Night-times (when it's divinely cool) I flit about to all the exciting spots, and daytimes, when it's too darned sunny California altogether, I think about the fun at night! Kind of solves the whole problem, doesn't it, Joan?

Let me seize this opportunity, since we are on the subject of What to Do to Be Happy, to tell you all about yesterday from morn till night. First to the hospital to see the appendix-less brother-in-law, and ran right into Sally Eilers and husband Harry Joe Brown visiting a patient nearby. Right away everyone started talking about their operations, except Sally, who trilled happily about her prospective motherhood.

MITZI misses nothing! She's a Hollywood girl who knows her Hollywood. She goes everywhere, sees everybody, and every month she writes a letter about the human and humorous side of the movie capital, for PHOTOPLAY

Came the night and I dipped into my new blue number and away to the Miramar with a party of friends. 'Twas so gala. Wheeler and Woolsey were guests of honor with a tableful of celebrities. Let's see—Dorothy Lee, of course, and Thelma Todd and Anita Louise were the ladies. Tom Brown and Sid Silvers and John P. Medbury were the guests.

Nearby sat sleek, handsomely turned-out George Raft (he got up and did his famous dance routine and brought the house down!). With him was Virginia [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

The Fairy-Tale Family

Fredric and Florence March are living a story to bring happiness to their children

By Julie Lang Hunt

JUST two years ago, Florence and Fredric March announced the adoption of a baby girl. She was named Penelope—Penny for short—and her radiant parents let it be known that a brother would be found for her in the near future. There were those in Hollywood who sniffed: "Give them six months of baby bottles and spinach *purée* and they will settle down to their one."

But a few months ago, Anthony—Tony for short—nineteen pounds of him, a five-months-old bundle of husky howls and chuckles, was registered for life in the March household.

"Some day, Penny and Tony will have another brother and sister," Florence March told me during a visit to the four-room nursery suite that occupies a wing of their new Beverly Hills home.

There was nothing of impulse or whim about their decision to adopt a robust-sized family.

Florence tells it so well:

"When we were married seven years ago, we made a solemn agreement that, if at the end of four or five years we had no children, we would find children to adopt.

"I'm afraid we took the business of becoming parents rather seriously. We believed then, and we believe now, in intelligent preparation for the privilege of raising a child. A year before we had Penny, I



The fairy-tale princess and the prince—Florence and Fredric March. They have adopted two children, and now they want two more

studied innumerable volumes on child psychology, and took an extension course on the subject from Dr. Laws at the University of Southern California. The most valuable books I have read on this matter are Hughs Mearns' 'Creative Youth' and 'Creative Power,' and, for very [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

Fredric (his sideburns match the woolly pup!), Florence, and little Penny. Five-months-old Tony isn't posing for photographers, as yet

A Son of Freedom

Scream, you American eagle, scream with envy! Britisher Charles Laughton is the chap that invented liberty!

By Ruth Rankin



Carefree and informal, Laughton and his wife, roguish, red-haired Elsa Lanchester, are a devoted pair



“**M**ONEY is no good unless it buys you freedom,” Charles Laughton will tell you. Then he adds: “The only free man is he who is doing exactly what he likes best to do.”

And Laughton is an actor who operates on that rule. He deliberately walked away from the fabulous Hollywood picture mint to play on the English stage at one hundred dollars a week. Because he wanted to act in repertoire at Old Vic's, a small, dim and dusty London playhouse. And repertoire is the hardest kind of stage work—a new play every two weeks—acting one production and rehearsing another.

“Actors need to learn what it means to pull a play through two hours on the stage,” he says. “To create a mood, building it steadily to the finish, there, at that very time. That's more intense than the way it is with



Laughton, as the tyrannical head of the *Barrett* household, on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" set. Behind him is Fredric March, as *Robert Browning*. The lovely Norma Shearer, in the rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett*, smiles over the banister. Director Sidney Franklin is seated in the foreground, below the camera

pictures, where the finish is usually several weeks away.

"I have no criticism to make of the actors and actresses in Hollywood who have not had this experience. I merely state that it is valuable—and, for me, essential.

"For instance, I wanted to do Shakespeare. Why? Well, what sort of books do people read? Contemporary novels, biography. But mental muscles are developed on the classics. In the theater, the classics are the solid foundation.

"We did 'Macbeth,' 'Twelfth Night,' that brilliant Con-

greve play, 'Love for Love,' and Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' the snootiest play ever written.

"Stage or pictures? Both. From one to the other, never lingering in a rut. Under conditions I enjoy, I really like movies best. When it was published that Irving Thalberg would produce 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' I telephoned him from London to say I always had wanted to play the father.

"Then, I like to talk shop. An actor can't talk anything else, really. Plays and stories and performances. There are more actors in Hollywood, so I can talk more shop."

Up until he spoke about talking shop, the man had appeared a solid Britisher, perfect John Bull prototype. But he had been serious long enough. At once he became a little like an animated chrysanthemum. The shaggy pink-and-beige striped hair was the immediate result of the *Barretts*. He refuses to wear a wig, ever, so he let the hair grow and dyed it.

LAUGHTON impersonates the Hollywood great—but discreetly. Who knows better than he that Hollywood is not ready for satire—that it can only bear a prettified caricature? He makes faces because he can't help it. Just as the rest of us describe persons with words, Laughton becomes the one he is describing. His eyes must roll in oil—he can do anything with them. They glisten with sly humor. They glide back cunningly to see how you are taking it.

When he isn't cutting up, his is a round, sweet, trusting face, so innocent and naïve. . . . So diabolical, the next second. A fiend, he is, then a pretty fop; next a mad scientist, the sex-glutted gourmand, *Henry*—now the insanely jealous *Barrett*. He has never been the same man twice. He never will be.

It is a tax on the imagination to hear that Charles Laughton played his first stage rôle in 1926, that he derives from a family of hotel keepers, that he is just thirty-five years old. It's all true.

There is no explanation for a Laughton, who should have come from generations in the theater, and didn't. Who has forgotten more about acting in the eight years he has been an actor than

many who have been at it a lifetime will ever know. Who is, as years go, a young man—but can be any age, without using make-up to do it!

He is soon to be "Ruggles of Red Gap." Then, nineteen years old at the beginning of the next picture, "Marie Antoinette," in which he is Louis XV. His only concession is to take off some weight, with which result he is as pleased as a kid. In place of the loose ancient blue sweater, out at the elbows, to which he was practically wedded—he now wears a form-fitting little number in black and white, which neatly reveals almost a waist-line.

If Laughton is joyously emancipated from clothes-consciousness, his wife, Elsa Lanchester, is more so. They are a remarkable sight, strolling in a kind of blissful, whimsical daze around the M-G-M lot, always hand in hand. Elsa has violent, incredibly red hair that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE CAT'S-PAW*—Fox

ONCE again Harold Lloyd is the naïve, unsuspecting young man with wide, horn-rimmed eyes, who blunders into difficult situations that work out miraculously for him. Story has fundamentally the same formula as his previous pictures, but the plot is more consistent.

Missionary's son *Ezekiel Cobb* (Lloyd), brought up in a remote Chinese province, has the culture of the Oriental, quotes to advantage from the poet Ling Po, and knows nothing of the modern world.

Through a fluke, he is elected mayor, while in America looking for a "mother for his children." But the crooked politicians frame him when he refuses to take orders.

Comedy builds steadily to final climax. Una Merkel and George Barbier splendid. Good family entertainment.



★ *ROMANCE IN THE RAIN*—Universal

AN amusing fantastic semi-musical, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny.

Roger Pryor writes true confession yarns for the funniest editor alive—Victor Moore, late of the stage. Roger also thinks up circulation ideas, and his best brainstorm is a Cinderella contest, won by Heather Angel.

Heather falls in love with him. But Roger, being up to his ears in a "Prince Charming" contest with Cinderella slated to marry the winner, doesn't notice. At the last moment he realizes all, and hides with Heather while Victor Moore is dragged to the altar by Esther Ralston.

Pryor registers decidedly, but it is Moore—futile, fussy and fluttering—who pockets the picture. Lots of fun—and not a blush in the whole opus!

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET*
—M-G-M

THE tender love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning comes to the screen in a picture approaching perfection.

This adaptation of a stage play, which served Katharine Cornell so well, has been given one of M-G-M's most meritorious productions, and serves Norma Shearer just as fittingly. As the invalid and emotionally restless poetess, *Elizabeth*, whom love miraculously leads from the shadows of death, Miss Shearer is inspired to do her best work.

Fredric March is brilliant as the *Browning* who will not be denied his love, and whose zest for living is the tonic that saves *Elizabeth*. Charles Laughton again increases his acting stature as the tyrannical, psychopathic head of the house of *Barrett*. There are excellent supporting performances by Maureen O'Sullivan, Una O'Connor, Marion Clayton, and Ralph Forbes.

Director Sidney Franklin wins new respect for his handling of this able cast and a worthy story.

The drama is one of flashing, burning romance that finds its way through the ominous, near-impenetrable fog of paternal objection and jealousy. Its sombre overtones enhance the beauty of its sharp, clear notes.

The dialogue, impressive on the stage, is equally so in the film; perhaps even improved. The Victorian settings are truly drawn. Don't miss this picture.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

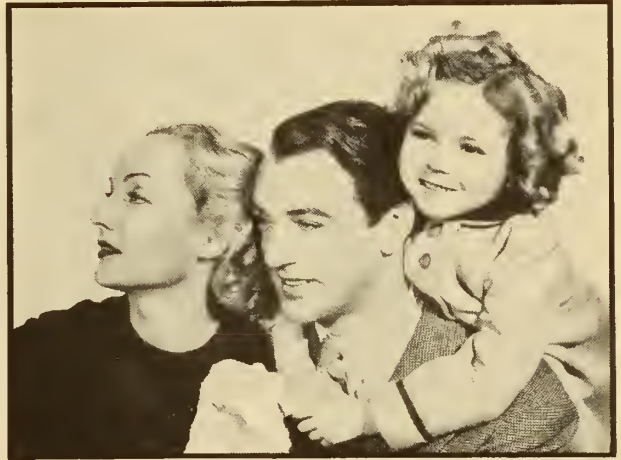
The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET	BRITISH AGENT
THE CAT'S-PAW	ROMANCE IN THE RAIN
NOW AND FOREVER	THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI
HIDE-OUT	SERVANTS' ENTRANCE
LADIES SHOULD LISTEN	STRAIGHT IS THE WAY

The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Fredric March in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Charles Laughton in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
 Leslie Howard in "British Agent"
 Victor Moore in "Romance in the Rain"
 Gary Cooper in "Now and Forever"
 Shirley Temple in "Now and Forever"
 Mickey Rooney in "Hide-out"
 Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance"
 Nydia Westman in "Ladies Should Listen"
 Franchot Tone in "Straight Is the Way"
 Margaret Hamilton in "Hat, Coat and Glove"
 Dorothy Burgess in "Hat, Coat and Glove"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 119



★ *NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount*

HOW that greatest of all past and present child stars, Shirley Temple, keeps on topping every previous performance is amazing. And in this case her natural charm is contagious, or perhaps Henry Hathaway's deft direction accounts for Gary Cooper's doing his most sincerely convincing screen job.

Gary is a life-loving vagabond adventurer, unhampered by scruples about honesty. Shirley is his motherless tot, and Carole Lombard is the woman who can't help loving him in spite of his faults. His regeneration, through them, is the theme—presented interestingly, and moving through colorful locales.

Sir Guy Standing and Charlotte Granville turn in believable characterizations. A picture well worth seeing.



★ *BRITISH AGENT—First National*

THERE is a sense of being "in" on history in the making when you view this well-executed production. Absorbing until the very last sequence, but temporized with an illogical ending. However, don't let that stop you.

Locale is Russia during the war and at the inception of the Revolution with the Reds, the Soviet, the White Army, drawing up sides.

Stephen Locke (Leslie Howard), "unofficial" representative of the British Government, gives an outstanding performance as the man with the responsibility of keeping Russia at the front to prevent the burden of defense resting on England and France. His duties become more complicated when he protects and forms a deep attachment for Elena (Kay Francis), secretary to Lenin, who passionately loves her country. She also loves Stephen, but manages to keep the two devotions separately catalogued to the extent of betraying his plans—but retaining his love.

The plot unfolds with sharp clarity. And suspense is so well sustained that one is always tensely alert.

Howard is completely satisfying in his rôle. William Gargan as the American, Phillip Reed as the Frenchman, Cesar Romero as the Spaniard—who, with Howard make up an international quartet with a common aim—are all superb. Ivan Simpson was born to the part of the "diplomatic" man-servant. Masterly direction and photography.



★ *THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI—M-G-M*

NOISILY defiant, rip-snorting and raucous in spots is this hilarious Jean Harlow opus. Though the lines play pretty safe, it is fast and furious adult fare.

Jean is a gorgeous eyeful, with all the right answers—one of those "good girl" chorines out for matrimony and millions, but the two must go together. She is determined to meet the right people, and any method goes.

Franchot Tone meets her requirements, and Jean promises not to split her infinitives, and to be a credit to him. And how that girl can wear clothes!

The scene on the yacht, which Jean visits (uninvited) is a classic in its line. Lionel Barrymore is his usual sterling self as Franchot's ruthless papa, who eventually gives in. Patsy Kelly and Lewis Stone fine.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



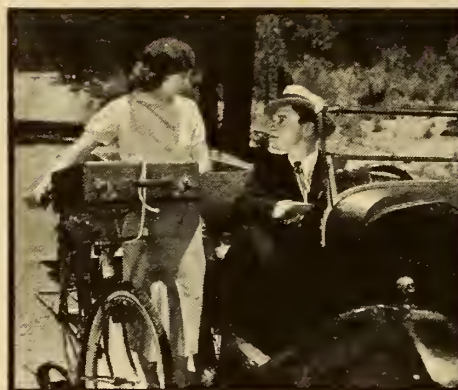
**HIDE-OUT—
M-G-M**



DUE to clever adaptation and direction, this charming picture develops out of a trifle of a plot. After a narrow escape from the coppers, racketeer playboy Robert Montgomery is taken in by an upstate farmer. His regeneration through Maureen O'Sullivan is pretty well realized when Detective Edward Arnold locates him. A-1 cast includes Mickey Rooney, C. Henry Gordon and Elizabeth Patterson.



**SERVANTS' ENTRANCE—
Fox**



THIS fairy-tale story takes Janet Gaynor to Sweden where, as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, she voluntarily hires out as a servant. In her adopted household she meets Lew Ayres, engineering-genius chauffeur, who forgets "Minnie," his speedboat invention, to work along more romantic lines. Hearty characterizations by Siegfried Rumann, Louise Dresser; devastating dead-pan humor by Ned Sparks.

**LADIES SHOULD LISTEN—
Paramount**



DELIGHTFULLY adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Telephone operator Frances Drake makes Cary her responsibility and, by listening-in, protects him from the machinations of two designing women. Edward Everett Horton is grand. Nydia Westman simply sparkles! Rosita Moreno and Charles Ray in support.

**STRAIGHT IS THE WAY—
M-G-M**



ALL you doubters, come and see Franchot Tone give a performance, because he can and does! He is *Benny Horowitz*, just back from prison. Although determined to go straight, he gets mixed up again with the old gang, led by Jack LaRue, and his old flame (Gladys George) in spite of Karen Morley's love for him. A powerfully constructed drama. May Robson, Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon.

**PARIS INTERLUDE
—M-G-M**



AN amusing group of American expatriates in Paris move at times gaily and again tragically through a story with a good idea and setting, but a disjointed telling. Hero-worship is the theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, a drunken, adventurous newspaperman who loves Madge Evans and then vanishes to China. Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Edward Brophy supply the laughs.

**SHE WAS A LADY—
Fox**



HELEN TWELVETREES is miscast in first part of the film, but seems more at home as the gambling-den "come on" in latter half. She is the daughter of Ralph Morgan who married his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd. After his death, Helen fulfills her father's wish that she go to England and be a "lady." Snubbed, she takes the gambling job and Donald Woods. Picture just so-so, but fine work by Doris Lloyd.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

DAMES—
Warners



A BARREL of good humor, and several excellent tunes by Dick Powell who is teamed again with Ruby Keeler. The popular cast also includes ZaSu Pitts and Guy Kibbee on whom a puritanical uncle (Hugh Herbert) considers settling ten million dollars. And Joan Blondell, who lends the film the snap it needs, besides leading a cleverly presented number as "The Girl at the Ironing Board."

**BEYOND
THE LAW—**
Columbia



THE fact that this yarn carries a mystery angle makes it doubly worthwhile. Col. Tim McCoy is a railroad detective this time. He investigates a killing, condemns a man to his doom; but the man's lovely daughter (Shirley Grey) convinces Tim he has made a mistake. So he starts sleuthing all over again, and that's where the suspense and blood-racing action takes place.

**HAT, COAT
AND GLOVE**
—RKO-Radio



AN interesting, but by no means flawless filming of the stage play. Faults of adaptation and casting, however, may be overlooked in the general excellence of the story and the superb performances of Dorothy Burgess and newcomer Margaret Hamilton. There is an exciting courtroom scene, with Ricardo Cortez as the lawyer who defends his wife's (Barbara Robbins) lover (John Beal), accused of murder.

HOUSEWIFE
—Warners



RELIABLE characterizations do a lot to mitigate the lack of originality, but they fail to make the picture interesting. George Brent is the spineless office worker who, through his wife's (Ann Dvorak) encouragement, starts his own business and acquires wealth and a mistress, Bette Davis. Highlights are gowns by Orry-Kelly, good scenes of tiny Ronnie Cosby, and the comedy of Leila Bennett.

**MILLION
DOLLAR
RANSOM—**
Universal



ANOTHER Damon Runyon yarn, with an unusual angle. Edward Arnold, a former liquor baron who has served a stretch and is going straight, kidnaps Phillips Holmes to prevent the latter's mother from a silly marriage. But he's double-crossed, and both Holmes and Arnold's daughter (Mary Carlisle) are really kidnapped. Film maintains a fast pace throughout. Principals do fine work. A-1 support.

**ELMER AND
ELSIE—**
Paramount



ALIGHT family picture, striving to show that women, after all, run things today. Little in it that is new, but performances by Frances Fuller, Nella Walker, George Barbier, Roscoe Karns are pleasing. And George Bancroft, as Frances' none-too-bright truck driver husband, reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 94]

Too Pretty to be Plump

Sylvia advises Mary Carlisle to be careful about her curves



Mary Carlisle is not the Mae West type, says Sylvia, who believes the pretty Mary's career would profit if she would take off some poundage. Miss Carlisle is well-proportioned and Sylvia's diet is prescribed for "all over" reduction, maintaining her symmetry



Raw apples are approved in the one-month diet Sylvia suggests for Mary, who is gnawing one in this scene with druggist Will Rogers in "Handy Andy"



Sylvia

type. And there's no reason that I can see, why you ought to have Mae Westish curves.

Ah, those Mae West curves—right here I want to talk to you, and to every other girl in the world, about that "emphatic" figure. When Mae appeared in her first pictures they said exaggerated curves were coming back.

DEAR MARY: For once I wish I were a critic of motion pictures, rather than people. I'd like to tell you what a clever and promising actress I think you are. But when I've watched you in your pictures—lately in "Handy Andy" with Will Rogers, in particular—my hands tingled to get hold of you and take off some of that excess poundage.

Honestly, you sweet, cute darling, you are not a Mae West

Well, all I can say is, I hope you're not letting anybody kid you. Mae finds her figure an advantage because she's different—a type, a character, a gay nineties belle. But her figure is

hardly to be taken as a model of feminine beauty today. Her curves are grand for the parts she plays—but they're not for the women of this day and time.

I tell you—too much fat endangers your health, your disposition, and may actually cut down your earning power.

I honestly do not believe that Mae West meant to start a fad. I'm inclined to think lazy women who haven't the perseverance to take off fat are the ones who most want to believe that extreme curves are back.

They aren't back—and never will be.

So listen, Mary Carlisle, don't you try to build up your career with a Mae West assortment of curves. You don't have to. You have a personality all your own, and it is a delightful one! And you are certainly too pretty to be plump. Your figure is in good proportion, but you need to take off weight. Right now you're okay for the rôles you play, but you'll be much more versatile when you're slim. There's no limit to what woman can do when she's slim.



Tsk, tsk, Mary—eating again? If the pleasing little blonde will eat only what Sylvia allows her for one short month, she can lose her plumpness without even taking any exercise!



Mary is a fetching ingénue, to be sure. Lately M-G-M has kept her very busy. But with less weight she could be more versatile

Personal questions on dieting and exercise are answered by Sylvia on Page 80. What is *your* problem?

Fat is not a stationary thing. It creeps up on you—from your ankles to your chin—when you least expect it. And it's much better to stem the tide, now, than regret it later. And, darling, you're on the road to flesh. I know! I haven't focused my eyes on the fat of Hollywood and elsewhere for the last ten years without being able to spot every ounce of extra flesh I see. You've got to get busy. You and every other girl and woman in the world who is overweight—get busy! Get busy now!

Fat is a habit. As you put it on, you begin to get used to yourself. It comes so gradually. Well, give yourself the once-over in your mirror. Don't you think you can spare some poundage with no harm done? Well, I do. So here's how!

Mary, I'm going to tell you—and every other girl—a wonderful new way of losing as much as fifteen pounds in one month. That's just one month of obeying me—and up to fifteen pounds come off that "figger." How's that?

WHAT'S more—I'm not going to give you any exercises to do, because your body is so equally proportioned now. I'm just going to tell you a wonderful diet for taking off flesh all over your figure.

First of all, get your system thoroughly cleaned out to prepare it for the pure food you're going to have. And for five days I want you to go on a liquid diet. This will absolutely take off weight and I'm not telling you a fairy story.

Get up at eight A. M. Take a glass of Vichy water immediately.

Take your bath, dress, and then have a large glass of orange juice.

Two hours later—at ten o'clock—take a glass of skimmed milk.

At twelve, have a cup of hot vegetable consommé and a demi-tasse (that's for energy). [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Two Who Hiss Hollywood

MacArthur and Hecht of "Front Page" fame have their own ideas about producing films

By Mildred Mastin

Hecht had watched critically while Hollywood filmed his stories, among them "Topaze," "Scarface," "Underworld," and "Viva Villa." And MacArthur—who is the husband of Helen Hayes—has seen others direct his screen stories, "Rasputin," "Get - Rich - Quick - Wallingford," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Now they began work on a story of their own, which they would produce and direct themselves—a picture in which they would avoid everything bad they had seen in Hollywood and to which they would apply everything good they had learned on Broadway.

If you've ever been to a Hollywood studio, their set-up out in Astoria, Long Island, would seem pretty small and unpretentious.

With a tremendous stage at their disposal, they camp their equipment in one corner, build a set six

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 117]

To MacArthur and Ben Hecht, picture making should be informal. Their most important decisions have been made while playing a game of backgammon



A movie set in midsummer is a hot spot! So Hecht made himself as comfortable as possible while directing Margo in a scene in "Crime Without Passion"



Whitney Bourne, leading lady, had never been in films. Claude Rains had made but one picture

ONCE two playwrights went to Hollywood. And they so panned the place, nobody liked them.

But they were two of the few men there who could write stories that were box-office successes, and pleased the *intelligentsia*, too. So Hollywood dodged the lemons they threw and put up a bold front against their barrage of razzing criticism. When their hisses reached a new high, Hollywood reminded itself that the pair had written money-makers such as "Front Page," and "20th Century."

Sometimes an irate director or producer would say, "They give me a pain! Sure they can write! But I'd like to see them *make* a movie."

Recently they went to work in New York—to *make* a movie. They wrote the script and titled it "Crime Without Passion." They never changed the title.

The two men are Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur.



TRENDS



A SPANISH influence from "The Private Life of Don Juan." Who knows what this starched white ruff and pointed hat of the lovely Joan Gardner may inspire?



THERE'S kinship between the small fur collars and feather trimmed hats of today and Julie Haydon's costume of the Eighties

A "CLEOPATRA" turban and massive jewelry have been created directly from Claudette Colbert's fascinating screen costume here



ABOWKNOT of romance worn about the alluring neck of *Nell Gwyn*. Yet, since pearls are exceedingly chic, why should not modern jewelers copy this very necklace worn by Anna Neagle in that film?

AGAIN the Spanish — with a ribbon in the hair, coarse net for the long knot of hair, spangled net gloves and fan. All evening ideas suggested by Patricia Hilliard in "The Private Life of Don Juan"





THE tunic theme is enjoying an interesting revival this season. It appears in both daytime and evening fashions. In "One More River," Diana Wynyard wears this charming crêpe evening gown with a jacket length tunic. Deep armholes, cleverly draped, make shoulder caps. A dashing red velvet sash has streamers to the skirt train

RENE HUBERT has designed a cocktail tunic costume for Mona Barrie's own wardrobe which shows how vivid contrast can be artfully employed. A lipstick red crêpe tunic with long black crêpe skirt and sash in a half-and-half affair of both colors. This tunic is longer than Diana's and is quite definitely Russian in its atmosphere



TUNICS AGAIN



TWO synthetic fabrics achieve color and texture contrast in a tailored daytime dress from Dorothy Lee's Fall wardrobe. The body of the dress is a moss-like green crêpe. The vestee, buttoning on in novel manner, is a cream colored fabric with one side in a bengaline weave, the other in a satin finish. Accessories are of suede

RENE HUBERT has gone to costumes of Hungarian peasants for inspiration in designing this satin blouse worn by Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance." The sleeves and the gay embroidery are of peasant origin as well as the basque-like design. Blue wool skirt finishes off this outfit — Seymour

COLOR CONTRAST



A FLURRY OF FUR FOR DAYTIME SUITS

JANE WYATT wears two woolen suits in "One More River" that are fur trimmed in unusual ways. One, above, has rich dark brown kolinsky fur trimming her jacket in a complete border about the neck, down the front and around the hem. At the neck the fur forms an upstanding rippled collar which is set away from the face to permit the use of a bright scarf. Hooks and eyes close the jacket

THE other suit worn by Jane is made with the simplicity of a two-piece dress. The neckline is collarless with only the pleating of the woolen to stand up about the throat. Single fox skins circle each sleeve. And two wooden buttons with a patent leather belt help as closing to the jacket. Her hat is piped and banded with patent leather, suede pumps are trimmed with it. Vera West, designer



NO Fall wardrobe is complete without one black afternoon dress. Walter Plunkett has designed one for Rochelle Hudson to wear in "Bachelor Bait" that will be perfect for you, too. The synthetic silk is ribbed like bengaline, its sole ornamentation being the clever white lace collar appliquéd to it and brought across one side in a sweep. The picture at left gives you a close-up of it

— Seymour —

SUITED TO GAYNOR TYPES



HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

Seymour



POCKET flaps buttoned with wooden knobs are the beginning of box pleats, stitched down, which feature both jacket and skirt. The gay red and white striped blouse collar is worn over the collarless neckline

READERS are always crying for more pictures of Janet Gaynor's clothes, so we are being very obliging this month! Here are two more costumes which she wears in "Servants' Entrance." Rene Hubert has given them his deft touch and you will want them for yourselves. Above is a green wool suit with Eton-type jacket. Leopard collar and muff

TWO poses of a simple little beige wool suit Janet wears in an important scene in the picture show you the details. This is the type of suit that you may wear now and under your tweed or fur coat all winter



TAKING advantage of the leading man's absence! As soon as Roger Pryor left the set, Onslow Stevens and Douglas Fowley began entertaining Heather Angel. And competition between them is strong! Douglas, with that checkered jacket, has her eye at the moment. Miss Angel and Pryor were making "Romance in the Rain," a Universal picture



LOOKS like manslaughter—in the “old Spanish custom” manner. The young lady with the sharp knife and an evil glint in her eye is Jean Parker. And the strong-armed gentleman, getting rough in self-defense, is Charles Boyer. A dramatic scene from Fox’s “Caravan”

Binnie With A Grin

A BIG, black sedan speeding madly to Newark airport, to catch a plane bound for Hollywood. Its cargo a red-headed English actress, her auburn-haired cousin, and a restless, watch-glancing Universal executive.

Near the Holland Tunnel, the piercing wail of sirens, blinding red spotlights—a cordon of pistol-pointing police surrounding the car.

"Looks like 'em all right—two red-heads. Pile out sister. Let's have a look."

Thus—the auspicious American reception of Binnie Barnes, alias *Katherine Howard*, favorite charmer of bluff *King Hal* (Charles Laughton) in the memorable film, "The Private Life of Henry VIII." The favorite daughter of England's cinema world, only a few minutes off the boat in New York City, stopped by the law and accused of being a Dillinger gun moll!

The drag-net was out for "two red-headed Dillinger molls" fleeing justice. Both Binnie and her cousin and constant companion, Edna Earle, have reddish tresses. Whether the Universal big-wig looked like Pretty Boy Floyd or not is uncertain.

Binnie's passport was in her trunk—all she had to identify her as a deserving actress was her personality—and the plane was leaving right away. So she turned on her big grin.

A matter of seconds and the cops were asking for her autograph and arranging a motorcycle escort!

OF course, Binnie's not the first English actress to invade Hollywood, but she is the first to breeze in like a Texas prairie wind with a handshake built for a congressman and a smile reaching from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other.

If the King of England won't pay us the war debts, he might as well let us keep grinning Binnie—that is, if Binnie feels like having any further traffic with English kings. Her last little experience with *Henry* cost her her head—but not her smile.

Binnie smiles at everything she says—and she says plenty—truthfully, frankly, willingly.

This English red-head has had many tough breaks, but she can smile when recalling them now

By Kirtley Baskette



Since coming to Hollywood that grin has become wider and wider! For Miss Barnes loves roller-skating and Mexican food

For instance, that her given name is not really "Binnie" but "Gittle" (she even smiles when you crack "Gittle long little Binnie"—and a smile in the face of a pun like that is some smiling!) "Binnie" evolved from an assumed "Billie," because her voice was so masculine over the radio that people began writing her as "*Mr. Billie Barnes*"!

She grins the information (the first English actress on record to grin such information, no doubt) that her immediate ancestors were *not* Lady Vere de Vere and Lord Montmorency—Twillingham-on-Thames, but an Italian woman of no aristocratic pretensions and a London bobby.

She can smile when she tells her story of a girlhood clouded with poverty—in London, where poverty is poverty. She smiles as she tells of moving to the country—to a farm in Kent, "Seven Oaks Green," where she pulled a milk-cart about the countryside, delivering milk to rich estates. There she also hired out as a kennel-maid to comb, brush and feed expensive, aristocratic mutts for a few "bob" before her father died. His death forced her mother and her to return to London to a catchpenny existence—and hard work.

HER unconquerably bright face lights up when she recalls the spare pleasures of her girlhood—the "shilling hops" at public dance halls, the only social life she ever knew as a girl. She learned to whirl and dip like a dervish, because there were prizes and because, if you were good enough, there was a chance for a job at the *Palais de Danse* where an attractive, graceful girl could make a tidy sum taxi-dancing with the cash customers. Sitting in a pen and smiling for a partner who paid a shilling a dance—and the house got half of that.

Then the Cosmo Club—a bit of a better class hall—
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

FASHION and beauty standards have an interesting way of turning topsy-turvy ever so often. What is *de rigueur* today, is ridiculously wrong tomorrow. So that the girl who keeps up with the times really needs to have an elastic figure and hair, features and coloring of strangely chameleon qualities. Bette Davis illustrates these pages this month for two excellent reasons. First, her coiffure styles are new, chic and unique, yet simple enough to do yourself. Second, and this is where the change in beauty standards comes in, Bette explodes an ancient hair theory, which should make a lot of us feel happier. Twenty years ago, to be pretty—because prettiness, not loveliness, was the womanly pulchritude standard—you needed very long, thick and preferably curly hair. Richness in color was prized, too, but length was certainly the measuring rod. Today, no one wants too thick hair. We pay to have it thinned. No one wants very long hair any more. Again, we pay to have it cut off. We don't even worry much about color any more. We use a rinse for a gleam of the wanted light or depend upon chic arrangement for beauty. Consider Bette's first design at the top, left and right. Apparently, it is a mingling of the Civil War period, Lily Langtry and the Gibson Girl era, undoubtedly brought to life again by Bette's recent rôle as *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage," modified to meet present conceptions of good taste and style. A long bang is tightly curled, then loosely combed to give a slightly frizzy effect. From a side part, the long hair is combed smoothly and rolled in a small pompadour to encircle the head, leaving the ears partly exposed. If your hair is short and curly enough, you won't need pins. If it isn't, use small invisibles to hold the roll. The mode is youthful and creates an illusion of ethereal loveliness.

IN the center pictures, left and right, Bette goes very elegant with a coiffure that is as smooth as ice, with a wave on either side and tiny, flat curls for decoration. The coiffure lends a dash and piquancy with a charmingly contradictory school-girlishness. A curling-iron does that bang, half of which is flat and smooth. A little curling lotion, one deft movement with the side of your hand, and you have the side waves. A little more lotion for the flat side curls and ends, and you have a coiffure that would make a French hairdresser gnash his teeth in envy. Use tiny invisible hairpins to hold the side curls until dry. Simply roll up the dampened back on kid or metal curlers and leave on until absolutely dry. Later remove, and use your comb cleverly to keep every hair in place, for that is essential to this arrangement. If you are the type to whom bangs are not flattering, you can see the possibilities of this style with just the side part and plain forehead line. Another adjustment you can make is with the back. If your neck is short or if you are heavy, those low curls will not be becoming. In that case, roll up the ends as suggested, take off the curlers, then re-roll smoothly and high on a cold curling-iron. This will give you high, precise, even curls, inclined to suggest slowness and height. That cold curling-iron is a great aid, in case you don't know about it. It makes far nicer curls than you can ever make on the finger, and is easier. Simply comb out the strands of hair very evenly, grasp the ends lightly in the iron, then roll upward, increasing the pressure. When the curl is in place, hold the rolled hair firmly with the palm of the hand and carefully slip out the iron. Fasten with a fine hairpin, and another, until the curl is firmly in place. The same technique works on bangs and side curls. In fact, wherever stray ends prove stubborn.

TO Bette Davis and Carole Lombard go the bouquets for having the most varied and loveliest coiffures in Hollywood. For an arrangement worthy of your grandest evening gown, look at the two bottom pictures of Bette. While you might manage this affair yourself, I suggest the hairdresser because you want hair perfection for evening. There is a very tricky parting. From a side part, half of the hair on the crown of the head is combed smoothly to the side, the other half brought forward and flatly waved directly over the plain half. All the other hair is flatly waved over the head, while the ends are tightly curled, later to be combed in a soft fluff. The front hair is then turned into a dozen tiny flat curls, later combed into their original form. A jeweled clasp is the finishing touch. And what a touch! And what a bang! There is, however, a real trick to wearing bangs. They are not for everyone. Usually, if you are young and have a high, smooth forehead like Bette's,

OUR LATEST COIFFURE ALBUM

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

they are good—and when you have big eyes like the Davis optics. Bangs to be in good taste, should always be the adornment of youth or age. They are not for the middle-aged woman, except in extreme cases. Because, bangs are essentially an adornment. Like gay, fluffy dresses. And so they go for the *juenne fille* or grandmother type. It seems a case of the extreme for the extremes. Bangs are either very softening to the face or very hardening. They are reminiscent of childhood, so while the face is yet young enough, they are pleasantly suggestive of youth and unworldliness. Perhaps that is the reason they are nice also on sweet old ladies. Time has erased the stress of time that often afflicts our faces after thirty and seems to last until life has eased down a bit. So try bangs if you *look* less than thirty; otherwise think twice before you do.

AND now that summer suns and salt water and hatless heads are on the wane for some months, perhaps it might be wise to forget lovely coiffures for the moment and to concentrate on the hair, itself. If you are blonde, perhaps you will find lighter streaks in your hair. If so, that's what the summer did for you, actually bleached your hair. Fine for many, if it had done a nice, even job. But usually it hasn't, because only the top that is touched by the sun is bleached. Don't worry; those light bands will soon disappear with a little home aid. And if you take the stars seriously enough to want to follow some of their expert advice, you will pay a little more attention to the beauty aids you can really give yourself. In the first place, few know you like you know yourself. You, better than anyone else, know the results of care, of treatments, of your reactions to the ministrations to your beauty. If you have time and money for a good hair dresser, there is certainly no reason why you should go through the performance of your own shampoo—which we all know is work. But, on the other hand, if you have not an income to permit the best, it is far more economical and wiser to learn a few little stunts for yourself. A hot oil treatment, for example, than which there is no better method for conditioning hair after summer. If you can do this the night before a shampoo, so much the better. If not, even an hour or two of oil on your scalp is going to show you a new head of hair. You can use olive oil or one of the daintier prepared oils. Begin by brushing hair free of dust, combing, then applying on small square of cotton about a tablespoonful of the oil, which has been comfortably warmed. Cover the whole scalp with oil, then gently massage in with fingertips. Steam if possible, cover the head with a towel and leave on as long as you can.

SUPPOSE we roll up our sleeves and go to work in earnest in the cause of a good shampoo. You have a wide choice in your cleansing agents. There are liquid shampoos, powders that you first dissolve in water, jellies in tubes and cake soap. Choice is a matter of preference. If a cake soap agrees with your face and you like it for hair also, use it in this manner. Shave about a third of a cake in two cups of cold water, simmer over a low flame until all is dissolved. Wet the hair thoroughly in water as hot as you can stand, except in the few cases where the shampoo is to be applied to unvet hair. When the shampoo is on the head, concentrate on the scalp, because there the oil and other deposits gather. Always use the pads of the fingers, never the nails. Instead of rubbing, manipulate the fingers in firm, rotary movements over the entire head, concentrating on the hairline at forehead, ears and back of neck. These edges gather an accumulation of powder and cream and always need extra cleansing. After the first attack, rinse and start all over again. As a rule, two washings are all that the average head needs, but if your shampoo is overdue, three times aren't too many. Now that we've covered the groundwork, the finishing touch is the rinse, and on this depends much of the success of your home shampoo. You know how the beauty parlor rinses and rinses. Well, you do the same. A shower or spray lightens the job for you. A comfortably warm rinse seems the best, although if you react well to that final dash of cold water, all right. I do know, however, that naturally curly hair is always nicer with a warm parting rinse. It leaves hair softer and curlier. Gently manipulate the scalp and lift the hair as you rinse. Partly dry in a large, lintless towel in a mild sun, if possible. Then brush the tangled ends of your hair before you apply a comb, preparatory to the setting and final curling.



Glenda Farrell applies perfume to the back of her neck. It is more effective applied to skin



Remove your mascara carefully. Glenda's method is wet cotton used lightly upward on upper lashes and downward on lower

Glenda's nightcap keeps her curls in order. It is comfortable for sleeping and the porous net permits hair to breathe



Sachet is in vogue now. Glenda smooths scented powder on her skin for lingering fragrance



Cream-covered finger-tips rotated at outer eyes prevent laughter lines, says Glenda

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR GOOD LOOKS

THE labor is now done and we begin the art—the art of setting and curling. For this you may need a wave set lotion, and you will need setting combs, kid or metal curlers and hairpins. In the May issue of PHOTOPLAY this department showed in detail just how Alice White makes her own curls, and because her soft bob and feathery bangs are typical of many heads today, the same routine is repeated for the benefit of those with the average soft bob. With this type it is easier if you leave the head hair unwaved and concentrate on ends and bangs. However, if you want a head wave, apply a light lotion by smoothing over the hair a square of absorbent cotton saturated with it. You can also comb it through the hair, if you prefer this method. Press in broad, irregular waves with the side of the hand and catch with the setting combs. This requires a knack, but it will come with practice. Now take the bangs or any face curls, dampen well and twirl in a tight, snail effect. Catch each securely with an invisible hairpin. Part at least two layers of hair at the back sidewise, then divide and roll up the little curls on the curlers. Do the next layer in the same manner. By doing them this way, you may make two even rolls, individual curls or comb the hair out in a fluff. Millions of hairpins and many curlers have been used by the Hollywood stars in just this manner. Of course, if you have a permanent to work on, your job is that much easier, but you can manage pretty well on untouched hair if it has the slightest tendency to curl. On this page you will see a picture of Glenda Farrell wearing a net wave cap, which is just the trick after that hair is all in place. It's a great little device for preserving a wave.

GLENDA FARRELL tells most of her beauty story in the pictures on this page, with the exceptions of two points. If the contours of your face are like Glenda's you can make your face appear more oval by extending the outer lines of the brows and by applying your face rouge rather far back on the cheekbones. This treatment of make-up has a tendency to clarify the upper face and to make the lower face appear slenderer. Then I asked Glenda a question of importance to us all. Just what does the man of today like about the modern girl? Glenda, who was sitting on a bed, hunched herself up on the pillow for an answer. The answer required thought. But Glenda is the girl with the thoughts and the spirit to express them. Glenda thinks that extremes in personality are always dangerous. She cited the case of the girl who goes so demure that her escort is afraid to offer her a cocktail. Men don't like that kind. Nor do they like the type who goes ultra-smart and ultra-modern, and above all they detest the type that will tell off-color stories or use off-color words simply for effect. It seems unfeminine and unnatural, and is certainly not the right personality touch for a lovely coiffure and a charming gown. Yet many girls will foolishly persist in such an attack as a play for attention. It gets the attention, all right, but not the right kind.

There is a degree in personality between the hoyden and the violet that seems to strike a good chord because it is a normal attitude. It puts other people at their ease, and humor and tolerance are important ingredients. There is just one thing about the humor that you must always remember, cautions Glenda, and that is

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

June Knight

HATES STOCKING RUNS! —

"So I always insist on LUX," she says...
 "Lux is simply marvelous for stockings.
 Why, when they're washed in Lux, they
 not only fit better, but actually they don't
 go into runs nearly so often!"

STOCKING RUNS used to be June's pet peeve before she began using Lux. For this popular young blonde knows that dowdy stockings make even the loveliest legs look ugly.

But while she was dancing her way to stardom, she discovered for herself an important stocking secret. Like so many other Hollywood stars, she found that stockings whisked through Lux after every wearing not only fit better—but don't go into runs nearly so often!

YOU, TOO, can cut down runs in stockings the way Hollywood does. Lux helps stockings *give* instead of snapping under everyday strains, because it saves *elasticity*.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali, because these things weaken elasticity. Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali. Stockings wear ever so much *longer* cared for the Lux way!

"I won't let my maid use anything but Lux for my stockings or any of my personal things," says this star of Universal's *Romance in the Rain*. "It keeps them lovely as new!"



Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

Vera West, wardrobe supervisor for Universal Pictures, says, "Some of the costumes used on the sets are returned to my department in rather bad condition. But if they're washable at all, I know Lux will make them like new. It cleans them like magic, and it's so *safe!* Materials and colors come out of Lux as lovely as ever. I wouldn't be without it!"



Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

Ask The Answer Man



It took Filmdom years to lure Walter Connolly from Broadway. But he's in movies to stay now. His next is "The Captain Hates the Sea"

FOR many, many years Walter Connolly refused to travel West to make pictures. He didn't like them and wouldn't have anything to do with them. It was while he was ill in a hospital that he let Columbia coax him into signing a contract to go to Hollywood. The contract called for four months a year in pictures and the rest of the time to be devoted to the New York stage. With his very first rôle, that of the *Senator* in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" he became a "picture stealer" and with each new picture his popularity increased. He now has a new five year contract with Columbia which keeps him in Hollywood constantly.

Walter was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 8, 1888. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; weighs 190 pounds and has light brown hair and brown eyes. While appearing on the stage he met and

married Nedda Harrigan. That was thirteen years ago. They have one daughter, Anna, aged nine, who is in school in the East. Mrs. Connolly appeared on the stage until recently when she signed for a rôle in Jack Holt's picture "I'll Fix It."

Walter's latest release is "Whom the Gods Destroy." Next he will be seen in "Servants' Entrance" as Janet Gaynor's father. This is the second time he has played dad to Janet. Remember him in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"? He recently finished "The Captain Hates the Sea" and after many weeks spent on the water taking scenes, Walter doesn't blame the *Captain*.

SYLVIA JACOBSON, ELKADER, IOWA.—William Powell was born July 29, 1892. He was divorced from Carole Lombard in August 1933.

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.

He will be seen next in "The Great Ziegfeld," which is the life and career of the late Florenz Ziegfeld. Ziegfeld's daughter Patricia will also appear in the picture.

MABEL GWARTNEY, LAWRENCE, KAN.—Mabel, you lose this time. It was Sylvia Sidney and not Maureen O'Sullivan who played the lead in "Street Scene."

MISS LA VAUGHN KEPLER, WELLINGTON, O.—Charles Farrell uses his own name in pictures, but Claudette Colbert's real moniker is Claudette Chauchoin. The late Louise Closser Hale played the mother rôle in "Another Language." In "Change of Heart" Beryl Mercer was *Harriet*.

VEEOLA HILTON, GREENEVILLE, TENN.—Gary Cooper's wife's maiden name was Veronica Balfe, but on the screen she used the name of Sandra Shaw. Russ Columbo was born in San Francisco, Calif., January 14, 1908. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and eyes.

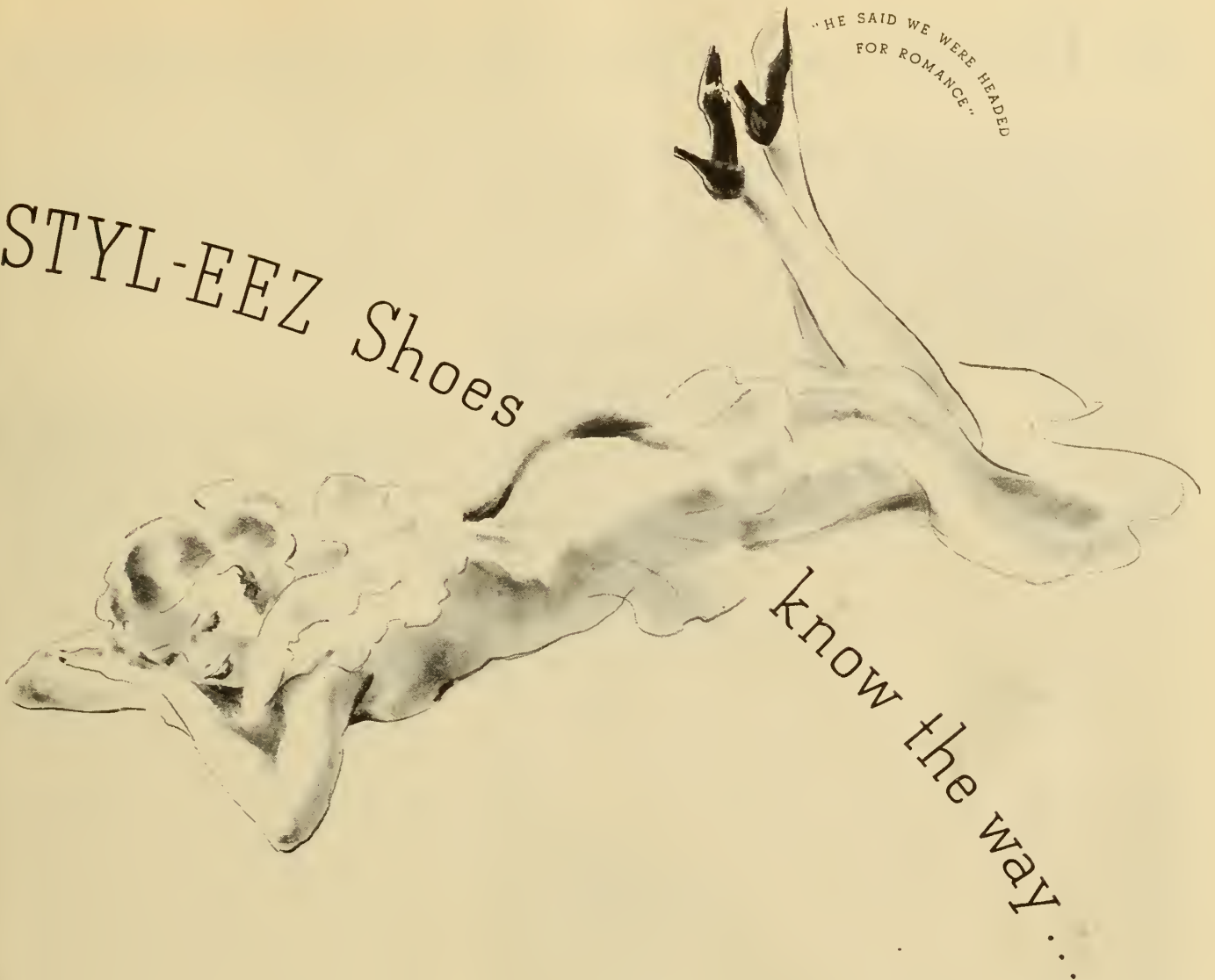
MONROE GOLDBERG, BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Lee Tracy was born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14, 1898. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 145, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Was educated at the Western Military Academy at Alton, Ill., and Union College in Schenectady, N. Y. He made a name for himself on the stage prior to entering pictures in 1929. His latest are "Dinner at Eight," "Turn Back the Clock," "The Blonde Bombshell," "Advice to the Lovelorn," and "I'll Tell the World." Lee is of Welsh, Irish and French descent.

GERALDINE ORSELLI, FLORENCE, ITALY.—The picture you described was called "Night Work," with Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr. The only song I recall in the picture was "Deep Down in My Heart." Is that the one you were trying to think of?

CLAYTON WEBER, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Mighty glad you called on me for information because I like to be of assistance to movie devotees. Buster Crabbe is a native of Oakland, Calif. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 188 and has brown hair and brown eyes. He holds five world records and thirty-five national championships for swimming. He was married a year ago to Adah Virginia Held. Buster celebrates his birthday on February 7.

"HE SAID WE WERE HEADED FOR ROMANCE"

STYL-EEZ Shoes



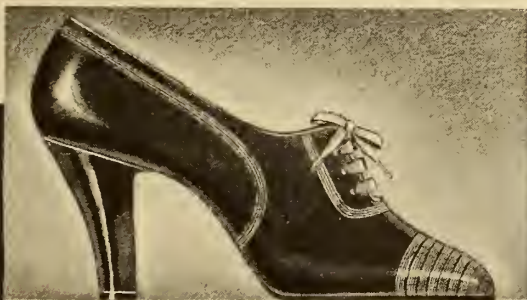
know the way...

THEY know the way to beauty, to smartness, to comfort ...these lovely shoes...and they know the way to the heart of every fashion-wise young woman who keeps an eye on her budget. Their slender grace and flattering lines emphasize the daintiness of feminine feet. Their scientific features (so cleverly concealed) are your secret protection from tired, aching arches and that awkward inward rotating which can so easily mar the beauty of your walk. Once you wear Styl-Eez shoes, with their smooth combination of chic and comfort, you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with less.

"See Your Chiropodist Regularly"

The "ZULA"

Combines gabardine or suede with kid • \$6 and \$6.50
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A SELBY SHOE

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet of features and new models



A Raid on the Refrigerator



So that she will be free to entertain her guests, Maureen prepares all her dishes early in the evening, setting china, cutlery, napkins, etc., in readiness, too

NEXT time you have friends in after the theater, make them earn their way. And they'll like it—on that you can depend. Lead on to the kitchen, give the crowd just the faintest clue, and watch them scamper for that "treasure chest."

Pretty Maureen O'Sullivan says, "For real fun and a real supper, give me a raid on the ice-box, anytime!"

This lass of the Erin Isles knows the precious combination to a successful party—good, wholesome food, prepared in advance, and an atmosphere of cordial informality (though, of course, it may be a dressy affair) with each guest having a definite part in the activities.

Whether or not we realize it, we all most enjoy visiting the friends who make us feel at home by soliciting our suggestions and little helps. Following this simple practise, Maureen invariably has the sort of merry get-together talked over in glowing terms weeks afterward.

For the "after-theater raid," Maureen has everything nicely

A novel party idea that does away with all the formalities

dished out and in the refrigerator before going off early in the evening. Leaving only the coffee to "perc" while the party chats over a highball or two.

Of course, you will set out a board with a few cheese favorites. And there will be cold cuts, bread or muffins, and such other appetizers as potato chips, olives, pickled beets, sliced cucumbers, anchovies, etc.

Now for a new twist to some old reliables.

STUFFED CELERY—Use cream cheese and Roquefort in equal proportions. Mash with a silver fork, thin to proper consistency by adding mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, paprika and a few drops of Worcestershire Sauce. Fill the chilled, crisp stalks, sprinkle with paprika.

STUFFED EGGS—Another tempter, also slightly varied by use of gelatin. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of plain gelatin in 1 tablespoon of cold water, over hot water. Mix with 1 cup of mayonnaise. Cut 6 hardboiled eggs in half lengthwise and remove the yolks. Mix and mash yolks with 2 tablespoons chopped ham, 1 teaspoon pickle relish, salt and pepper. Thin with juice from relish. Fill the whites with this mixture and garnish with rings of stuffed olives.

MOLDED SUPPER SALAD—This is almost imperative, and can be made up several hours in advance. Dissolve 1 package of lemon gelatin in 2 cups of boiling water. Add 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt. Let it cool until it begins to thicken. Then fold in 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup of shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated carrot and chopped green pepper. Turn into a mold. Serve on crisp lettuce.

A delicious dessert, easy to make, and one which is always acceptable, is

BISCUIT TORTONI—Use the following ingredients: 1 cup dry macaroon crumbs, 1 cup of

milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar, 1 cup of whipped cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of almond extract, and a few grains of salt. Soak most of the macaroon crumbs in the milk, with the sugar and salt, for one hour. Then fold in the whipped cream and the extracts. Fill little paper cases such as are used around cup cakes, with the mixture and place remaining crumbs on top. Now put in the chilling unit of your refrigerator to freeze.

If you prefer a fruit dessert, also made in a jiffy, try **STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM**—Soak 2 tablespoons of plain gelatin in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water, and dissolve in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of boiling fruit juice. Cool. Then use $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of crushed fresh strawberries, sweetened to taste. Add fruit to the gelatin mixture, and allow it to become cold, but not set. Then gradually fold in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of whipped cream, and return to the refrigerator until firm.



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by Seymour

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Too Pretty To Be Plump

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

At two P. M. have a large glass of tomato juice.

Four o'clock, you get a cup of clear tea with lemon (that's stimulating).

At six o'clock, take a glass of strawberry or raspberry juice, and if it's too sour add a teaspoonful of brown sugar.

At eight in the evening, have a cup of beef tea and a demi-tasse.

Another large glass of orange juice is taken at ten.

And just before you go to bed—around midnight—have a glass of tomato juice, skimmed milk or grapefruit juice. Follow this by another glass of Vichy water. And when you go to bed you'll have the pleasantest dreams you've ever had, because your stomach won't be full of heavy foods.

This diet will shrink the stomach—and that's a great idea. It will take down surplus weight on your bust and generally reduce your whole body. But if you are working very hard and feel a little weak from taking nothing but liquids, I give you permission to have raw apples. You can eat as many as four. Do that only if you feel empty.

For five days follow the routine I've just given you. Then begin to eat regularly, like this.

In the morning a glass of Vichy water. For breakfast have a piece of melon with lemon juice or some other raw fruit (but in the morning keep away from peaches, apricots and grapes). Have clear coffee and rye wafers with a little butter and honey, if you like.

At eleven, take a glass of tomato or orange juice.

For luncheon have a big lettuce salad with lemon juice, rye wafers spread with cream cheese, lots of fresh green onions and a clear cup of tea. That's a wonderful luncheon—tasty and nourishing.

Eat a big raw apple at four P. M.

For dinner have lots of celery, a cup of jellied consommé, a salad of red or white raw cabbage with lemon juice, all the green asparagus you like (but be sure it isn't steamed for more than twenty minutes, as more cooking than that takes out the valuable minerals). Don't take any more meat than a piece about the size of a big lamb chop. Then, for dessert, have some fresh fruit and a demi-tasse.

Now remember—for five days the liquid diet. Then for the rest of the month the diet I've just given you, and, Mary darling, I honestly believe you'll be grateful to me for this for the rest of your life. Because you can lose fifteen

pounds in one month—and maybe even a little more—and you'll feel so grand you'll be going around snapping your fingers in supervisors' faces. You'll have more pep and energy than a puppy. And what a figure you'll have!

I just can't wait to see how gorgeous you're going to look if you take this advice. Everyone already raves about your acting. I want people to rave about your figure, too. And I think I've been more than generous not to make you take any exercises. But wait—I've got my eye on you.

If I see any lumps of flesh on you after you've reduced about fifteen pounds all over, I'll write you another letter.

And listen, darling, don't let anybody tell you again that "curves are coming back." They never will, and I don't want to hear that you've fallen for that. Shave down your figure, build up your energy, don't let fat get a running start on you. You can get by now, but I'm warning you about the next three months—unless you take this advice. Your followers take my advice, Mary, and I'm sure that you have as much foresight and courage as they have. I'm betting on you.

Love,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

My dear Sylvia:

Just a note to thank you for all you've done for me. I hardly believed it when you said that we women could do for ourselves what you have done for the movie stars. But when I compare a snapshot of myself (when I weighed one hundred and sixty-five) to my reflection in the mirror (I now weigh one hundred and thirty) I, too, know it can be done.

R. W. D., Stockton, Calif.

I give you my word. I'd rather have a letter like that than a diamond bracelet (and I'm feminine enough to like diamond bracelets). Your letter makes me feel simply grand! I want a lot of lazy girls who won't do what I tell them to read it, and maybe they'll get the courage you have. For, although you didn't say so, believe me, I know it takes courage to reduce thirty-five pounds. More power to you—and I know you look beautiful.

Dear Sylvia:

Would you mind repeating your exercise for reducing the stomach and abdomen? I would appreciate it very much.

Mrs. A. D., New York City.

Here are two exercises for reducing the stomach and abdomen. Lie face down on the floor with arms stretched tight above your head. Feel the muscles in your stomach pull. Now roll back and forth and, at the same time, hitch yourself along the floor, putting all your weight on your stomach. You can just feel the fat cells being smashed off. Here's another: Lie face down on the floor with your arms above your head. Get a friend to take hold of your ankles and pull your legs high in the air, then lower them to the floor. Feel your stom-

ARE you too fat? Too lean? Have you any physical defect that mars your beauty? How are your nerves? Do you sleep well? I shall be glad to offer you advice—free of charge—of course. All you have to do is write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Sylvia, care of *Photoplay Magazine*, 221 W. 57th Street, New York City.

ach pressing against the floor. That will take you down—and take you down fast. Go to it—and good luck.

Dear Sylvia:

My figure is in good proportion except for my bust, and that is too small. I wish you could tell me a way to build up my bust without fattening any other part of my body.

J. H., Pittsburgh, Penna.

You can build up your bust without affecting the rest of your body at all. Here's how: Stand in front of an open window and take deep breathing exercises. Then pretend to swim with your arms, using the breast stroke. Do the swimming exercise hard, exactly as if you were actually cutting through the water and it was pretty tough going. Then breathe in while you raise your arms above your head and out while you lower them. Don't fail to do this every day for fifteen minutes. You'll notice a big improvement in a month.

My dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to stick on your building-up diet because I'm underweight, but it is almost impossible for me to eat that much

food, my appetite is so poor. Have you any other building-up diet?

R. Y., Springfield, Mo.

To put on weight you have to make up your mind to eat right straight through my diet. That's the idea. It is eating all those various foods that puts the weight on your body. Try eating slowly. Chew your food well. Give yourself plenty of time and tell yourself how good each mouthful is. Some of my girls who are on the reducing diet would think themselves lucky to have such generous helpings as I allow the builders-uppers. If your appetite continues to be poor, even after you get the right mental attitude, then I'd advise you to see your doctor.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I have a very big mouth. My friends tell me I should make it up to look smaller than it is. What do you think?

H. G., Denver, Colo.

I think, first of all, that you shouldn't listen to a lot of silly friends. You should stand on your own two feet, use your common sense, know what you want to look like, and say to blazes with anyone who tells you what to do and what not to do. I do wish I could get it through every girl's head that she is an individual and that the way she wants to look is what counts, and not what people tell her. In the second place, I think a wide mouth is grand. It shows a warm-hearted, generous nature and I certainly think that, if you can't make up your own mind, you should make the most of what nature gave you and use lipstick to accentuate your big mouth instead of trying to conceal it.

Be the Twin
of Your Favorite Star
in Her Favorite Fabric—

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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The queenly beauty of Frances Drake is enhanced by the slim, gracious lines of this gown, and the richly dull texture of Celanese Pabrilla. Worn with the brief jacket, it is perfect for the cocktail hour.



Luminous Celanese Satin in a slim, molded white gown that flows to a brief train is the choice of Frances Drake, Paramount star appearing in "Ladies Should Listen." The matching jacket is finger-tip length.

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HOME-MADE LOVELINESS

By
Carolyn
Van
Wyck



Pert Kelton knows that cleanliness is the source of skin beauty, so she does a good job with a complexion brush on her face, neck, arms and hands



Liquid powder applied on a small dampened sponge is a perfect evening foundation for face, neck, arms and hands, says Pert! Nice brows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

that if you can laugh at other people you must be sure also to be able to laugh at yourself. Glenda, you can see, would have a joke at her own expense if it would amuse other people. This is what is known as being a good sort, the type whom others will want to call friend and comrade. And for general popularity, nothing beats this relationship. Romance is often short-lived, but if your companionship is the kind that is elastic with men, that is if you can manage to get as much fun out of a movie or a walk in the park as you can from an extravagant dinner and dance on some glittering roof-garden, then you never need fear for your popularity.

Glenda warns you above all of the girl with the self-importance complex. The Sarah Bernhardt slant, she calls it. We all dramatize ourselves at times, but indulge in this little pastime for yourself only. Don't inflict it on others if you want your telephone to ring frequently. Glenda tells me that because of having several brothers, her own sense of self-importance was shot to pieces at an early age, and nothing better could happen to any girl, she believes.

A likable quality in Glenda is her frankness. There she sat, plumped in the middle of a pillow, in canary silk pajamas the color of her hair, frankly admitting to the beauty problems that beset us all. Glenda would tell you that she is a natural ash blonde who introduces

High time for conditioning hair, skin and hands after the summer. Our leaflets, "Skin Ailments," "A Heavenly Halo" and "The Perfect Home Manicure" tell you of simple, effective home aids that will enable you to throw off signs of too much summer. Yours for a stamped, self-addressed envelope—one for each, please. On personal problems also please write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York City

more gold in her hair by a special treatment. Girls with the same problem of hair should first consult the best available hairdresser, then learn to keep the hair light as the authority suggests. There are so many varying shades of blonde hair; hair, itself, is so very individual, that this is by far the safest method.

Glenda admits to a blackhead now and then. "Who doesn't occasionally have at least one?" she asks. And who doesn't? Glenda's cleansing ritual is, first, an application of cleansing cream to remove make-up, then a thorough washing with water and soap, followed by a

nourishing or softening cream which remains on her face while she bathes, or overnight if the skin seems dry. In the case of an offending blackhead, just a little more thorough cleansing.

If more of us could realize that every skin will protest now and then over some little indiscretion in diet, sleep or daily habits, we would not fly into a panic over every little outburst. You should first of all watch diet, drink a little more water, get enough sleep, and then watch cleansing methods. An extra-thorough scrubbing with soap and water often does the trick. That complexion brush that Pert Kelton is using is a marvelous aid in avoiding skin ailments because it not only cleanses thoroughly but arouses a rapid circulation, a good cure in itself for a faulty skin.

You would be surprised to know how many famous screen beauties supplement their regular visits to a beauty salon with vigorous homework on themselves. And that is what you must learn to do, if it is not yet a definite routine with you. Make use of your spare moments for sound beautifying work. It's a poor excuse to say you haven't time in a busy day for a few essential yet simple beauty rites. Only lazy people wait for the beauty experts to do all the work for them!

And these personal tips from the stars are applicable to every girl who reads them—their problems are yours and their solutions prove guide-posts for each of you.

DISCOVER HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY SECRET!

Learn Your Color Harmony

in MAKE-UP



UNA MERKEL IN M-G-M's
"HAVE A HEART"
USING MAX FACTOR'S FACE POWDER



JEAN PARKER IN M-G-M's
"HAVE A HEART"
USING MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE



MADGE EVANS IN M-G-M's
"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND"
USING MAX FACTOR'S LIPSTICK

*Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones,
Beautifies Naturally*

Actual life-like color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge . . . and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings . . . as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin texture.

Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone . . . Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours, yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

Genius Cannot be Imitated . . .

And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember, that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar . . . featured by all leading stores.

*** You Can Be More Beautiful Than You Really Think You Are!**

YOU are a definite color harmony type . . . whatever may be your variation of blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, proved in creating make-up for the stars of the screen. Thus, it is only by using the correct color harmony tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick that you can really bring out to the fullest degree the dramatic interest and magnetic attraction of your own beauty. And this Hollywood's screen stars have found to be the secret of beauty in make-up . . . and so will you, too.

In the New Attraction of Your Beauty You'll See Why This New Make-Up is Magic

What a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your

own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own color harmony in Max Factor's make-up. For imagine how perfect it must be . . . each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly . . . so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the life-like color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Max Factor * Hollywood

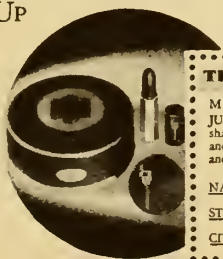
SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

© 1934. Max Factor

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift . . .

Would you like to have the personal make-up advice of the genius who for twenty-odd years has created the make-up for Hollywood's Motion Picture World? Would you like to receive your personal Color Harmony Make-Up Chart? Would you like to know Hollywood's secrets in the art and technique of make-up? See coupon at right.



TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES Color	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
	Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	type above and here. <input type="checkbox"/>
	AGE _____	

Not a Minute of Childhood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

by the personal appearance of Vera Gordon, then at the height of her picture career.

Mrs. Mack determined to see the great Gordon and seek her advice. Helen was dressed in her best dotted Swiss, her dark hair parted into rigid curls, and the Macks set out for Miss Gordon's hotel.

THE plushy humanness of Vera Gordon is no mere stage technique. She loves people, her fellow beings—even mothers with elocution-ridden children. She didn't turn the Macks away, although she was resting between shows.

Helen says, "I wonder often about my fate, if Vera Gordon had refused to see us that afternoon. Would my routine read, college, romance, and marriage, instead of grease-paint, footlights and cameras? I wonder."

The Gordon advice was short and to the point.

"Take the child to Hollywood or New York, if you want a career for her."

The Mack home was sold two months after the Gordon interview, to provide funds for the launching of Helen. Mother and daughter boarded a train for New York, while Mr. Mack, with the benign patience of the typical American husband, stayed in Rock Island, bereft of his family.

Now Mrs. Mack had what it takes to be a child star's mother. A strange city, a hall bedroom and a scant bank balance didn't stymie her.

She picked up a telephone thirty minutes after their arrival in New York and told the confounded operator to get Vera Gordon on the line.

It was an old Rock Island custom, but it didn't work in New York.

Mrs. Mack felt that the Eastern folks weren't treating a stranger with decent hospitality, and told the operator as much before she hung up.

After several weeks of searching, Miss Gordon was found at the old Cosmopolitan Studio, and to this day Helen says she can remember the dismayed expression on that gentle woman's face when she spied the pair of them.

But she could take it standing up, Vera Gordon could, and she made immediate arrangements for Helen's enrollment in the Professional Children's School, for a series of still pictures, and for her registration with every good theatrical agent's office in New York City.

Helen was first called from her studies in the third grade at the Professional School for a tiny part in a stage play, "The Idle Inn." From that moment a deluge of work engulfed her, a deluge that submerged childhood, the seasons, the years. Helen's life became a crazy-quilt pattern of silent pictures, lines in plays, waits in casting offices, rehearsals, weeks on the road, piece meal periods at the Professional School, daily tussles with school books on dim stages or glaring sets (the New York laws were severe, even then, on the educational standards of child players).

The avalanche of work was, no doubt, due to Mrs. Mack's clever method of permitting Helen to apply alone for jobs. At the age of seven, Helen was trained to leave her mother at the foot of the stairways leading to agent's

offices and take her place on the long waiting bench.

She was a tiny child for her age, with enormous black eyes and long dark curls. It is little wonder that the brittle crust armoring New York's casting directors was pierced by the solitary efforts of this mite.

Her speech, memorized days in advance, went something like this:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Ginsberg. I am Helen Mack. I have just finished 'Pied Piper Malone' with Thomas Meighan, for Paramount, and I have appeared on the stage in 'The Idle Inn,' 'Pomeroy's Past,' and 'Neighbors.' Have you anything for me today?"

Mr. Ginsberg usually had something for her.

SHE captured the coveted child's rôle in "Zaza" from the ranks of a mob scene, by following her mother's advice to waylay Allan Dwan, the director.

"Couldn't I play the part of *Mr. Warner's* little girl?" she lisped to the amused man. But the lisp got over, and she got the part.

It was at this time that her periodic schoolmates at the Professional School and on the sets included Ruby Keeler, Tom Brown, Helen Chandler, Gene Raymond and Marguerite Churchill.

It was also at this time that the foundation was laid for one of her most vivid childhood memories—that of narrow-eyed, tense mothers looming from behind directors' chairs.

Helen tells it so well in her own words:

"I've seen children, limp with the effort of redoing a scene or from the mental feat of remembering long stage lines, start to cry with fatigue.

"I have seen them blink back the tears, muster a smile and go on, trying after one black glare from the inevitable mother in the background.

"My mother never practiced this fine form of torture. The moment I was on a set or stage, she disappeared behind the scenery, only to reappear when lunch or the finish was called.

"She never reprimanded me for a failure, and only once can I recall any impatience over a professional stupidity. But mother was the exception, not the rule among stage parents."

ANOTHER poignant memory concerns her graduation day from the Professional School. She was thirteen at the time, but the memory does not have to do with the usual baccalaureate details—that her frock was white taffeta or that she carried yellow roses.

She only recalls that before the ceremonies were completed she learned that two young girls were needed in a hurry for a vaudeville sketch.

With a girl friend, Helen left her graduation flat, and, still clutching her sheaf of yellow roses, tore up Forty-Second Street to the agents' office.

Both girls advanced their respective ages to sixteen, and landed the jobs.

So Helen celebrated adolescence, the approach of young womanhood, in a two-town-a-week vaudeville act.

Mother Mack did not accompany her on

the tour, and Helen found it necessary to grow up over night.

True to the vaudevillians' code, the adults in the act watched over the youngsters like a group of New England aunts. But there were other things that a thirteen-year-old seldom learns—how to keep a laundry bill down, how to make handkerchiefs look as if they had really been ironed, how to check baggage, catch a train after midnight, to sleep at any time and in any position, and how to make a distinctly tired stage costume come to life with a dry cleaning session.

AT fourteen she had her first dinner date and was not at all abashed by a masculine "line," head-waiters or caviar.

She was ready for adult rôles when she returned to New York, after two years on the road.

She had seen every corner of America during that time, an accomplishment few fifteen-year-olds achieve.

The first grown-up rôle was in "Straight Through the Door," then "Subway Express" and "Dread," the latter having Madge Evans and Spencer Tracy as the principals.

The Fox contract that developed from these stage appearances you have probably read and learned about long ere this. That Helen was cast in her initial pictures in simpering ingénue rôles, and, as a result, spent the following year without a day's work in the film colony, you, no doubt, know.

That she didn't mind stooping to Westerns with Buck Jones and Ken Maynard, just for a chance to "show 'em," has been published many times.

That she did an amazing comeback in "Sweepings" and again in "All of Me," is current news.

That everything is in full sail, with fair weather ahead, is proved by Paramount's faith in her—a faith that included the plum of the year, the lead in "You Belong to Me," opposite Lee Tracy.

For victories like these, Helen claims a childhood is well lost. For the rich warehouse of knowledge she has stored full during thirteen years of incessant work, she gladly relinquishes a girlhood. For the joy of signing her name to a Paramount contract, she would match her ratio of happiness with that of any other girl of twenty.

But all this won't do for her daughter.

There will be no lost childhood for Helen Mack's progeny. All the conventional mechanics of the nursery will surround the children she so definitely plans to have in the future.

No footlights, no grease-paint, no elocution, and no cameras. There will be fairy tales and spinach, clocked sunbaths and orange juice, and a child psychology chart tacked to the nursery wall.

ONLY once during our three-hour session was Helen's soliloquy interrupted. That occurred when tiny Shirley Temple, the five-year-old sensation of "Little Miss Marker" and "Baby Take a Bow," passed the dressing room door with her mother.

As if to herself, Helen murmured, "Poor little Shirley."

Announcing the 154 Prize Winners

in *Borden's* \$2,850 Letter Contest

CONGRATULATIONS and fat checks to the writers of the 154 best contest letters on "Why I Like BORDEN'S Evaporated Milk Best."

During this contest thousands upon thousands of letters poured in from all parts of the country. Many wrote that they insist on Borden's because of its rich, true milk flavor... others because their doctor recommended it for infant-feeding... others because of the creaminess it gives coffee, tea, soups and dishes in which milk or cream is used.

The downright economy of Borden's Evaporated Milk was still another popular reason.

And—what pleases us most—almost every writer mentioned his confidence in any product bearing the Borden name.

Winners of the major prizes were announced during the July 22 broadcast of Borden's famous radio show "45 Minutes In Hollywood." The complete list of prize winners is given below:

FIRST PRIZE—\$1,000

MRS. SAM FLINT,
"Hollyhock Hill," Mt. Airy, Ga.

SECOND PRIZE—\$500

MISS ALICE AYMAMI,
4500 So. Downing, Englewood, Colo.

THIRD PRIZE—\$250

MRS. MARY H. CROCKETT,
320 Anderson, Warrensburg, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE—\$100

MRS. P. M. WYNNE,
431 N. E. 29th St., Miami, Fla.

50 FIFTH PRIZES—\$10 EACH

D. S. Bishpham.....New York City
Mrs. Bertha Boos.....Albany, N. Y.
Mr. J. J. Boyce.....Wilmington, Mass.
Miss M. K. Blake.....Cumberland, Md.
Mrs. J. W. Bronson.....Chicago, Ill.
Ward Browning.....Boston, Mass.
J. M. Bryan, D.D.S.....Evansville, Ind.
Mr. J. Compton.....East Cleveland, Ohio
Miss H. W. Cook.....Reading, Pa.
Mrs. F. Corrigan.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. John Cripps.....Vineland Sta., Ont.
Mrs. Alberta Duity.....Toronto, Ont.
E. L. Emken.....Texas City, Tex.
Mrs. Laneta Faraon.....Orlando, Fla.
Mr. Gordon Forrest.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Robert Granor.....Hartsdale, N. Y.
Mrs. E. Hafferty.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. G. T. Henderson.....Augusta, Ga.
Jerry Herides.....Chicago, Ill.
Mr. H. B. Hillis.....Port Arthur, Ont.
Mrs. C. M. Hollins.....Troy, N. Y.
George N. Jessen.....Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Robert Johnson.....Roosevelt, N. Y.
Mrs. R. E. Jones.....Salley, S. C.
Mrs. Ruth Kibler.....Wilksburg, Pa.
Mrs. Bert Knowles.....Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. Pauline Krueger.....Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. A. L. Little.....Berkeley, Calif.
Mrs. S. Lockett.....Toronto, Ont.
Mr. Ben Loeffler.....Oakmont, Pa.
Mrs. T. F. Long.....Sterling, Ill.
Mrs. Irene Lovatt.....West Phila., Pa.
Mrs. Jessie Mapes.....Jerome, Ariz.
R. O. Mooney.....Denver, Colo.
Mrs. I. Nance.....Washington, D. C.
Mrs. M. E. Neil.....Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. A. C. Parnell.....Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. O. L. Parthesius.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Virginia Pfeil.....Highland Park, Mich.
Mrs. Zenos Porter.....Provo, Utah
Mrs. J. C. Power.....Baltimore, Md.
Henry Raile, M.D.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. H. S. Robuts.....Birmingham, Mich.
Mrs. R. R. Smith.....Richmond Hts., Mo.
Mrs. Sophia Stalker.....Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. O. L. Sutcliff.....Orlando, Fla.
H. L. Tester.....Wayzata, Minn.
Mrs. W. R. Topp.....De Kalb, Ill.
Miss Louise Walton.....Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. E. D. Wecter.....Waco, Tex.

100 SIXTH PRIZES—\$5 EACH

Mrs. R. H. Allen.....Winthrop, Mass.
Mrs. L. A. Anderson.....Waco, Tex.
Mrs. Nora Anderson.....Grantsville, Utah
Mrs. L. C. Armstrong.....Ft. Worth, Tex.
Elma A. Bailey.....Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. Emma Barnhill.....Truro, N. S.

Mrs. L. F. Bate.....Logan, Utah
Nancy S. Beattie.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. Lewis Bell.....Cleveland Heights, Ohio
C. S. Bennette.....Tampa, Fla.
A. W. Bobo.....Fort Worth, Tex.
Miss Evelyn Bowes.....St. John, N. B.
George L. Bradley.....Houston, Tex.
Mrs. Robert Burns.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
Mrs. G. G. Cardwell, Jr.....West Chester, Pa.
Mrs. George A. Carr.....Port Washington, N. Y.
Mrs. Thomas Carr.....St. Paul, Minn.
J. R. Chamberlin, D.D.S.....Denver, Colo.
Mrs. F. S. Clonts.....Charlotte, N. C.
Anne B. Coushaine.....Buffalo, N. Y.
A. W. Dagistino.....Bayonne, N. J.
Gladys D. Davis.....Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. Davis.....Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Mrs. Theo. Daniels.....St. Charles, Idaho
Margaret Duffy.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Geraldine Dwyer.....Jacksonville, Ore.
Mrs. Pedro Figueroa.....Miami, Fla.
Mr. George Finlayson.....Woonsocket, R. I.
M. Fischer.....Tucson, Ariz.
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Mrs. Winifred Gibbs.....New Haven, Conn.
Mrs. J. R. Gunn.....Atlanta, Ga.
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Mrs. G. A. Harrison.....Valparaiso, Ind.
Dorothy R. Held.....New York City
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Mrs. G. S. Holmes.....South Bend, Ind.
Marie Jessiman.....Washington, D. C.
Mrs. J. E. Killin.....Halifax, N. S.
Mrs. M. G. King.....Providence, R. I.
Mrs. D. M. Kingsley.....New Orleans, La.
Mrs. Jos. Kinsey.....Timmins, Ont.
Allen G. Kirk.....Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. V. M. Knight.....Toronto, Ont.
Charles K. Kubilus.....Washington, D. C.
Mrs. E. H. Lagenby.....Arnold P. O., Md.
Miss Betty Lancaster.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Elmo Landers.....Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. Denies Laroue.....Timmins, Ont.
Mrs. A. A. Lawrence.....Watertown, Mass.
Mrs. Raymond Lerch.....Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. F. C. MacEnroe.....Melrose, Mass.
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Mrs. M. Martin.....Englewood, N. J.
Wm. F. McAuliffe.....Boston, Mass.
Miriam D. McClure.....Yuma, Ariz.
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Mr. J. S. McKerchar.....Toronto, Ont.
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Mrs. B. R. Miller.....Allentown, Pa.
Mrs. Floyd Miller.....Kansas City, Kans.
Mrs. J. M. Morrell.....Ogden, Utah
Mrs. David L. Neri.....Torrington, Conn.
Mrs. C. Nolpin.....St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. A. Oberndorfer.....Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. C. J. Oliver.....Atlanta, Ga.
A. W. Overholser.....Texarkana, Tex.
Mr. B. Pengelly.....Mt. Forest, Ont.
Miss Esther L. Perry.....Saranac Lake, N. Y.
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Mrs. I. A. Provhet.....Robertson, Mo.
Mrs. John Regan.....So. Porcupine, Ont.
Marion Rhoades.....Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. R. Rhyne.....Kauneonga Lake, N. Y.
Sydney E. Richards.....Quincy, Mass.
Sarah I. Robertson.....Miami, Fla.
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Borden's EVAPORATED MILK

Back to the Farm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

farmer, had about the saddest experience of anyone. It seems Jimmy went about for days, begging and pleading with people to help him with his "irritation." But no one could make out what or who he wanted to irritate. "It's my crops," he cried. "They'll die if they're not irritated." "Well, for heaven's sake," one actor finally snapped, "if anyone can irritate them, you can. You've got me irritated into a nervous wreck."

AND then, by crackie, it was discovered Jimmy was engaged in crossing cucumbers with grapefruit in order to get lemons with schnozzles. Which would have been all right if the frosts hadn't come and all the schnozzles began sneezing and blowing at once. It was awful. Smudge pots (in pastel shades) were brought out to no avail. The sneezing kept up till they finally blew off all the peelings from the fruit on Mae West's ranch next door. Nothing daunted, Mae simply hung up a sign advertising, "Nudist oranges. Not a fan in sight. No peel but sex-appeal." And made a fortune overnight.

Beulah, pare me a persimmon.

Of course, the time Jack Oakie in his sweat-shirt appeared at the last costume dance of the Mayfair held in Adolphe Menjou's barn, followed by six little pigs all in sweat-shirts just about climaxed the whole farm movement. Jack's such a card! But the way the pigs (he swore they were the Four Marxes and Wheeler and Woolsey in disguise) kept squealing when the dancers trampled them, or when they were tripped headlong into the keg of hard cider, was too amazing.

And what with Wally Beery going about cracking farmers and farmerettes over the bandanas, screaming,

"I sez you durn fool

I be the constabule"

was more fun. More people were crippled for life.

Of course, the next day all the farmers gathered at farmer Will Rogers' general store down by the crossroads and sent the following wire to Congress: "We farmers want relief." And Congress wired back, "Relief from what?" The farmers replied, "Relief from Jack Oakie." Then the lawmakers came back with "You keep Oakie and we'll keep the war debt." So the matter was dropped.

Gable bought acres and acres of farm land merely for his beloved skeet shooting. And then came a dandy letter from an admirer in New Jersey: "Why don't you come over here and shoot skeeters? We've got them as big as pig-sons." But Clark didn't go.

IT'S Jack Warner, producer of Warner Brothers pictures, who has the most unique farm of all. He merely ordered from the studio prop room four acres of *papier-mache* apple trees and then had the entire acreage surrounded by mirrors, which made exactly four hundred acres where only four had been before. And, as Mr. Warner himself asks us, "Consider the apple picking it saves."

Well, yes and no.

Of course, there's that recently imported star who has gone too, too Hollywood for words. His arrival from out his Egyptian-Scottish type farm house each morning is heralded by four blasts on the cornet, formerly

used to summon the harvest hands to supper. This, naturally, sets up a fearful row among the animals, who have no way of knowing whether here, at last, is Gabriel after all this time—or what?

Then a large, black Negro with a slight Cecil DeMille influence carries an umbrella over the monocled, white-lined actor. Another black carries a cocktail shaker of champagne cocktails.

Awaiting him on the edge of the field is his chair with his name printed on the back in gold letters.

"Proceed," he says with a wave of his hand as he reclines in his chair. A pair of plough horses, in sun tan make-up and wearing slave bracelets around their ankles, are led forward. These he examines disdainfully. Next they are hitched to a plough and for the space of five minutes the gentleman farmer watches the farm hands do a bit of ploughing. Exhausted with his day's labor, he is then escorted back to the house where another bit of loud blasting from the horn throws the animals into more spasms. With a lot more bowing all around from the actor.

The rival dude ranches of Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson are the talk of the town, naturally. So far they have attracted one Frenchman, one Englishman, and one Mexican, slightly used. And quite a lot of dudes, all busted flat.



Scotty Beckett lets the boys know he's just kidding. He's trifling with Georgia Bark's affections in "Romance in the Rain"

Johnny Weissmuller not only won all the hog calling contests with his *Tarzan* yodel, but when the report went around that Johnny had blasted all the pollen from the apple trees into Jimmy Cagney's cow pasture with the result that Jimmy's cows gave nothing but apple butter for weeks and weeks, all future hog callings were called off.

BUT it was Gracie Allen who really proved the greatest problem to the whole back-to-the-soil movement. The day she and George Burns were finally settled on their little farm will go down in history the way George went down in a heap.

"George, wouldn't it be nice if we gave a party?"

"I think so, Gracie. Let's have a husking bee."

"All right, but you'll have to husk the bees, remember."

"Quiet, Gracie. Look, what have you got in those pails?"

"Well, George, this one is full of cracked ice. I'm going to feed it to the cows."

"Good heavens, what for?"

"Well, you see, George, I thought I'd just feed the cracked ice to the cows and then we'd get our ice cream right out of those little faucets on the cow. Only wouldn't it be grand, George, if we could mark one faucet vanilla and one chocolate and one—"

"Tutti frutti with chopped nuts, I suppose," George groaned.

"Oh, George, you think of the grandest things."

"Never mind that. What's in the other pail?"

"Hot water. I'm going to feed it to the hens and get my eggs already boiled. Don't you think that's a good idea, George?"

"Gracie, why don't you plant yourself ten feet in the ground?"

"Oh, George, there you go. You think I'd come up a lily."

"I know darn well you'd come up poison ivy."

"Oh, George—"

Slowly the evening sun crept over the purple tinted hills.

Evening on the farms of Hollywood had come. A gentle breeze wafted the perfume from Joan Crawford's gardenia farm over the peaceful valleys.

Down in the distance could be glimpsed W. C. Fields atop his trailer hitched to six horses as he wended his weary way home through the rye fields singing lustily "Comin' Thru' the Rye Highballs."

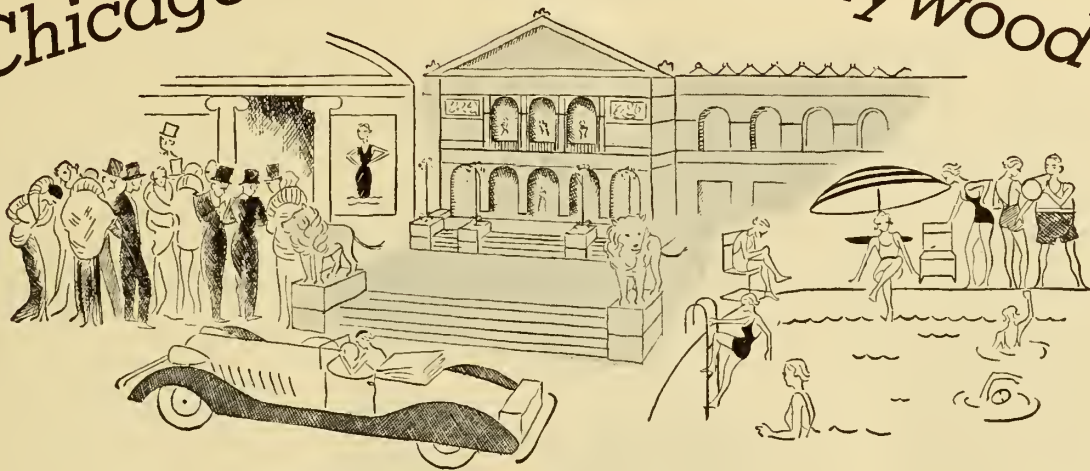
A GENTLE moo from a contented platinum cow on Jean Harlow's farm mingled strangely with Gracie's high laughter. Softly the notes of "Love Thy Neighbor" floated over from the Bing Crosby farm.

The shadows deepened. One last burning ray caught the red of Bill Fields' nose and for a moment shone brightly in the reflected glory, down in the rye field.

A last hush. Evening on the old mortgaged homesteads of Hollywood had come. And then, as if in one final benediction, Al Jolson's old Missouri mule leaned over the pasture gate and breathed, with one loud raspberry,

"Heel! Haw!"

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STATE AND MADISON STREETS . CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Most Exciting Woman in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

declaimed, 'You are ruining my opera company! All the girls are now getting thin.' 'Ha,' I thought, 'and a very good thing, too!'

"I was so frightened that first time in Hollywood—afraid of all the things I now accept with ease and a sense of humor. From the Metropolitan, where everything one does must be exaggerated to reach the topmost gallery in that vast place—coming to the camera and the microphone where all must be restrained—it was a gap I was not prepared to bridge in such short order. I made awful faces! I gestured like a windmill!" She flung out her arms in a wild caricature and burst into the gayest laughter I have ever heard.

GRACE laughs like a song from the happy heart—an infectious spirited mirth that incorporates all the sunshine, all the carnival of her romantic, varied life. It is Italy and Spring wine, California, warmth and color and glory.

From the moment you approach her perfect French chateau with the dreaming gardens, excitement reaches out and touches you. It is the surrounding of a romantic prima donna, and you know that, unerringly, with a fine feeling for dramatic *rightness*, she selected it from all the other houses in Beverly. It is the place where lives *Mimi* and *Marguerite* and *The Lady of the Camellias*. It is proudly the enchanted domicile of divine melody. Anything could happen in that house—anything but bad music.

The vast shadowy drawing-room is dominated by a concert grand piano, covered with an opulent confusion of signed photographs. Mary Garden, Herbert Hoover, Gatti-Cazzaza, Jeritza, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John Charles Thomas, Mussolini—great names to applaud a great lady as she trills melodic scales. And color—lots of color in that lovely room, subdued and gracious, to delight eyes tired from the glare of so many sterile-white operating-room effects in the pretty parlors of Hollywood.

The lady enters.

La Moore. Not the entrance of a diva, measured and sure, with the dramatic pause in the doorway. No, a young girl (all right, all right. Not in *years*, then) skips down those winding stairs in the hall and dashes in, extending a hearty hand. She is not beautiful (but who cares?). Not by Hollywood standards, but, if you ask me, Hollywood needs a new set of standards. She is infinitely more than just beautiful.

SHE tosses a mane of tumbled blonde hair, wears a blue print dress over a model fourteen figure, and displays no polish on her fingernails. She is a woman with a rich full life, a quick, warm way of speaking, with just a soft touch of lingering Southern accent (she was born in Jellico, Tennessee). A simple country girl from the Cumberland Mountains who wanted to be a missionary, who was a superlative cook and won prizes with her cakes at the county fair! Who sang in the choir, was deeply impressed with the devout Negro spirituals she heard, by the religious fervor of her environment.

Then she was sent to Ward-Belmont, finishing school in Nashville. There she heard Mary Garden, and forget her earlier urge to convert the heathen. From there to the Wilson-Greene

Music School in Washington, and a *début* in concert with Martinelli, in 1918. Facing family disapproval of operatic ambition, Grace went to New York on her own, lived in Greenwich Village and sang for her supper in the celebrated old artist's hang-out, the Black Cat. She lost her voice and pursued the busy vocal expert, Dr. Mario Mariofiotti, until he gave in and restored it. Became Julia Sanderson's understudy, and had her first chance on Thanksgiving night—because Julia had too much dinner. Grace didn't. So, you see, there is positive proof of the compensation that comes after starving.



Eddie Foy says it isn't so funny when he takes his five fat pups for a walk and three of them sit down and refuse to budge

Then "Up in the Clouds," which ran seven months on Broadway. Grace saved her money and went to Europe to study. She sang in small opera houses all over the Continent, then the great ones. And finally, the Metropolitan. A "Grace Moore Special" train came up from Tennessee for her *début* there, full of friends, relatives and the Governor of the State.

That is success on the grand scale. Can

you imagine what it meant to *that* girl to leave Hollywood with her career in ashes?

If she had it to do over again, Grace would come to Hollywood the very first thing. Before she went to Europe at all.

"If it were now, and I knew what I do, I would study in California. It has the atmosphere, the warmth and languor of Italy. 'Oh, this is the place,' I tell all the ambitious young singers who write for advice. And I answer every one of those letters personally, give a lot of thought to each problem they present. Perhaps it wasn't the place that long ago, when I was studying, but now it is. The Californians even have the same lazy, soft way of speaking as they do in Italy. There are superb teachers here—my own Mariofiotti, without whom I refused to come to Hollywood that first time, and M-G-M had to sign him at a thousand dollars a week—for a year! (She was terribly pleased over that.)

"This is it, the place, the paradise of possible achievement for all the artists of the world. No other environment on the globe has more to offer than right here."

THE thrill of coming back to success is still upon her—the success of making grand opera attractive through the medium of the motion picture.

"It took courage, I admit it. Disappointment, so cruel, disillusion—so destructive—were still present in my mind. But now I have acquired a physical and mental maturity far greater than could ordinarily take place in four short years. There has been the radio, 'The DuBarry' last season on Broadway (it was a personal triumph for Grace), my marriage—everything has all worked harmoniously to develop and bring me to this point. I have conscientiously studied everything that could help me, even remotely, on the screen. Practiced in front of the mirror for hours, so I wouldn't make faces.

"Then, the first time Harry Cohn saw the picture he exclaimed, in actual alarm, 'Good heavens, Grace, you don't look as if you're singing!

"No faces, no vocal cords tied in knots. They will think it's a double!' I could have shouted for joy.

"Singing is the most emotional of all the arts—the mind and the perceptions must be warm and vibrant, one must love people and life.

"And then there is this—I have come to regard as the most important of all—I tell it unflinchingly to every young artist who writes to me—

"Don't be afraid to be alone! Until you mean something to yourself, you can't be important to anyone else. People here and everywhere have been so afraid of isolation, of solitude. Now there comes the new type that demands it, and they are the ones who have the great interest for us—the Garbos, the Hepburns, the Paul Munis. For years, Mary Garden has gone into complete retirement for six months of the year, high up on the Riviera. One must learn to live the good alone-life, in order to grow and develop in one's own way. We are gradually turning toward it more and more, people are seeking a life of their own, tired of the tremendous pace of the past decade. They demand more good things

to read, more worthy things to see and hear when they do go out.

"Contrary to popular belief, you really get nothing from people, just hordes of people skipping through your life, hardly touching you. You make progress as a human being by yourself, you make progress as an artist by yourself—it all goes into one initial fund, yourself and your value to humanity—like putting money in the bank!

"That is why the great singers of all time have created a furor when they appeared—they 'made an entrance'—they were a rare and stimulating sight—and they had something to show, out of their long hours of study and contemplation.

"**S**OLITUDE is imperative to the painter, the composer, the writer, the scientist and the singer. Develop yourself, and forget what effect you hope to have on the public. Establish your own standards and the public will rise to them. Don't ever think you must descend to the public! Let them come up to you.

It is a very discerning public, you know, and you need never fear destroying any instinctive fineness to meet it. There is an audience for the *best* you have to offer.

"You develop that best—alone. With perhaps the one person who is nearest and dearest and part of you, accessible, because he or she thinks with you. 'Happy is the person who demands of life the leisure to catch the beauty and emotion of deep living.' And here is a translation from DeMusset that I love to think about—'There is nothing which renders us as sublime as a great passion. The most despairing songs are the most beautiful songs. And I know immortal lyrics which are cries from the heart.'

"And the 'great passion' the poet talks about," said Grace, "can be music—or it can be housekeeping."

The two great things of life, Grace Moore believes (how ardently she believes what she believes!), are love and health. And into that is included the love of work, the love of all the minutes in the day.

When she stepped on the Ile de France, in 1931, Grace remarked to her companion that "something divine" would happen on that voyage. It did. She met and married Valentin Parera, the Ronald Colman of Spain. They honeymooned in a thirteenth century palace in Venice.

It's a long way from the Cumberland Mountains to a Venetian palazzo, but that is inevitably and exactly the sort of thing that happens to Grace.

If it didn't, there wouldn't be any Grace Moore to stir our imaginations and enthusiasms with her magnificent voice, her thrilling personality.

WE ARE a trifle surfeited with posturing dolls who can wear beautiful clothes and read lines. We desperately needed the new and genuine excitement of a great talent patiently developed through years of study and hard work. And projected through a personality that has *real* glamour—not the manufactured article.

She is capable of stirring a hard-boiled preview audience to a frenzy of admiration and acclaim, such as no other person in Hollywood has ever done.

She is capable of stirring her friends to the peak of loyalty and devotion.

I have nominated her "the most exciting woman in Hollywood!"

It is up to you to elect her to the office!

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

THE report is that the Charles Farrell-Janet Gaynor team is far from being broken up; that Charles, as soon as he finishes his picture work in London, will hop right back to Hollywood and a picture with Janet.

WHILE casting the Russian picture Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur are making in New York, Hecht sent out a call for expert Russian riders.

A man in a Cossack uniform came into the office and stood at attention.

"Can you ride?" Hecht asked him.

"Certainly. I am a colonel—Cossacks—Ukraine."

"Oh, a colonel?" Hecht laughed. "Where's your regiment?"

The Russian turned, opened the door, spoke a sharp command. Fourteen huge, uniformed Cossacks marched into the office, stood at attention, and saluted Hecht.

"This is my regiment—all that is left."

Hecht hired them all.

TWO cases of infantile paralysis may equal one romance. Meaning Hal Rosson (Jean Harlow's estranged spouse) and Ida Lupino who were both stricken with the dangerous disease within hours of each other. Both succeeded in fighting it off, Ida's case being much lighter than Hal's. But during the hospital siege, he ordered posies to keep her room well perfumed—and Ida wrote Hal notes.

(P. S.—But don't overlook the romantic rumors about Ida and Henry Wadsworth.)

ON the romantic, and not-so-romantic highway—Richard Powell and Mary Brian put in their order for happiness ever afterward. . . . Phillips Holmes will miss Florence Rice when he goes to London to make a picture there. . . . Despite reports to the contrary, it looks like Madge Evans and Russell Hardie, not Tom Gallery. . . . 'Tis said that Toby Wing and Jackie Coogan are no longer together so much; that Alfred Vanderbilt has taken over the greater part of the squiring of Toby. . . . Now it's Paul Ames and June Knight, with Renee Torres seeing a lot of Eddie Sutherland. . . . It was a nice birthday gift Lew Ayres gave Ginger Rogers, an automobile. . . . Ginger had twenty-two candles on her cake. . . . Edward Everett Horton and Ivy Crane Wilson, widow of Harry, are together a great deal. . . . And Mary Nolan and Wallace Macrery are together again. . . . John Cromwell and wife, Kay Johnson, have adopted a child. . . . The Spencer Tracys dine together for the sake of the children. . . . The Rudy Vallees, be it known, are not divorcing, but separating. . . . The John Hustons (he's son of Walter) have separated. . . . Henry Wilcoxon's latest interest (and he hers) is Mona Maris. . . . And 'tis said it's almost any day now for Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr. . . . The cooing goes on apace between Jean Harlow and William Powell, Alice Terry and Barry Norton, Barbara Barondess and Anthony Mattes.

DESPITE censor trouble over Mae West's latest picture, Paramount must be satisfied, for the curvilinear star was given a brand-new two-year contract.

BLITHELY arriving on the set of "Now and Forever," Gary Cooper walked over and caroled a gay good morning to Mistress Shirley Temple, who rewarded him with a "Hush up."

Of course, her mother told her she must go right over and apologize to Mr. Cooper for being so unspeakably rude. Shirley did.

"But you should have hushed up," she said. "How can I learn my lines if you talk to me?"

ANY change in the Garbo's routine of life is news. For instance, she appeared on the set with a new maid—and the papers almost got out extras.

The former maid, whom she has had for a number of years, resigned to become an actress. She has an important part in "Imitation of Life," at Universal.



Johnny Weissmuller takes one of his youngest admirers for a swim. And judging by the grins, they are having a good time

WHATEVER the disparaging talk about Katharine Hepburn's last picture and her subsequent stage work in New York, it is apparent RKO-Radio took no stock in it. The studio handed Katharine a two-year contract.

On top of it, Katharine and her former husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, may resume where they left off.

BRUCE CABOT and his wife, Adrienne Ames, called off their sparring, 'tis said. Then Adrienne went to New York to do a picture there, leaving Bruce on the Coast.

WHATEVER you say about Hollywood's whataman, Henry Wilcoxon, the *Mark Antony* of DeMille's "Cleopatra"—you certainly can't call him a "phony."

Virile Henry took the count twice in some realistic battle scenes. First, it was a spear which pierced his muscular leg and kept him on the bench—and then in a Roman fracas he took a sword blow on the hand which slashed him to the bone.

Maybe DeMille knew that hairy Henry could "take it" as well as dish it out. Or again, maybe he just has a faculty for getting all cut up.

FREDDIE MARCH'S inordinate craving for caviar very nearly resulted in a case of lead poisoning. His boyhood recollections saved the day.

Browsing over an elaborate supper table set of "We Live Again," Freddie approached some of his favorite fish eggs reposing in a lovely iced bowl. He was about to dip deeply and partake when the suspicious thought entered his mind.

"Say," he turned to Director Rouben Mamoulian, "these look like B-B gun shot."

"That's what they are," calmly replied the director.

ALTHOUGH Anita Page is Mrs. Nacio Herb Brown, they must maintain separate residences until next June 5, when Nacio's divorce from his second wife goes into effect. Anita's and Nacio's Mexican marriage is not recognized in California.

HENRY B. WALTHALL not only gets a chance to wear his "Little Colonel" uniform again in "Judge Priest," with Irvin Cobb—but in the picture his eighteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, will make her screen debut. She was signed by Fox after excellent work in community theaters around Los Angeles.

Another daughter who recently distinguished herself is Sheila McLaglen, Victor's girl—eleven years old. Sheila's recent piano recital had some hardened critics admiring and applauding.

CARY GRANT and Virginia Cherrill are going for roller-skating in a big way. They even gave a skating party in a local rollerdrome, with twenty guests to take falls with them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

AT LAST! *Sylvia of Hollywood* ... **FAMOUS HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXPERT ... PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVISOR OF STAGE AND SCREEN STARS ... PUTS HER SECRETS BETWEEN THE COVERS OF A BOOK ...**



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



The Grants give a party on wheels! Left to right, Joan Marsh, Walter Johnson, Sallie Blane, Jack Durant, Virginia Cherrill Grant, Cary Grant and Binnie Barnes, at the Culver City Rollerdom

HOLLYWOOD is welcoming back Marshall "Micky" Neilan to active directing again. Time was when Neilan was one of the most distinguished of all the old megaphonists. Practically every Mary Pickford hit was a Neilan-directed picture. But for the past six years, he has been conspicuous by his absence. He'll make "The Lemon Drop Kid," a Damon Runyon story in which Paramount will star Lee Tracy.

ONCE upon a time a director named Eric Von Stroheim used to take off a couple of years, maybe more, and direct a picture. Von Stroheim is now acting in an independent production, where they start them on Monday morning and wind up everything Thursday afternoon in time for dinner. The other afternoon, Eric and Wera Engels wandered off their set onto another. Busy talking, they roamed around until Von suddenly remembered where he was and exclaimed: "We had better return to our own set or the picture will be finished before we get back!"

NO one, it would seem, on strolling about Hollywood is without at least one dog—mainly they seem to be in flocks, or herds, or whatever you call a pack of dogs. But, it has taken Donald Cook to capitalize on them. He has a flourishing ultra modern canine cafe in Beverly Hills, with a daily delivery service, rushing the hot groceries to the pups by truck. He even specializes in diets.

CLARA BOW is back in Hollywood—but don't get excited. No lure of a return to the screen brought her here—only the hot weather at the Bell-Bow ranch in Nevada.

Rex is due to start making Westerns right away, but Clara will play the now familiar rôle of housewife as she awaits the announced "blessed event," for which she may sail to Honolulu.

CONRAD NAGEL'S divorce seems to have knocked the bottom out of the stability of all Hollywood marriage. Yet those on the inside say it has been in the air for nearly two years. Something to these rumors, eh?

IF every author took his work as seriously as Mistress Peggy Lloyd, nine-year-old daughter of the famous comedian—there would be some realistic literature floating about.

Peggy's sobs brought her mother, Mildred Davis Lloyd, running into her room.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

And Peggy, who says she is going to be an author even when she grows up, replied, "I'm writing a mystery story—and I got scared."

RONALD COLMAN says he has no thought or intention of a second marriage, and sighs as he adds that his divorce from Thelma Raye was all for the best. The ex-Mrs. Colman secured the divorce in London. She has lived there, with the exception of one brief trip here in 1925 to arrange a property settlement, since 1924. That was the year of their separation.

VERREE TEASDALE traveled all the way from Hollywood to New York to select her trousseau for her coming marriage to Adolphe Menjou, only to find all the shops holding sales—and she couldn't get any of the advance styles.

As if that wasn't enough, the studio wired her she had to be on the way back by the next Thursday, and she'd only been in New York three days.

Verree was much needed for "Firebird," and when she did get back, she found that she even had to postpone the wedding—the picture had to go into immediate production.

Warners took up her option when it came due.

So she is set to be an actress, and Mrs. Menjou, at the same time.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



No, the gentleman from Kentucky is not in distress. The camera just caught Irvin S. Cobb concentrating on what Will Rogers was saying

Synopsis of Anthony Adverse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.



It took many months to get Grant to pose with his bride. But here they are: Mr. Withers and wife, formerly Alice Walsh, of Cleveland

"...a glorious evening, Betty!"



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Five Fresh Flavors

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near El Paso, Texas. For some years they have

peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony's axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony's Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY— Columbia

A HEAVY melodrama which is impressive because of the fine acting of Walter Connolly as the successful theatrical producer whom the gods destroy. Doris Kenyon, as his wife, Robert Young, and little Scotty Beckett also do good work.

THE SCARLET LETTER—Majestic

MOVING in a dignified tempo, this classic is revived with Colleen Moore in the tragic rôle of *Hester Prynne*. Cora Sue Collins is a delight as her child, and Hardie Albright is convincing as the guilty *Pastor Dimmesdale*. Locale, Massachusetts during the early Puritan period.



Unable to find another child Spanky's size who was smart enough to act as his "stand-in" at the Hal Roach Studio, Charlie Oelze, property man, made this dummy, which always obeys and never tires

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio

IN spite of the efforts of Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, this film about a ten-years-married couple falling out of love can be catalogued only as "Fair." It is much, much too talkie, and moves along at a slow pace. Helen Vinson does well as "the other woman." Irene Hervey, Theodore Newton and Arthur Hoyt complete the cast.

THE MOONSTONE—Monogram

ALTHOUGH based on one of the finest mystery stories ever written, Wilkie Collins' famous novel, "The Moonstone," is a mediocre picture. David Manners and Phyllis Barry, in the leading rôles, do good work in spite of the poor direction and a loose screen story.

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal

THIS is a trifle ponderous for American appreciation. Diana Wynyard is married to a sadist with charming manners, who beat her in the tropics, so she returns to England. There she has an innocuous interlude with Frank Lawton, but the husband follows her and cooks it up into a divorce suit of national proportions. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Jane Wyatt, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Denny, Henry Stephenson.

**NELL GWYN—British & Dominion
—United Artists**

THE life of the lowly, capricious actress, who became the favorite of the supposedly merry monarch, Charles II, is brought to the screen in magnificent settings. But the picture has a woeful weakness in story appeal. *Nell* is raucous and the king is gloomy. Anna Neagle is in the title rôle, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the king. Both are favorites with the British cinema-goer.

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio

ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. A magic fakir and his assistants, called in to rescue a young widow from a sinister doctor's clutches, dip into a real seance and reveal a lot of embarrassing things. Lines are so-so, and gags aren't too funny. Kay Johnson, Ralph Morgan, William Gaxton and Bruce Cabot all try hard.

BLIND DATE—Columbia

MODERATELY satisfactory film fare about a girl who goes out on a blind date when her steady lets business interfere with her birthday party. Ann Sothern is the girl, Neil Hamilton the blind date, and Paul Kelly the boy friend. Pretty hackneyed in spots. For that matter, the whole story is concocted rather than genuine emotion, which is too bad, because Ann really does a good acting job.

HAPPY LANDINGS—Monogram

HOW the kids—big and little—will go for this. Lots of action and punch. Ray Walker and his pal are Border Patrolters, and the air stuff is first-rate. Crooks use the radio to get Ray in a jam. But he goes after them when they attempt the threatened bombing of an ocean liner, and brings down the bomber with plenty of thrills. Noah Beery, Jacqueline Wells, William Farnum, Morgan Conway.

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to do these New Hollywood Curls?



The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. *Curls*, mind you—not frizzes! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment below.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

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PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



This arrangement of back curls in an inverted pyramid with the point below the left ear, looks well with a hat that turns up in the back. It was created for a style leader in Hollywood stardom. If your hair is too oily and stringy to stay in curl this way, give it the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment described below.

To correct OILY hair:

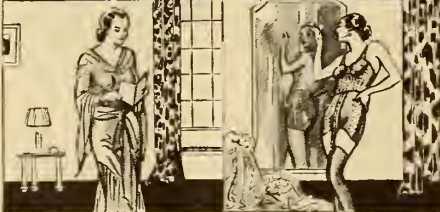
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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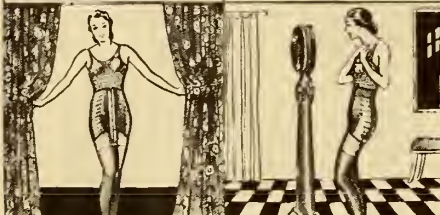
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**REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"**

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folder."

"They allowed me to
wear their Perforated
Girdle for 10 days on
trial."



"The massage-like
action did it... the fat
seemed to have melted
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"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my
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**REDUCE YOUR WAIST
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... it costs you nothing!**

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DANCING MAN—Pyramid Prod.

A **MEDIOCRE** murder mystery about a gigolo (Reginald Denny) who falls in love with a girl (Judith Allen) whom he discovers is the step-daughter of a hard-boiled lady (Natalie Moorhead) with whom he has been having an affair. When Natalie is murdered, Denny, of course, is accused of the crime.

SHOCK—Monogram

A **SENTIMENTAL** and improbable story of the World War. A young officer (Ralph Forbes) leaves his bride (Gwenllian Gill) the day after their wedding to return to the trenches. There he is shell-shocked, losing his memory and his identity. And it's a long, long trail a-winding before he gets back to his bride! Good war effects. Monroe Owsley in support.

**BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration
Pictures Corp.**

REGARD this as a scenic travelogue, and try to overlook the dialogue because it is pretty painful. There are some interesting

customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. The story is about the sultan's daughter who falls in love with a Mohammedan turned Christian, and is, therefore, ostracized. A revelation of the customs and rites of a primitive people.

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic

ISABEL JEWELL coaxes her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand—when many things, including a stick-up, a gay trip to Mexico and a killing, get under way. Entertaining because of the barbecue stand atmosphere, cute comedy by Fuzzy Knight and Arthur Stone, and Buster's tricks in a swimming pool. Sallie Blane, Regis Toomey.

**FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British &
Dominion**

THIS little comedy that bluffs its entire way through big business, is mild and slow-moving to say the least. Its all-British cast includes Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat who recently appeared in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Do We Want Censorship?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

can hold their present audience? However, that is a chance they will have to take. They have no alternative.

So far the church reformers have shown good sense, tolerance and fairness in their attitude. They recognize the power pictures have upon the lives of all of us; their tremendous recreational and educational value. Consider, for example, the almost incalculable effects of such a film as "The Birth of a Nation." It taught us history and patriotism. It gave us an unforgettable panorama of the Civil War and of the problems of Reconstruction that arose after that great struggle.

The clergy have only asked the members of their congregations to avoid pictures that are believed to be essentially immoral. And in all fairness they have issued a recommended list to guide their parishioners.

There is one aspect of the situation that might well give ground for grave uneasiness. It is quite possible that the movement may get out of hand—that unauthorized groups and individuals, inspired by the zeal to reform, may too eagerly take up the cause.

Already there have been threats to picket theaters where alleged objectionable films are being shown; local organizations have brought pressure to bear upon mayors and police officials to have the showing of certain pictures cancelled; and the rumblings of threats for a general boycott of all theaters in certain areas may still be heard. In a great reform movement like this, there will always be found a number of self-appointed vigilantes who, by their persistent noise and bluster, are likely finally to influence the clear-thinking, fair-minded majority to take unwarranted steps. The real danger in these irresponsible direct-actionists is that it may lead to legalized censorship.

LIKE legal prohibition, censorship of motion pictures, wherever it has been tried, has in general been a failure. The reasons are not far to seek. State or municipal censorship laws,

even when intelligently conceived, must necessarily be broad in their wording. Interpretation of the laws too often reveals political appointees lacking in experience, in breadth of view and in a real comprehension of the task that lies before them.

If one will follow through for a period the rulings of nearly any board of censors he will be amazed by the startling inconsistency of their decisions. Perfectly harmless trivialities will be omitted from one film, and really gross implications will be permitted in another.

And even if trained sociologists were appointed to boards of censorship, I fear there would be much confusion in their decisions and much unfairness, though not intentionally so. No committee of human beings can be trusted to pass upon the tastes and habits of others.

THE Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, made a report which appeared in the Ecclesiastical Review, on "The Problem of Evil Motion Pictures." Archbishop McNicholas' words carry exceptional weight, for he is Chairman of the Motion Picture Committee of the Roman Catholic Bishops, which initiated the idea of The Legion of Decency. Says Archbishop McNicholas:

"Public opinion, if governed by good sense and relentless in its opposition to the evil motion picture, has many advantages over censorship that may be politically controlled or corrupted or may become utterly indifferent to the commonweal. . . .

"It may be well to make clear that the church is not asking for a solemn type of picture that gives no real amusement and no opportunity for a hearty laugh. The Catholic Church, in a true sense, is broad and liberal, and no legitimate recreation need fear her opposition."

In other words, this prelate who, it goes without saying, has given a tremendous amount of thought and study to the problem of better pictures, comes out against legalized censorship. And I further infer from his statement

that the matter of censorship should be left where it belongs—in the conscience of each individual.

No moral question was ever settled by compulsion. It is proverbial that you cannot make a man good by force. And legal censorship means to attempt just that.

IF arguments for censorship arise in your community, combat them. If members of your city council or your State legislature introduce bills of censorship, protest by letter to these officials or to your local newspapers or by word of mouth to your friends and associates. For, if we should have a widely extended, legalized censorship, it may mean new dangers. We all know but too well that the evils prohibition was supposed to do away with were only multiplied by it. The pendulum is likely to swing over so far that we shall have only saccharine, Pollyanna stories. They will bore instead of entertain; they will drive the young away from the motion picture theaters into other very questionable forms of pleasure. Motion pictures are too vital a part of American life to be tampered with. If we are not careful, we are in danger of seeing evils arise of far greater magnitude than any of those now charged against this great amusement.

Be your own censor. In that lies safety for us all.

The Fairy-Tale Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

young children, Blatz and Botts' "The Parent and the Pre-School Child."

"Most of the studying, Freddie and I agreed, would be up to me. Studio schedules leave little time for a thorough exploration of such a subject. However, we discuss my accumulated findings constantly, and Freddie reads the most important of the volumes. It is a fascinating subject; in fact, it is our favorite topic when we are alone.

"We were teased rather systematically when friends discovered our serious absorption. They told us it was so much 'twaddle'—this psychology business—that we couldn't raise children from books or without punishments or scoldings. We disagreed firmly and kept right on collecting a library on the subject."

"And did it work out with Penny—all these ultra-modern theories?" I queried.

"Perfectly," was her reply. "So much so that the friends who once said 'twaddle' are now asking me how to break their youngest of thumb-sucking. Penny is somewhat of a marvel to people because she is reasonably obedient at all times and has never been punished."

AT this point I asked the most difficult question I have ever put to anyone.

"How are you going to let them know, about being adopted?"

There is something so personal, so deeply emotional about such a query. I didn't want to ask it. I felt uncomfortable when I blurted it out—but now I'm glad I did, for this was her answer:

"I am writing a fairy-tale for the children. It will be printed in a little book, just for them, and as soon as they have reached the bedtime-story age, Freddie and I will read it to them every night."



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"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

And then Florence March, the former Florence Eldridge, star of the Broadway stage and silent pictures, who lightly tossed away a career for the homely profession of wife and mother, told a story so poignantly sweet, it played tricks with my store of well-controlled feelings.

"Quite briefly and roughly," she continued, "the story will go like this:

"A prince and princess were happily married. They had wealth, health and love, but still they wept bitterly. You see, their arms were empty, and they prayed to have them filled.

"THEY prayed to the God of Faith, but no lovely child came to fill the void. They prayed to the God of Science, and still their pleas went unanswered.

"One day the prince and princess walked home from their prayers weeping, when an old woman stopped them.

"Why do you weep when there are children without warm arms to hold them, waiting for you?"

"The prince and the princess asked the old woman what she meant, and she bade them follow her over the hill.

"And there they found the most beautiful baby in the world. And guess who that baby was—Penny March! . . .

"It will soon become their favorite story, and then gradually the romance of it will interest them. And then slowly, as they grow older, it will be as if they had always known the beautiful story of how they came to be our little boys and girls, and there will be no doubts, no troublesome complexes."

I didn't trust those tear glands of mine another second, so I piloted the interview back to the announcement of the impending brother and sister for Penny and Tony.

"I think it all reverts to my first introduction to Freddie's family," Florence explained. "There are three boys and one girl—Harold, Elizabeth, John and Freddie. There was something so healthy, so right, so fulfilling in the bond between them. Since childhood they have all shared one another's responsibilities. They are a gay, harmonious, sympathetic quartet, and growing up and long separations have never disturbed the pattern of their relationship. I suppose that is why I always visualize our family in the term of four.

"And then there is a psychological advantage for the children of a big family. There is a healthy struggle to establish individuality and assert personality. This constructive competition is a splendid foundation for their adult problems.

"IT is also our theory that two children, say a brother and sister like Penny and Tony, are in danger of becoming too dependent upon one another. Anthony might look for a champion in his older sister during childhood. Later, she might automatically look out for him with that natural sisterly-maternal affection so many girls have for younger brothers. Such a relationship is definitely weakening to the boy's character. Where there are four children fighting for attention in a family, any recessive qualities are soon wiped out."

"And when they grow up, what then?" I asked.

"I suppose you mean what do Freddie and I want them to be and to do. Anything they wish. As for education, we will want to give them everything—travel, tutors, universities; but if they want something else, they will get it. Travel, a lot of it, at an early age, will give them a cosmopolitan social education, a knowl-

edge of how to meet and get along with all types and races of people.

"And then we are so anxious that they will learn early to enjoy the banquet of life—to know and appreciate good music, art, the fascination of botany and the rudiments of biology. That they may be self-sufficient, have a store of knowledge that will defeat loneliness or boredom—that is our first aim. After that, it is up to them."

"And if Penny decides upon the stage?" I had to ask that one.

"We would not stand in her way, but Freddie and I would prefer to have Penny marry happily and know the romance and contentment of making a gracious home and becoming a mother. Career-bound women are never truly happy. They can't be. They are constantly harassed by ambition. I happen to know what I am talking about.

"We want happiness for Penny, that is why I will try to make her see the completeness of a life devoted to the man she loves. But if she wishes to be a careerist she will have our support, naturally."

BUT what if luxury and money diminish their ambition, dull their energies?

The Marches have prepared against this handicap.

"For each child we will establish an annuity so that when they are ready for marriage or professions there will be a weekly income for them of fifty dollars a week. This is enough to protect them from hardship, while they strive to establish themselves in music, art, law, surgery, the theater—or it will give the girls something to add to the income of the men they marry, in case such assistance is necessary.

"Freddie and I feel that fifty dollars a week is not enough to interfere with their ambitions. They will not suffer from illusions of grandeur on that amount, and we do not believe in the theory that mild starvation and privation is conducive to creative development. Economic pressure has wiped out more embryonic talent in the world than too much money ever did."

And for those who might ask what the Marches expect in return for their years of devotion and selfless love—listen to this!

"We want nothing of gratitude or routine duty from our children. What love and companionship we receive from them, we know we must earn with sympathy, with understanding, with good sportsmanship.

"We want their friendship, not their reverence. We want them to be interested in us as people, not duty-bound by a burdening sense of obligation. And we know we will have to work hard to win their complete confidence. If we fail in this, it will be our laxity, not theirs."

And then a clock struck six long chimes. Florence March was on her feet instantly.

"You'll excuse me? The children have their supper at six every night and I never miss helping the nurse prepare their food. And I like to sit with Penny during supper. Freddie joins us at this ceremony when he is free."

WE said good-bye, and she disappeared up the stairway leading to the nursery wing.

So you see, Freddie and Florence (fascinating the way those two names seem to glide together) are not only writing a fairy-tale, they are actually living one.

They are the prince and the princess, who now walk over the hill, their arms filled, their happiness complete.

How I Make A Spectacle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

mind of the public. Plutarch, Dion Cassius, Livy, Seneca, all contribute their data in the life of the fascinating and much maligned queen, and we used them freely.

I used over one hundred volumes from my own private collection of historical books in preparing "Cleopatra," as well as dozens from the Paramount research department and various libraries, not only for actual history, but for authenticity of costume, furniture, jewelry, architecture, war instruments, and the manners and customs of ancient Rome and Egypt.

YOU can't have Caesar sending a dispatch on writing paper, or Cleopatra's handmaidens beguiling an idle hour playing a piano, when neither was in use for hundreds of years later.

Also, I consulted the old masters of painting, those who glorified the historical characters of the world in paint, not only to impress them on my mind as human beings, but for posture, composition and detail. Gradually, you see, I took from various sources all that I needed for the picture, and as they all began to take form in my mind, I consulted with the scenario writers who were going to tell the story for the screen.

In the case of "Cleopatra," the abundance and wealth of material was so great that the mere sifting out process was a matter of weeks. With the story in progress, we often adjourned to my yacht, or to my ranch in the mountains, where, strange as it may seem, I find that Wagner's music relayed by the phonograph is the greatest source of inspiration during working hours.

The studio at this juncture became a vast arena of activity in all departments. To the Art Department was consigned the designing of costumes. Daily the sketches were brought to my office. They were sorted and sifted and selected, and those chosen—sometimes two out of fifty—were fastened with thumb-tacks to my wall.

As the weeks went by, the walls were literally lined with royalty, servitors, warriors, handmaidens, awaiting orders to come to life.

Materials were brought to me, cloth of gold, rich velvets, shimmering silks, headdresses, and we decked a human model in the soft folds of the graceful costumes until the desired effect was achieved for reproduction on the screen.

Great attention was paid to every costume, not only individually, but in relation to the scene and the circumstance when it would be worn, and since five thousand took part in "Cleopatra," that was no small task.

WHEN Cleopatra, triumphant, awaited her lover, Caesar, in her secret bower, she bedecked herself very differently from the desperate, thwarted Cleopatra who appeared beside Mark Antony at the battle of Actium.

As you can imagine, dressing Cleopatra was a very fascinating occupation for any man, particularly when she came to life once more in the person of the delectable Claudette Colbert.

Then Rome had to be built, and the scenic artists were concurrently busy. With the selection of the settings and designs, the cos-

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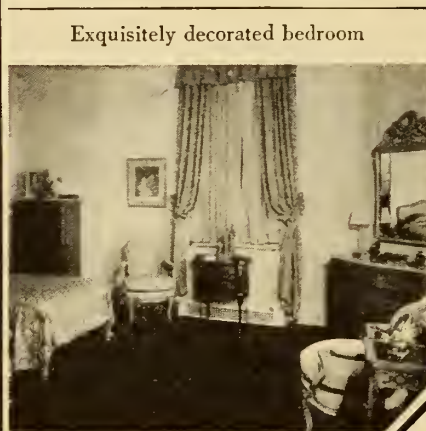
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tumes were given over to the dexterous hands who were to create them, and the architects and carpenters made the grandeur that was Rome a visual fact.

You must remember that everything you see in a spectacle has to be made. You don't run around the corner and find Roman and Egyptian helmets, jewelry, anklets, armor, goblets and furniture. All these things had to be made according to the findings of our months of research.

For example, all the Roman insignia, the jewelry, and the metal implements used in "Cleopatra" were cast and plated from models in the jewelry shop on the Paramount lot, and all the ornaments, the rings, the circlets, bracelets, brilliants, chains and gems, trinkets and gewgaws with which ladies have loved to bedeck themselves from the beginning of time, had to be authentically reproduced by our own workmen.

THE wigs were made in the wig department, where a score of deft hairdressers concocted and modeled the exotic coiffures of a day gone by.

Make-up was experimented with in one department, sandals and gadgets were made in another, models of jewels and accessories of Rome came from another.

And while these were being brought daily to my office for inspection and criticism, a great problem was on my mind: Just how did Cleopatra receive Antony on her barge at Tarsus?

Just how did she make this handsome young warrior, fearless in the face of the world, weak before her charms, succumb to her enticements and become—he who had bowed to no man—her worshipping and admiring slave? How did she entertain him? How did she make life for him on that floating palace such an enchanting dream that he forgot honor, country, everything for her sake?

What must be done to bring to life the bands of dancers, musicians, poets accompanying them as they floated lazily along, propelled by the steady rowing of fifty Nubians, pulling on oars of ebony, intoxicated with freedom and happiness under the glowing, golden sun? Here was life in its most exotic and intoxicating aspects, here was desire and passion in utmost abandon.

And it was here that we find all the opulence and extravagance of that great period in the world's history, utilized by a beautiful, seductive woman, determined to bring the world's great hero to her arms and let the rest of the world go by.

THESE, too, are a director's problems in the making of a spectacle, because without the spirit of the age and without vitality and humanity the greatest spectacle is dead.

All this time the business of casting had been quietly proceeding, even to the minutest character and extra. It wasn't an easy matter to find a Caesar, an Antony, and each evening when I returned to my home, my family, my staff and myself would go into our projection room after dinner to see tests and performances of actors under consideration for the various rôles. General discussion followed the showing.

So, by working from nine in the morning till eleven at night for eight months or so, the script and cast were finally ready. The sets were erected, the properties had been made and assembled, and everything was in readiness for the picture to be made. It was then my real work began—and shooting started at six in the morning.

Binnie With A Grin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

where as hostess she reached fifty pounds a week. But she sacrificed her place there to make only four pounds per, staging a cabaret act worked up with the orchestra drummer—an act which, intended to be artistic and serious, broke her heart when its amateurish staging sent her audience into convulsions of laughter.

Next Binnie describes an ensuing African tour with "Tex" McLeod, an American cowboy with a Will Rogers type rope and yarn-spinning act, who promised her that besides twirling looped lariats and yelling "yippee" she could make her debut as a singer. He kept his promise—in a tiny town in Africa noted for its tin roofs and its frequent hailstorms. The tin and hail got together the night Binnie made her vocal debut, singing "My Blue Heaven."

The blue heaven turned black, and when hailstones the size of turkey eggs started hammering on the tympanum roof in the middle of the first chorus, Binnie admitted the joke was on her. Everybody laughed—and so did she—although every howl tore her heart loose from its moorings.

"Texas" Binnie Barnes—that's how London knew her when she returned from the Westernizing influence of "Tex" McLeod. The gusty prefix was for business reasons. London was American-entertainment conscious. American girls were in demand. Binnie even affected a Southwestern drawl — "The Panhandle? Shuah, I've held it over a campfire many an evenin'."

BINNIE got the desired results—jobs, cabaret jobs, dancing, singing jobs—work. She had no high flung ambitions other than for plenty to eat and a nice place to sleep.

That is, until things started happening—an amazing chain of fortunate things that widened and strengthened and fortified the undefeated smile of Binnie Barnes.

First Andre Charlot, a big London producer, saw her, gave her an audition and her first taste of real fame when he put her in his show in a torch song number, "Deja" (Tomorrow). It swept the Continent, and the attention it caused brought her first opportunity to do a dramatic stage rôle, with Charles Laughton in "Silver Tassie."

Then Noel Coward, the playwright, sat in the audience of "Silver Tassie" one night. In Binnie he saw the "Fanny" he had imagined for the play he was to open in Drury Lane—"Cavalcade." Months later, Binnie received what was probably the most important telephone call of her career, for it resulted in her creating the "Twentieth Century Blues" singing rôle in the great English drama. She played with "Cavalcade" for more than a year.

"Cavalcade" brought her two picture contracts, a husband, and a trip to New York. The second contract was with Alexander Korda, the man who was later to really put her on the screen map in "Henry the VIII." The marriage was with Samuel Joseph, leading London antique bookseller—and they've been happy ever after. But the trip to New York—

Sidney Kent, head of Fox Films, saw her in "Cavalcade" in London, and signed her on a two-year contract to come to America when the play was finished.

Binnie's boat docked in New York and no

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt that is three and four months old!

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If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

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Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.



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Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO



THE APPROVED MASCARA

one met her. She didn't know a soul. She sat in her hotel room for a week waiting for the telephone to ring. It didn't, so she finally called the Fox office.

"This is Miss Barnes," she told them, expecting a rousing, cheery, welcome response.

"Yeah!" came the reply. "Who are you?"

"I'm one of your contract actresses," she explained.

"Who signed you?"

"Why, Mr. Kent."

"Then," explained the voice, "you'll have to wait until he comes in from the Coast."

Binnie grinned and sailed back to England with a contract release in her purse. After all, she had just been married and that was no time to leave a nice husband for this mad America.

Now, of course, it's different. The honeymoon is over for one thing, and career pops up its insistent, demanding head. Moreover, Hollywood and the movies are a little more conscious of Binnie Barnes since she appeared in "Henry the VIII" and Douglas Fairbanks' "Don Juan." They didn't leave her languishing alone in a hotel room this time.

Hardly. Speed and dispatch is the new order of the day. Binnie left the "Don Juan"

set in England at twelve o'clock midnight of a Thursday; early Friday she was on the high seas. Her already described dash from the boat to the plane, punctuated by the Dillinger episode, preceded a direct flight to Hollywood, with Binnie reading the script of "There's Always Tomorrow" in the skies. She arrived in Hollywood at seven the next morning—and by eleven she was taking wardrobe tests. "There's Always Tomorrow" has been completed and she has started her second Universal film, "Escapade."

Binnie likes Hollywood, and she's having a grand time going rollerskating and eating Mexican food, and going swimming at a beach place she has rented up beyond Santa Monica. Her grin is wider than ever.

Right now her ambitions are to run down to Texas, so she can really claim the title of "Texas Binnie" and find out just what it is they do with that Panhandle; to acquire a deep mahogany tan, in spite of the warnings of Universal's make-up man, and to take a trip back to London soon. She wants to show her husband that the legend on the antique enameled ring he gave her—"*aime moi comme je t'aime*" (love me as I love thee)—still holds true.

She Was the Noblest Lady of Them All

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Marie sat in the improvised rest-room adjoining the stage, waiting for the moment when she would walk to her place, escorted by the Governor of California. There were tears in her blue-gray eyes, set in their fine network of laugh lines, and she twisted her handkerchief nervously in her beautifully tapered fingers—those expressive fingers which could summon an audience to laughter or tears at will.

"Why don't they come and get me?" she whispered. "I'm so nervous I can't stand this waiting much longer. I'll break down and cry like a fool in front of all those people if they don't take me in there before I lose my courage."

The noble old fire horse, as Norma Shearer affectionately called her the night when she presented to her the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest performance of the year, was still champing at the bit at the sound of the gong, although the weight of an illness from which she could never recover lay heavily upon her.

A few minutes later while an orchestra played the haunting strains of "Auld Lang Syne," Marie walked, with proudly raised head and eyes which were unashamed of their tears, to her chair at the head of the table. And the eyes of the thousand men and women, who rose to their feet in tribute to the majesty of Marie, were wet with tears, also unashamed. Perhaps they saw the dimly dark shadow hovering over Marie's head. Perhaps they knew, somehow, that never again would they be permitted to pay her honor on the anniversary of her birth. Perhaps they were seeing only the splendid beauty of the woman who had given so unstintedly of the warmth of her vitality to make the world a better place in which to live.

Marie was beautiful. She liked to call herself an ugly duckling, to laugh about her homeliness. But hers was a beauty which de-

fied description. It came from within the soul of the woman who had battled against the world since she was thirteen years old, who had retained a glowing youth throughout the years because she had not known it when she was really young. The wisdom in her deep-set eyes and the sympathetic understanding of her smile transcended all physical beauty.

Marie did not fear death. Neither did she welcome it. Until the last weeks of her illness, when the weakness of her body drowned the fire of her spirit, she found life a glorious and exciting adventure. At sixty-two Marie Dresler was more alive, more vibrantly interested in the business of living, more eager with enthusiasm than most people one-third her age.

"There is so much yet to be seen, so much to be learned, so much to be done," she said. And, until almost the hour of her passing, Marie was planning a future in which she could give more happiness to others.

Her entire life was devoted to the service of others. First her mother. It was for that frail little English-born mother that Marie left home to fight her way to the top rung of the ladder of achievement. Her one desire was to give her mother the luxuries and the happiness which had been denied her during her poverty-burdened years in the small Canadian town which she called home.

After the death of her mother, Marie turned her energies to the service of the public which had given her fame and which had made possible the comfortable peace of the last years of her mother's life. The glitter of wealth and success did not mean so much to Marie as did the affectionate, hearty "Hello" of the newsboys on the street or the policemen on the corners.

"They are my people," Marie often said. "I don't play to the front rows. My audience is the gallery. They are the ones whom I want to please."

During the World War, Marie tramped the country, selling Liberty Bonds and entertaining the boys in the camps. She was determined to do her bit, even though it cost her strength and a small fortune. The generous heart of Marie overflowed and her amazing energies never flagged during those dismal, war-ridden years.

When it was over and the boys were home and there was no more need to work for her country, it looked as if that country had forgotten Marie. The stage had no place for her in the post-war revelry of youth and music. Hollywood refused for several heart-breaking years to see the beauty behind the face of the middle-aged woman who asked it only for a chance to work. But Marie was undaunted. She kept on asking and she didn't lose her smile.

Marie has bequeathed to the world a memory of generosity and courage which it can never forget. And Marie has taught Hollywood and the world that there is something greater than beauty, that maturity may be as beautiful and as interesting as youth. From her all women have learned of the happiness which life may hold after the first flush of youngness is passed.

The happiest, fullest years of Marie's own life were lived after she was fifty-five. The tragedy is that they should have been cut short in their Autumn booking. But Marie, herself, would be the last one to recognize that tragedy. She would have said, with her wise, warm smile, that she had lived far more than her share in the sixty-two years which had been granted her.

MARIE Dressler had never stepped inside a schoolroom, but she was one of the most thoroughly and completely educated women in the world.

"My brain is sort of like a sponge," she laughed one day. "It just can't help soaking things up. Sometimes I wish it wouldn't do such a good job of it."

Hers was no one-track mind. She could talk art with artists, politics with politicians, government with diplomats and rulers, and dishes and diapers with young mothers. Her friends were legion and belonged to all ranks of life and to all countries.

Marie spent the last three months of her life in the home of one of those friends in quiet, serene Santa Barbara. Constantly at her bedside was another friend and the closest of them all, a sweet-faced colored woman, Mamie Cox. For more than twenty years, Mamie had served Marie and, as the shadows grew deeper, Marie turned to Mamie with the trusting faith of a small child. White, starched nurses came and went through that room, relieving her pain, making her last hours comfortable. But, always, when Marie opened her eyes, it was to Mamie's smile that she turned.

Mamie sat beside her bed, with Frances Marion and a few other near and dear friends, hoping against hope that the woman they loved would win the fight against death. They smiled, Mamie and the others, because there was a smile on Marie's lips and they could not fail her courage. Only when, at long last, she closed her eyes and slipped away from them, did they break into the sobs which had been burning their throats.

Marie Dressler was a great actress. But she was a greater woman. The stage was not her world. She made the whole world her stage. She has gone from that stage, but always her shadow will linger there, unforgettable.



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When you wear Vitality Health Shoes you enjoy all that true style in footwear can add to chic appearance. As smart looking as any shoes you'll see in the shops regardless of price, they give just the right touch to your costume. Their designs, and their leathers beautifully express the mode of the moment. What's more—the "vitality principle" of perfect fit assures that easy poise and casual grace that commands attention—and admiration. Even their budget-sparing prices urge you to step into the Charmed Circle which Vitality Health Shoes cast around your footsteps.

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THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. Soft, natural lips. Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color... color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips... so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE - ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



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417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

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The Fan Club Corner

WITH the second annual convention of movie fan clubs over, and a great success, delegates have returned to their homes and club work with increased enthusiasm for the coming season. The convention was held in Chicago August 11, 12 and 13, with registration at the PHOTOPLAY ASSOCIATION OF MOVIE FAN CLUBS' offices. A more detailed account of convention sessions and activities will appear in this department next month.

Lanny Ross fans will be happy to learn of the two new Lanny Ross clubs admitted into the Association. Catharine Macadam, P. O. Box 164, Wilmington, Del., is president of the Lanny Ross League. Mildred Buck, Woburn St., N. Wilmington, Mass., is president of the Lanny Ross Legion. Both clubs will be glad to hear from all fans interested in this screen and radio favorite.

The Association also welcomes the Mike and Movie Club into membership this month. Barbara Alice Tickell, 1925 Fourteenth Ave. S., Birmingham, Ala., is president.

The Ramon Navarro Service League announces that they recently opened a Ramon Navarro bed at the S. O. S. Fellowship (a home for destitute men) in London, England. The bed was dedicated by the Rev. J. C. Grey. The League writes:

"We have been honored by the receipt of a letter from the Personal Service League of which her esteemed Majesty, Mary, Queen of England, is patroness, asking that we become a branch of their League who, like us, distribute old and new clothes and help the needy in general. Our animal welfare branch is making very good progress in its work. We are more than proud to welcome as new honorary members, Miss Peggy Simpson, the Gaumont-British star, Mr. Edgar Peto, and Mr. William Fanshow. For information regarding our club, please have fans write Mrs. V. Lewis Foss, 21

Endersleigh Gardens, Hendon, N. W. 4, London, or General Secretary, Ethel Musgrave, 6384 Elgin Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada."

The Platinum Page, club bulletin of the Jean Harlow Club, is most interesting this month. All Harlow fans are asked to write Dorothy L. Suter, vice-president, 2404 Ohio Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, for information about joining.

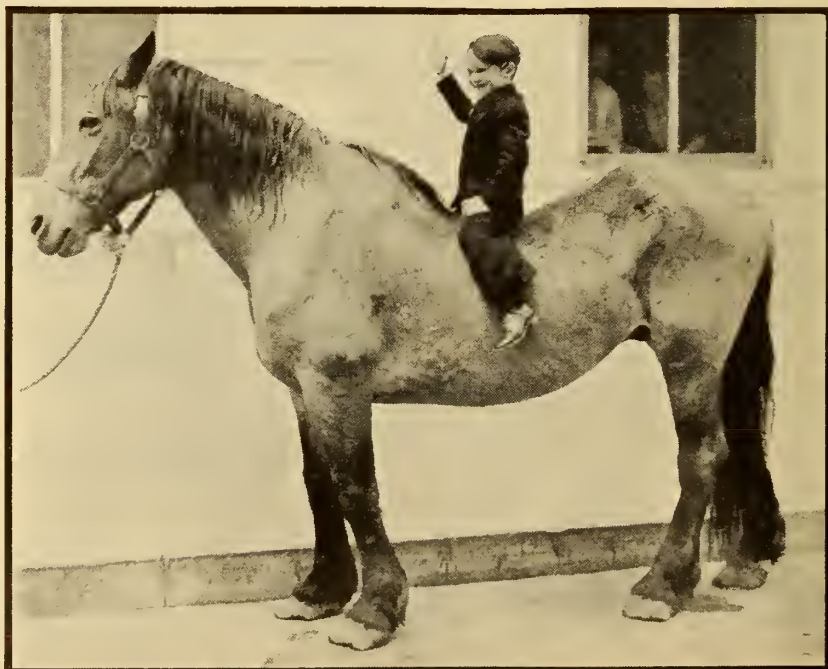
Members of the Norma Shearer Club dedicated an issue of their club paper to Gloria Stuart, sending along a nice complimentary photograph of Miss Stuart. Norma Shearer fans can get information about her club from Hans Faxdahl, president, 1947 Broadway, New York City.

THE Bing Crosby Club dedicated their July-August club bulletin, Crosby Comments, to Rudy Vallee and his club, The Rudy Vallee Boosters. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio, wants to hear from all Crosby fans regarding their club. Beatrice Gordon, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City, is president of The Rudy Vallee Booster Club. Write her for membership details.

The Telescope is the club paper of the Lew Ayres Fan Club. Fans of Mr. Ayres who are interested in seeing a copy of the club bulletin and want information on joining this organization are asked to write Miss Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich.

Estelle Nowak, president of the Gloria Stuart Fan Club, 3223 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill., writes that Miss Stuart has sent the club some attractive new stationery as a gift. The club's birthday card album sent to their star pleased her very much, they report.

Jacqueline Lee, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, N. Y., is president of the Buddy Rogers Club. Write her for club data.



It took the old nag, sway-back Martin, eighteen years to crash the movies. But he did it! He has a rôle in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Little David Holt, playing in the film, is "up"

Star-Gazing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

Pine and also the prize-fighting Maxie Rosenbloom) who can do a killing imitation of Harry Richman).

Across and due north was the biggest applause-getter in the whole place, George Bancroft. Near him was the charming Rochelle Hudson.

Thelma Todd wore a black dinner dress with a pink lotus flower collar standing up around her face. Dottie Lee was a sensational cutie in red and white diagonally striped seersucker with tiny puffed sleeves in the tightly fitted jacket. Her hair, so shining and short and parted in the center, was adorned by two cunning little red bows!

Virginia Pine and Rochelle Hudson wore very ooh-la-la prints and the cameo-like Anita Louise gave her beau Brown a thrill in dashing black and white. Such a complexion that child has! From using no powder, she claims. Cleanses her face with cream, then immediately washes it with soap and water. Then pats on her night cream.

But powdering her face is an exciting task for Ida Lupino. What do you suppose this little woman does, huh? Powders her mirror! You heard me. She slaps the puff on the looking-glass, then, with her finger, goes carefully from powder to individual freckle. Covers each one expertly with the tip of her pinkie, and when's she's finished her exterior decorating, there's not a single sun-spot in view.

GAJETTY being my main concern these nights, I tripped through the portals of the King's Club a couple of nights ago and casually ordered myself a Manhattan. (Adrienne Ames was there, looking especially fetching with hardly any make-up at all.) At the next table for two—with sixteen around it—sat the dramatic looking Helen Morgan. Of course, I had to make the *faux pas* of the evening. She was telling me about lawsuits and lawyers who remove one's surplus cash all too expertly, and I go and pipe up with, "Smartest thing to do is to marry one!" How should I know that she had!

With the whole world shrieking hosannas about small Shirley Temple these days, I, too, will put in my two cents worth and give you the real lowdown on her discovery. Here's how:

She was one of the famous Meglin Kiddies who are trained entertainers. The whole lot of them were called out to the studio to see if one could be found suitable to do the dance number with Jimmy Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer." The kiddies sat around for nearly an hour and nothing happened. Finally unknown Shirley got sick of it. She slid off her chair and marched up to the director, who was talking to some people at the other end of the room.

"Listen," she exclaimed, "I'm tired of sitting here waiting. Do I get the part or don't I? If I don't, I'm going home!"

P.S. She got the part.

MY revered Walt Disney was at a cocktail party the other five o'clock with his charming, little wife. Such simple, genuine people, pet. You'd adore them. Mr. Disney hung over the penthouse balcony by himself, admiring the Hollywood hills, so I slipped over and commented with reverent voice on said scenery. That got us started. Pretty soon the subject turned to wallabies. Wallabies?



"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."



"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

• "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

Chas. H. Fletcher. **CASTORIA**

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• from babyhood to 11 years •



Fletcher's Castoria is especially helpful in cases of colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And it's an effective first aid in treatment of colds.

News for Radio Fans!—"Roxy" and his gang will go on the air for Castoria starting September 15th. Listen in on this genial Master of Ceremonies and the liveliest, merriest gang of fun and melody makers that ever set the air waves dancing. Don't miss it! Saturdays, 8 to 8:45 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.

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Did they say:
"Come Again?"

YOUR eyes are your fortune—your chance to charm or repel. Long, lovely lashes are fascinating. You can glorify your eyes in 40 seconds with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, P. H.—10
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name

Street

City..... State

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Black or Brown.

Aren't you an ignoramus, though! Miniature kangaroos, my child. And these were sent from some Australian admirers. (Pooh, that's nothing. You ought to see the elegant stuff he gets from Indian potentates!)

He keeps the wallabies in the yard and has a great time watching them. Even Diane Marie is crazy about them and she's only a baby with a rocking complex.

Papa Disney told me with a grin that the tiny dotter was going to have her picture taken in the garden, sitting in her focker, only she wouldn't stop rocking long enough. Mama Disney waited, Papa Disney waited, the photographer waited, but Diane Marie rocked on her non-stop flight. Suddenly, a baby wallaby popped out of its mother's pouch and skipped across the lawn. Diane Marie stopped dead still. Snap, went the quick-witted photographer, and now Papa Walt has gone back to drawing funny little pigs and bunnies with a relieved heart and a nice new picture of the Disney heiress.

I THOUGHT to be sat in a corner and make shame, I ought. I snubbed an old pal. But she forgave it when she learned it was unintentional and now, just for fun, I scream hullo's at her when I'm even a mile away.

'Twas at the Brown Derby. I was surrounded by men (sounds nice, anyway!). The waiter came up and gave me this note. I quote *verbatim*:

"Mitz! darling, I've been trying to flag you for ten minutes . . . looks as though you're doing all right with the lads." (See, I wasn't lying, Joan!) "Hope you haven't forgotten your protégée. Ann Dvorak."

I peered across the room, through the cakes, and there she was with her husband, Leslie Fenton, waving madly. I dashed over and we fell into each other's arms.

Just a few years ago, when she was a dancing

girl, I used to predict big things for her with that wonderful face and her emotional quality. Of course, right in the midst of her rise to fame she did take French leave and skip to Europe with her bridegroom, which left everyone shaking their heads dismally and predicting her doom. But I notice that right now she's doing two pictures at one time, so maybe she didn't make such an error after all, eh?

LIKE a piece of family news? Someone quoted the great Anatole France in August PHOTOPLAY as saying that one should never congratulate an author on bringing out a new book, because with each one he draws more and more on his limited well of experience, and each time less of talent and reserve remains. I hope Monsieur France was spoofing, because sister Ruth Cummings has just had published her first novel, "Song of the Flesh," and good as it is, she expects, and so do I, that her next will be even better. Read this one, pet—and the next one, too, and tell me what you think.

WE were sitting around in one of the studio commissaries the other day, gabbing about this and that, and somebody mentioned Uncle Carl Laemmle and how he picked a name for his movie company when it was first started many a year ago. Like to hear about it, Wide Eyes?

There was a big meeting, but none of the officials could think of a suitable monicker. Uncle Carl didn't think so very hard. He just sat and looked out of the window at the street below. A smart white horse and delivery wagon went by. The Universal Pipe Fitting Company, said the sign. Uncle Carl turned back to his confrères.

"How do you like the name, Universal Films?" he asked casually.

Well, Joannie, I guess as how they must have liked it!

A Son of Freedom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

stands on end like Jim Tully's. When it gets too long, she takes a mirror and a pair of scissors and whacks it off. That tickles Charles.

Elsa is little and slender and roguish. Charles sits quivering like a great jelly, in helpless mirth, when she does her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," her favorite character.

They enjoy swimming, live at the Garden of Allah because they like the pool there.

I WONDER if Hollywood will appreciate Elsa this trip," Laughton remarked, wistfully, to his good friends, the Arlens. After "Henry VIII," in which she was *Ann of Cleves*, the local cinema will now give her a chance—which amuses Laughton. He is so sure she is a greater artist than himself. The story has it that Thalberg signed her in order to get Laughton. He wouldn't come back without her.

Elsa came over with him, that first trip, but couldn't endure idleness and went back. Laughton pouted for days. He called her up on the boat, he pursued her all the way to England with radiograms. He was miserable.

Even in its reception to *him*, Hollywood was skeptical. "Huh, great English actor. Doesn't look it. All right, let's see what he can do."

Laughton is shy and diffident. No advances were made on either side. He went to work on "The Island of Lost Souls." Dick Arlen

was in the cast. They detested each other cordially. Dick called Charles "Buster." Secretly, that tickled Laughton.

When the picture was over, they met again at Palm Springs. Laughton said to Joby Arlen, "I don't like your husband, but I like you."

Which was the beginning of a firm and beautiful friendship between the families.

On his first arrival, Laughton bought a second-hand, light car. A shocked head-office called him in and suggested that "possibly there were other means of conveyance, more—that is, Mr. Laughton, for a man of your distinction, getting your salary—" etc., etc. Mr. Laughton favored them with a wry smile, and had lots of fun touring around in his flivver—with a driver. He can't drive.

"How did I know," he explained it, "that I wouldn't be on my way back to London, after that first picture?" So far as the money is concerned, there is this: fifty per cent of his salary goes to the British income tax collector—twenty-five to the United States.

The conveyance department has extended to two light cars, now. Little sedans. One for Elsa, one for Charlie. They don't know why, because they always ride together in one of them.

They adore jig-saw puzzles, limericks

(Laughton knows thousands), and alley cats which follow them home. They have two, Nero and Louis.

Nero is the recent victor of a gory battle which left him with ten hairs bristling on his tail.

"Like an old Christmas tree," Laughton describes it.

He wallows around the floor with the cats, calling "Louis-Louis-Louis-Louis!" in a rapidly ascending scale, like a prima donna vocalizing. It drives Louis crazy.

THEIR friends say Elsa Lanchester is a perfect foil for Laughton. Never once has she submerged her personality, never is there any danger of her becoming an echo in his reflected glory.

She is a constantly resourceful imp for whose wit he is the hysterical audience. Her precocious child imitations are flawless gems.

They love to turn the radio to those little darlings (the ones the rest of us tune out on—fast) and listen breathlessly, remembering every inflection. Then Elsa gives the performance over again.

Laughton's attitude is that of an indulgent parent, although he is very little older than Elsa.

To friends he says, "I am so ugly, how can any woman love me?" With which he smiled like an angel.

In England, they amuse themselves with a house built in the trees on their place, and rope swings to play in.

And in spite of all his glorious nonsense, Laughton is a good hard-headed business man with plenty of common sense. He is extremely happy in his present association with Irving Thalberg, because, he says, "Where most producers argue, Thalberg discusses and cooperates."

Laughton is seldom seen in public. The first night that he and Elsa went out, after their return to Hollywood, it was to see "Cavalcade" on the stage of the Pasadena Community Theater. They went to the Vendome for dinner.

Laughton ordered everything in sight, including the hot meat cart which perambulates from table to table.

He doesn't like Dickens, says he is a frightful bore. He won't play a Dickens' character, no matter what.

Pretty brave for an Englishman to stick to his guns like that, over the favorite British author.

There is a lot of sentiment in this talented Yorkshire man—but no sentimentality. He makes few friends, yet he is excessively fond of the ones he has.

One of his closest friends is Josef Von Sternberg. But Laughton refused to play in Von Sternberg's "Scarlet Empress." "We wouldn't get along," he said.

DICK ARLEN and Joby were backstage at Old Vic's in London when Laughton was given Hollywood's Academy Award for the best acting of the past year. They told me he was so moved he could hardly continue with the play. Said it was the most sporting gesture ever made. When he walked, unannounced, on the "Barretts of Wimpole Street" set at M-G-M, the entire troupe burst into spontaneous applause.

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Johnny Weissmuller
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Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Dean Benton
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Sally Eilers
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Lois January
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Boris Karloff
June Knight

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Douglass Montgomery
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Guy Kibbee
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Merwin Light
Margaret Lindsay
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Reginald Owen
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phillip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
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Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Bertton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

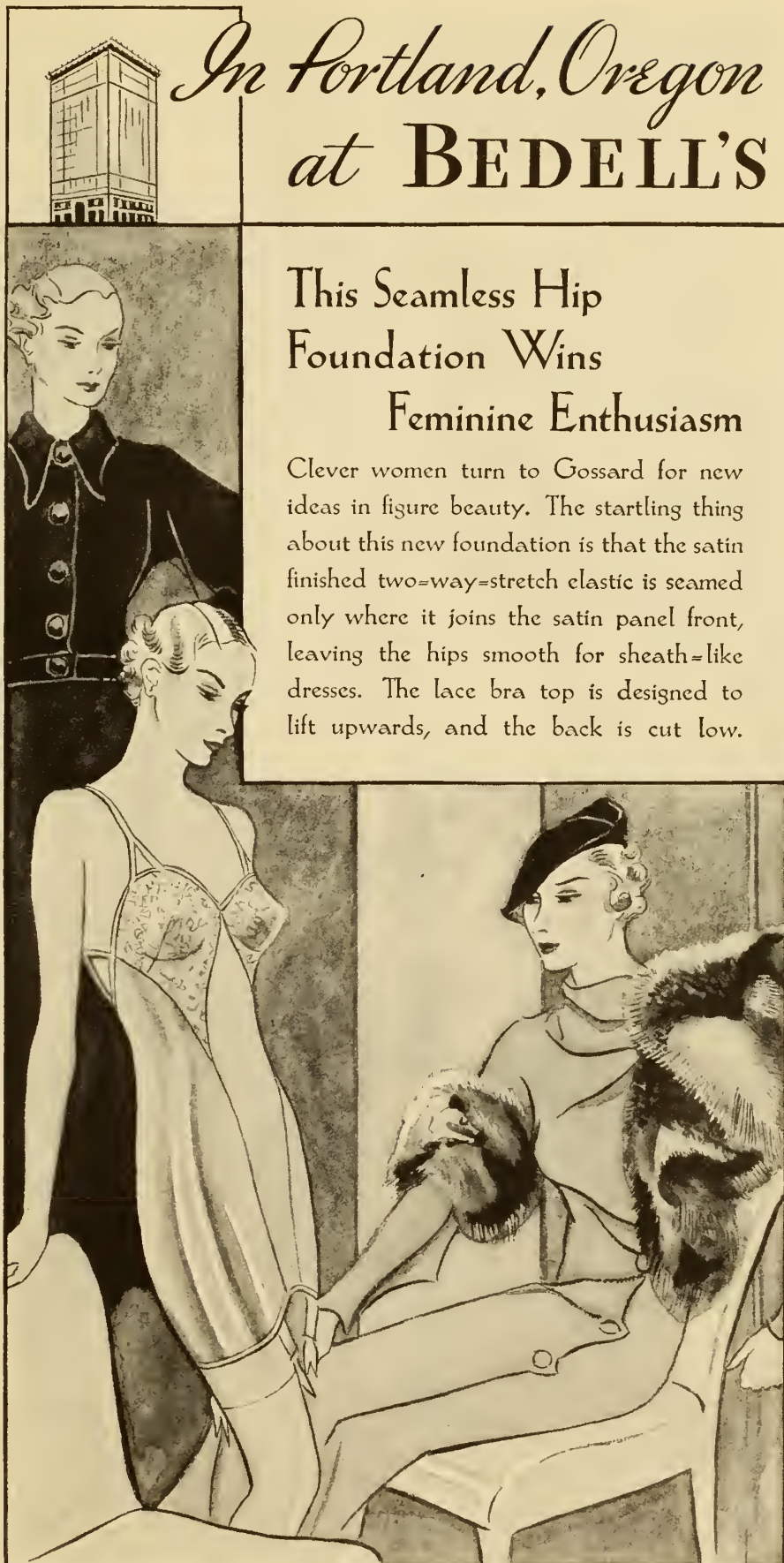
★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for mugging story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wire (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)



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★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century—United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight, Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, and that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST S M I T H—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century—United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Palaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWad's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century—United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Southern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MERRY FRINKS, TIE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelme, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelme's sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

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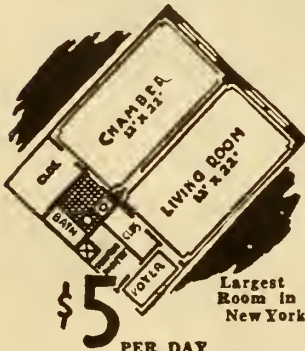


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MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ **NINTH GUEST, THE**—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

★ **NO RANSOM**—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—The story is beautifully handled, and Grace Moore's glorious voice will be a treat for all music lovers. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

★ **QUITTER, THE**—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)



Boo! The gentleman who casts such a frightening shadow with those claws is Warren (Philo Vance) William of "The Dragon Murder Case" It's a Warner Brothers Picture—mystery aplenty!

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, a baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)



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SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deeping's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsy, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST — M-G-M. — Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

STRAIGHTAWAY — Columbia. — Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and best direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

★ **TELL-TALE HEART, THE** — Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE** — RKO-Radio. — Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the *Turner* family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosbyman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND** — M-G-M. — A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically venerated. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb, Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW — Liberty. — Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD — Warners. — In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN — RKO-Radio. — This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

WHARF ANGEL — Paramount. — Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

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WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny lunces, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



One of the most exotic beauties that has come to the screen in a long time is Wini Shaw. She's in "Million Dollar Ransom"

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15 Years Ago

"SHOULD Children Go To Movies?" The question was discussed by The Better PHOTOPLAY League, and the answer was "yes—if the movies are carefully chosen." Then, as now, a long, happy marriage in Hollywood was a rarity. And so, Mrs. James J. Corbett told the secret of her and Gentleman Jim's twenty-three years of marital happiness. (This marriage lasted for thirty-eight years, until Corbett's death in 1933.) Priscilla Dean confessed that she found fame when she changed the style of her hair-dress. A photograph showed Charlie Chaplin and Nazimova meeting for the first time, on the old Metro lot. A story on Marion Davies described her as "a lively Venus of common sense." Great movie success was promised for Ralph Graves, known as "Griffith's First



James J. Corbett

Blond Hero." (He's writing for movies today.) "The Miracle Man" with Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney, was pronounced one of the best films ever made. Eugene O'Brien's "budding screen career," it was prophesied, would be furthered by his fine work in "The Perfect Lover." However, the real surprise in the cast was a lady named Mary Boland. Texas Guinan was praised for her rope tricks in her two-reel Westerns. And a favorite picture of the month was "The Fall of Babylon," starring Constance Talmadge and featuring Alma Rubens, Mildred Harris, Carl Stockdale, George Fawcett, Pauline Starke, and Eric Von Stroheim. Rumor said movies might leave California because Goldwyn planned opening a New York studio. Cover: Dorothy Dalton.

10 Years Ago

SHADES of pre-depression days! A story exposing the prices paid for stars' finery said that Gloria Swanson's hose cost \$9,500.00 a year, and her wedding gown in "Her Love Story" cost \$96,000.00. The two success stories of the day were about Dagmar Godowsky and Betty Bronson. Dagmar, daughter of the pianist, Leopold Godowsky, was cast opposite Rudolph Valentino in "A Sainted Devil," when his leading lady, Jetta Goudal, walked out in a fit of temperament. Dagmar, however, dropped her film career a few months later. Betty was the lucky girl who sky-rocketed to fame when James Barrie chose her for the title rôle in "Peter Pan." Photographs showed the child wonder, Jackie Coogan, keeping fit by exercising in his gym. And there was a lovely



Gloria Swanson

portrait of erstwhile favorite, Louis Huff and her two children. The outstanding picture of the month was Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire," with Bebe Daniels, Lowell Sherman, and Doris Kenyon. Playing the dramatic title rôle in "Janice Meredith," Marion Davies was considered miscast, and advice to Marion was that she limit herself to comedy. The other best pictures of the month were "The Side Show of Life," with Ernest Torrence; "Merton of the Movies," with Viola Dana and Glenn Hunter; Jackie Coogan's "Little Robinson Crusoe"; and "The Iron Horse," with Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien and J. Farrell MacDonald. Laugh of the month: Pearl White, wanting a quick tan, took a henna bath and came out red all over! On the cover, Mary Philbin.

5 Years Ago

THE revolution wrought by sound in movies was just beginning to quiet down, and the interest in stars' voices was high. Ann Harding, new to films, was called, in a story, "the girl with the million dollar voice," while a story on Kay Francis, titled "Vamping with Sound," described her as "the first menace of the talkies." Baby talk, too, was in style, and Helen Kane was in her hey-hey day. The ladies learned that their radio-romeo, Rudy Vallee, would soon be seen and heard in films. The loves of Clara Bow were aired in a story called "Empty Hearted," in which Clara was described as "a tired child who has called to life and heard only her own echo." Hollywood was rumoring then that she would marry Harry Richman. Clara married Rex Bell two years later and is



Kay Francis

now living happily ever after. John Gilbert and his third wife, Ina Claire, were worn out denying divorce rumors. He's been married and divorced since. Sue Carole and Nick Stuart were honeymooning, sure nothing could break up their romance. They were separated last year. Gossip item called Joan and Doug, Jr. "the current great neckers of the colony," and Doug announced that henceforth all publicity on his bride must be dignified—no more pictures of Joan's legs would be made. Important movies of the month included, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (Norma Shearer), "Lucky Star" (a Gaynor-Farrell tear-jerker), "The Cock Eyed World" (Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe) and "Hallelujah," King Vidor's epic of the Southern Negro. Cover girl, Anita Page.

Two Who Hiss Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

feet square in size, and go to work. The huge stage had originally been built to accommodate the marble stairways and golden thrones Hollywood producers love. But Hecht and MacArthur are not dealing in extravagances.

If their sets are small, they are exquisitely perfect and correctly designed. In the set there is not one single object which does not have a purpose or a dramatic meaning to the scene. Thus the set may be almost stark in its simplicity, but it is complete.

This technique has been used with impressive results in designing stage sets for the legitimate theater.

In Hollywood they saw large sums of money spent on huge interiors. That, they agreed, was usually unnecessary. For example, a movie camera does not need to show you the entire interior of a building to convey to you the idea that a man has entered a drug-store. A single counter displaying drug items, a white-jacketed clerk, and the fact and atmosphere of a drug-store are established. Furthermore, they are established more dramatically than if the screen were cluttered up with hundreds of objects that are part of a large interior.

The artist is economical with his medium. What a hack-writer takes a long paragraph to say, the great poet will express in a single line. It is this artistic economy that Hecht and MacArthur are trying to achieve in movies.

Furthermore, they intend to prove, with the four pictures they will make under the Paramount banner in Astoria, that their technique is practical for any type of movie.

"Crime Without Passion," their first, is a highly dramatic, introspective picture concerned primarily with the psychology of one man.

For the second production they have chosen an entirely different type of thing—a romantic story of the noble love of a peasant actor for a beautiful young Russian princess who joins his traveling troupe in an attempt to elude the revolutionists. Their third picture will be a musical, "Hearts and Flowers." The fourth has not, as yet, been planned.

Probably few producers have wanted so intensely to make beautiful and important pictures. Yet, visiting their studios, you don't have the feeling that any serious work is going on. Hecht and MacArthur are newspaper men. And at the studio is the same informality you find in the city room of a daily paper.

THEIR most important decisions have been made while they were sitting on the floor of their office, playing backgammon at a dollar a game. It was there Claude Rains, "The Invisible Man," found them when he came out to Astoria, at their request, to consider playing the lead in "Crime Without Passion." The game did not stop. They talked to him between moves. Finally, after scraps of talk between long pauses, MacArthur asked him, "By the way, would you be willing to wear a mustache?"

Rains answered enthusiastically, "For you two, I'd wear a tail!"

But when Hecht rose from the floor, the game finished, to arrange such details as contract, salary, etc., MacArthur grabbed him by the ankle.

"No, you don't!" he growled.

"What's the matter with you, Mac? I've got to go—"

"No, you don't! Not till you pay me my dollar! I won."

Their office is anything but Hollywood's conception of where a well-setup producer should work. It's a large room, simply furnished, with signs painted on the walls—"Let the Public In On Our Secret," or "What Is the Audience Doing Now?"

On the set Hecht will sit cross-legged on top of a table, directing a difficult emotional scene as calmly as if he were watching a slow game of tennis. Just off the set MacArthur is spinning a yarn for a group of extras. He will interrupt himself suddenly to yell at Hecht, "Hey, Ben! Shouldn't Claude pause longer between those two sentences?"

"No."

"Okay." And he goes back to his story.

In a moment Hecht climbs slowly off the table. "Take it over, Mac. I'm going across the street for a cup of coffee."

"Let Lee handle it. I'll go with you." So, the director-producers leave and Lee Garmes, their cinematographer, takes over the scene.

BUT if they are casual, they are never careless. And though the making of their picture seems like play instead of work, they do not overlook a single detail for making it more beautiful or more dramatic. Certainly it should give a buoyancy and spark that movies made in a hard-working, routine and less personal way lack.

For Hollywood's star system they have supreme contempt. In choosing a cast for their pictures they use Broadway technique. In other words, they search for players who will fit the parts, not for people who are known as favorites.

They aren't uneasy because their first picture boasts no star. They recall, for example, that before "Scarface" was released Paul Muni was about as well known as Claude Rains is now, and few people had heard of Ann Dvorak or George Raft. They believe if a picture is good, it will make stars of those in the cast. And if a picture is poor, there is no justice in its riding to the box-office on a big name. On Broadway a play must have merit in itself to have a successful run. A poor play is not tolerated because there's a big name in the cast. Witness, for example, the flop of "The Lake," with Katharine Hepburn. If the same standard could be set in movies, far better pictures would come out of Hollywood, they maintain. In casting their pictures they do not even search for players with movie experience.

George Jessel, who will play in "Hearts and Flowers," their musical, has been before the camera more times than any other player on their list. For the important serio-comic lead in the Russian picture, they have chosen Jimmy Savo, Chaplinesque comedian of Broadway who has had some small experience in pictures, but no success.

In the "Crime Without Passion" cast, Rains was the only member that had faced a movie camera before. He had played the title rôle in "The Invisible Man." The audience didn't even see his face until the end of the picture. And then he was dead.

For one of the two feminine leads they chose Whitney Bourne. She had never scored a big

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hit. Her name was not known. But she looked like the person Hecht and MacArthur had in mind for the rôle. She photographed well. She knew how to act. What more could a producer want?

The other important feminine rôle in the picture was that of a Mexican night club dancer. When the two directors started to cast that rôle, they looked for a Mexican girl who would photograph well and who danced in a night club. They found her doing a rumba at the Waldorf. Her name is Margo. She dances at night in the cabaret and comes to the studio the next morning to play the same rôle before the cameras. She even wears the same costume. Working with her on the set, Hecht will say, "How would you naturally do that sequence, Margo?"

"Like this." She rehearses it for several minutes.

"Very well, *Camera!*" And the scene is shot.

For one scene they needed a line of eighteen chorus girls. The usual movie gesture would be to call for eighteen extras, get a dancing instructor to teach them the steps, have costumes made, etc. All in all, the eighteen girls would have been on the lot (and on the payroll) for a week or more. The scene would have been very expensive.

Ben Hecht went to the telephone and called a Broadway cabaret. Yes, they had eighteen chorus girls in costume who could do a short routine. The girls piled into cabs, arrived at the studio, did their routines before the camera, and were back at the cabaret within two hours.

When they needed a Negro orchestra for a short scene, they made a similar arrangement with a Harlem night club. But intelligent economies such as these are possible only if the organization is small and the men responsible for the production are working direct with the cast, cameramen and technicians.

HECHT and MacArthur's cry in Hollywood was that the organization is so large and unwieldy, production is unnecessarily slow and expensive. For example, in Hollywood, MacArthur, as the writer of a movie script, was called to the set and told that a certain scene had to be rewritten. Production on the scene had to stop while half a dozen people were called into conference, consultations held, permissions sought, okays given. Two weeks later the scene was finally rewritten and retaken.

When Hecht and MacArthur decided a scene in "Crime Without Passion" needed rewriting, they sat down on the set with a portable typewriter, rewrote the scene as they discussed it, explained the changes to the cast—and went on shooting.

Their staff is small. But it is efficient and highly experienced. Director Art Rosson came from Hollywood to help them. And they brought Lee Garmes, noted cinematographer, and Slavko Vorkapich, technical adviser, from the Coast.

The movie world is closely watching their experiment. If it is successful it means a boom for movie production in the East. More than that, it means that Hecht and MacArthur have proved that it is practical to produce movies more or less as plays are—with a small staff working directly with the cast; simple, well designed sets that are related to the dramatic action of the story; actors who fill the requirements of the rôles, whether they are stars or not.

It sounds like a sensible and intelligent way of making pictures. Certainly it is an economical way. And nobody, since movies began, has had more fun making movies than Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur are having!

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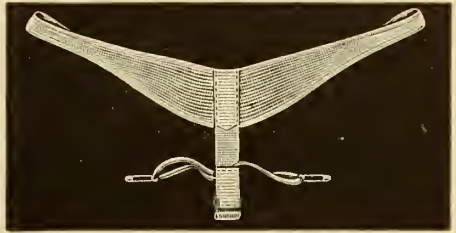
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"BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rudolf Besier. Screen play by Ernest Vajda, Claudine West and Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Elizabeth*, Norma Shearer; *Browning*, Fredric March; *Mr. Barrett*, Charles Laughton; *Henrietta*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Arabel*, Katherine Alexander; *Captain Cook*, Ralph Forbes; *Wilson*, Una O'Connor; *Bella*, Marion Clayton; *Bewan*, Ian Wolfe; *Dr. Chambers*, Ferdinand Munier; *Dr. Ford-Waterlow*, Leo Carroll.

"BEYOND THE LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Tim*, Tim McCoy; *Helen*, Shirley Grey; *Morgan*, Addison Richards; *Professor*, Harry C. Bradley; *N. Y. Radio Policemen*, Mert LaVerre, Dick Rush.

"BLIND DATE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Vida Hurst. Screen play by Ethel Hill. Directed by Roy Wm. Neill. The cast: *Kitty Taylor*, Ann Sothern; *Bob Hartwell*, Neil Hamilton; *Bill*, Paul Kelly; *Freddy*, Mickey Rooney; *Pa Taylor*, Spencer Charters; *Ma Taylor*, Jane Darwell; *Flora*, Joan Gale; *Dot*, Geneva Mitchell; *Tom*, Theodore Newton; *Emy*, Tyler Brooke; *Hartwell, Sr.*, Henry Kolker; *Burl Stearns*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Mrs. Hartwell*, Mary Forbes; *Barbara Hartwell*, Billy Seward.

"BRIDES OF SULU"—EXPLORATION PICTURES CORP.—From the story by James Ormont. Directed by John Nelson. The cast: *Kapua*, Adelina Moreno; *Arsan*, Eduardo de Castro; *Datu of Dakor*, Gregoria Tieman; *The Sultan of Sulu*, Armanda Maghitang; *Datu Mandi*, Himself; *Yu-Ta*, Felisa Fernandez.

"BRITISH AGENT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by H. Bruce Lockhart. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Stephen Locke*, Leslie Howard; *Elena*, Kay Francis; *Medill*, William Gargan; *La Farge*, Phillip Reed; *Pavlov*, Irving Pichel; *Stanley*, Walter Byron; *Evans*, Ivan Simpson; *Maria*, Marianna Schubert; *Commissioner for War*, J. Carrol Naish; *Romano*, Paul Porcasi; *Sir Walter Carrister*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Lady Carrister*, Doris Lloyd; *Kilinoff*, Gregory Gaye; *DeVigney*, Alphonse Ethier; *Lenin*, Tenen Holtz; *Cabinet Officer*, George Pearce; *Under Secretary*, Walter Armitage; *Del Val*, Cesar Romero; *Farmer*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Zubinoff*, Addison Richards.

"CAT'S PAW, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Sam Taylor. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Ezekiel Cobb*, Harold Lloyd; *Petunia Pratt*, Una Merkel; *Jake Mayo*, George Barbier; *Strozzi*, Nat Pendleton; *Dolores Dace*, Grace Bradley; *Mayor Morgan*, Alan Dinehart; *"Silk Hat"* McGee, Grant Mitchell; *Tien*

Wang, Fred Warren; *"Spike"* Slattery, Warren Hymers; *Shigley*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Red*, the Reporter, James Donlan; *Dist. Atty. Neal*, Edwin Maxwell; *Police Comm. Moriarty*, Frank Sheridan; *Ezekiel, as a boy*, David Jack Holt.

"DAMES"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord and Delmer Daves. Adapted by Delmer Daves. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Mabel*, Joan Blondell; *Jimmy*, Dick Powell; *Barbara*, Ruby Keeler; *Mathilda*, ZaSu Pitts; *Horace*, Guy Kibbee; *Ezra Ounce*, Hugh Herbert; *Bulger*, Arthur Vinton; *Song Writer*, Sammy Fain; *Song Writer*, Phil Regan; *Conductor*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Maid*, Leila Bennett; *Ellsworth*, Berton Churchill.

"DANCING MAN"—PYRAMID PROD.—From the story by Beulah Poynter. Directed by Al Ray. The cast: *Diana Trevor*, Judith Allen; *Paul Drexel*, Reginald Denny; *J. C. Trevor*, Edmund Breese; *Tamara Trevor*, Natalie Moorhead; *Reynolds*, Edwin Maxwell; *Donovan*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Cavendish*, Robert Ellis; *Celestine Castle*, Charlotte Merriam; *Mason*, Huntly Gordon; *Mrs. St. John*, Maude Truax; *Eddie Stryker*, Donald Stuart.

"ELMER AND ELSIE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Gilbert Pratt. The cast: *Elmer Beebe*, George Bancroft; *Elsie Beebe*, Frances Fuller; *Rocky Cott*, Roscoe Karns; *John Kincaid*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Eve Kincaid*, Nella Walker; *George Simpson*, Charles Sellon; *Ma Simpson*, Helena Phillips Evans; *Mamie*, Ruth Clifford; *Bartoli*, Albert Conti; *Anna*, Floyce Brown; *Blanche*, Vera Stedman; *Ruby*, Helene Lynch; *Mabel*, Marie Wells; *Joe*, Tom Dempsey; *Evans*, Eddie Baker; *Smith*, Duke York; *Al*, William Robyns; *Postman*, Alf P. Hughes.

"FOR LOVE OR MONEY"—BRITISH & DOMINION.—Based on story by Anthony Gibbs and Dorothy Greenbill. Directed by Zoltan Korda. The cast: *Paul*, Robert Donat; *Gilbert*, Edmund Gwenn; *Lillian*, Wendy Barrie; *Financier*, Cliff Weatherly.

"GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Anita Loos and John Emerson. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Eadie*, Jean Harlow; *T. R. Paige*, Lionel Barrymore; *T. R. Paige, Jr.*, Franck Tone; *Frank Cousins*, Lewis Stone; *Kitty Lennihan*, Patsy Kelly; *Lord Douglas*, Alan Mowbray; *Miss Newberry*, Clara Blandick; *Charlie Turner*, Hale Hamilton; *Senator Trcombe*, Henry Kolker; *Lifeguard*, Nat Pendleton.

"HAPPY LANDING"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *Nick Terriss*, Ray Walker; *Janet*,



Four favorites of the screen who were guests of Ernst Lubitsch at the house-warming which celebrated the opening of his palatial home: Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes, Virginia Bruce and Mona Maris



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"HAT, COAT AND GLOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Wilhelm Speyer. Screen play by Francis Faragoh. Directed by Worthington Miner. The cast: Robert Mitchell, Ricardo Cortez; Dorothea Mitchell, Barbara Robbins; Jerry Hutchins, John Beal; Madame DuBarry, Margaret Hamilton; Mitchell's Secretary, Sara Haden; John Walters, Samuel Hinds; The Judge, Murray Kinnell; Ann, Dorothy Burgess; Imogene, Louise Beavers; Coat Salesman, Irving Bacon; Glove Salesman, Wilbur Higby; Hat Saleslady, Marcelle Corday; Saleslady, Gale Evers; Detectives, George Guhl and Brady Kline; Prosecutor, Paul Hervey; Sob Sister, Edith Van Cleve; Tommy, David Durand; Court Clerk, Fred Sullivan; Reporters, Joseph Anthony and Tom Brown; Court Stenographer, Alfred P. James; Police Sergeant, Frank O'Connor; Love Expert, Arthur Hoyt; Laundryman, Strut Mitchell; Elevator Operator, Gertrude Messinger; A Bit, Bert Starkey.

"HIDE-OUT"—M-G-M.—From the story by Mauri Grashin. Screen play by Francis Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Lucky Wilson, Robert Montgomery; Pauline, Maureen O'Sullivan; MacCarthy, Edward Arnold; Ma Miller, Elizabeth Patterson; Pa Miller, Whitford Kane; Willie, Mickey Rooney; Tony Berrelli, C. Henry Gordon; Babe, Muriel Evans; Britt, Edward Brophy; Louis Shuman, Henry Armetta; Jake Lillie, Herman Bing; Millie, Louise Henry; Dr. Anderson, Harold Huber.

"HOUSEWIFE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Patricia Berkeley, Bette Davis; William Reynolds, George Brent; Nan Reynolds, Ann Dvorak; Paul Dupray, John Halliday; Dora Wilson, Ruth Donnelly; George Wilson, Hobart Cavanaugh; Sam Blake, Robert Barrat; Jenny, Leila Bennett; Buddy, Ronnie Cosby; Court Judge, Willard Robertson; Commercial Radio Singer, Phil Regan; Krueger, Joseph Cawthorne; Mr. Simmonds, Harry Tyler; Bolton, Charles Coleman.

"LADIES SHOULD LISTEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alfred Savior and Guy Bolton. Screen play by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Julian de Lussac, Cary Grant; Anna Mirelle, Frances Drake; Paul Vernet, Edward Everett Horton; Albert, Charles E. Arnt; Marguerite Cintos, Rosita Moreno; Susie Flamberg, Nydia Westman; Joseph Flamberg, George Barbier; Ramon Cintos, Rafael Corio; Henri, Charles Ray; Blanche, Clara Lou Sheridan; Oberator, Henrietta Burnside; Butler, Joe North.

"LET'S TRY AGAIN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Worth-

ington Miner and Allan Scott. Directed by Worthington Miner. The cast: Alice Overton, Diana Wynyard; Dr. Jack Overton, Clive Brook; Marge, Irene Hervey; Nan Duval, Helen Vinson; Paul, Theodore Newton; Phillips, Arthur Hoyt.

"MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by William R. Lipman. Directed by Murray Roth. The cast: Stan Casserly, Phillips Holmes; Vincent Shelton, Edward Arnold; Francesca, Mary Carlisle; Babe, Wini Shaw; Doc, Robert Gleckler; Elita, Marjorie Gateson; Meigs, Edgar Norton; Easy, Bradley Page; Innocence, Hughie White; Careful, Andy Devine; Towers, Charles Coleman; Dr. Davis, Henry Kolker.

"MOONSTONE, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Wilkie Collins. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: Franklyn Blake, David Manners; Anne Verinder, Phyllis Barry; Septimus Lucker, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Godfrey Ablewhite, Jameson Thomas; Inspector Cuff, Charles Irwin; Rosanna, Evelyn Bostock; Betteredge, Elspeth Dudgeon; Sir John, Herbert Bunston; Sir Basil, Claude King; Ezra Jennings, Olaf Hytten; Yandoo, John Davidson; Henry, Fred Walton.

"NELL GWYN"—BRITISH & DOMINION-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Miler Malleon. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: King Charles II, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Nell Gwyn, Anna Neagle; Duchess of Portsmouth, Jeanne De Casalis; Duke of York, Lawrence Anderson; Chiffinch, Miles Malleon; Samuel Pepys, Esme Percy; Mrs. Samuel Pepys, Helena Pickard.

"NOW AND FOREVER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jack Kirkland and Melville Baker. Adapted by Austin Parker. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: Jerry Day, Gary Cooper; Toni Carstairs, Carole Lombard; Penelope Day, Shirley Temple; Felix Evans, Sir Guy Standing; Mrs. J. H. P. Crane, Charlotte Granville; James Higginson, Gilbert Emery; Mr. Clark, Henry Kolker; Mr. Ling, Tetsu Komai; Inspector, Andre Cheron; Chris Carstairs, Jamison Thomas; Mr. O'Neill, Harry Stubbs; Hotel Clerk, Richard Lee; Doctor, Egon Brecher; Assistant Manager, Look Chan; Fisherman, Agostino Bergato.

"ONE MORE RIVER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by John Galsworthy. Screen play by R. C. Sherriff. Directed by James Whale. The cast: Clare, Diana Wynyard; Tony, Frank Lawton; Lady Mont, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Dimmy, Jane Wyatt; Sir Gerald Corven, Colin Clive; David Dornford, Reginald Denny; Gen. Charwell, C. Aubrey Smith; Sir Lawrence Mont, Henry Stephenson; Brough, Lionel Atwill; Forsythe, Alan Mowbray; Lady Charwell, Kathleen Howard; Judge, Gilbert Emery; Chayne, E. E. Clive; Blore, Robert Greig; Benjy, Gunnis Davis; Mrs. Purdy, Tempe Piggott.



Jackie Coogan visited the "Peck's Bad Boy" set to see Jackie Cooper in the rôle Coogan played more than ten years ago. Director Edward F. Cline stopped work long enough for a "bad boy" reunion

"PARIS INTERLUDE"—M-G-M.—Based on the play "All Good Americans" by P. J. Perelman and Laura Perelman. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Julie*, Madge Evans; *Sam*, Otto Kruger; *Pat*, Robert Young; *Cassie*, Una Merkel; *Jimmy*, Ted Healy; *Mary Louise*, Louise Henry; *Ilan*, Edward Brophy; *Rex*, George Meeker; *Noble*, Bert Roach; *Stevens*, Richard Tucker.

"ROMANCE IN THE RAIN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Sig Herzog and Jay Gorney. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Charlie*, Roger Pryor; *Cynthia*, Heather Angel; *J. Franklyn Blank*, Victor Moore; *Gwen*, Esther Ralston; *Sparks*, Ruth Donnelly; *Rex*, Paul Kaye; *Panya*, Guinn Williams; *Hedgwick*, David Worth; *The Eskimo*, Yellow Horse.

"SCARLET LETTER, THE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Screen play by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. The cast: *Hester Prynne*, Colleen Moore; *Arthur Dimmesdale*, Hardie Albright; *Roger Chillingworth*, Henry B. Walthall; *Pearl*, Cora Sue Collins; *Bartholomew Hockings*, Alan Hale; *Abigail Crakstone*, Virginia Howell; *Sampson Goodfellow*, William T. Kent; *Governor Bellingham*, William Farnum; *Innkeeper*, Betty Blythe; *Master Wilson*, Al. C. Henderson; *Beadle*, Jules Cowles; *Digerie Crakstone*, Mickey Rentchler; *Humbleilly Crakstone*, Shirley Jean Rickert; *Gossip*, Flora Finch; *Mistress Allerton*, Dorothy Wolbert.

"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"—Fox.—From the novel by Sigrid Roa. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Hedda Nilsson*, Janet Gaynor; *Eric Landstrom*, Lew Ayres; *Hjalmar Gnu*, Ned Sparks; *Viktor Nilsson*, Walter Connolly; *Mrs. Hanson*, Louise Dresser; *Karl Berghoff*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Sigrid Hanson*, Astrid Allwyn; *Hans Hanson*, Siegfried Rumann; *Detective*, John Qualen; *Anastasia Gnu*, Greta Meyer; *Mrs. Knut Johnson*, Dorothy Christy; *Christina*, Josephine Whittell; *Olaf*, Jerry Stewart; *Olga*, Ruth Marion; *Swanson*, Harold Minjir; *Grelchen*, Jeveer Ann Gibbons; *Tommy*, Buster Phelps.

"SHE HAD TO CHOOSE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Mann Page and Izola Forrester. Adapted by Houston Branch. Directed by Ralph Ceder. The cast: *Bill Cutler*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Sally Bates*, Isabel Jewell; *Clara Berry*, Sallie Blane; *Jack Berry*, Regis Toomey; *Wally*, Fuzzy Knight; *Mrs. Cutler*, Mabel Turner; *District Attorney*, Wallis Clark; *Pop*, Arthur Stone; *Higgins*, Edwin Gargan.

"SHE WAS A LADY"—Fox.—From the novel by Elizabeth Cobb. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Sheila Vane*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Tommy Traill*, Donald Woods; *Stanley Vane*, Ralph Morgan; *Jerry Cousins*, Monroe Owsley; *Marco*, Irving Pichel; *Alice Vane*, Doris Lloyd; *Daisy*, Kitty Kelly; *George Vane*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Lady Diana Vane*, Mary Forbes; *Herbie Vane*, Jackie Searl; *Moir*, Barbara Weeks; *Sheila, as a child*, Carol Kay; *Jeff Dyer*, Paul Harbey; *Yank*, Harold Goodwin; *Iris Vane*, Anne Howard.

"SHOCK"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Roy J. Pomeroy. Screen play by Madeline Ruthvon. Directed by Roy J. Pomeroy. The cast: *Derek Marbury*, Ralph Forbes; *Lucy Neville*, Gwenllian Gill (courtesy Paramount); *Bob Hayworth*, Monroe Owsley; *Capt. Peabody*, Reginald Sharland; *Gilroy Hayworth*, Douglas Walton; *Alan Neville*, Alex Courtney; *Rickey Marbury*, David Jack Holt; *Meadows*, Billy Bevan; *Hawkins*, Clyde Cook; *Lady Heatherly*, Mary Forbes; *Colonel*, Charles Coleman; *Orderly*, Colin Campbell; *Sgt. Matthews*, David Dunbar; *Major*, Montague Shaw; *Cockney*, Eric Snowden; *Adjutant*, Olaf Hytton; *Clerk*, Harry Holden.

"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"—M-G-M.—From the play "Four Walls" by Dana Burnett and George Abbott. Screen play by Bernard Schubert. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Benny*, Franchot Tone; *Mrs. Horowitz*, May Robson; *Bertha*, Karen Morley; *Shirley*, Gladys George; *Skippy*, Nat Pendleton; *Monk*, Jack LaRue; *Sullivan*, C. Henry Gordon; *Mendel*, Raymond Hatton; *Dr. Wilkes*, William Bakewell.

"THEIR BIG MOMENT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Walter Hackett. Screen play by Marion Dix and Arthur Caesar. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Tillie Whim*, ZaSu Pitts; *Bill*, Slim Summerville; *La Salle*, William Gaxton; *Lane Franklyn*, Bruce Cabot; *Eve Farrington*, Kay Johnson; *Fay Harley*, Julie Haydon; *Doctor Portman*, Ralph Morgan; *John Farrington*, Huntly Gordon; *Lothe*, Tamara Geva.

"WHOM THE GODS DESTROY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Adapted by Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *John Forrester*, Walter Connolly; *Jack Forrester*, Robert Young; *Margaret Forrester*, Doris Kenyon; *Jack (age 14)*, Macon Jones; *Jack (age 2)*, Scott Beckett; *Henry Braverman*, Rollo Lloyd; *Henrietta Crossland*, Mabel Turner; *Carlo*, Henry Kolker; *Niccoli*, George Humbert; *Alec*, Hobart Bosworth; *Jameson*, Hugh Huntley; *Prof. Weaver*, Gilbert Emery; *Koroloff*, Akim Tamiroff; *Puppeteers*, The Yale Puppeteers.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

CAROLE LOMBARD decided to play her assigned rôle in "Orchids and Onions" for Columbia rather than face a lawsuit and maybe a six months' layoff. She had been loaned by Paramount for the picture.

C. HENRY GORDON rated his professional standing as a villain many years ago, and he had never been able to get out of the menace class.

M-G-M, at last, listened to his plea—and cast him for a sympathetic police officer. But there was a catch in it.

Henry had to sacrifice his badge-of-service, his little wicked mustache, which has decorated his upper lip for fifteen years. Henry feels so lonesome and so exposed.

IN spite of her many beaux and friends, Jean Harlow is really a very self-sufficient person. She's never without a platinum and diamond anklet. The other day she was asked who gave it to her.

"I gave it to myself," said Jean.

Recently she's been reading up on fortune telling.

She says she can't see no reason why she can't tell her own fortune as well as someone else, if not better.

IT was a badly battered, limp and wincing Clark Gable who showed up at M-G-M the other morning after a big Shrine whoop-te-doo in Los Angeles.

Answer: Clark had been riding a goat, taking impromptu spills and unexpected blows during a hot and heavy initiation. Away from all inquisitors he hobbled with the explanation, "I fell down."

Which, at that, was more original than the black-eye gag—"I ran into a door."

WHEN Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur saw the rushes on their first picture, "Crime Without Passion," they were so pleased with themselves, they shook hands and congratulated each other. Then they went down to their office, drew up a contract, and hired themselves as directors on all forthcoming Hecht-MacArthur productions.

WHEN Jerry Wald was a radio columnist he used to razz Rudy Vallee plenty. Now he has written a Warner movie called "Sweet Music"—and Rudy will be the leading man.

THE usual procedure is for stock players to try to get in pictures, but Lyle Talbot is asking for a leave of absence to go back to his old stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. His pals there helped him out once, and now he wants to reciprocate and assist the company to get back in the money.

IF you have any old photographic negatives—that retouching would improve—save them for Marlene Dietrich. It's her hobby. And she's said that if she ever quits the screen she'll be found in the business. Already, the industrious Marlene has some two hundred finished negatives to attest her skill. It's one thing Von Sternberg did not teach her.

FROM now on, when you see the name of Ann Shirley in a picture's billing, it'll be none other than she who was known as Dawn O'Day.

JACK LARUE had to grow into his rôle of Monk in the M-G-M "Straight Is the Way" production. He was cast for the part nine years ago—in the stage production, under the



Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer together attended the preview of Miss Shearer's latest film, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

title "Four Walls." It was decided then that he looked too young, and Paul Muni played it.

WHEN Clark Gable was followed right through the gate into the studio by four motorcycle cops, the gateman practically fainted, and traffic was seriously obstructed by the curious who gathered to find out how many laws Clark had broken. But all the cops wanted was Clark's autograph!

WARNER BAXTER was given a vacation at Fox, as a reward for good behavior. So he went over to Columbia (with the consent of his home lot) to make "Broadway Bill" with Frank Capra. Warner was crazy about the story, and always wanted to work with Capra. Besides, he gets a location trip around San Francisco, his favorite town, and rates \$89,600 for his work in the picture.

GRANT WITHERS' new wife is a former Cleveland society girl who is a trifle stunned at the prevailing informality of Hollywood. However, her sense of humor has risen to the rescue, and she no longer minds being openly compared with Grant's former wife, Loretta Young.

MAE WEST will have no competition from within her family. Her sister, Beverly West, visiting the reformed Mae, said she isn't even remotely considering shifting her career from the stage to pictures.



Duke Skeets Gallagher (left end of table) has a birthday party. The guests are: Pam Gallagher, in the high chair; Kathryn Brown, Joe E.'s daughter, being seated by Arline Judge; Michael Hopkins, Miriam's adopted son, and Jack Woody, Jr., with Helen Twelvetrees, his mother. On the forward side of the table, from left to right, are: Frances Williams, daughter of Betty Williams, scenarist; Mary Brown, Joe's other daughter; Patricia Hawks, the child of Bessie Love, and Peggy Kalmar, the daughter of Bert Kalmar, writer



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' in five minutes!"

"Where's a drug store? Where's my head?" demands Mrs. Gibson, "I've forgotten Jerry's cake of Ivory!"

"Yas'm," says Sam, now as smooth as chocolate custard.

Mrs. Gibson is not telling *all*. She's going to get that Ivory for herself, too! It's the *pure* complexion soap!

DOCTORS ADVISE GENTLE PURE IVORY



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee, wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES



"I SAW YOU!" says Julia, the Gibsons' pretty maid. "Bobby Gibson, you're taking *my* Ivory Soap!"

"Aw gee!" squirms Bobby. "I want it for the Little Tigers' club house so Pete won't hand out his smelly soap."

"All right," relents Julia, "but leave some for my dishes!" Dishes, pish! Julia wants *pure* Ivory in the dishpan to keep her lovely hands smooth!

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"Of course not!" said that unfeeling man. "No soap is magic. But a *pure* soap cleanses without drying. Why don't you use Ivory?"

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▪ Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

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Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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What a FOOL She is!



... to make an Eyebrow so important ... and to neglect her Teeth and Gums ... to tolerate "Pink Tooth Brush"!

No one would quarrel with this woman for using every beauty art at her command. The shape of a fingertip ... the arch of an eyebrow—are all so important to true loveliness. But what is gained if dull teeth and tender gums destroy her charm!

So many women are unaware that their teeth need a beauty treatment too! So few realize the fact that "pink tooth brush" means tender gums and tender gums mean *dull teeth and a clouded, unattractive smile.*

Dental science explains "pink tooth brush"—and how massage and Ipana help keep gums firm and teeth bright.

Soft foods are mainly responsible

for "pink tooth brush." The coarse, fibrous foods of yesterday have given place to soft and creamy dishes that rob our gums of work and health.

Follow dental science. Massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Use Ipana for both purposes. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in bringing back firmness to the gums.

And firm, healthy gums are safe not only from "pink tooth brush" but they are in little danger from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition. And they are safer!

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a well-known authority:*
"Modern food is too soft and does not call for a hard effort to chew it."
- *From a widely-read textbook:*
"Massage improves the health of the gums by stimulating the blood circulation. It also toughens the gums, making them more resistant to disease."
- *A famous scientist says:*
"Mouth hygiene means sound teeth and healthy gums in clean mouths."



TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD

an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production

THE

Merry Widow

with

**EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER . . . MINNA GOMBELL**

Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Editor and Publisher

William T. Walsh, Managing Editor

Ivan St. Johns, Western Editor

Vol. XLVI No. 6

November, 1934



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

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the *Duke of Florence* highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the *Duchess*, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

★ **BARRETS OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Southern going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)

**Movie Fill-in
Contest Winners
will be announced in the
January, 1935, issue of
PHOTOPLAY**

The number of solutions submitted in this \$500.00 prize contest is so large that the judges have found it impossible to render their decision for the December issue.

★ **BRITISH AGENT**—First National.—Locale—Russia during the war; characters—Leslie Howard, a British agent, and Kay Francis who loves him, but is also passionately devoted to her country. Deft direction; capable cast. See this! (Oct.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS GLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony*. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Old England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DAMES—Warners.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANCING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a gigolo in love with Judith Allen and affairing with her stepmother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

*Hi America!...
Here he comes!*

**... IN WARNER BROS.'
WILDEST LAFF RIOT!**

Every lap a laff as the screen's ace comic sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of the Arena—making chumps out of champs... a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over wheels in love with every gal in the grandstand!... It's an hysterical event!



**J
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**B
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N** in

"6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture

LIVE NOWHERE!

... REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on
in your heart haunting you for
days to come!

THRILL TO THE GAYETY
OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA - CHA - CHA"
"WINE SONG"

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane

Directed by
Erik Charell

From a story by
Melchior Lengyel

Music by
Werner Richard Leymann



ANYWHERE!.. LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!



CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES • LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE • C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • NOAH BEERY



Brickbats & Bouquets

..... THE AUDIENCE TALKS BACK

THE \$25 LETTER

I gave an ex-maid of mine money to buy butter for her children, and was disgusted to find she had spent my bounty at a movie.

Her defense was: "We talked it over with the children and they decided that they would rather go without butter on their bread than miss seeing the picture. And it's a bit of relaxation for my husband, too. We don't have much fun, and I'm thinking that this show will do more good than any amount of butter, or beefsteak for that matter."

And from that I have an idea. Why can't relief organizations provide free movies for their welfare lists? Why not dole out a little diversion along with the food? I feel that they would be well repaid for their trouble and expense by the improved attitudes of the now often bitter and discouraged dependents.

E. S. T., Kennebunkport, Maine

THE \$10 LETTER

In our school we subscribe to four motion picture magazines, filing their lists of reviews of current pictures. We teachers make it our business to see all pictures which have been given an A or B quality rating. We see them as "first runs," some time before they reach the school neighborhood, and classify them as "musts," "maybes," or "preferably for adults."

Every Monday a list of our recommended movies is taken home by each child. The boys and girls are delighted when a "must" is listed, because this means that a child may substitute this picture for his homework and that a review of the picture will be accepted by his English teacher in lieu of the customary book report.

We also keep a scrap-book in which the children file their own reviews, which are frank and enlightening. Children often refer to the scrap-book before attending a show "to see if the boys liked it," etc.

Parents like our lists because they, too, are steered to quality pictures in this way.

The neighborhood theater owners are glad to book our requests, thus improving the average.

M. COLLINS, Chicago, Ill.

THE \$5 LETTER

When it's singtime in the talkies

He is humming back of you.

And the way he keeps on singing,

Makes you mad clear through and through.

Off key he'll hum the music

While you wish that he were mute.

When it's singtime in the talkies,

He's the pest you'd like to shoot!

CORA MAY PREBLE, Compton, Calif

WHEW! Every time we emerge to take a bouquet from a Shearer admirer, somebody throws a brickbat! And back under the desk we must go! The fight's because PHOTOPLAY called Norma "The Real First Lady of Films." If you are one who thinks another deserves the title—pitch your brickbat! We're good at dodging, and ideas are welcome.

FIRST LADY HONORS?

I fully agree with Basil Lee in his article in your July issue—Norma Shearer is First Lady of the screen. She has never been identified with anything shoddy. An orchid to Norma—a great actress, but a greater woman!

MARIE KINNE, Beacon, N. Y.

I cannot see how there can be any question of Ruth Chatterton's title. She is the First Lady of the Screen.

Miss Shearer is charming and clever. But it should not be forgotten that Ruth Chatterton put talkies on the map.

L. BLOCK, Hampstead, London, England

Surely every ambitious girl must agree that Joan Crawford is the First Lady of the American Screen. She got where she is by dint of hard work and self-education. And she graces the throne beautifully.

J. JANSEN, Des Moines, Iowa

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 reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Many think Joan is the screen's First Lady, saying Miss Crawford won stardom by sheer pluck and hard work



When a PHOTOPLAY story titled Norma Shearer "The First Lady of the Screen," scores of her admirers wrote us letters, agreeing

Chatterton admirers say Ruth is literally the screen's First Lady because she was one of the first to star in talking pictures



I'M IN PICTURES NOW

At last I'm in the movies!

When my evening paper came tonight I turned to the amusement section, scanned its columns and there it was in big, black type—"Housewife!"

I stacked the supper dishes and rushed to the movie to see Ann Dvorak and George Brent as the married couple living in a little white cottage—even as my husband and I.

How I've hated that word! But now that the movies have glorified it, I think I can bear to sign myself,

HOUSEWIFE, Colorado Springs, Colo.

TIRED BUT TOLERANT

Never again will I criticize, no matter how mediocre, any picture.

I came to this conclusion a few weeks ago after watching a picture made.

Prominent stars waited patiently, hour upon hour, for the electricians, carpenters and prop men to get things ready. When finally everything seemed just right, there suddenly descended a California fog, completely obliterating the landscape, and work had to be called off.

The next day was bright and sunny, and work went on under the broiling sun, to which was added the hot glare of lights and reflectors.

It wore the spectators to a frazzle, while the players serenely went on with their scenes, piece by piece.

Let's be charitable!

E. M. REIS, Long Beach, Calif.

SCOTCH CHOICE

We on this side of the Atlantic would welcome more pictures like "Carolina" and "It Happened One Night," the type of production American studios do superlatively well and which add to the prestige of Hollywood abroad.

Such films are part of the American scene, past and present, and undoubtedly help other nations to a better understanding of American character and outlook.

DAVID D. JOLLY, Angus, Scotland

KIDS CLAPPED!

Last week I saw "I Give My Love," with Paul Lukas and Wynne Gibson.

Ninety per cent of the audience was children.

In the very touching scene wherein the boy (Eric Linden), having just been told by his foster father that the old woman he has painted is his mother, acknowledges his mother and puts his head in her lap, there was an outburst of applause from the audience such as I have never before witnessed in any theater.

They clapped, cheered, whistled, and cheered again, while the operator held the scene for a few minutes.

It proved two things to me:

1. Children of today can appreciate real sentiment and fine acting.
2. All movies need not be reduced to the "Alice in Wonderland" level, for the childish mind to absorb.

Pictures such as "I Give My Love" tend to build up character and romance as no fairytale ever could.

LILLIAN R. KRAEMER, Irvington, N. J.
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Then your breath may be bad!

Make this test. Look in the mirror. "Coated tongue" is found in 75% of cases of bad breath. Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you a pure, sweet breath at one-third the usual cost.

NOW you no longer need dread whether you have bad breath. Often your own mirror will tell you. If your mirror reveals a gray, "coated tongue," the chances are that your breath is impure. For recent investigations have shown that in 75% of cases of bad breath, "coated tongue" condition was present.

The sensible way to guard against bad breath is to gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for the odors which cause unpleasant breath. Soon your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.

We do not claim that "coated tongue"

always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

*Pepsodent is more powerful . . .
Goes 3 times as far*

But in fighting halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are your best defenses against colds.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... TELL IT TO HOLLYWOOD



the advertisements so the wrong crowds won't see the wrong movies?

Like this:

Class 1. *Purple Passion*. An entirely salacious picture, containing four situations in which the leading lady appears in panties. Morons and degenerates shouldn't miss it.

Class 2. *Among the Buttercups*. Chemically pure to a point where it can have no possible appeal as a story. Contains lovely wildflower vistas, a fine view of Grant's Tomb, and an interesting picture of Niagara Falls in Winter. Suitable for people who still call a leg a limb.

Class 3. *Life*. An intelligently written and produced picture, recommended for rational, normal, intelligent people who realize that though the world is part good, part bad, it is a pretty interesting place.

J. A. WALLACE, San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED: SCREEN TEAMS

We Gable fans would like to see Clark play with lovely Kay Francis. There's a romantic team for you!

D. P., Mobile, Alabama

Why can't we have Irene Dunne and John Boles together in a picture again?

E. H. S., Gardner, Mass.

Why doesn't some wise producer team up Joan Blondell and that fine actor, Adolphe Menjou, in a couple more films?

J. B., Peekskill, N. Y.

My idea of a "smash hit" would be a Robert Montgomery-Jean Harlow picture! What do you think?

K. S., La Crosse, Wis.

WHO CARES?

The great of the past could come back to earth—but if they made a single mistake in speech or action, how some people would criticize them.

It's the same with the movies. The carping ones now get their pleasure by pointing out how in some moving picture a guy didn't pay his fare when he dismounted from a taxi or how a lady threw her gloves into the butler's pantry in one scene yet had them on in the next.

Trivialcers is what I call them!

FRED B. MANN, Danville, Ill.

REMEDY FOR TIRED FEET

Tramp, tramp, tramp the whole day through!

Such is the life of a salesman.

Ah! here I am at last. At home in my easy chair. No, wifey, I don't want my slippers. Let's have a look at the paper. Whoopeeee! I'll pack up my troubles in an old kit bag and smile, smile, smile! I might even go so far as to laugh—for my favorite star is just around the corner. Jump into your clothes wifey. Because, my darling, we're going to the movies!

FRANKLIN OWENS, Nanticoke, Penna.

Demands that Irene Dunne and John Boles be teamed again were met with "The Age of Innocence." On this page are other requested teams

Do you agree with those movie-goers who want to see Clark Gable teamed with Kay Francis in a motion picture?



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

FRYING CENSORS

Why not a movie depicting the troubles of a committee of censors? It would doubtless combine pathos with pulchritude, mirth with mystery and the audience might burn incense to the directors, instead of the directors "burning up" at the incensed censors' censure!

CONNIE COWELL, Montreal, Canada

FORGOTTEN GOLD MINES

Hollywood's film vaults are filled with millions of dollars worth of pictures, old pictures which have no further value to the studios. Jesse L. Lasky would turn them over to the schools. Certainly his idea and suggestion merits serious consideration.

Why can't we let a veteran film producer, Mr. Lasky, have his way? Let's resurrect these old films of educational value and put them to work.

H. B. STEPHENSON, Morrisonville, Ill.

PASSION OR BUTTERCUPS?

To satisfy everyone, why not make three distinct types of movies, classifying them in

Clark has been teamed with most of the prominent women stars, but never with Kay. Is she Gable's type of leading lady?

Ever since the delightful acting of Adolphe and Joan in "Convention City," admirers have asked to see Miss Blondell and Menjou screen-teamed again



MAKING 'EM READ

All during vacation I've been trying to get my daughter interested in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson—long my favorite—but it was impossible.

Today I found her buried in "Treasure Island."

She has just heard that two of her favorites, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery, are appearing in this.

Moving pictures are advancing education!
 MRS. J. L. SPENCER, Independence, Mo.

TEACHER TARZAN

I live with my daughter and her ten-year-old son, Gordon, in the Sandia Mountains of New Mexico, a sort of back-settlement twenty-seven miles from a town.

The boy had no one to play with. He became listless, disinterested. He spent his time sitting out under a pine-tree in the front yard, no interest in play.

One day I took him into town, to see "Tarzan."

When we returned, Gordon said to me, "Grandpa, will you help me build a house like *Tarzan's* in that big juniper tree up in the canyon?"

We began work the next day—covering the tree-house with a cowskin, and making it just like one of *Tarzan's* shelters.

Now Gordon is planning great things for himself—he wants to learn how to swim, he wants to learn to hunt fox and cougars with me this Winter so he can make clothes from their skins.

We are grateful to a motion picture for awakening interests that are wholesome and up-building in this boy.

B. F. CLARK, Sandia Park, New Mex.
 [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



*The
 Comfort
 I declined
 so long*

"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

Some such endorsement could truthfully be given by numbers of women who have found, sooner or later, that Midol does relieve periodic pain. In many cases, these tablets have spared women even any discomfort at this time; nearly all receive definite relief.

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Should you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*. Do this today, and be prepared!

K-1

An Invitation

to try it without expense; just mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N. Y., and get trial box free.

Name

Address



Henry B. Walthall is dressed as Duke Johann von Hatzfeld for Fox's "Love Time," the life story of Franz Schubert, composer

Brickbats & Bouquets

.... WHAT YOU SAY IS IMPORTANT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

BAD LANGUAGE

Though the thermometer stands at 104 in the shade, and all of Shanghai is stewing in its own juice, I still have breath enough left to voice one faint plea to Movie Land!

If a story is set at a certain period, please let the dialogue match the costumes and setting.

I am thinking of the scene in "The Witching Hour" (as you see, pictures are slow reaching us out here) where the Bad Man talks to his enemy. The outburst sounded more like 1934 gangster talk than the villainous rantings of a gay nineties crook.

Why mar a splendid picture with such an incongruity?

GERTRUDE HEDDEN, Shanghai, China

ONE REEL CIRCUS

Why is it that the newsreels are abandoning the service of history and putting out a shingle as entertainers? They have become simply a collection of sideshows, foot races, and things which can better be viewed at a fair or vaudeville show.

Are other fans as tired as I am of being fed newsreels of parades and bathing girls?

KERRY KAVANAUGH, Seattle, Wash.



Readers tell us the directors should get more attention. So here you are—ten shots of Director John Cromwell, the man who handled the megaphone for "Of Human Bondage" and other successes

Kitty Carlisle was the surprise in "She Loves Me Not." Everybody liked Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins, who were starred. But some movie-goers contend that Kitty stole the picture from them

IS THE PUBLIC FICKLE?

After many years off the screen, Alice Brady is back, as popular as ever. Practically the same may be said of Billie Burke.

I don't think the public is as fickle as it is often painted. Do you?

W. T., Southport, N. C.

HONEYMOON MEMORIES

Thirty-four years ago I went to Las Palmas on my honeymoon.

In the years since I have never been able to return, nor have I met anyone from there.

But the other night I went to see "Grand Canary." For a fleeting second, through the porthole of Warner Baxter's yacht, I had a glimpse of Las Palmas.

It was worth more to me than you can imagine. And I want to thank M-G-M for the picture.

MRS. M. A. HOPE, Shelton, Penna.

In a class in American Literature this past Winter, one day a week we discussed movies. We discovered that there was much more to a movie than we ever before dreamed there could be.

The work of the director interested us particularly, and we wondered why we couldn't see a flash of the director at the beginning of each movie instead of just a momentary showing of his name.

EGBERT NIEMAN, Logan, Ohio

SWEET KITTY CARLISLE

I have just seen Bing Crosby's new picture, "She Loves Me Not." Bing and Miriam Hopkins were splendid. But I couldn't help sending in this word of praise for Kitty Carlisle in particular. She is the most arresting person I have seen on the screen for a long while.

J. W., Danville, Va.

PEACE

The week after my only son was killed this spring, I received his last letter. The last letter he ever wrote.

I trembled as I opened it.

"Mother," read part of the letter, "I've just been to town to see 'Death Takes a Holiday.' There's a picture that explains everything I feel about Death. Nothing to arouse terror or alarm. Just an experience, an adventure, a holiday, a part of everyone's life. Do see it when you can. . . ."

Tonight, alone, I followed my son's last request, and went to see "Death Takes a Holiday."

From that movie I found a peace I never expected again in this life.

MRS. HARRY R. STUART, Piedmont, Calif.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

★ **GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE**—M-G-M.—Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chorine, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAPPY LANDING—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patroller Ray Walker goes after crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Oct.)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as Harold, and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

Please tell me what is wrong dear!



—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent

as your assurance of extra protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond

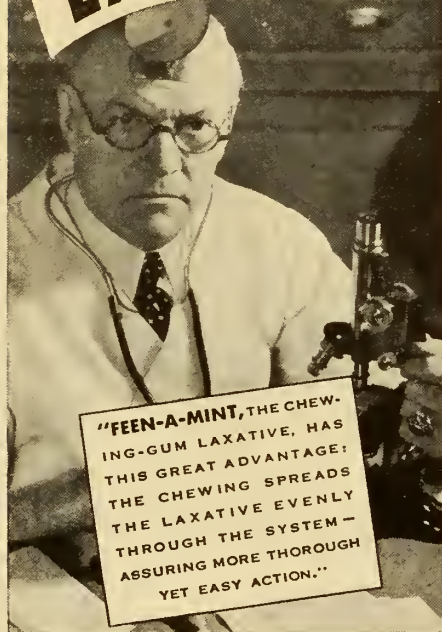
How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!



LIFEBUOY ends "B.O."
HEALTH SOAP (BODY ODOR)

**DON'T SUFFER
CONSTIPATION—**
*there is effective relief
if you just*

**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**



To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

I FINALLY FOUND THAT A LAXATIVE DOES NOT HAVE TO TASTE BAD TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEWING FEEN-A-MINT IS JUST LIKE CHEWING MY FAVORITE GUM.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio.—Fair adaptation of the stage play, in which lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Suprb performances by every cast member. (Oct.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lillian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HEAT LIGHTNING — Warners. — Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer play-boy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE** — 20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe. George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight, Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

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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★ **LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *façeur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Oct.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talkie is this film in which Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sulavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame DuBarry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UNLUCKY 13?



By *Lady Esther*

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1934

13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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3 Discerning Women

have found the way to whiter teeth



Listerine Tooth Paste has won popularity in every walk of life by doing a superlatively efficient job of cleansing the teeth—at the same time imparting high polish to the enamel. Teeth fairly gleam!

These vital qualities, together with its cool, refreshing taste and the pleasing assurance it leaves of a purer, sweeter breath, have made Listerine Tooth Paste the choice of thousands who never stop to think of price when they buy a dentifrice.

Try it—and if you don't agree that it is better, speak your mind by going back to the costlier brand you're using now.

But remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25¢ (Double Size 40¢); so if you do like it, you'll save money by continuing to use it. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Left—"I wanted the best tooth paste
at any price—and I found it for 25¢"

Miss Elizabeth Brown is stylist and designer of decorative pottery for one of the world's largest potteries. She is a graduate of West Virginia University and of New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. She also studied in London, Paris, and Italy.

"My pottery won't sell unless it is good looking and smart. If you want to 'sell yourself' in this world today, you want to be as good looking as possible. Nothing helps quite so much as nice white teeth."

Right—"I like the idea of a tooth paste by the makers of Listerine and tried it. I'm very well pleased."

Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor's office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, "you're always learning something new."

Lower Right—"Listerine Tooth Paste gets my teeth beautifully clean. Also, your advertising never insults my intelligence."

Catherine McHenry was vice-president of the senior class at University of Michigan. "This dentifrice is very popular among students at the University," Miss McHenry says. "Others like myself prefer it to costlier brands."



REGULAR SIZE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with
PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WINSOME Helen Hayes is an ideal Barrie heroine, and her appearance in M-G-M's version of "What Every Woman Knows" is an important event. She scored one of her stage triumphs in this play, and it was Barrie's "Dear Brutus" that made her a bright light of the theater at the age of sixteen



William A. Fraker

THE movies borrowed Grace Moore from grand opera, and now they don't want to let her go back! It's rumored that Miss Moore may combine the two arts, making a film version of Bizet's opera, "Carmen." The beautiful young actress with the golden voice recently scored a hit in Columbia's "One Night of Love"



Ernest A. Faehrach

BACK to Hollywood and pictures, after an Eastern vacation and a Mexican divorce, Katharine Hepburn found plans afoot for about half a dozen productions. Her first will be RKO-Radio's screen adaptation of James M. Barrie's famous love story, "The Little Minister." John Beal will play the title rôle



"MUSIC in the Air," acclaimed as a Broadway stage success a couple of seasons ago, is being embellished by charming Gloria Swanson as a Fox musical film. And Gloria, who gave handsome John Boles his first boost toward prominence in silent pictures, will sing of love with him in this production

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is reported as being quite displeased with the pertinacious curiosity of the American press with relation to his private affairs. I can sympathize with Mr. Fairbanks, for it is often a difficult matter to answer the intimate questions of reporters. On the other hand, the inevitable penalty for fame is wide publicizing of one's every action.

Perhaps distinguished motion picture players do not always realize how much they owe to the printed word. The press is a quick booster of professional reputations, and the recipients of these favors should not be too much perturbed if public curiosity at times seems to become plain, intruding inquisitiveness.

A FEW years ago, the band was playing, the crowd cheering, at the home-coming ceremonies of a very distinguished feminine star in Los Angeles. The press photographers were clamoring eagerly to take photographs of her. She attempted to sneak off the rear of the train, unseen. "I'm tired. I don't want to be bothered with all this," she protested.

"Listen, my dear," said a man, long in the motion picture business, "I've seen them come and I've seen them go. Perhaps five years from now you'll be wishing there were crowds and reporters to annoy you."

She thought twice, and made a smiling, gracious descent to the station platform.

The old-timer's words were prophetic. I think she would give much to stir that same eager curiosity today.

THE hand of death has passed over Hollywood again and again within the past few months. Russ Columbo's sudden demise came as a particular shock. It was like a bolt from the clear sky. He was so young, so enthusiastic, with an unquestionably great career before him. His "Wake Up and Dream" had just been completed. Russ had crowded much into the brief twenty-six years that he lived.

First it was intrepid Lilyan Tashman, then Lew Cody and Dorothy Dell; next beloved Marie Dressler, Director George Hill, followed by those distinguished veterans, Alee B. Francis and Snub Pollard. May Russ Columbo's name be the last on this sad roster for a long time.

Nor have the non-professionals, indirectly connected with motion pictures through blood relationship or marriage, escaped. All Hollywood was stunned by the death in an automobile accident of Mrs. Arthur Stebbins—niece of Joseph and Nicholas Schenck—together with her two children and Mrs. Ned Marin, wife of a producer at M-G-M and sister to Billy Seeman and Mrs. Rube Goldberg.

HUGH WALPOLE, distinguished English novelist, brings to Hollywood a most refreshing viewpoint. It has long been the cry of successful novelists and playwrights summoned to the West Coast to give an artistic uplift to pictures, that the producers don't know their own business.

Perhaps the best-known case of this kind was that of Theodore Dreiser, who objected strenuously to the manner in which his novel, "An American Tragedy," had been revamped for the screen. In the book, the murderous protagonist was represented as a victim of social forces. On the screen, his act was shown to be the consequence of his own character—or lack of character. It was an honest difference of opinion.

ON the other hand, Hugh Walpole has a somewhat revolutionary viewpoint. It is his conviction that motion picture writing is a special technique that requires close study. He accepted unflinchingly the blunt but sincere studio criticisms. On another page of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, I call your attention to an interview with Hugh Walpole on this subject. One cannot help but admire and respect the modesty and good sense revealed here by this international literary figure.

WHEN Charlie MacArthur made a flying visit to Hollywood, he brought with him a present for his wife, Helen Hayes.

"You couldn't have brought me anything I wanted more," she said, and sat down and wept.

It was several reels of film showing Helen's little daughter, Mary, as she played about the garden of their home at Nyack, New York.

Every noon now finds Helen in a stuffy projection room with her present.

PICTURES recently released have unusual vitality and *élan*, a richer spirit of romance and breadth. Indeed, latest offerings would indicate a renaissance of the studios. This new birth, however, is not the work of a moment. Schedules for pictures are usually laid down many months ahead.

At the beginning of the year, Will Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, in a national radio hook-up, promised an advance in the quality of this year's productions. Apparently Mr. Hays knew whereof he spoke, for as one who has been watching the changes, vicissitudes and growth of motion pictures for twenty years, I heartily endorse many of the late summer and early autumn offerings. If you will turn to the Shadow Stage in this and recent issues of PHOTOPLAY, you will find reviewed there, with their appropriate ratings, some of the films I have in mind.

THE grandest trouper on the Warners lot—Joe E. Brown's little daughter, Kathryn. In his latest picture, "Six Day Bicycle Rider," the script required a child wearing huge goggles and suspended in a basket between Joe's bicycle and Maxine Doyle's. As the scene was a "process shot" the basket was shaken to give it motion. The day was spent trying one howling two-year-old after another.

Joe went home and brought back fourteen months' old Kathryn. "You're going to play with daddy," he said. "And don't take off the glasses. And don't be afraid when the basket shakes. You're helping daddy make a picture now."

Kathryn just smiled with confidence at her daddy when the basket began to shake. The scene was shot with a perfect performance from little Kathryn. But when the glasses were removed it was discovered the heavy rims had brought forth a tiny trickle of blood from her little nose. Joe grabbed her in his arms. "You little trouper, you," he whispered.



Hurrell

DO you recognize this exotic creature? It's the new and even more fascinating Joan Crawford, as she is in her latest M-G-M picture, "Chained," with Clark Gable. She is still the pulsating Joan as of old, but with a certain fetching aloofness, vital and gripping. It adds great luster to Joan's stardom

OUTSIDE the gates of the studio stand a large group of people, waiting. From all walks of life they come.

The ex-vaudeville actor, the ex-jockey, former businessmen, Chinese girls, one-time millionaires, hobos, young men, old men, girls, old women—and still more heart-rending, former stars and featured players discarded by the changing movies.

All hoping against hope that some miracle will happen and they will find themselves inside the gates, headed for the casting office.

"Had any luck lately?" I asked a slim, young girl.

She smiled. "One day's work in seven months. I'm used to having a tough time, though. But see that guy up there with the blue flannel jacket? I can remember when he was an important casting director, himself."



These two girls came to Hollywood and found jobs in the studios as extras. But now, after months of unemployment, they are living in a tent, clinging desperately to the hope that by some stroke of magic the studio gates will open to them again

Weary after a day of shooting, the extras on location wait to be paid off. These were working in M-G-M's "The Tide of Empire." Since the spectacle picture has given way to the simpler drama, scenes like the above are becoming very rare

The Tragedy

Hollywood we know as a bright and tinselled land of romance. But now beneath its surface boils and bubbles a mass of trouble which threatens to burst through the glamour-coated crust of Moviedom and cover Hollywood with a lava of grief.

For, fifteen thousand people in Hollywood's motion picture industry will soon find themselves completely cut off from any chance of earning a living there. Their earnings were always meager enough! Mostly they lived on hope. And now that is being taken from them, too. Hope. Hope . . . Hope . . .

It's the watchword of thousands who call themselves extras in this business of making motion pictures. It's the thing that keeps them going on day after day, hungry, anxious, tired, waiting in the hot sun or standing in the rain outside the studio gates, wearing a fixed, false smile because a director, an assistant director, a producer, anyone, someone, might notice the smile and beckon them into the magic portals of the motion picture studio.

And now, for fifteen thousand, that hope is being taken away.

For, there are 17,541 people registered at the Central Casting Office as extras. And the list now is being cut down to approximately fifteen hundred names.

A mere pencil mark, and fifteen thousand would-be actors and actresses will be flung out of the world of motion pictures forever, into the streets of Hollywood.



of 15,000 Extras

Struggling to win a place in the cinema sun, hungry, dispirited, they must put behind them forever their dreams of screen success

By Sara Hamilton

What will Hollywood do with this mass of hungry, hopeless people?

And who is to blame for the tragedy?

Strangely enough, the extras themselves are greatly to blame for their own pitiful plight.

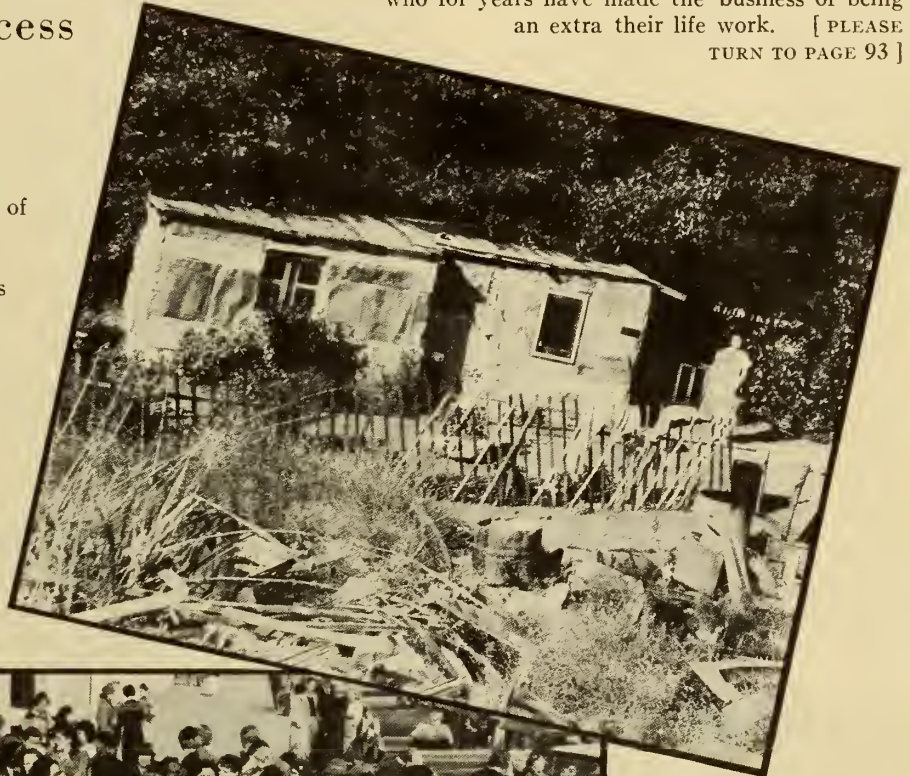
Tossed out of other work by the recent depression, attracted by the false stories of Hollywood's squanderings and extravagances, excited by the thrill of living and working in the same town and the same industry with world famous personalities, they drifted to Hollywood and attached themselves to the motion picture industry. They registered

with the Central Casting Bureau, and joined the great army of extras.

The Central Casting Bureau, bewildered and harassed by the ever-increasing demands for work, overburdened with the growing army of ambitious, inexperienced extras, looked about for some solution.

It was the extras themselves who offered the solution.

Not the drifted-in extras. But the men and women who for years have made the business of being an extra their life work. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]



Dreams of stardom and living in a palace have vanished for the little group of extras who have begun to build themselves a shantytown near Universal City out of junked lumber and tin. In the film colony there is now no way for them to earn a living

When a studio asks for extras, here's the answer. Thousands wait day after day, hungry but ever hopeful that a casting director will call for them. Before long, 15,000 extras will be cut off the lists of the Central Casting Bureau. Then *all* hope will be gone

Hollywood Teaches Hugh

A GREAT writer has come to Hollywood.

At the age of fifty-two, he is already a figure of tradition in English letters. He has achieved the stature of an immortal while he is still very much alive to enjoy it.

The arrival of Hugh Walpole is an epic event in the history of pictures. He is the first classicist to be actively engaged in the formation of a motion picture from its most important and fundamental point, the story. The greatest living authority on Dickens, and vice-president of the Dickens Fellowship, he is engaged in the adaptation of "David Copperfield." And he will be technical supervisor of the picture.

The works of other great classic novelists have been visualized on the screen. John Galsworthy's "One More River," Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim," Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," H. G. Wells' "Invisible Man" and "Island of Lost Souls," Tolstoi's "Resurrection," to name the few that come to mind from the pens of novelists contemporary with Walpole.

The writers, those who are living, simply sold the film rights to their work. That seemed to be that. No one of them has ever taken an active part in the actual translation from word to screen. None has ever seen fit to lend

"Writing for the screen is a highly specialized art and a most difficult one. A few days after my arrival, I sat down all by myself and wrote what I considered to be a very choice bit of sentiment—a scene described just as I would do it in a novel.

"A few days later, I saw my tender but verbose little treatment with a large blue 'Lousy' inscribed across its face! No one has written anything like that on my copy for thirty years."—Hugh Walpole



Fritz Lang (left) and Dave Selznick, two of the men who went abroad for data on "David Copperfield" and brought back Walpole

the dignity of his presence and his talent to the actual application of screen technique to either his own or another's work.

Hugh Walpole has blazed the trail. He who is the author of those words among the most quoted in the English language—"It isn't life that matters—it's the courage you bring to it." (From "Fortitude," his first successful novel.)

Since 1909, when he was a busy schoolmaster who miraculously created the time to write "The Wooden Horse," he has authored twenty-five novels. The ones most familiar to American readers include "The

Walpole How To Write



Hugh Walpole (left), with Howard Estabrook and George Cukor of M-G-M, arriving from England to begin his work in Hollywood

Young Enchanted," "The Cathedral," "The Old Ladies," the "Jeremy" trilogy, "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair," "Vanessa," and the "Rogue Herries" series.

Walpole is the son of the Rt. Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, Bishop of Edinburgh. He has a rich scholarly background.

It has been generally agreed that the most vulnerable weakness in pictures lies in the writing. . . . That there are too many skimpy literary cats trying to look

Walpole is working on the screen adaptation of "David Copperfield"

For the screen, of course! The famous British novelist is shattering all studio precedents

By Ruth Rankin

like tigers. The advent of a man of authentic letters should strike terror among them. And a trend, if and when started by him, should send them scattering. For if Walpole comes, can Wells be far behind?

Mr. Walpole was discovered in his office adjoining that of Irving Thalberg on the M-G-M lot. He was coatless, his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and he said he had been working harder than ever before in his life. He is a powerfully constructed man, sunburned, and radiates a sense of restrained but hearty well-being, not typically British nor typically anything. You find it in all healthy, profound men of achievement who are not bored with what they are doing. He is a dynamic person of vast controlled [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



The Way Good Stories

THE Hollywood scramble is on. And I don't mean with eggs. Or even with yeggs. I mean this eternal and infernal struggle for sexless, harmless, armless and even legless pictures. And in lots of cases it has turned out to be headless and even torsoless epics, which makes it hard on the Bus Berkeley girls. But the mandate has been handed down and it's no use arguing. We gotta be good. We gotta be sweet. And we gotta be respectable.

So the mad search for sunshine and light in the movies goes on with everyone out hunting for stories about Goldilocks and the three Max Baers, as if one weren't almost too much.

Now it occurred to me it would be a nice idea (nice, nothing—it would be colossal, that's what it would be) if, in all this dearth of proper material, I would write and produce a super-gigantic story (clean but snappy) and give all these actors and actresses who have had long suppressed desires to play certain rôles, a chance to play those rôles. Now how's that for a stunner? Of course, a lot of people are perfectly satisfied to be exactly what they are in movies (and as Grandma always insisted, it takes all kinds to make a world), so that's okay, too. We'll let them go right on doing what they're doing. If they can stand it, we can. Or can we?

Now first, there's Chaplin and his Napoleon complex. For years Charlie has wanted to play Napoleon. And because Charlie has yearned so long and faithfully, I thought it only fair to build our story about Charlie as the Little Emperor. And can't you just see him with his little hat on sideways and his hand tucked away in his little bosom? Bless his little heart. Charlie will never forget me for this.

Right here we can introduce a snappy little musical number to pep it up. After Charlie enters as Napoleon, followed by Mae West, as the Lady Who's Known as Lou, the Eddie Cantor chorus girls could rush on singing, "Wotta Lou, Wotta Lou. Wait till snappy little Nappy meets his Wotta Lou."

NEAT, eh? Nothing like combining history and Chaplin with a peppy chorus routine and Mae West. Unbeatable.

For drama and suspense and a lot of confusion, right here he could have the French Revolution with guns booming. The booming guns could be played by Wheeler and Woolsey, who have always wanted to be big shots, and here's their chance and no more sass out of them.

For pomp and ceremony, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., could now enter as the King of England, the Duke de Brussy, the three Mdivani boys and all their polo ponies. Lord Epsom from Saltz, Baron Von-two-three-go, and the entire Royal Guards changing the watch. People, in fact, would be so impressed, they would immediately fall prostrate. The sound of the prostrate fallers could be dubbed in by Will Rogers cracking his gum. Crack, crack, crack and down goes another. Then the prostraters could be picked up and thrown out of the window into the cactus bed.

Now in this next scene, I'm a little at sea and hanging over the rail, as it were. You see, we have to get away from too much French atmosphere, as Warner Brothers needed all the French props for "DuBarry" and wouldn't let us have any more French props. So, for economy's sake, we must take Chaplin, still as Napoleon, mind you (for nothing would ever induce him to

take off that hat once he got in on, I'm sure), into a few slight DeMille episodes, as I feel certain Cecil DeMille will let us have all the props we need.

I want to bring in Salome right here, as both Mae West and Dietrich have had a constant yearning to be Salome, but I can't decide which one should have the rôle. Dietrich, no doubt, would give it more of a salame Salome touch and might even scream for Joey Von Sternberg's head—which is what a lot of unkind people are hoping.

We might even let Cecil, as a babe, be found among the pussy-willows along the banks of the Los Angeles river in a little basket shaped like a bath-tub. The pussy-willows could be played with complete understanding by Lupe and Johnny, especially when a storm comes up and the pussies end in a



Go Wrong

A super-colossal spectacle may scream for the censors despite cleanly intentions

By Sara Hamilton

Illustrated by Frank Dobias



cat fight. And wouldn't Cecil be stunned by it all, alone there in his little bath-tub basket? However, this scene is optional, as well as epileptic, and we'll see about it later.

I might add, a lot of people are in favor of just having Cecil stay undiscovered in his little basket for years and years, but personally I think it seems unnecessary—especially when we hope to get all our props from him. So we'll just let him be found and grow up to be a prophet. And prophet or no prophet, he can still wear his puttees and carry his megaphone, the sweet, old lamb pie.

In preparing this mammoth, awe-inspiring epic, I naturally went about asking the stars just what rôle they had really craved all their lives to play, and it amazed me to find that nearly everyone wanted to be Shirley Temple. Especially those from whom Shirley had stolen scenes. Naturally it would have been simply unbearable to have had dozens of Shirley Temples rushing in and about, so finally I hit on a grand idea. I would introduce a Shirley Temple chorus and have everyone who has suffered from Shirley's picture stealing, dressed as Shirley and do a little song and dance routine.

I had just gotten this far in the tragedy (and both M-G-M and Paramount are bidding for it, mind you) when up stepped Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford at the same time. Each, it turned out, wanted to be a great stage actress and each wanted to be Ethel Barrymore. Now here was a pretty how-de-do. I explained there simply couldn't be two Ethel Barrymores. In fact, a lot of people, especially in Philadelphia, could hardly bear up under one Ethel Barrymore, let alone two. "Well, how about an Ethel Barrymore sister act?" someone suggested. And somebody else, I think it was Carole Lombard, said, "No, someone might think they were the Crosby twins."

Too, there was the problem of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has always wanted to be *Hamlet*. All his life, at the slightest provocation, Doug would grab up a pair of tights and go into his act. I've often thought, forsooth, *he was Hamlet* and the other fellow, the one in Shakespeare, was only Doug, Jr., playing *Hamlet*.

And then there was Jack Oakie, who time after time has wept huge, salty tears because he wasn't a successful screen lover like Gable. He wanted a part in the play as a heavy lover. It was all terribly perturbing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



All's noise on the Western front!
The Eddie Cantor chorus sings to
Chaplin in a Napoleon hat: "Wotta
Lou, Wotta Lou. Wait till snappy
little Nappy meets his Wotta Lou"

"LITTLE WOMEN"



LITTLE WOMEN," the motion picture that created the greatest and most widespread furor of comment, written and spoken, in several years, has been awarded by public ballot the coveted Nobel prize of the screen — PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal for the best picture of the year 1933.

Of course, when "Little Women" was released it obviously was a great cinematic work. But it remained for the readers of PHOTOPLAY—the motion picture audience of the world—to put the full and final seal of "the best" on it.

PHOTOPLAY's review of the picture (in the January number) reads: ". . . The story could not have been lived out in real life more realistically than we see it portrayed on the screen." And, further along, ". . . Whatever your taste in pictures, you will feel its charm, . . . because this picture is a genuine masterpiece . . ."

PHOTOPLAY listed the picture the best of the month, and gave Katharine Hepburn and Paul Lukas top positions for the best performances



M. H. Aylesworth, the president of RKO-Radio, whose insight into the worth of Louisa M. Alcott's book gave us "Little Women"

The little women themselves and their mother, easily recognized: Katharine Hepburn as *Jo*, Spring Byington as *Marmee*, Jean Parker as *Beth*, Joan Bennett as *Amy*, Frances Dee as *Meg*

out of six leading pictures for the month. Incidentally, Miss Hepburn was chosen by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences as the best actress for 1933.

But, there was something else to "Little Women" besides acting. It was the story. The story was of simpler days, when people smiled. It brought memories—happy ones. It portrayed four girls, their overburdened mother, a father in the army, poverty in a post-war world, cheerfulness and the comicalities in trying to make both ends meet, with a smile, and kindly neighbors. People saw themselves as they wished they were.

Another factor, "Little Women" came out when this country was prostrated by a shortage of work and money, even more so than now, and with nowhere to turn for relief.

Leads All The Rest

PHOTOPLAY'S readers, by an overwhelming vote, award the Gold Medal to "the best picture of 1933"

"Little Women" (quoting PHOTOPLAY'S review again), whose story "forces repeated tears, then deftly brushes each away with a smile," provided that relief.

It soothed people, and entertained them. Its emotional release eased Everyman's and Everywoman's burdens. It was good medicine, needed and timely.

The reaction to the picture was so great, newspapers filled columns with comment about it. Long editorials were composed anent the reason or reasons for this widespread public reaction to such an old, old story of post-Civil War days. In fact, the editor of a New York newspaper, watching the reaction, felt at long last his readers were fed up with sex and crime, and that the pendulum had swung to the other extreme. He bought the



PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Gold Medal. It is a masterpiece of Tiffany, two-and-one-half inches in diameter, and is the most coveted annual award of Filmdom



Merian C. Cooper, producer, who welded the details of the 1933 PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal winner into finished beauty



George Cukor, director of "Little Women," whose skill brought out the forceful naturalness of the story with such power that the characters lived on the screen

Katharine Hepburn not only was the leading woman of the leading picture of 1933, but was the year's leading actress, too. You also remember Paul Lukas as Fritz Bherer



serial rights. His directors said his circulation would fall off, the paper would lose money. It was just the reverse—the circulation went up and the paper made money.

All this was due to the power of the motion picture, "Little Women."

Naturally, without the capabilities of the scenarists, director, cast, and cameraman, the full power that is in "Little Women" could not have been felt. Nor would the worth while purpose it served have been possible if RKO-Radio, the producing company, had not had the timely insight into what the public needed. It is an enduring monument to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation and chairman of the board of RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc. And the production reflects great credit upon Merian C. Cooper, the producer, and Kenneth MacGowan, associate producer.

The balloting which has given "Little Women" the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal has emphasized the great and universal delight the movie-going public has found in the picture. And, it may be added, "Little Women" took and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Robbing the Cradle for STARS



Captivating Shirley Temple, the most popular actress in Hollywood today, was the first little life-saver for jaded Moviedom and moviegoers. But she earned her success by hard early training



Mickey Rooney is eleven, and thereby practically the grandpappy of "cradle stars." He is the clown of the lot, and steals pictures from adults

NINE times out of ten Hollywood gets what it asks for. And this time it asked, begged, even sat up and howled for youth, youth and more youth. And lo, youth was there!

But what youth! Not even Hollywood expected such an answer to its plea. For, marching along to fame, little feet stepping high, eyes shining brightly, little faces beaming, comes the "New Youth" to Hollywood.

Mere babes they are, but what babes!

Yes, Hollywood asked for youth and got it in Shirley Temple, David Holt, Baby LeRoy, Cora Sue Collins, Baby Jane Quigley, Jane Preston, Mickey Rooney, Scotty Beckett, Richard Ralston Arlen, Virginia Weidler, Carmencita Johnson, Ronnie Cosby, Spanky MacFarland, Buster Phelps, Edith Fellows, Billy Lee, Dickie Moore. And more, with the parade not over by any means. Others, perhaps just as talented, are

Cora Sue Collins faced many hardships before that "break" finally showed up



storming the gates. The way things are going it looks as if Hollywood will soon be a Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians.

What's more, they came at the psychological moment, these little life-savers. People were fed up with the old bill of fare. Nothing gave them a kick. Then out stepped Shirley Temple and the tired old public sat up with a gasp and begged for more.

And Hollywood, quick to take a hint after

With assurance and an amazing ability, babes in the Hollywoods are carrying the brunt of box-office business on their little shoulders

By Jane Hampton

a brick or two had been dropped on its badly dented head, is giving them more and more and more. And even allowing these mere babes, as it were, to carry the tremendous load of a motion picture success on their own baby shoulders.

And are they carrying through? Well, where would "Baby Take A Bow" be without Shirley Temple? And where would "Little Miss Marker" be without Shirley Temple? And where would "You Belong to Me" be without David Holt? And where would we all be without Baby LeRoy?

I shudder to think.

It's ancient history, of course, how little Shirley Temple, unknown to the vast majority of film fans, suddenly stepped out before an amazed audience in "Stand Up and Cheer," sang her little song, and did her little dance.

Things have never been the same. I doubt if they ever will.

But mind you, not without serving her apprenticeship did this little five-year-old lamb pie win her laurels.

Baby LeRoy, about the youngest of the babes, has made all his rôles, like that leg he's gnawing on, talk big turkey



Baby Jane Quigley, a three-year-old, spoke right out to Claudette Colbert and told the adult star just how and where she muffed her lines

Helen Mack, in the center (no, she's *not* a baby star) is holding that promising youngster, David Holt, the masculine Shirley Temple when it comes to emoting. His sister, Betty (right) also wants to act



A new discovery in the starlet heavens, Billy Lee, at the grand age of three. Billy is making his bow in the Paramount film, "Wagon Wheels"

For two years Shirley worked long and hard in those short kid pictures over at Educational Studios. It was there she laid the foundation for her success.

They rather knew it was coming, however, for in the palm of her little right hand is a peculiar marking. It was the first thing the nurses noticed the day Shirley was escorted into the world.

"What does it mean, I wonder?" they asked. And then someone said in a rather awed [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Here's *the* Key

to Hollywood

DEAR JOAN: Loved your letter, pet, but I never saw a gal with such an appetite for news! You'll have me permanently paralyzed, you will, if I answer all your questions! However, pay attention. I may let a trickle or two out, before I'm through. You know me—just a Sucker for Friendship's Sake!

Lemme see. Van Dyke's party, first. You know, the director . . . made "Trader Horn," and "Eskimo" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady" . . . gives scintillating parties. Otto Kruger was there, and the swell new heavy, Edward Arnold, who told us about being at the preview of "Hide-Out" with his wife. When he made his first appearance, walking up a flight of stairs, a woman behind them breathed, "O-oh! What a man!" Eddie's chest swelled—but the next moment he was a collapsed balloon, for palsie-walsie wife muttered, "Oh, yeah? You should live with him!" We all had a good laugh—and then his missus confided that she said it only to keep herself head-man.

Then Van waxed hoity-toity, account of he helped snag Dillinger. Sure, Joan—it was his picture, "Manhattan Melodrama," that drew the super-gangster into the theater, so no wonder he grew spiffy. But it was his turn to get deflated when someone piped up with: "Yes, the picture was so rotten he preferred coming out in the open and getting shot!" Just a bunch of boosters!

LAMB, it's strange how, every time I pass the new building occupied by Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M, it seems a sort of monument to our beloved Marie Dressler. It was on that spot, before the building was up, Joan, that I stopped to speak to her one day. She had just returned from a grand trip, during which she was a guest of the President at the White House. I said, "Well, Miss Dressler, how does it seem to be back with us ordinary folk?"

Bert Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey with Mitzi on the RKO-Radio lot. Yes, suh, the boys are in "Kentucky Kernels"

She took both my hands in hers, and looked deep into my eyes. "Mitzi," she said softly, "these are my people—and this is my home."

I almost wept—and that's why the building seems a sort of shrine to her . . . for it was Mr. Mayer who brought her back to fame. And only yesterday I was talking to Iris Lee, her "stand-in" for years. Iris' eyes filled with tears when I asked if Miss Dressler had given her any keepsake. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Mitzi Cummings unlocks all the doors for you!

Mitzi's monthly letters in PHOTOPLAY are exciting and amusing motion picture followers everywhere. This Hollywood girl can introduce you to Filmdom's famous folk because she knows them intimately!



Mutiny of the Talayha

An authentic account of Captain Ronald Colman's cruise, the vengeance of Seaman Warner Baxter, Admiral Richard Barthelme's defection, and the bold mutiny of First Mate William Powell, as deciphered from the log by

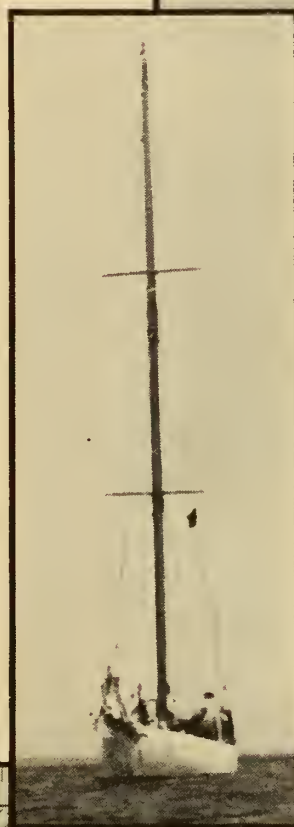
Jack Smalley

HAVING come into possession of the log of the sloop Talayha, recording its cruise to the South Pacific in this year of Grace, 1934, and reading therein the strange misadventures of Captain Ronald Colman and his crew, it becometh me that divers rumors concerning this bold voyage should be set aright.

Mr. Richard Barthelme (referred to confusingly in the log as "Admiral" and again as "supercargo") deserted the bark in Mexico and after incredible



Admiral Dick Barthelme (in the fancy hat) comes aboard the ship Talayha and is saluted by the crew (left to right), Seaman Warner Baxter, First Mate Bill Powell, and the Captain Ronald Colman



hardships in the cockpit of an airplane, made his way back to Hollywood. But he did not jump ship in tropical waters because there were no fish. The log states clearly that the cook served nothing but (deleted) fish every (twice deleted) day.

Likewise, First Mate William Powell did lead a mutiny, escaping the consequences of same when a friendly whale caused all to unite in fear of common foe. And I am beholden to one W. Baxter, signed on the ship's articles as an Able-Bodied Seaman, for a true version of the events leading up to threats of making him walk the plank, as revealed to this board of inquiry.

On a bright, sunny morning the sloop-rigged ship left San Pedro Harbor

It was on a bright and sunny morning that the sloop-rigged ship Talayha made ready to leave the dock at San Pedro. After weeks of preparation, Captain Colman had all in readiness for a voyage down the coast and an expedition into the interior of Mexico at Mazatlan. Little did any of them reckon of the dangers and mishaps to come.

"Take charge of the decks, Mr. Powell," Captain Colman sang out briskly.

The First Mate obeyed, bringing up two decks and a bag of poker chips. The scientific equipment being stowed away, attention

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



First Mate Powell, left, and Captain Colman show a catch which proves that the Admiral did not desert because there were no fish

As soon as the ship headed on its first tack, Captain Colman realized they faced a problem. Once he thought he sighted Hawaii





Miss Beecher's "light-proof," sapphire-blue hair is the joy of cameramen. Here she is, fingering a cocktail glass in her first talkie, "Gallant Lady." Ann Harding is a very blonde blonde, and comparison of their hair is interesting

The Woman With Sapphire Hair

Janet Beecher's blue locks are the result of a coiffeur's error. But what a fortunate accident!

Tom's Cabin." Clare Kummer, well-known playwright, is a cousin. William Gillette is another cousin. Olive Wyndham is her sister. It is a family of substantial intellectuals and artists whose antecedents, literally, came over on the Mayflower. So you can judge for yourself, with this convincing evidence, that Janet Beecher is no sensationalist.

The "accident" to her hair—which Miss Beecher first regarded as an overwhelming disaster—has turned into one of the most fortunate events in her life. It could not have been deliberately planned and executed by a high-pressure publicity artist with more outstanding success. (If she could have foreseen this at the time, it would have saved her some sleepless nights.)

Her years on the New York stage as one of the leading and most accomplished actresses, her background of great culture, have not stirred half so much interest in Hollywood as her "sapphire blonde" hair. She is a little amused and more than a little gratified by it.

Curiosity is engaged, imaginations are aroused, producers intrigued. Photographers are positively lyrical. They revel in the opportunity to aim a camera at this "light-proof" hair, which does them such enormous credit. If the cameramen could only have their way, every actress in pictures would wear blue hair!

The spectacular effect has served its perfectly legitimate purpose in making her something new and different in a profession where new and different . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

WHEN she was twenty-three years old, Janet Beecher's hair turned white. Not gray, but pure white, without a dark strand of the former color remaining.

There is no dramatic circumstance connected with this phenomenon. She was not startled, shocked, or sorrowed into it. Her innate honesty forbids her to say she was, or to exploit the fact as anything mysterious or theatrical.

The Beecher women simply turned gray early in life, and Janet Beecher inherited the tendency. That's all.

But since a London coiffeur used a blue rinse which didn't come out, the hair has become a dramatic asset—in spite of her. It is, peculiarly enough, quite breathlessly beautiful, and, viewed suddenly without warning, it gives the observer almost an electrical shock. On a less superlatively groomed, conservative, and cultured woman it would be sensational.

Janet Beecher is not a sensational woman, which makes the contrast more effective. She is a lineal descendant of Henry Ward Beecher, and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle

By Grace Merton



Hurrell

NO exaggeration! The blue tint of Janet Beecher's locks in this photograph is the actual shade of her hair! It turned white when she was a girl. Later a London coiffeur used a blue rinse on it, which didn't come out. But instead of being disastrous, Miss Beecher's sapphire hair has been a valuable dramatic asset



Jack Sbalitt

EVEN a theaterful of critics "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" when Margo came on the screen in "Crime Without Passion." It was the little Spanish dancer's first movie. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur saw Margo dancing in a night club and cast her in their picture. So far she has no professional last name because her two discoverers couldn't agree on one



Elmer Fryer

IT was altogether fitting and proper that Ann Dvorak should be cast in a picture called "Housewife." For Ann is probably the most enthusiastic home-maker in all Hollywood. In private life, you know, she is Mrs. Leslie Fenton, and she won't permit movies to interfere with her career as a wife. Ann recently finished "Gentlemen Are Born"



Milton Brown

DR. HERBERT MARSHALL discovers his neglected wife, Greta Garbo, trifling on him in "The Painted Veil." But his heroism in the fight against cholera in the Chinese interior inspires a deep love; she risks her life for him. The M-G-M picture is from Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name

What It's Like To Work With Garbo

Herbert Marshall's intimate revelations about Greta will surprise you

By Otis Wiles

HERBERT MARSHALL was working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in some added scenes for "Outcast Lady," with Constance Bennett. Greta Garbo had begun work on the adjoining stage, in "The Painted Veil." Marshall had known for many weeks that he was to play opposite Garbo in her new picture, but no one had yet introduced them to each other. And the English actor had discreetly retreated from one opportunity to introduce himself.

Then, on the "Outcast Lady" set, Marshall was asked to take a make-up test with Greta.

"It was thought," he said, "that my make-up for 'Outcast Lady' was a trifle too dark for scenes with Miss Garbo. So I went over to her set."

Here was an artistic set, the quaint beam-ceilinged boudoir in the Austrian home of *Professor Koerber*.

The room with its entrance-way was built upon stilts four feet high, for Director Richard Boleslavsky had so

planned it for new camera angles—shooting upwards from the floor to catch the symmetrical angles of the ceiling and its rugged beams.

The time was between set-ups. The assistants of Cameraman William Daniels, who has photographed all of Garbo's pictures in Hollywood, were reloading the camera. Jean Hersholt, the film story's *Professor Koerber* and "father" of Garbo, was chatting on

the sidelines with Beulah Bondi, Garbo's "mother" in the picture, and Cecilia Parker, Garbo's "sister," when the uniformed policeman—who always guards the Garbo stage—opened the heavy door to Marshall.

"Miss Garbo was in her portable bungalow," said Marshall. "She was told that I was on the set to do a test with her and she fairly flew out of the bungalow. I wasn't kept waiting for a second.

"She came toward me smiling and with a very friendly hand extended toward me. She said:

"I understand, Mr.

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Marshall, who is Greta's new leading man, takes us on the set to meet a fair and friendly worker; not at all the icicle of the Garbo legend

CAL YORK Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of



MARLENE DIETRICH, a picture devotee both on and off the screen, goes to the movies with Brian Aherne—and leaves a spare ticket at the window—for hubby Rudolph Sieber.

HARDLY had Connie Bennett reached his bedside than her ailing husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, leaped into clothes and the two vanished into seclusion in the south of France. Henri, it was reported, was on the verge of death from an illness contracted on his filming expedition to Indo-China. As Connie raced to him, impending divorce rumors were replaced by an impending full and complete reconciliation. And, 'tis said, the Marquis was well pleased, with his recovery immediate. Of course, minds have been changed after the black shadow of Death has been dispelled.

MARIE DRESSLER lies in an unmarked grave. "Queen Marie's" popularity, persisting even after death, has caused crowds of people to gather daily in the Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery, where she is buried. All beseech the attendant to show them Marie's crypt—but the guard's defense is that he

PEACEFUL, slumbering Toluca Lake, around whose shores cluster the homes of many famous stars, is in the throes of a major excitement.

It seems that a mystery woman has been seen arriving frequently at the house of George Brent.

The unknown lady is heavily veiled, wears dark glasses and low heeled shoes. She moves silently and swiftly, without looking to right or left. And, apparently, she parks her automobile, or has her chauffeur let her out, some distance from the castle Brent. Mr. Brent has been working in "The Painted Veil."

WILLIAM POWELL has a clause in his screen contract stipulating that he never will be put in a picture directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

THE big and beautiful Fox Movietone studio lot is becoming the trysting place of the stars. Every day, almost, is visitors' day at Fox.

Joan Crawford started it off when Franchot Tone was making "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll. Joan kept a watchful eye on Franchot. Now every day finds Herbert Marshall peering in on Gloria Swanson at work with John Boles in "Music in the Air." Connie Bennett, too, between scenes of "Outcast Lady," smiled almost every day at the gateman as he waved her past to see Gilbert Roland, pursuing his career in "Elinor Norton."

IF you believe in the power of mass concentration, concentrate on the expected Clara Bow-Rex Bell heir being a boy.

He was worth all the trouble! Eddie Lowe lived with his two aunts when he was a kid. And Eddie was a little terror! But now he's making up for the trouble he caused them by bringing them to Hollywood on visits and giving parties for them. Here are Aunt Kate Murphy, Aunt Mary Rennie, and Nephew Eddie

Even in Dublin, cameramen seek out a movie star! Maureen O'Sullivan was "shot" in Ireland, while visiting her family and making preparations for her long-postponed marriage to John Farrow. The youngster with Miss O'Sullivan is her baby sister, who is feeling very shy about having her picture taken



That's what they're hoping for—but, of course, they will probably be just as tickled if the new arrival requires pink ribbons.

The long-prophesied event will take place sometime before the new year.

doesn't know which one it is. Six or seven months or even maybe a year from now, when time has done its work in hazing memories, Marie's friends will place her name where she rests. Now they're still protecting her.

Hollywood Goings-On!

THE next time Mae West announces the start of a picture they're going to have to rope off the Paramount lot to handle the crowds. Reason—Mae split a little fifteen thousand dollar bonus melon when she finished "Belle of the Nineties"—leaving not one single soul out of the money. Everyone in the cast and everyone in the crew came in for a nice share, in accordance with Mae's big-hearted custom. One lucky person was on the receiving end of a thousand dollar diamond from Mae's private collection of "ice."

THERE'S the one about the youngster who stopped William Powell and said, "I've been an admirer of yours for a long time. How'd you like my autograph?"

WHEN you become as plurally paternal as Bing Crosby, and youngsters are all of the same gender, something has to be done about it just to keep matters straight. So, to avoid confusion and possible mixed identities at birth existing forever and ever, Bing has affixed tags to the twins—numbered "One" and "Two." Later on they'll get nice shiny wristbands of gold—and perhaps their pictures



Adolphe and Verree posed for photographers with Judge Pope shortly after he tied the knot which made them Mr. and Mrs. Menjou. What a well-dressed family! The former Miss Teasdale is one of the best-groomed (no pun intended) women in Hollywood, and Adolphe's sartorial reputation is about tops for men

This picture should finally quash those ugly rumors that Mae West and her manager, Jim Timony, aren't on speaking terms any longer. Because here she is, Jim at her side, watching the prize-fights — and people don't go to prize fights just *not* to talk to each other! Mae and Jim got a kick out of the bouts

THE main point that was stressed in Russ Columbo's tragic death was the fact that he was on the verge of a comeback. Reading that, it gives the impression Columbo was fairly old, that he had long been at the peak, that he had sloughed off, and by several more years of painstaking, nerve-racking endeavor had managed to climb arduously back to the peak. The real tragedy is that he was but twenty-six.

In less than nine brief years, starting at the age of fourteen, Russ had risen to a drawing capacity which brought him in nearly seven thousand dollars a week.

That was his peak, and it lasted just about a year and a half. Then came his slump, of a little more than a year.

At the time of his death, he was back on top again, with his latest picture, "Wake Up and Dream," a singularly significant title. His comeback had begun with "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," released eight months before. Between these two pictures, he did another, "Moulin Rouge." Also, as he died, he was scheduled for another radio contract, and Universal had given him a new contract.

Columbo's real ambition was grand opera, and he felt he had just begun to work toward that end. His life was just starting.

Of the feminine interests in Columbo's life, three stand out. The late Dorothy Dell, to whom he was once engaged. Then Sallie Blane, at his bedside when he died, torn by weeping. And last, but believed far from least, Carole Lombard. It was Russ who taught Carole the tricks of crooning, and Carole who taught Russ the tricks of screen acting. She hurried back from vacation when the tragedy occurred. Some thought they would wed some day.

taken just to cinch matters. Of course they have names, Dennis Michael and Philip Lang, but at this stage in the game, that doesn't mean a thing—they're just a couple of infant Crosbys—or is it "Crosbies"?

LATEST evidence of the aesthetic trend in Hollywood is the presence of delicately tinted scripts. Paramount is using a pale orchid paper for its dialogue, while at Universal the "sides" are turned out on baby-pink stock.

THE work Sheridan Gibbs, scenarist, did in reducing that grand book, "Anthony Adverse," to a working script for Warners' forthcoming screen version got him a new contract. Gibbs put the book's one thousand, two hundred and twenty-four pages into one hundred and fifty-three.

But—one of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff writers did the trick in six typewritten sheets!

SO much grief has come to "The Captain Hates The Sea" company, with players becoming ill or meeting with accidents, Columbia has a full-grown headache.

With costs mounting, Harry Cohn, of Columbia, was told of another delay.

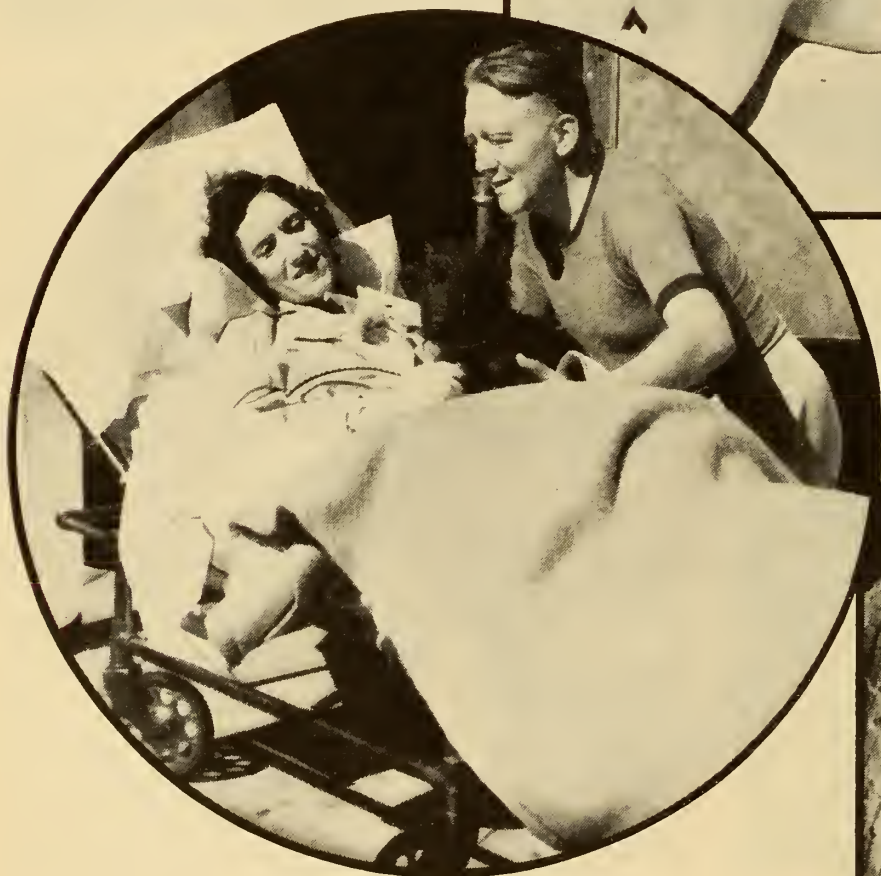
"Wait a minute," Harry said. "I've got a new name for this picture. We're going to call it 'Harry Cohn and the Captain Hate the Sea.'"

POSSIBLY the eccentricity of dress which Marlene Dietrich affects is catching. Anyway, since she and Josef Von Sternberg have been seen about together again around the Paramount lot, Von has taken to lurid and eye-dazzling shirts—the loudest of which is a salmon-pink number, calculated to require dark glasses on a bright day.

Marlene rather seems to fancy the natty attire, because she has been observed smoothing the collar, rolling up the sleeves and then standing back to admire Josef's new splendor.



Virginia Pine and her daughter, Joan, had a rollicking good time at Malibu Beach. Joan's father is E. J. Lehmann, whom Virginia divorced last March. Rumors persist that Miss Pine will marry George Raft before long



Director Edmund Goulding had an ambulance specially equipped so his ill wife could be comfortably moved to the mountains or seashore. She was Marjorie Moss, the famous dancer, and has been ill for nearly a year

Eddie Cantor was supposed to look like a mummy in this scene in "Kid Millions." But he just couldn't keep his eyes closed. Reason: Twenty of Hollywood's most gorgeous dancers were practicing a routine





Michael is the son of a famous director and a movie star, but he's camera shy! When his mother, Karen Morley, bounced him up in the air, he conceded a bashful smile, however. His father is Director Charles Vidor



Reunion in Hollywood! After a separation of eighteen years, Ann Dvorak located her father, Edward McKim, of Philadelphia. Her mother divorced him when Ann was four. This was their first meeting since then



Myrna Loy and her companion aren't mad at each other. It was the photographer's flash that disgruntled them. Myrna and Arthur Hornblow, associate producer at Paramount, were attending Eddie Lowe's party

THE romance of Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young is over. And for two people in the most romantic industry in the world, it took place in the most unromantic way possible.

That farewell meeting occurred in the garden of a Los Angeles hospital. Loretta, just recovering from an operation, sat in a wheel chair. Pale and beautiful. On a nearby bench sat Spencer, his foot still bandaged from a recent accident.

After a long, long talk, Spencer rose and, pressing Loretta's hand in farewell, limped away. A nurse then came and wheeled Loretta back to her room. Tears dimmed her big eyes. And in less than half an hour the whole hospital knew that it was all over between the two. And spoke of it in soft whispers.

PICTURE, if you can, the ultra Norma Shearer tearing along the Santa Monica Speedway—after the monkey man. Seems he went right by, and young Master Thalberg, hearing the strains of the hand-organ, called plaintively, "Monkey, monkey!"

So Norma went on the chase and brought back the monk.

EDWARD MCKIM, Ann Dvorak's father, whom she located after a long search, was a director in the earliest days of motion pictures. And before that, he was a Shakespearean actor.

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Beauty and Personality



Over Frisco" and I wondered why you would let the studios give you such an unsympathetic rôle. While I was still wondering, you stepped out in "Of Human Bondage" in another terrifically unsympathetic part but one in which you did such magnificent acting that I stood up and cheered. And you're winning a reputation as a real actress in these new rôles. So you must be on the right track.

Now maybe you think I'm stepping out of *my* rôle as beauty doctor when I tell you that in this letter I want to talk to you about your personality. Really, I'm not, for beauty and personality are inseparable. The mental and the physical are as close together as a rose and its perfume.

The cords in Bette's neck are accentuated by incorrect head posture, Sylvia says. But she has lots of charm, as hubby Harmon Nelson is aware

Bette Davis has a lovely figure. But Sylvia tells us the trim little star has some faults that should be remedied. For one thing, her eyes are too staring. Such mannerisms can be corrected with a bit of persistence

DEAR BETTE: For the last few years I've watched your career. And I've seen an amazing thing happen to you. I've seen you go from ingénue to extremist, and then to a wonderful character actress. In "The Working Man" you were grand. Then I saw you in "Fog



are Inseparable

Sylvia tells Bette Davis

Faulty mannerisms are fatal to charm. If you have any, write to Sylvia. Read her personal advice on Page 76

Your mental attitude shows on your face, Bette Davis. The mental attitude of every woman shows on her face and makes her beautiful or homely, appealing or hard. If you're going to continue to play unsympathetic rôles (and I must say I admire your courage in taking the rôle of *Mildred* and making it sit up and beg), you've got to show me—and the rest of the world—that you're not like that in real life. That you're not actually hard and bitter and cynical. And you must pepper your career with a few sympathetic parts.

I know what you've been through, Bette. I know how you came to Hollywood and got shoved from one stupid rôle to another. So you stuck out your chin and said, "I'll show 'em." You showed 'em by changing your type. But don't make a mistake, baby. Don't let that hardness of the parts you play show on your face. Don't let it keep you from being as lovely as you can be.

I want you to heed my advice. And I want every girl in the world who has, in the struggle for existence, grown cynical, to learn how to turn that bitterness into lovely, feminine appeal.

Look at yourself in the mirror, Bette. Your figure is lovely, isn't it? You're a cute, slim little thing. But, darling, your neck has its faults. Your eyes are too staring. Your jaw line is too prominent. And you can, if you will, do wonders with the shape of your nose. You have an ample mouth. I like that, but often you make it up to look too extreme.

Now that we know where we stand I'm going to tell you—and all the rest of my readers—how that face and neck can be remodeled.

One night, Bette, I heard you over the radio. It was one of the most intelligent talks that has ever come out of Hollywood. That intelligence manifested itself in "Of Human Bondage." You've shown in that picture what a wonderful actress you are. You are right among



Sylvia



Bette can play a harsh rôle superbly, but Sylvia urges her to forego the appearance of cynicism off the screen. And a different mouth make-up is suggested, too



Miss Davis' intelligence shows in her forehead, and her determination in her jaw. But Sylvia advises her to affect a somewhat "softer" appearance

the big shots of Hollywood. Now you can fight for a few sympathetic rôles.

God gave you your intelligence. I can see that in your expressive forehead. But it isn't always wise, in Hollywood (or anywhere else in the business world), to show it too pronouncedly. So make that intelligent forehead look softer by bringing your hair forward, over it. In the October PHOTOPLAY, you were pictured with half-a-dozen highly becoming coiffures. You should stick to them, or something similar.

Hollywood has made you determined, Bette. That's why you stick your chin out and, thereby, give your jaw a line that it shouldn't have. It's a mannerism — a bad habit you've got to break, because when you carry your head in that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]

HOLLYWOOD LOVE SONG



THE taxi driver was pale. His foot was still on the brake he had just pressed down with all his weight to avoid a tragedy, but the girl, heedless of her narrow escape from death, continued to push her way through the crowds that flowed from Forty-second Street into the subway and theaters.

"God, oh God, what shall I do?"

Prayers like that are a weary repetition in the heavens above New York. But to Blondy this note of tragedy was new. She was wondering where one could go for fifteen cents at ten o'clock at night.

"Joan Blondell, you're in a spot," she whispered. "The worst spot you've ever been in!"

* * *

It was warm in the writing room of the Park Central Hotel. And quiet. She put her head on her arms and cried silently, desperately. After a while she drew pen and ink toward her and began a letter to her family. There would be no check to enclose this time. She was failing them, after she'd sent them, with such bravado, to California so the kid sister could lose that sickly cough.

In a blind, bitter mood she went into the main lobby to get a stamp for her letter. How could you play the game with the cards stacked against you? At the newsstand a man was glancing over the headlines. He looked up—and smiled. Not the sleazy smile of the masher. It wasn't ordinary in any single way. He saw the despair in her face, read in that instant the despondent droop of her lips. Because he put into that smile something she'd never felt before—confidence and warm encouragement and—something else. Joan could not define it. But as her heart stood still, her blue eyes flashed. The numb feeling was gone! She was alive again! *Someone, she knew, had faith in her . . .*

She walked briskly out into the after-theater crowds, unafraid now. She couldn't remember what he looked like, what he had said to the clerk. Only his smile was like a living thing, real and infinitely comforting.

It did not seem surprising that a block away she should bump into Mitzi, fresh from giving the Capitol Theater customers a treat.

"Hard up, eh? Baby, do I know *that* feeling!" Mitzi grinned. "But it's okay now, Blondy. You stay with me until you get a break, see?"

And the break came. Others followed. Joan got a job in a stock company. In a road show. Then, inevitably, Joan was on Broadway!

FIVE years after that mad, singularly eventful night—the night she received a breath of life from a strange man at a hotel newsstand—Joan Blondell sat on a lavish Hollywood set, speculating on what time the next train left for New York.



It was a queer thought for a girl who had just been selected as one of the three blondes for "The Greeks Had A Word For Them." But the truth was, Blondy, who had fought every inch of her way through life, was frightened. She could cope with poverty and cruel knocks, but this was different. Success, with a capital S, looming just around the corner, was a frightening matter.

"If I'm a fizzle in this . . ."

Her hands were icy as she watched the great Chanel from Paris drape delicate silks that assumed tantalizing folds on the captivating Ina Claire, on the beautiful Madge Evans.

"I can't wear clothes like that," said Joan to Joan miserably. "I can't . . ."

And at that moment, as if drawn through some hidden

A stranger's smile dried the tears in "Blondy" Blondell's eyes, gave her new courage in the darkest hour of her life

By Jerry Lane

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

and with matchless sparkle went into the scene. Even the great Chanel applauded. "*Eh bien*, and the verve you give that dress, my dear!" But Joan was looking at the dark young man standing in the shadows.

"Who is the cameraman on this picture?" she asked the wardrobe woman later.

"Why, honey, he's George Barnes. As fine as they come, if you ask me. Don't you go gettin' ideas, though. He's married!"

Married . . . Joan suddenly felt tired and unaccountably depressed.

For a week she made no attempt to speak to him. Nothing more than a casual "Good morning." But with that cameraman's dark eyes following her from beyond the sharp edge of light, Blondy was giving the performance of her life. Goldwyn patted her on the shoulder ecstatically after viewing the accumulated rushes. Her home studio, Warner Brothers, took up her option at an increase in salary. They planned to star her. "Swell," said Blondy, dismally—and wondered in a vague way why the bottom didn't drop out of the earth.

IT was a mistake to have come. His home—it had an atmosphere of quiet sophisticated comfort she'd never seen before except in the movies. There were royal tapestries, antique Kermanshahs on the floor, Filipino boys hovering at your service.

"And here I thought he was just a cameraman!"

Joan said to Roy Jones, his assistant.

"He is," laughed Roy, understanding her puzzled frown. "The fifteen hundred dollars a week kind!"

The party milled about them to the tinkle of glasses, soft music.

Finally she found courage to ask, "Where—where is Mrs. Barnes?"

"Where is *who*?"

Oh . . . Why, good grief, don't you know? They're separated. George hasn't seen his wife in nearly four years."

Blondy sighed deeply. A rosy glow filled the room, filled the world. What a party! The best, she told herself, she'd ever attended.

She awoke the next morning [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

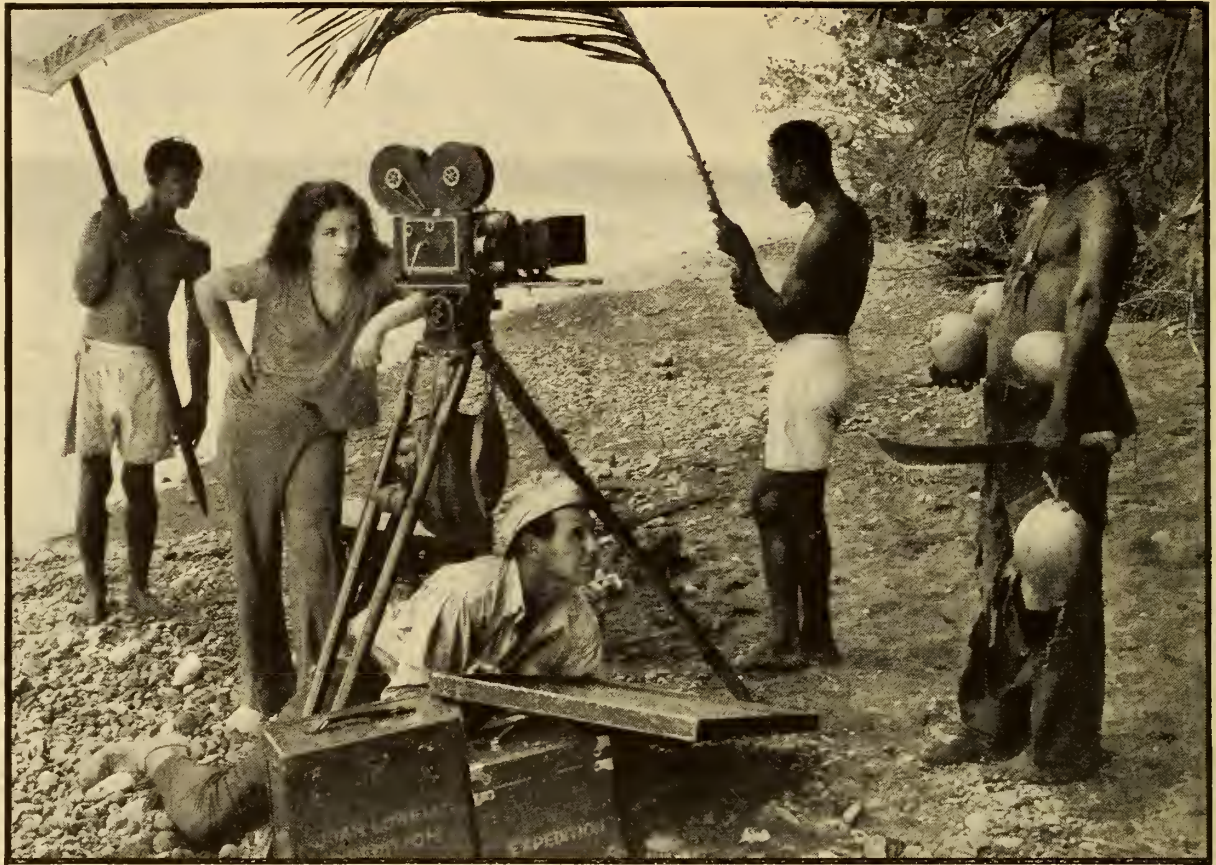


The smile of that chap behind the camera—that George Barnes—stirred some thrilling memory in Joan Blondell's blonde head. It inspired her to give a fine performance

magnetism, her glance fell on the chap behind the camera. He was smiling directly at her . . .

Some faint, thrilling memory stirred her. And with it a fresh wave of assurance swept over Blondy. She lifted her chin. Her career hinged on this part. She knew it. She rose

"It had to be you," said Joan. "Because you're the only man in my life"



Joan soon found that Central America isn't all a land of turquoise jewelry and hand-woven Indian blankets! Filming the movie, "Adventure Girl," wasn't as simple as trading for a native bracelet

You Can't Call A Lady A Liar

JOAN LOWELL set sail in a forty-eight foot schooner with a motion picture camera, fifty dollars worth of ten cent store jewelry, and a crate of rubber toys.

She was headed for Central America.

According to reports, Joan—a real sailor who prided herself on being the only lady on the high seas who could spit a curve in the wind—stood firmly on deck as the schooner sailed, and shouted loudly at those who were seeing her off, "If there are any landlubber critics there, you can all go plumb to —!"

Joan shouted so because she was bitter. And Joan was bitter (as any good story teller would have been!) because the "landlubber critics" hadn't believed her yarns.

First, they hadn't believed what she told them in her book, "Cradle of the Deep," a best-seller in 1929. Then, when her second book came

When "landlubber critics" just wouldn't believe Joan Lowell's tales of adventure, she sailed back to the jungle with a camera—and brought them proof!

By Mildred Mastin



When she bossed her crew around and the men obeyed, natives of Guatemala were amazed! There the tribesmen give the orders

out, "Adventure Girl," they had pooh-poohed again, and asked embarrassing questions.

But Joan had heard that "seeing is believing." If only she had had a camera along! So she was going back now, to Central America, where she would actually film the "incredible" experiences she had written about in "Adventure Girl."

She took the ten cent store jewelry and the rubber toys because she wished to bring back a load of the exquisite silver and turquoise jewelry, the hand-woven serapis and fine pottery the natives made down there. And Joan knew any Indian lady would gladly trade a priceless bracelet for a dime store diamond, and that any stalwart Indian tribesman would be happy to give her a fine serapi for a dog that would float.

However, Central America isn't all a land of bracelets and

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First Aid To Actors

Druggist Sam Kress was always ready to help a needy actor. His loans saved many careers

By Ruth Rankin

YOU'VE heard of the great who guided the destinies of the stars in the early days: D. W. Griffith, Cecil E. De Mille, Jesse Lasky, and all the rest of them. So now you can listen to the saga of Sam Kress, who did more for many of the stars than all the star-makers put together.

Sam is just a kindly little fellow who used to keep a drug-store on the Boulevard at Cahuenga, and it was to him that actors used to go for first aid. First aid when they needed two-bits to buy a meal, or a few dollars to pay the room rent. But for that first aid, many now scintillating careers would not have been possible.

Sam's was the hand, those days, that held the



Sam Kress runs a little restaurant now, but memories of his kindly advice and financial aid in the old days are cherished by many movie folk



Pola Negri had a passion for strong perfumes. And they fascinated Wally Reid. He would buy gallons from Sam and give them away



Lew Cody once was a soda jerker and never got over it. He loved to go behind the counter at Kress' and mix drinks



Lon Chaney was passionately interested in make-up. As soon as he learned a new stock was in, he'd hurry to Sam's to try it out



Hollywood's civic and social center in the early days. Pictures were cast and scenarios were written in Sam's back room

heart of Hollywood. Also the stomach of Hollywood, which might be even more to the point.

Anyway, in those days when Hollywood was still a little village with growing pains—it still has the growing pains, too—Sam's corner was the crossroads of town. The tallest building was then but two stories high and there weren't many buildings. Hollywood both began and ended in a few straggly blocks, and between the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ CARAVAN—Fox

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures

FOR sheer spirited and joyous abandon, for a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume, authentic background-feeling and operetta plot in the best tradition, we recommend this as the best picture of its type to date. Locale, Hungary; time, grape-festival in the Tokay country.

A darkly dangerous violinist is *Lazi* (Charles Boyer) who leads the gypsy orchestra.

Should nightfall find *Countess Wilma* (Loretta Young) unmarried, she will lose her inheritance. So she elects *Lazi* in spite of his jealous sweetheart (Jean Parker). Enter dashing *Lieutenant von Tokay* (Phillips Holmes)!

Director Erik Charell is to be highly complimented on his deft direction of the large company of extras who so admirably capture the gay spirit of the film.



★ THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—United Artists



★ CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount

BEN HECHT and Charles MacArthur have produced a picture that is truly remarkable. Its theme, the workings of an unscrupulous mind, might have been crudely melodramatic in the hands of less skilled craftsmen. Suspense is maintained throughout every foot of the film.

Lee Gentry (Claude Rains), a criminal attorney, permits his subtle brain to gain the mastery of his better nature. He is invincible until he plays with the hearts of women. Endeavoring to break an affair with *Carmen Brown* (Margo) he tries to trap her with false evidence. The attempt results in a murder charge.

Margo, new to the screen, gives a splendid performance and Claude Rains is superb. Lee Garmes rates a medal for his photography. A picture you can never forget.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' melodramatic classic has been made into a thrilling film, which never once lets down—in fact, builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax.

As *Edmond Dantes*, later *Count of Monte Cristo*, Robert Donat is completely the character.

The celebrated plot concerns a young sailor, *Dantes*, falsely imprisoned for twenty years in a vile dungeon in the dismal Chateau d'If. He and a gentle scholar, the *Abbe Faria*, tunnel their way nearly out when the *Abbe* dies, leaving a map to fabulous treasure. *Dantes* makes his miraculous escape and finds the treasure.

Reappearing as the *Count of Monte Cristo*, *Dantes* avenges himself with diabolical ingenuity on his three enemies, one of whom has married the girl he, *Dantes*, loved.

With a background of national upheaval in the time of Napoleon, this great story contains every element of fine drama and personal conflict. It progresses with master strokes and the height of contrast—from the foul dungeon to the unparalleled magnificence of Monte Cristo.

Every player is brilliantly cast. Elissa Landi is a perfect *Mercedes*; Louis Calhern as *deVillefort, Jr.*, Sidney Blackmer as *Mondego*, and Raymond Walburn as *Danglars* are three of the most nefarious villains ever witnessed.

No member of the family can afford to miss this picture. Direction is superb.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
 CARAVAN
 BELLE OF THE NINETIES
 THE AGE OF INNOCENCE
 THE HUMAN SIDE
 PECK'S BAD BOY

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS
 CRIME WITHOUT PASSION
 THE MERRY WIDOW
 YOU BELONG TO ME
 BIG HEARTED HERBERT
 THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

The Best Performances of the Month

Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
 Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"
 Claude Rains in "Crime Without Passion"
 Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties"
 Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow"
 Irene Dunne in "The Age of Innocence"
 John Boles in "The Age of Innocence"
 David Jack Holt in "You Belong to Me"
 Guy Kibbee in "Big Hearted Herbert"
 O. P. Heggie in "Peck's Bad Boy"
 Miriam Hopkins in "The Richest Girl in the World"
 Pauline Lord in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 123



★ WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—M-G-M

RARELY is a picture blessed with such perfection of production, such flawless performances, and such inspired direction. The combination of a sensitive cast, an expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, and Gregory LaCava's excitingly effective direction, makes this one of the most important films of the year.

It towers mightily as a superb example of what is cinematically possible!

Helen Hayes has her biggest opportunity so far in the rôle of little Scotch *Maggie*, whose big, burly brothers and father assure her marriage in a legal document to *John Shand* (Brian Aherne), fearing that without drastic measures she will never catch—let alone hold—the eye of any swain.

John, being a man of honor and no sense of humor, sticks to the bargain even after he makes a big splash in politics and *Maggie* offers to release him. In his grave, all-important, overbearing way, he never realizes that *Maggie* writes his speeches for him and puts him in Parliament until he falls briefly in love with *Lady Sybil* (Madge Evans) and tries to get along without *Maggie*.

The picture is a sly, human fantasy, made delightfully real by brilliant acting and directing.

Dudley Digges and Donald Crisp play *Maggie's* brothers; David Torrence is her father, and Lucille Watson makes the *Comtesse* an intriguing figure.



★ BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount

YOU who thought Mae West couldn't do it again—go, and lose your bet. Also your dignity.

As *Ruby Carter*, burlesque queen of the beef-trust days, Mae is still the consummate artist of timing and delivery—and she has some knockout lines to deliver. Her costumes are *something*; her songs are good, too.

Ruby glides through, taking diamonds from *Brooks Claybourne* (John Mack Brown); love from *Tiger Kid* (Roger Pryor); *Ace Lamont* (John Miljan) from *Molly* (Katherine DeMille)—and no back-talk from anybody.

Duke Ellington's orchestra accompanies Mae's provocatively swaying hips and feathers. And the lines are so-oooo funny, without being offensive, that the outcome is a major triumph of Mae over matter!



★ THE MERRY WIDOW—M-G-M

JEANETTE MACDONALD sings her part with ecstatic melody, and looks it in costumes that knock your eye out. And Maurice Chevalier is *Danilo*, the lad the ladies love.

Given a production which sets a new high for lavish magnificence, the costumes of the eighties, and ensembles of dancers in the waltz—thousands of them, it seems—it is a spectacle in elegance and exquisite taste.

The story, as you must know, is the problem of getting the richest widow in a small kingdom married to a local light, *Count Danilo*, to keep the taxes at home.

Edward Everett Horton is an ideal ambassador, Una Merkel a precious queen, and Minna Gombell is stunning as the lady at Maxim's. There is a satin finish to the film, an opulence seldom achieved.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—RKO-Radio



THE story of a man who sacrifices great love and marries this properly ordained fiancée rather than wound the convention-steeped souls of their respective families. Again you see that fascinating combination, John Boles and Irene Dunne, giving an exquisite, moving performance. For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme, this is their picture. You are sure not to be disappointed.



YOU BELONG TO ME—Paramount



GIVING an intelligent characterization as the child of vaudeville actress Helen Mack, David Jack Holt outshines every adult cast member. Even the performances of troupers Lee Tracy and Helen Morgan, who befriend the boy when stepfather Arthur Pierson puts him in a school which he loathes and indirectly causes his wife's death, are overshadowed. Direction maintains high level throughout.



THE HUMAN SIDE—Universal



ACCURATELY titled, with rich dialogue, enjoyable from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou is a wandering father with a love for his adorable kids and divorced wife Doris Kenyon—but a weakness for wealthy women as well. Doris decides to marry stuffed-shirt Reginald Owen, but Adolphe gets together with the kids—Charlotte Henry, Dickie Moore, Dick Winslow, George Ernest—and things happen.



BIG HEARTED HERBERT—Warners



GUY KIBBEE has a difficult rôle as the grouchy father who continually reminds his family of how he struggled to get where he is. Finally, wife Aline MacMahon and children Patricia Ellis, Trent Durkin, Jay Ward stage a hilarious show before wealthy clients, which makes him see how ridiculous is his stubborn pride in being a "plain, self-made man." Just one long, heartfelt laugh.



PECK'S BAD BOY—Fox



THIS heart-breaking, but amusing, tale of a boy (Jackie Cooper) who suffers tortuous humiliation and sees his world crumble about him, is reborn beautifully in its talkie incarnation. Thomas Meighan plays *Mr. Peck* with fine understanding; Jackie Searl as mean little *Horace* is very effective. Dorothy Peterson is *Aunt Lily*. Surprise delights are performances of O. P. Heggie, Gertrude Howard.



THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—RKO-Radio



WHEN wealthy Miriam Hopkins becomes interested in Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson (her guardian), Fay Wray (her best friend), and Reginald Denny (Fay's husband) all conspire to make the new suitor believe that Fay is the heiress, and play her against Miriam to prove his sincerity. Though sophisticated, this comedy offers splendid entertainment for everybody. Hopkins and McCrea are a grand team.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**OUTCAST
LADY—
M-G-M**



THE "gentlemanly" gallantry of *Iris March* (Constance Bennett) seems to belong to the era of the single standard flapper. *Napier* is not worthy of a Herbert Marshall to play him. Ralph Forbes is *Boy Fenwick*, who kills himself on the night of his marriage to *Iris*, leaving her to face the accusations of her brother *Gerald* (Hugh Williams) who idolized *Boy*. Elizabeth Allan is wasted as *Venice*.

**MRS. WIGGS
OF THE
CABBAGE
PATCH—
Paramount**



IT'S not the *Mrs. Wiggs* we wept and laughed over in the story, with her vim, vigor and grim determination, but it is a magnificent character Pauline Lord brings to the screen. ZaSu Pitts, as *Miss Hazy*, in search of a husband, is nigh perfect. While W. C. Fields, the answer to ZaSu's prayer, brings no end of excitement to the Cabbage Patch. Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable supply romance.

**THE CASE
OF THE
HOWLING
DOG—
Warners**



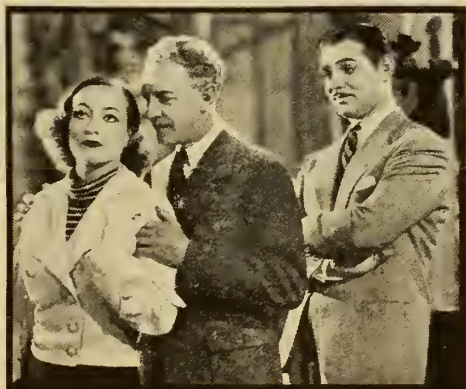
SMOOTH and clever, different and diverting, this novel Smurder mystery has plenty of talk, but enough action to balance. Attorney Warren William unravels all the complications of the mysterious tangle of a howling police dog, a nervous wreck (Gordon Westcott) and a beautiful lady (Mary Astor)—and then he pulls his surprise in the courtroom. Allen Jenkins hides behind a mustache.

**THE
FOUNTAIN—
RKO-Radio**



A BEAUTIFUL contemplative novel is made into a film exquisite to look at, but moving with measured tread. Ann Harding is the English girl married to a German officer (Paul Lukas), and interned in Holland. Brian Aherne, prisoner of war, arrives—and propinquity does the rest. Then the husband returned, shattered. Fine restrained acting by Harding, Lukas, and Hersholt as the old Dutch Baron.

**CHAINED—
M-G-M**



SPLENDIDLY written, acted, directed and photographed. Joan Crawford's employer, Otto Kruger, divorces his wife and gives up his children in order to marry her. But in the meantime, Joan has fallen madly in love with Clark Gable. Unable to tell Kruger, after his sacrifice, she marries him, only to have Gable come forward later and demand her release. Stuart Erwin turns in a grand comedy job.

**THERE'S
ALWAYS
TOMORROW
—Universal**



AS the taken-for-granted father, who turns for small comforts denied him at home to Binnie Barnes, Frank Morgan is first-rate. But Binnie makes a gallant sacrifice to his wife (Lois Wilson) and children upon realization that they are merely unthinking in their absorption in their own affairs. English Binnie Barnes looks like a good bet.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]

He's Jinx-Proof Now



If George goes up in the air again, it'll be in a plane—not over a woman. He's taking a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude now

GEORGE BRENT ran a hand through his mop of black hair, poked a potato in the outdoor fireplace, turned and grinned widely. "I'm going in to telephone. You watch the spuds."

Pretty soon his voice floated down from the English cottage he has taken—the cottage Charlie Farrell built at Toluca Lake.

"Hello. This is Brent. I understand you have a job for me Monday morning."

He said it lightly. You could hear the laughter behind the words. You never would have guessed it cost him more effort than anything else in his life.

That's the way his seven months of idleness ended.

That's the way Warner Brothers' bad boy promised to be good.

"From now on I take a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude about everything, Jerry," he explained to me. "It doesn't pay to let yourself *feel* too deeply in Holly-

George Brent, who has had so much tough luck, comes back believing that he is immune to any more of it

By Jerry Lane

wood, to really care." He sprawled on the grass in front of the oven once more. "I swallowed enough pride back there to float the Mauretania. Maybe it'll agree with me." He stabbed a potato, hard. It burst open and the mealy contents sprayed the air . . .

Monday morning on the "Housewife" set. The gateman looked at him out of the corner of his eye, saluted. The assistant director coughed and extended his hand. Even the prop boy stopped chewing gum. Brent was back. Now the fireworks would start—But they didn't.

In the middle of the picture someone whispered, "Funny about George. The prodigal's returned with his own fatted calf!" For George was putting into his work the certain something it takes to pull the money in at the box-office. A flair, humor, sparkle. The something he'd given promise of in his first pictures. And by that remarkable grapevine route

which is Hollywood's own, the whole town knew it.

M-G-M knew it. They sent for him.

That evening as we sat guzzling coffee in Pto-maine Tommy's he told me quietly, "I'm going to do 'Stamboul Quest.' Opposite Myrna Loy. A swell part—" There was a suspicion of a brogue to his words. He wasn't as unexcited as he seemed.

"What a break!"

"Break!" he whirled around to face me. "Break! I don't believe I have ever had a break. I waited forever for a chance in the movies. You *work* for what you get out here." He smiled suddenly. It was like a lift in the storm. And I was remembering the young fellow whom Von Stroheim had promised a job—and forgotten. Who came West a second time to do a star part—and Charlie Farrell played it. Who went back East—*blind*. Nerve tension and strain, the doctor called it. Breaks? Perhaps he was right, after all.

Even his "discovery" in a stuffy projection room three years ago had a queer Hollywood slant. It gave him position, more money than he knew existed—and nearly ruined him professionally. You can't, it seems, marry a beautiful [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Not even the Garbo jinx can frighten Brent any more. He's Greta's lover in "The Painted Veil," but he doesn't think that will send him into obscurity

Useful Gadgets With A Smart Twist



BARBARA Robbins, now appearing in "Hat, Coat and Glove," follows the vogue for low heels and open toes even into her lounging slippers. She has several pairs of these soft kid ones to match pajamas



TO the casual eye Billie Seward's bag looks like a nice tailored envelope affair, but pull down one corner and out pops a cigarette! Container is inside. "Among the Missing" is Billie's next

IT'S flat as a pancake and weighs only sixty ounces, but it will hold three to six dresses and hangers. Hollywood finds it a perfect additional piece of luggage for flying trips cross-country and back



ADRIENNE Ames introduces a new idea in monograms for her trim leather handbag — her own initials in leather to match her bag! You will see Adrienne next in "Gigolette"

THE note of elegance revived in millinery this season is echoed in this velvet hat which Tala Birell wears in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Precious aigrettes as trimming



VELVET ELEGANCE



A VELVET and metallic combination is Royer's choice for another gown worn by Drue Leyton in "Charlie Chan in London." Here the tunic theme is used cleverly for the velvet body of the gown, the metallic making the underskirt and the unusual neckline. Notice how the metal cloth is draped through the rhinestone buckle at front, forming streamers at the back décolletage. Drue's only jewelry is two bracelets

THE use of rich fabrics and dramatic details such as in this gown worn by Drue Leyton, gives a new elegance to Winter evening fashions. Royer has placed a black feathered bird at the cowl neckline of this white uncut velvet dress. The bias skirt ties at the back over a train

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

Seymour



SO adroitly has Plunkett cut the bodice of this vivid red velvet gown that no ornamentation of any kind is needed to stress its elegance. These two charming views of Fay Wray show you the front with its draped cowl and open shoulder treatment as well as the daring back décolletage formed by strips of the velvet fastened to a ring just below the shoulders. Elbow-length matching gauntlets are worn loosely wrinkled at the wrist. Fay wears this in a scene from "The Richest Girl in the World"



FROG braid trimming is an old-fashioned idea being revived for smart daytime costumes this Winter. Above, you see a simple black crêpe dress worn by Frances Drake which uses a series of frogs as fastening on both blouse and belt. The frogs are white, as are the collar and cuffs. It's a grand business dress. You can choose it in a bright shade, too, if you wish



AGAIN the frog detail, this time on a steel-blue rabbit wool dress dotted in white. Royer has used frogs for ornamentation only on the bodice, as the dress buttons down the back. They are blue silk in a shade to match the dress. The drop shoulder-line and full sleeve gathered into elbow cuffs are repeatedly stressed Winter fashions. Drue Leyton wears this practical costume in her latest release, "Charlie Chan in London"

Screen Designers Use Frog and Nailhead Details

— Seymour —



A RUSSIAN influence is one of several seen in Winter costumes. Kalloch has created this interesting dress for Helen Vinson to wear in "Broadway Bill." It features a Russian blouse of silk crêpe with collar, wide belt and elbow-high cuffs studded with nailheads in a sequin effect. The skirt has a side slash, the sleeves blouse fully over tight cuffs. The back view shows you the fabric buttons used as fastening on both blouse and belt

When Hollywood Dresses For Dinner

— Seymour —



LAMÉ is the choice of Claudette Colbert for this charming dinner gown which she wears in "Imitation of Life." The utter simplicity of the gown is offset by the rich formality of the metal fabric. The high neckline and cap sleeves, together with the tailored detailing, make it one of those perfect dinner costumes. Claudette wears her own jeweled pin at the neckline

SUNBURST embroidery done in mulberry colored silk thread on a rippled white satin makes a stunning contrast for this dinner gown of Fay Wray's. Walter Plunkett designed it for her new rôle in "The Richest Girl in the World." The bodice is draped at back and slashed in front at the sides to show a mulberry lining. The princess silhouette is stressed



PRETTY, and a good actress. But it was Jane Wyatt's stage voice that won her a place in films. With fifteen British players cast in "One More River," Director James Whale decided the remaining rôle must be filled by an American girl with a light and lovely voice which would contrast with the heavy, throatier tones of the Englishmen. So Jane got the job. Her next picture is Universal's "Great Expectations"

Freulich



PEOPLE are always talking about Marlene Dietrich! First it was pants. And now it's her lunch! She carries it to the studio in a shoe box, you know. Apparently she and Josef Von Sternberg have patched the differences between them, for lately Marlene has been sharing her lunch with him. He may direct her in "Caprice Espanole," John Dos Passos' story which Paramount is planning to produce

William Walling, Jr.

"I love the flavor of Camels"
 says Miss Evelyn Cameron Watts

AMONG THE MANY
 DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO
 PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
PHILADELPHIA

Miss Mary Byrd
RICHMOND

Mrs. Powell Cabot
BOSTON

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
NEW YORK

Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd
BOSTON

Mrs. Henry Field
CHICAGO

Miss Anne Gould
NEW YORK

Mrs. James Russell Lowell
NEW YORK

Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer
CHICAGO



MISS WATTS' FEATHER CAPE IS MADE OF THE PLUMAGE OF THE TROPICAL "LOPHOPHORE" BIRD



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 Company

"I never get tired of the smooth Camel flavor—the last one I smoke at night tastes just as good as the first in the morning," says the charming debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dorsey Watts of New York and Baltimore. "And Camels are very mild, too—even when I've smoked a lot, Camels never upset my nerves. And if I'm tired I find

that smoking a Camel seems to refresh me—gives me a 'lift' that makes me ready to start all over again."

It is true that your energy is increased by smoking a Camel. It releases your latent energy in a safe and natural way. When tired, a Camel will drive fatigue and irritability away, and never affect your nerves.

Camels are Milder!

Camels are made from finer, *More Expensive* Tobaccos
 ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

"I feel fine, *now* . . .



"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

T H E R E A R E F I V E R E A S O N S W H Y

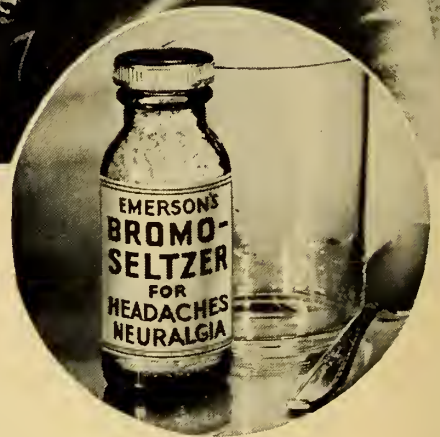
In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescing and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer is dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other

discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.



**Known as a balanced relief
for the following
headaches:**

- Overwork or fatigue headache.*
- Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.*
- Headache due to lowered blood alkali.*
- Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.*
- Headache of the common cold.*
- Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.*
- Headache at trying time of month.*
- Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.*

BROMO-SELTZER

Time to Serve Hot Foods

ATTIRED in a lovely afternoon frock of brown taffeta and apricot wool crepe, Miriam Jordan entertains at an informal luncheon.

Carefully considering every detail, she sets amethyst tumblers on a linen cloth bordered by yellow and purple blooms. To complete her lovely color effect, purplish zinnias hold forth as center piece.

We use plain china, also of a purple hue, a very regal looking silver coffee service, silver muffin tray and cake plate. Flatware is in the handsome Burgundy pattern.

Of course, you will want to have home-made cake. And, though it can easily be managed during the morning, the layers may be baked a day before, leaving only the icing for a "last hour" task.

Our main dish is a tempter for sharpened cool-weather appetites—*Macaroni and Beef Encasserole*:

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cup macaroni, small pieces | 2 cups canned tomatoes |
| ½ pound beef, ground | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 small onions, sliced | ¼ cup real mayonnaise |
| 3 slices bacon, chopped | Buttered breadcrumbs |

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Brown beef, onions, and bacon in frying pan. Add tomatoes and salt and heat. Slowly add mayonnaise, stirring constantly. Mix with macaroni and place in buttered casserole with breadcrumbs on top. Bake in slow oven until browned. Serves six.

Miriam does the vegetable job right, with a "Medley"

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1½ cups onions, sliced | ¾ cup green pepper |
| 2 cups celery | 4 tablespoons butter |
| 1½ cups carrots | 2 cups canned tomatoes |
| 1½ cups mushrooms, sliced | 2½ teaspoons salt |
| 3 tablespoons tapioca | ¼ teaspoon pepper |

Cut vegetables in strips. Melt butter in kettle. Add onions, celery, carrots, string beans. Cover closely and cook 15 minutes. Then add remaining vegetables, salt, pepper, tapioca.

Casserole dishes supplant our summer salad plates



Miriam Jordan serves the sort of hot, simple lunch that seems a part of every brisk day. She prefers the small party that makes for a chummier, chattier, gayer time

Again cover and cook slowly 30-45 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place the mixture in a warm, buttered casserole and bake for 5 minutes. Serves six.

A nice change from sherbets, etc., is *Imperial White Cake*:

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 2½ cups cake flour | 1½ cups sugar |
| 2½ teaspoons baking powder | ¾ cup milk |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| ½ cup butter | 3 egg whites, beaten |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk. Beat after each addition. Add vanilla, fold in egg whites. Bake in moderate oven 25-30 minutes.

A grand color combination is this dough and *Coffee Icing*:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons butter | 2 tablespoons strong coffee |
| Dash of salt | 2 cups sifted confectioners sugar |

Cream butter, add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add remaining sugar, alternately with coffee until of right consistency to spread. Add salt. Enough frosting to cover tops and sides of the two 9-inch layers.

FIRST GLANCE

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



THE screen presents plenty of good make-up lessons. And the chapter on first glances is important at this time because so many girls are embarking on new episodes. College will open the portals to a new world for some; others will begin their first work in the careers they have chosen and every day, for that matter, is a new page. No girl can afford to neglect the importance of that first impression. It is remembered by too many. And a happy face, regardless of your lack or plenitude of other charms, leaves an indelible memory. That first glance makes the impression.

Hollywood likes to give that make-up touch or encourage the facial expression that has a lifting effect. Just as the whole trend in human development is upward, so even beauty reaches toward the heights. Witness the upward climb of this season's coiffures. The eyebrow, of course, has been up for a long time, but the skyscraper line has been modified to a decided arch. Wally Westmore, head of the make-up department at Paramount Studios, has a word to say on the subject:

"Don't shave your eyebrows. Of course they should not be allowed to grow bushy or unkempt, but I have advised all of the young players to leave as much of the natural line as possible, no matter what expression they must maintain for a rôle in a picture. Make your brows as thin as you like, but don't lose your character for the sake of an unnatural effect."

And so, granted that you have eyebrows to work on, consider for a moment the face-lifting tricks you can work on those brows. The whole secret is the outer brow end, which on almost every face benefits from the touch of an eyebrow pencil for lengthening purposes. Usually, this line is very tiny, and subtly drawn to emulate the tiny hairs. But slightly lift this line or keep it straight. Never let it droop. For that fraction of an inch can

Outward signs of personality are expressed through coiffure, mouth and eyes. Barbara Stanwyck, in four new poses, is a fascinating study. Oriental mode



The changes that Barbara achieves through hair arrangement are amazing. In spite of fashion dictates, the long bob is dramatic



The gay insouciance of the teens is accented by Barbara's bang and loose curls. The natural accompaniment is a happy smile



Braids in the coronet manner are still in high favor for Fall and Winter. Barbara well illustrates the note of grandeur braids contribute

incline your facial expression downward. We want it upward. Prove this theory by sitting down right now with an eyebrow pencil and elongating the brows on straight lines, upward and downward.

Which do you like? I know already.

There's another eye line for evening make-up that can work magic with your smile. If your eyes improve with a tiny pencil line at the outer corners of the eyes themselves, try slanting this line upward. It does something nice for eyes when they smile. You need a practiced hand for this line. If it is obvious, it ruins the effect. Its purpose is to make your eyes appear larger and longer. First, draw a very light line, then smudge it upward so that all you can see is a faint shadow. It will give you the Cleopatra eye effect.

Your mouth is your other feature that is inclined to droop your face. Perc Westmore, Wally's younger brother and make-up expert at Warner Brothers Studios, showed a group of beauty editors how to avoid this sad mouth. It's all done by a slight upward fleck of the lipstick at the outer corners of the upper lip. Then, if you will concentrate rouge at the center of the lower lip and carry it lightly to the corners, you will have a pleasant, smiley mouth. It may take a little practice to achieve this screen mouth, but you will like the results.

The rest of the story on the happy face is a matter of self-discipline. Let Miriam Hopkins tell it in her own words:

"If you will take the trouble to learn how to relax, you will be repaid in full. Haggard lines will never form around the eyes and mouth at the end of the day, nor will headaches and irritability conquer you. Make it your business to relax four times daily, whether you are at home or at work. Appetite will improve along with your nerves."

Anne Shirley, the sixteen-year-old "Anne of Green Gables," is showing the hair-dressing details of the new "Prom Bob," created especially by Mel Berns

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck



Back hair is as important as the front, though most of us forget that. Anne's is all anticipations realized. Add a gay bow for dress-up



The hand-finished art. That Fall hat rests saucily on these curls, and not too much bangs to conceal Anne's nice forehead and brows



The back diagram shows the dozen and one hair pins and bob pins in place to give Anne her beautiful halo. Ideal for many occasions

NEW AND SMART ARE FAY WRAY'S LATEST BEAUTY OFFERINGS



Fay Wray's new evening bag is a marvel of beauty and convenience. Fitted with its own accessories, including ivory and black lipstick and double compact, perfume flaconette, key and change purse and mirror attached by chain. Bag is black and gold



Colorful nail enamel to match her evening gowns is one of Fay's pet ideas. Here she is using a sapphire blue for wear with a white or blue frock



Fay's lovely hands benefit from the use of this modern bleaching pencil. It is a perfect bleach, and one end is rubber for shaping cuticle, other a metal cleaner. Very inexpensive

A solution for your hostess gift. Guest-room powder box. Six individual shades of powder surround a box of pastel puffs. Fay likes these bonbons of beauty, and so will the lucky recipient



I SHALL always think of Fay Wray as very much of an individual. Just why, I am not sure. Her dark auburn hair, her deep blue eyes and warm skin make her exceptionally lovely to look at, but Hollywood is full of lovely girls. Perhaps it is her fine sense of discrimination and taste that makes her register as a person slightly apart. This is something, however, that you sense rather than see. If offers a constructive idea for girls who are interested in developing themselves and going just a little beyond the average.

Fay's taste in clothes, for example, is perfect but conservative. I do not believe her clothes alone would ever make you turn and look at her on the street. Her loveliness might, but not clothes alone or her make-up. A color note seems perfectly carried out; accessories seem chosen with regard to each other. Make-up is perfectly attuned to her coloring and type. And all weld into a picture that is pleasing and as it should be.

The modern girl has good taste in clothes, as a rule. Europeans comment on that universally. But on make-up we do not achieve the perfect job. And I think the reason is that we do not become adjusted to our types. If our passion is blonde hair, some of us run right out and have it bleached, without a thought for the skin and eyes that must accompany it. Or eyebrows will be shaped regardless of the eyes they frame.

Color tones in make-up are our most general errors, though. The vogue is still for the skin-toned powder, and that should not be hard for us to decide. A mere touch of rouge and plenty of matching lipstick are the accent styles. Roughly, we may divide skins into two color classes, of which there are many tone gradations—the cool skin which often contains a slightly bluish cast and the warm skin with a yellowish cast.

Most saleswomen can advise you well on make-up tones; or study your freshly cleansed skin in a good light. If your skin falls in the cool class, you will find rouge and lipstick on the rose shade your right colors. This is because rose contains a tiny bit of blue. If your skin is warm, then the vivid, bright tones with a tiny bit of yellow add the right touch.

Manufacturers have tried to help you out of your make-up predicaments by devising many kinds of tone testing displays in the stores selling their brands.

[ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 84]

"My pet peeve," says Bette Davis—
"is having anything but LUX
used for my personal things"



BETTE DAVIS, that talented young star, is now appearing in Warner Brothers-First National production, "Housewife."

"I WONDER if there's anybody who doesn't use Lux for nice things," says Bette Davis. "It's so marvelously kind to colors—I'd trust it with anything safe in water alone. And lingerie stays grand looking for ages when it's Luxed after every wearing."

"I just hate to have my things get faded and dowdy looking, so I'm awfully particular about having them Luxed. I've often known cake-soap rubbing and ordinary soaps—the kind that have harmful alkali—to fade colors and weaken the silk fibres. Knowing that Lux has no harmful alkali, I just *insist* on it for *all* my washable things."

Are YOU caring for *your* nice things the Hollywood way? Then you know how Lux keeps them dainty—free from the least hint of perspiration odor... makes them last longer, too.

Hollywood Says—Don't trust to Luck



Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"Lux is a real dollars and cents matter here," says N'Was McKenzie (left) wardrobe director of Warner Brothers-First National. "It keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. We're washing almost every fabric that comes in here in Lux—even flannels and draperies. They look swell! It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box."



Trust to LUX



Ask The Answer Man

Whisked from the chorus into leads, Alice Faye is making rapid strides toward stardom

Alice's rôle with Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors" won her many new admirers



PRAISES and queries have poured in about Alice Faye, since movie-goers have seen her with Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors." Her naturalness is what they admired. They say she doesn't seem to be the least bit "high-hat." That's true—she isn't. She likes everyone and wants everyone to like her because she wants to stay in pictures for a long time.

Alice was born in New York City on May 5, 1912. She left high school to join the Chester Hale dance unit. While appearing on the stage in the "Scandals," a friend had her sing a song on one of those home-made records. The record was played for Rudy Vallee who sent for Alice and signed her as a featured singer with his band.

Her first break in pictures came when Fox was casting for the "George White's Scandals." Alice went West with Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees to appear in the picture. She was to sing one song and do one dance number. Lilian Harvey was scheduled to be the leading lady. Lilian became ill and Alice was given the lead. Her work in that led to a long term contract with Fox. Her latest picture is titled "365 Nights in Hollywood" in which she appears with Jimmy Dunn.

Alice lives in Hollywood with her mother and brother. She is a natural blonde with blue eyes. Is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 111 pounds and is of Irish-German descent. She is fond of walking, horseback riding and motoring. She gets plenty of these on the bridge paths and motor parkways of California.

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.

BERTHA BRANDT, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Cheer up, Bertha, you will soon be seeing your friend Johnny Mack Brown again. He is in the new Mae West picture "Belle of the Nineties." Johnny was born in Dothan, Ala., September 4, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. Is married and has one son and one daughter. You can write

to him in care of the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

H. M., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—If you will look back through your file of old PHOTOPLAYS you will find a grand photograph of the late Marie Dressler, in color, in the September, 1931 issue.

JUANITA DENNEY, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City, August 8, 1910. You can write to Cary Grant and Sylvia in care of the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Addresses of other stars appear elsewhere in this issue.

ELINOR HELLIENEN, YAKIMA, WASH.—Anita Louise and Tom Brown aren't married yet, but they are keeping steady company. Joan Crawford played the name rôle in the old silent picture "Rose Marie."

DOLLY HAGEN, CINCINNATI, O.—Dolly, the man you are trying to identify is John Davidson. "Murder in Trinidad" is his latest picture.

BETTY HELM, WILMINGTON, CAL.—I enjoyed reading your letter very much, Betty. You will see Joan Bennett soon in "Pursuit of Happiness." Evelyn Venable is a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, born there October 18, 1913. Her latest picture is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



AND HE ACTUALLY THOUGHT
HE WAS A WOMAN HATER

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

FOR Styl-eez SHOES!

NEVER a day when one's feet feel the need of a rest cure ... never a night when tired, aching feet take the lustre from a romantic hour ... if you're a Styl-Eez wearer. These lovely shoes conceal within their flattering lines a smooth combination of smartness and comfort that wins the heart of every active young woman ... becoming even more intriguing because of their light touch on the budget. Deftly hidden in each slim arch, which emphasizes the daintiness of feminine feet, are the scientific Styl-Eez features, your secret protection from tired feet and any possible awkward inward rotation of the ankles. For complete shoe satisfaction choose Styl-Eez shoes!

"See Your Chiroprapist Regularly"

The "WINSTON"

Trim of smooth calf and closely spaced multiple stitching are important fashion points of this soft, velvety suede afternoon oxford



Styl-EEZ
A SELBY SHOE

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet of features and new models

The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me your Styl-Eez Booklet and name of nearest Styl-Eez dealer.

Name

Address



Beauty and Personality are Inseparable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

wrong way it pulls the cords in the neck exaggerates them and also shows up your Adam's apple. So many girls have written asking me what to do about correcting such a neck that I'm glad I have a chance this month to tell you about it, Bette.

IT all comes from faulty head posture. To keep your head in a correct line you have to strengthen the vertebrae which control the neck and head. So, every day I want you to sit in a relaxed position and, with three fingers of each hand, jab deep under the first three vertebrae of your spine. Work on these vertebrae, giving a deep massage to the muscles around them until you can feel your chin drawing down.

Now practice correct head posture. Let your chin relax naturally. Don't roll your eyes up. Keep them straight ahead. Concentrate every minute so that you will remember to pull your chin and jaw in.

Habits are hard to break. You need all your intelligence and courage and, perhaps, a little help from your friends. Let your pals know that you won't be sore at them if they yell at you every time they see you with that jaw stuck out, "Hi, Bette, pull your chin in!"

For, when you stick your jaw out, it hardens your face, brings out ugly muscles and cords in your neck. Also, remember that you'll have a much softer appearance if you refrain from pushing your hair back in such a hard line. Keep it fluffed about your face. And for heaven's sake, Bette, lay off making your mouth up in that extreme fashion. Remember when Joan Crawford did it? Remember how all her admirers got up on their hind feet and told her they didn't like it? She changed it at once.

She used her head, realized she had made a mistake and set about to rectify it.

And now about your nose. I changed Ruth Chatterton's nose, but you can change yours,

yourself, by covering your fingers with cold cream and gently, gently pinching it, as if your nose were soft clay. Slowly and gently shape your nose into a beautiful mould with your own two hands and squeeze off a bit of the end of it. You must be very careful not to bruise the nose. So don't press too hard. It will take a little time but it will be so worth while when results are accomplished.

SOFTEEN the lines of your face, Bette, first by the practical physical methods I've given you and then by training yourself actually to feel an inner warmth for people. Give a lot of yourself. Don't draw inside yourself. Get out of the physical habit of wrong head posture and beware of the mental habit of cynicism off-screen. Play up to your own charming type. Begin today. I tell you this in all sincerity and

Love,

SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I notice that in many of your diets you include raw red or white cabbage. I wonder if the whole leaf should be eaten or if it should be chopped up. What is the best way to prepare it?
M. H., Eau Claire, Wis.

You can eat it any way you like as long as it isn't cooked, but I think the most appetizing way to prepare it is to shred it or chop it up fine and then squeeze a generous supply of lemon juice over it. It makes a delicious salad, contains many valuable minerals and should be included in your regular diet once a day.

My dear Sylvia:

I have very large wrists and, although I've read all of your articles (I think), I don't remember that you have ever given an exercise for reducing the wrists. Would you be good enough to tell me how to reduce my wrists?
Mrs. M. R. L., Olympia, Wash.

You can shave off your wrists in the same way that I've told you how to take down other parts of the body that are lumpy—by my squeezing and slapping method. With the fingers and the palm of one hand, work on the opposite wrist, digging into the excess muscles. If you've read my articles you know how this is done. Then put a Turkish towel over the wrists and slap them good and hard. In this way you can reduce the muscles and squeeze off the fat cells. I want every woman and girl to remember that her body is like sculptor's clay and she can model it exactly as she wants it modeled.

Dear Sylvia:

Is it okay if I substitute an extra glass of orange juice for the mid-morning tomato juice you give in your wonderful diet? I like orange juice and don't like tomato juice.
M. H. D., Boston, Mass.

Orange juice and tomato juice do *almost* the same thing, but not quite. The tomato juice

DON'T deny yourselves the joy of good health, girls, when Aunt Sylvia offers you the chance to get it by asking her a few questions!

Health means happiness, and you must have both of these in order to look your best. I have helped many of the stars of Hollywood, and countless girls who, like yourselves, read about the stars and envy their charms. Seeking my advice puts you under no obligation, of course. Just write to Sylvia, care PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

is so swell for your complexion that if I were you I wouldn't give it up entirely unless I had a skin like rose-leaves. I believe you can learn to like it. Drink it ice-cold and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice in it. Why, baby, it's delicious. Come on, now, try it just one more week and remember how much it will improve your complexion.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly give me an exercise for reducing the ankles.

Mrs. R. D., Washington, D. C.

Well, I'll certainly say you're brief and to the point. Okay, I'll try to be as much to the point. This is the way to make your ankles small. Lie on the floor on your back with your toes pointed straight in front and your arms above your head, as if you were a straight line from the tips of your fingers to the tips of your toes. Now, without moving the position of the toes, spring to a sitting position and try—with your hands—to touch the tips of your toes. Of course, this is impossible since the toes are still pointed, but *never* move the position of the toes all the time you're trying to touch them with your hands. You'll feel a sharp pain in

your ankles as you do this exercise. Then you'll know you're doing it right. Do that five times in the morning and five times at night. You'll notice a big improvement in a very short time.

Dear Sylvia:

To settle an argument please answer this question. Which do you consider most important, a beautiful face or a beautiful figure?
T. S. B., Jeffersonville, Ind.

A beautiful figure—and I'll tell you why. If you have worked hard for a beautiful figure—if you're thin and lithe, you'll have radiant good health. That will show in your face, make your eyes bright and sparkling and give you the illusion of beauty of face, no matter what the bone formation of the features is. You can't camouflage your figure. You can look beautiful—even if you aren't—by being sparkling and vivacious and animated. I've seen some great, big, fat women with faces that were actually beautiful. I've seen these women sitting in a room when a girl with a grand figure—and a face not so pretty—entered. What happened? The girl with the neat figure got the attention of all the men at once, and the fat girls were left out in the cold.

Dear Sylvia:

My shoulders are so broad that I'm all out of proportion. I'm really quite skinny. I wish you would tell me something to do.

D. W., Lynchburg, Va.

Telling people what to do is my easiest job. What you need is to put on weight, to build up until the rest of your body is in proportion to your shoulders. Wide shoulders are fine and very fashionable. But if you're skinny the answer is—don't stay that way. Send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll send you my general building-up diet and exercises. It's a very long diet so I haven't space enough to give it here.

LIFT THE STOPPER and lo!
it is Evening in Paris!



The spirit of an Evening in Paris has been caught in a rare and glorious perfume! A stirring fragrance that brings to life, for your own delight — and the delight of others in you — the throbbing romance of the

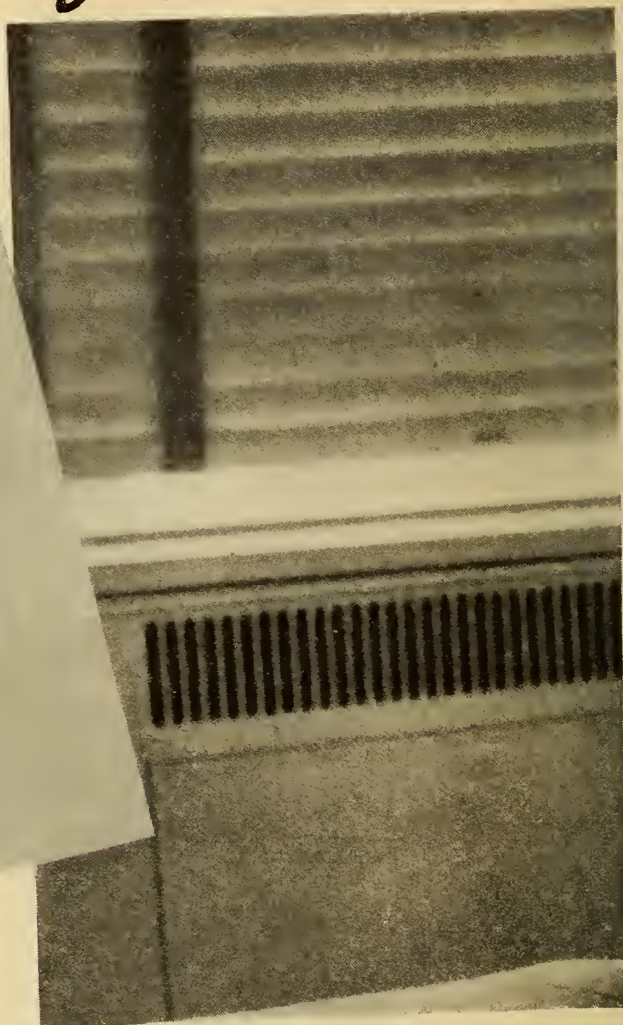


enchanted city at night! Perfume, \$5.50. Other sizes, \$1.10 and \$2.75. De luxe package, \$10.00. Toilet Water, \$1.25. Face Powder, \$1.10. Vanities, \$1.10 to \$2.75 . . . at the better drug and department stores.

Evening in Paris **BY BOURJOIS**

Betty's ready for 8 hours

**What
about her
SKIN?**



Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using

gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away every *vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it clear and lovely!

Beauty sleep...



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **LUX**
Toilet Soap to guard
against Cosmetic Skin



Claudette Colbert

STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"CLEOPATRA"



What It's Like to Work With Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Marshall, there seems to be some nonsense about make-up."

"I told her something like that was being discussed, and she said:

"If your make-up is wrong, I will change mine."

"Of course, I wouldn't permit her to go to all that trouble, but the incident gives a clear insight into the kindly, cooperative character of the woman.

"Well, we stood side by side during this self-conscious thing that was to be the test—for such things always do make you feel self-conscious, no matter how many times you have done them before. But she made the brief procedure more comfortable than usual."

THE following day was Saturday, and Marshall began his work opposite Garbo.

"I ended a very intensive scene with Miss Bennett in 'Outcast Lady' at one o'clock that day," said Marshall, "and at two-thirty o'clock I was rehearsing a major scene with Miss Garbo in 'The Painted Veil.'"

"Ordinarily, to any artist, this is a nerve-racking thing to do, but because of Miss Garbo's attitude of friendliness that she extends toward a fellow artist, I seemed to fall into my first scene of this new picture without any sense of strangeness."

Other scenes followed with Marshall and Garbo—romantic scenes in the kitchen of *Professor Koerber's* Austrian home, semi-humorous scenes in the drenching rain of a street in Graz, tense scenes in a Hongkong bungalow and dramatic scenes in riot-torn, plague-wracked Kam Po Shan, in the interior of China.

And ever since those scenes, Marshall has been assailed by the question:

"What's it like to work with Garbo?"

"When people ask me that question, it bores me, makes me feel uncomfortable. Briefly, I feel that she is completely all right. I know she is Garbo. Long before I ever knew that I was to work with her, I knew she was Garbo. I understand the veil of glamour that has been wrapped around her. I was, and still am, aware that she is a great actress and an extraordinary personality.

"Personally, I find her a very companionable and friendly artist with whom to work, and I feel that one should be grateful to be working with her, to work with anybody as fair as she is to her fellow artists . . .

"But I know no fear of the lady—and I really believe that Miss Garbo will appreciate my boldness in saying so."

It was not fear that prompted Marshall to forfeit the one opportunity he had to meet Greta Garbo, before the make-up test.

Not fear—rather, as I said before, a nice discretion.

THIS was after Marshall had leased Director Edmund Goulding's lovely house nestled amid the verdant slopes of Beverly Hills, and shortly before "The Painted Veil" went before the camera.

One sunny afternoon, Marshall returned to the estate to find two women in possession of the tennis court—uninvited by him. And one was Greta Garbo! He stood for a few minutes, watching her graceful, skilful play—both women all the while unaware of his presence. Whatever temptation he might have had to

speak to them, whatever right he had to, he resisted and went his way into the house.

Later he learned that Goulding had given Garbo a standing invitation to use the court when she pleased, and had forgotten to inform him about it.

An explanation of Marshall's frankness in speaking of Garbo may possibly be found in the similarity of the two personalities. Both possess an unusual quality of calmness.

"I am in sympathy with the solitude and the seclusion that Miss Garbo seems to prefer in living her own life," he says. "Quite often, I enjoy similar seclusion on the sound stage at such times when it is necessary to ponder over the lines and the problems of the scene that is to follow.

"In Miss Garbo, I detect that same quality of pondering over a scene, a quality which I venture to share with her. Also, there is a freedom from hysteria in Miss Garbo's company—which does not mean that we have not been able to laugh."

One thing has been evident during the filming of Garbo's latest picture, "The Painted Veil." That is her increased cheerfulness while at work.

In former pictures—and it was conspicuously noticeable during the filming of "Queen Christina"—Garbo seemed to emerge from a shell of reserve only long enough for the actual scenes. Immediately thereafter she retired to her dressing-room, to chat or discuss production problems with no one but her director.

"Anthony Adverse"

Cast Contest winners
will be announced in
the December issue of

PHOTOPLAY

\$10,000.00 in prizes
will be awarded for
the best cast selections
for the filming
of this great novel by
Warner Brothers!

Through "The Painted Veil" all this has changed. Frequently, Garbo has remained on the set, to converse with Marshall, or to share a hearty laugh with George Brent, or to exchange opinions on Oriental problems with young Keye Luke, a Chinese member of the cast, or some other Oriental actor in the company.

ASKED about it one day, Director Boleslavsky attempted to explain:

"I believe she is happier, for one reason, because she recognizes in Mr. Marshall that she has one of the finest artists that either stage or screen could produce to play opposite her."

Too, another observation of Garbo made by Marshall is her extreme consideration for others less great than herself. There was the time when five hundred extra players stood in a drenching downpour for two days during the shooting of a wedding procession.

"I noticed during these drenching rain scenes," said Marshall, "that Miss Garbo displayed keen concern for several elderly ladies in the mob, actresses who had been more important people at an earlier time.

"Of one in particular, Miss Garbo was a little annoyed at herself because she could not recall the lady's name. She called to an assistant to get the name, and then requested the assistant to place a comfortable chair in a dry spot for the elderly actress."

Often, Marshall has been described as the "suave gentleman" of the stage and screen. He disagrees with these opinions.

"They keep on saying that I am always the suave gentleman," he complained. "They say I am aloof, choosing seclusion with a small circle of two or three friends. This is untrue. I have a host of friends and I enjoy their companionship. They say I always hide away in some remote corner of the stage, my face behind an English newspaper. This is an exaggeration. Sometimes I do enjoy seclusion, as I have said before, but only to think over the problems of a scene that is to follow."

However, there does seem to be a similarity in the characters of these two important people—Garbo and Marshall. Both have had bitter struggles to reach success. Garbo began as a model in a department store, Marshall as an accountant's clerk who could not keep an office job.

Both remember the heartaches and hardships encountered on the upward climb.

AND now I have found myself, most gratefully, cast in a very good picture with a thoroughly understandable character for me to portray," he said. "Although I cannot predict the final result, I believe that Miss Garbo and I have managed to play our scenes together instinctively, and that we have played them well.

"I have never met a more natural woman than Greta Garbo. I would say, as an outsider, that much of the coldness that is ascribed to her is because she does not extend herself.

"Naturally, she is anxious and straightforward. When occasions arise—such as scenes, dialogue problems or wardrobe—she does not condemn or disapprove. She will only tell you that she is anxious about it.

"And, I may say, Miss Garbo has a grand sense of humor. Even though I don't believe she knows she played on my tennis court."

"M-M-M!
OLD-FASHIONED
MINCE PIE!"

"IT'S SO SPICY!"

"... LUSCIOUS!"

"... FRAGRANT!"

"AND NOW SO EASY
TO MAKE!"



HERE'S ONE thing most everyone agrees on—that no pie's so good as *mince pie* during the fall . . . and that no *mince pie*'s so downright delicious as a mince pie made with None Such Mince Meat.

And here's something new you'll be glad to know! . . . None Such Mince Meat—rich in old-fashioned spicy flavor and winy fragrance—is now prepared for the crust in only 5 minutes.

Get a package of None Such Mince Meat from your grocer *today*. Serve a None Such Mince Pie *tonight* . . . and wait for the applause! Complete recipes for a *beauty* (pie crust and all!) are on the package. And *inside* the package

you'll find recipes for some grand new cookies, fruit cake and pudding! Try *them* too!

And here's a radio treat!

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"
Thursday Nights at 10:00 (E. S. T.)
Over Columbia Network

Hollywood gossip! . . . Previews of new movies! . . . Personal interviews with screen stars! . . . Music from new movie musicals!

Tune in *this* Thursday night! "45 Minutes in Hollywood" is sponsored by Borden's, distributors of None Such Mince Meat.

**NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT**

**NOW
READY FOR
THE CRUST
IN FIVE
MINUTES!**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

GARBO will sign a new Metro contract—that was my positive information at press time. After "The Painted Veil" she will spend a vacation in this country, then probably do two more pictures. The first is expected to be "Mary, Queen of Scots."

Many had thought that since Garbo's last picture, "Queen Christina," was not a box-office sensation, she would be allowed to sail for Sweden and hide out in her castle as long as she wanted. Last year, she was said to have received around \$250,000 per opus, with the present picture, "The Painted Veil," netting her a raise of \$20,000 due, no doubt, to the fact that Garbo has again entrusted her business affairs to the ace of all Hollywood business managers, Harry Edington.

Further whisperings relate that the M-G-M big-wigs decided to keep Garbo on the payroll another year at more money, not because she was such a tremendous money-maker, but because it was worth it to the studio in "prestige" alone. Also, it is said she no longer will be permitted to choose her stories, only approve them. She ordered "Christina."

THE millennium has surely arrived. Mae West announces that her next picture will be called "Now I'm a Lady."

Mae is writing it herself, just to be sure that she will be a lady.

CAN you imagine any actor having to be coaxed into a Garbo film? The studio did just that to Warner Oland. Warner gets flighty, now and then, and the persuasion corps has to be called in. When I was a kid, the broad palm of a paternal hand was an effective persuader.

When you are supposed to be grownup, it's different. Maybe a baseball bat—

"**N**IGHT Life of the Gods" calls for a lot of statues to run around loose. The actors and actresses assigned to these parts were made to look like statues. A heavy coating of make-up did it. And it's so thick they can neither sit nor lie down.

NATACHA RAMBOVA, Rudolph Valentino's widow, now the wife of a Spanish Don, Alvaro de Urzaiz, is known as the "Queen of Mallorca," where she has made a fortune in real estate, renting or selling homes to visiting Americans.

LITTLE Cora Sue Collins, just six, received a fan letter from another little girl, also six. And Cora Sue is worried. She can't make head or tail of it.

The letter said:

"Dear Cora Sue—

"I read in the paper that you are a freelance player and would like very much if you would send me a free lance to keep as a souvenir. Thank you very much."

THE calm evening of one autograph-seeking dancer at a Hollywood twilight rendezvous was ruffled by a mad caprice of Lupe Velez.

Stopping in the middle of a dance, the young man went to her table and asked her to autograph something for him. Discovering no paper, in desperation he pulled out a dollar greenback.

"Too cheap," said Lupe disdainfully. The perspiring admirer dug deeper and fished up a twenty-dollar bill. This Lupe eyed, took it and the dollar, and thrust them both down her dress with a "Thank you."

Of course, she finally returned the currency—but not until the young man had feverish



The cameraman gave Nils Asther that long leg! Pat Paterson and Nils were talking between scenes, on the set of "Love Time" (Fox)

visions of a glowering waiter who would soon be presenting a check. And Lupe didn't autograph the money—against the law to deface currency.

LOOKS as though Joan Crawford's playing around with stage plays in her own private little theater some time ago wasn't just fooling. The reports are around again that Joan is headed for the legitimate stage, having had an offer from a New York producer.

WITH Shirley Temple turning into the most successful "meal-ticket" of the year for producer and exhibitor alike, the current phrase you hear around Hollywood is "A little child shall feed them."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has a new game—and it's a good one, from Shirley's standpoint.

I ran across this little bunch of loveliness at Paramount the other day. She had a playful glitter in her eyes that almost matched her goldilocks.

"Betchoo a nickel," she offered, holding aloft a screen magazine, "that my picture's in here."

"Oh, but you've looked," I protested.

"No," said Shirley, "you pick the magazine."

I said we weren't nearly as rich as she, but I'd risk a penny, and picked a magazine.

Shirley ran through a few pages, looked up and grinned. There was her picture, so I paid the penny.

And when she lifted out the wealth in her tiny pocket to add the penny to it, I noticed that there were about twenty other copper pieces in her palm.

I wasn't the only fall guy.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Altitude records may fall when Monogram's "Stratosphere" is released. Bill Cagney and Edward Nugent are the balloonists. Director Melville Brown (right) has gone as high as he can on a stepladder

*"Here's the Stay Slim Secret
I Taught Hollywood"*

says **Sylvia**

MME.

world's foremost authority on
the care of the feminine figure

**"EAT RY-KRISP
EVERY DAY"**



GLORIA STUART
— lovely star
now appearing
in Universal's
"The Gift of Gab"



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Hear Mme. Sylvia herself telling intimate stories of her own experiences in Hollywood. Hear how she can help *you* as she helps the movie stars to have and keep a perfect figure!

NBC Blue Network
Every Wednesday
Coast to Coast

10:15 E.S.T. 9:15 C.S.T.
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Beginning October 3rd

"THE next time you find yourself envying some star her slender, graceful figure—don't sit down and feel sorry for yourself," says Mme. Sylvia. "Say to yourself, 'I'M going to take the advice Sylvia gave the loveliest stars on the screen today. I'm going to begin right now to exercise properly and eat Ry-Krisp with every meal.'

"You won't believe, when you first taste Ry-Krisp, that anything so good can be good for you. But *I know*, because I've proved it in my work with the movie stars—that these crisp, delicious wafers really help you to stay slim—because they help to keep you fit.

Filling but Not Fattening

"Ry-Krisp wafers are simply flaked whole rye, salt and water—double-baked. They *can't* do your figure any harm. Instead they do it good—because they're easily digested and mildly 'regulating'. They satisfy hunger *safely*—keep you from wanting fattening, starchy foods.

"You'll enjoy their unique whole rye flavor with any food at breakfast, lunch or dinner. And—for your figure's sake—get the habit of nibbling at a Ry-Krisp wafer when you're hungry between meals, too. It's the safest kind of tidbit!"

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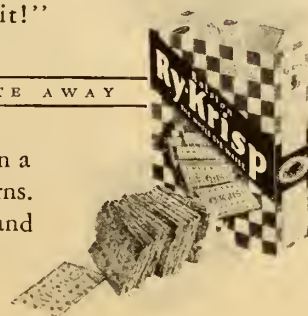
Think of having—for your very own—a gown exactly like one worn by your favorite star. Listen to Mme. Sylvia's radio program for full details.

**Send for MME. SYLVIA'S
Personal Consultation Chart**
...and 32-page booklet of diets and exercises illustrated by personally posed photographs of Mme. Sylvia

—information you need to help solve your own beauty problem. It's yours in exchange for only one top from a package of Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers. Send to Mme. Sylvia, 44 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

EAT RY-KRISP AND WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY

For a real treat—try Ry-Krisp lightly buttered, heated in a moderate oven (350° F.) and then cooled until crispness returns. It's marvelous that way. Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages.





If you're in doubt as to just where to use your face rouge, you may safely follow Irene Dunne's example and lightly touch the cheekbone line, using just enough for radiance, and not deep color

GREEN-EYED SCREEN BEAUTIES ARE NOW THE VOGUE

By Carolyn
Van Wyck

frock or even a room can add or detract from the eye color.

The dark, flashing eye must depend almost entirely on expression rather than the subtle change in tone for its reactions.

EYE make-up is more important than ever before, and because the light eye usually needs it more than the dark, here are beauty tricks for blue, hazel, green and gray eyes. Your first refuge is shadow, and there are now loud whisperings of gold and silver shadow for evening, with brilliant, shiny lip lacquer as a foil to the metal eye effect. We all know the usual shadows flecked with gold or silver, than which nothing is lovelier for evening, because that bit of metallic sheen adds youthful lustre to the lids. Certainly, every eye benefits from shadow for evening make-up, whether you wish a real color contrast or only a velvety dampness. Since shadow is an approved vogue of the moment, you need not be self-conscious about its use, though you must do a neat, subtle job. Ordinarily, shadow should cover the entire upper lid with color concentrated near the lashline and fading away. Sometimes a grand effect may be had from touching a tiny bit to the outer corner of the eyes and brushing it upward toward the end of the brow. If you can use blue effectively, it is particularly good for this little stunt because it gives the impression of delicate veins, which you will often find just there on the fair-skinned person. Violet and green often add an ethereal effect when used in this manner, but I do not suggest it for brown. If, however, the use of any shadow does not appeal to your taste, you will still get an



Powdering is a definite art, thinks Irene Dunne. "Choose a warm, vibrant shade, blending thoroughly over face and neck," advises the star of "The Age of Innocence." Skin tones are the style

CCHEER up, you green-eyed girls! If it has ever occurred to you that you'd like to change those jade eyes for violet or a lush brown, take a look over the Fox lot. Let the green-eyed beauties there console you with the thought that you possess a distinctive mark of beauty, after all. Look at lovely Rosemary Ames, clear-skinned, golden-haired and green-eyed.

Or radiant Pat Paterson, with that very English skin and green eyes also. French Ketti Gallian, Drue Leyton and Conchita Montenegro all have jewel-toned eyes, but Conchita is an interesting case. Born in Sebastian, Spain, in addition to those eyes, she has copper hair.

There are no more patterns for beauty. Old standards have fallen by the way, which gives every one of us a chance in the daily beauty competition. Going back to our green eyes again, it wasn't so long ago that there was a stigma attached to the fact that you didn't fall within the blue or brown classes. But no more.

It has always seemed to me that the light eye possessed more appeal than the very dark eye, for the reason that the light eye is very changeable according to your mood. You can notice the dilation or contraction of the pupil, so that these eyes really seem to change color at times, and of course it is true that a hat,

interesting effect from touching the upper lids with a bit of white petroleum jelly or any cream. The result will be the slightly shiny, moist eyelids you see on small children. The use of either shadow or cream is beneficial to the skin, too, for even a little bit helps to keep the lids smooth and unlined. If you use one of the gold or silver shadows, however, I suggest that you keep it entirely on the lid.

THE fitting finish to the glamour of shadow is the correct use of mascara. Those made by reliable manufacturers practically remake your eyes, because few, after all, are blessed with a lustrous, dark eye fringe. If you are blonde, brown is a better daytime choice than black, and for evening I suggest a blue. The effect under electric lights is lovely, and the bluish cast gives a softness that you do not get from black. The only harm that could result from a good mascara is your rough handling of your eyelashes in removal. The best method is to wet a piece of cotton in cold water and brush it upward over the upper lashes as if you were applying the mascara, and downward over the lower lashes. If your mascara is moisture proof, use a little cream in the same manner. Naturally, rough handling can pull out and break lashes, but the correct removal and application of mascara will probably stimulate your lashes and really improve them.

"NEW Beauty" is our latest bulletin to tell you of grand, new things to make you lovely; "The Perfect Home Manicure," "Skin Worries," "Make-Up Tips," and "Fresh as a Daisy" are recent bulletins that will help you the year through. Glad to send you any or all for a stamped, self-addressed envelope for each, or to answer any special beauty problem. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Why Any Girl Can Be MORE ATTRACTIVE

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THE real testing laboratory of beauty is Hollywood. Daily, hundreds of screen tests are recorded. Daily, hundreds of make-up tests are made. And now for twenty-odd years, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, has worked intimately with the stars of the screen to discover new beauty secrets.

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The face powder creates a satin-smooth, clinging make-up. The rouge is lifelike in its natural coloring. The lipstick is the one that withstands every close-up test. And the color tones of each blend together in a beautiful harmony of color to create for you the lovely beauty of your own imagination.

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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN-TYE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
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SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair, Eyes, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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Eugene Robert Riche

CAROLE LOMBARD, known as Hollywood's practical joke girl, who will go to no end of trouble to get a laugh, looks very alluring when she's laughing herself. Nothing daunts her—ribbing, rumors or hard work. She finished "Now and Forever" at Paramount, then got right busy on "Part Time Lady" with Roger Pryor at Columbia

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Illustrations and text cop. 1934, Kotex Co.

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Hollywood Cinema

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DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

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15 Years Ago

"FIGHT for Clean Pictures Won!" was the title of a story in the November 1919 issue. According to the article, the heads of the studios passed a resolution "unanimously declaring war to the bitter end on anyone making or showing salacious pictures." An interview with Dustin and William Farnum told of their childhood and how they started their theatrical careers.

Girls were urged to learn about vampires from Hedda Hopper, then a leading home-smashing, heart-busting lady on the screen. A story on Rod LaRocque said that he was reforming, giving up his villainous rôles to become a comedian and a hero. There was an interesting story on Louise Fazenda, written by her friend, Emma-Lindsay Squier, in which it was revealed that the comédienne could bake



Louise Fazenda

pies as well as throw them. Several pen and ink drawings by Madge Kennedy proved she had earned her living as a newspaper sketch artist before going into the theater. This issue carried most interesting rotogravure pages, and among the stars whose portraits appeared in this section were Constance Talmadge, Mabel Normand, Mary MacLaren, John Barrymore. Harold Lloyd, making a two-reeler, was injured when a supposedly harmless bomb exploded in his hand. It was feared that his screen career might be ended by the accident. The outstanding pictures of the month included "The Pinnacle," Eric Von Stroheim's first directing job; "Checkers," with Thomas Carrigan; "The World and Its Woman," with Geraldine Farrar. Cover girl, Lillian Gish.

10 Years Ago

JUST ten years ago we were arguing over bobbed hair! The November, 1924, issue carried an article, "Why I Refuse to Let My Wife Bob Her Hair." Briefly the anonymous author's reason was, "Bobbed hair means bobbed brains." "What is Love?" Twelve women stars answered the question. In Gloria Swanson's definition is this comment, "I am through with love . . . The finest thing about a passion is the memory of it. I have that memory." But Gloria has married twice since then. Horoscopes of various stars were read by Evangeline Adams. For Rudolph Valentino she forecast "contradictory aspects" beginning in 1925, saying, "It will either be the banner time of his life . . . or he will be lost in space." Valentino died in 1926. Gossip items: Agnes Ayres was



Estelle Taylor

married to S. M. Reachi (divorced 1927); Wallace Beery and Arieta Gillman were married (still happy); a baby boy was born to Lila Lee and James Kirkwood (they were divorced, 1929); Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford happily returned to Pickfair after a trip abroad. Asked if rumors of his engagement to Estelle Taylor were true, Jack Dempsey said, "It is just newspaper hokum." (But they were married in February 1925, divorced in 1931). Best movies included "The Man Who Came Back," teaming George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill; Norma Shearer in "Empty Hands"; Pauline Frederick in "Three Women"; J. Warren Kerrigan's "Captain Blood"; Thomas Meighan's "The Alaskan"; Jetta Goudal in "Open All Night." On cover, Jackie Coogan.

5 Years Ago

THIS issue was very much concerned with fashions. And, looking at the pictures, we will bet that you ladies would never believe you really wore 'em! Short skirts with very long waists, uneven hem lines, flowing scarfs—they look pretty silly now! Hollywood was still agog over the Crawford-Fairbanks nuptials. A story, "Filmland's Royal Family, Second Edition," told Crawford admirers that Joan's marriage had not made her high-hat, and asked the question: Will Joan and Doug uphold the Pickford-Fairbanks tradition? Other marriages of interest were: Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck (divorced in April, 1933); Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer (divorced August, 1933); Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman, Jr. (divorced March, 1933). Cal York said



William Haines

Loretta Young and Grant Withers were getting romantic. They were married in January, 1930, divorced September, 1931. "How Bachelors Manage Their Homes" told about the happy home life of Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Bill Haines, Gary Cooper and Ramon Novarro. Since then Charles has married Virginia Valli and Gary has married Sandra Shaw. The others are still batching, however. Best movies were "Taming of the Shrew," Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks' venture into Shakespeare. It was hailed as "the event of the decade." Other best movies were: Ann Harding's "Her Private Affair," "Marianne," with Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray, and "Rio Rita," with Bebe Daniels and John Boles. Janet Gaynor was on the cover.

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CHIC stars that set the fashions in Hollywood are ardent supporters of the Paris gold standard. Not only in smartly costumed movies of the fall and winter season, but in the stars' own personal wardrobes, all that glitters is gold, gleaming gold threads embroidered on the pure dye taffeta weave, Celanese Clairanese. In a gown of this sumptuous fabric—such as the lovely one Miss Clayworth wears—you will be a star in your own right!



MISS JUNE CLAYWORTH, the Universal player seen in "Are You Decent?". If the picture were called "Are You Chic?", we'd say "very" to this stunning gown of metallic embroidered Celanese Clairanese with V decolletage topped by a flaring bow.

The Fan Club Corner



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3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**

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"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," ...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"...says Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... says Mrs. McSorley.

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Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

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THE second annual convention of movie fan clubs, held in Chicago, August 11-13, under the sponsorship of the Movie Club Guild of Chicago, brought a record number of delegates from fan clubs throughout the entire United States for three busy, interesting days.

Registration of delegates Saturday took place in the offices of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, where identification badges were distributed and official program books autographed. Many movie club officials who had for years corresponded with each other met for the first time. The offices fairly rang with happy laughter and enthusiastic fan club chatter until early evening, when the entire body went to Chicago's famous Chinatown for dinner. Afterward, a tour of the streets, shops and temples was enjoyed, followed by a "last show" at a loop theater and a back-stage visit as guests of Carlos Molina, Hollywood orchestra leader.

Sunday was spent inspecting the sights of A Century of Progress (World's Fair). An especially enjoyable visit was made to the Hollywood concession, where Don Dillaway, Lincoln Stedman, Victor Lewis and other Hollywood players attending the World's Fair greeted the visiting fans.

At the official luncheon and business session, held in the Silver Room of the Hotel Knickerbocker, Monday, Buddy Rogers, Carlos Mo-

the NBC Broadcasting Studios. As guests of Jackie Heller, popular young radio songster, they enjoyed an entertaining and instructive hour.

A birthday dinner party, given in honor of Buddy Rogers, was celebrated at the College Inn in the evening, followed by dancing to the music of Buddy and his California Cavaliers.

Among visiting delegates at the convention were: Jean Betty Huber, June Clyde Club, Morris Plains, N. J.; Chaw Mank, Movie Fans Friendship Club, Staunton, Ill.; Minnette Shermak, Jean Harlow Club, New York City; Dorothy Suter, Jean Harlow Club, Youngs-



At the fan club convention. Above, left to right, rear row; Helen Moltz, Sheboygan, Wis.; Nettie Dering, Chicago; Phyllis Stewart, Madison, Wis.; Minnette Shermak, New York City; Lenore Heidorn, Chicago, and Harold Shell, Festus, Mo.; front row, Estelle Nowak, Chicago, (left) Dorothy Suter, Youngstown, O. At the left—Don Dillaway, Hollywood player (left), Lillian Conrad, Chicago, and Chaw Mank, Staunton, Ill. Below, Minnette Shermak and "Buddy" Rogers



lina, Jackie Heller and his manager, and Rosita DuVal were guests of honor. Telegrams were read by club officers from Douglass Montgomery, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Roland, Helen Mack, Billie Dove, Johnny Downs and Ivan Lebedeff. And the beautiful gardenia corsage Barbara Stanwyck wired Bonnie Bergstrom, president of the Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, caused feminine hearts to flutter.

Club reports from the fan delegates showed a remarkable increase in membership and interest on the part of all clubs. Speeches from the various guests and committee members completed the luncheon program. Plans for increased activities and further development of fan clubs, as indicated by this session, make the coming year look like a big one for fan club work.

Following the luncheon, the delegates visited



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town, Ohio; Helen Mortz, Joel McCrea Club, Sheboygan, Wis.; Marion L. Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club, Elizabeth, N. J.; Phyllis Stewart, Ben Bernie Club, Madison, Wis.; Harold Shell, Helen Mack Club, Festus, Mo.; Orpha Morgan, Kansas City, Mo.; Etta Jones, St. Louis, Mo. and the following from Chicago, Lillian Conrad, Ruth Roland Club; Bonnie Bergstrom, Barbara Stanwyck Club; Rose Badali, Dolores Del Rio Club; Walter Dreffein, Movie Club Guild; Lenore Heidorn, Billie Dove Club; Bettie Dering, Joan Crawford Club; James Tobey, Gloria Stuart Club; Irene Rourke, Douglass Montgomery Club; Ruth Fifer, Pat Paterson Club; Anna Glance, Jackie Cooper Club; Frances White, Johnny Downs Club; Jeannette Campanella, Dolores Del Rio Club; Ruth Keast, Johnny Downs Club; Jeannette Mendro, Ivan Lebedeff Club; Estelle Nowak, Gloria Stuart Club; Ann Sameca, Dolores Del Rio Club; Blanche Gunther, Billie Dove Club; Ruth Smith, Johnny Downs Club; Loraine Weil, Dolores Del Rio Club.

ALL fan clubs belonging to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs are now receiving the individual membership cards furnished by the Association. Please write to the Association offices if your club has not yet received these cards.

The Silver Star Fan Club, formed in honor of Franchot Tone, has recently celebrated its first birthday. Phyllis Carlyle, 45 Smith St., Portland, Me., writes that they are planning many new and interesting features for the coming year. Gina Thornton, in charge of club news, writes that Joan Crawford is offering the winner of their new membership drive a prize.

The Tragedy of 15,000 Extras

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

These people saw no glitter, no romance, no bright mirage of stardom. To them, it was hard work and serious work. To it they gave all their thought, time and strength, exactly as any man or woman who loves his job. All the money they could possibly spare went into the replenishing of their wardrobes, so necessary to the ten and fifteen dollar pay checks. They gave time and money to maintaining their appearance. Hair must be waved, clothes pressed, hands manicured. But less and less money came in as the mob of unqualified drifters increased. And the amount of work had to be distributed over thousands of pleading, starving people.

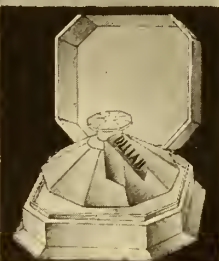
Furthermore, the type of picture being made cut down the demand for extras. The gorgeous spectacles, with the exception of an occasional De Mille picture, gave way to homey little dramas demanding few supers.

Now the professional extra was fortunate if he worked one day out of three or even four months. When the hue and cry of these people grew louder and louder, the NRA Code Committee took the matter in hand. A committee composed of men and women entirely outside the motion picture industry was formed. Its job was to whittle down the extra list so that, instead of thousands of extras eking out less than a bare existence from motion picture work, hundreds might earn a livable wage.

The committee asked each casting director from every studio to send in a list of recommended extras. These lists were gone over

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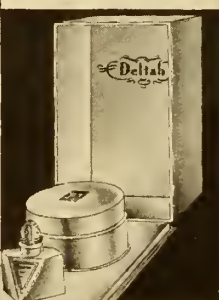
Parfum Deltoh
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 4 oz. SIZE 1000
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 The Gift supreme for the woman of discrimination.



Eau de Cologne
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 8 oz. SIZE 300
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 Fittingly bottled in "crystal-polished" flacon with gold plated neck and stopper.



Powder-Parfum Combination
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Deluxe Gift Set
 Parfum Gardenia; Golden container of face powder; matching golden lipstick and compact.
 335



Deluxe Powder
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carefully. If Mary Smith was recommended by three casting directors, Mary was put down as having three votes, and it looked pretty good for Mary.

If Jack Jones was recommended by one director, he in turn was given one vote. Naturally, the extras receiving the most votes, or, in other words, the extras considered capable by the most studios, remain on the list.

Hollywood is waiting now, fearfully, anxiously, to see what this great army of discarded extras will do. There are no factories, no sweat-shops, no mills in Hollywood to swallow them up. And among these hanger-on extras there exists a strong bond of friendship and cooperation not found in the professional extras. They were ever-eager to help each other in work. What will they do in unemployment?

ONCE I saw an extra come dejectedly out of the casting office at M-G-M and join the group that lingered about the gate.

"No luck?" someone asked him.
 "I could have the job if I had a pair of glasses. It means five dollars—God knows I need it."

Without a word, an old man removed his glasses and handed them to the young chap. "Here, Buddy," he said, "I can't see much without them, but I'll sit right here and wait."

The young fellow reached eagerly for the glasses, then stopped suddenly. "But look—I can't do that! You know how this business is. I might be in there till late tonight."

"That's all right. You're hungry, aren't you? I'll wait in the alleyway."

All day the old man sat there, unable to move because, without the glasses, the world was a foggy blur. After sundown, a chill wind came up.

It was past eight o'clock when the young fellow came out with the spectacles, and found the old man shivering but uncomplaining in the alleyway.

"It's tough on you, my being so late," the boy apologized. "But at least, we can eat now! I'll bet you've been hungry as long as I have!"

IT is quite usual, among these extras, for five or six of them to live together in one room. When a call from the studio comes for one, there begins the hectic business of assembling a decent outfit. This fellow's suit, that one's shoes, another's best tie, and so on. Until the lucky one is sent off looking quite well-dressed. And the others sit around pantless, coatless, shoeless, till their pal returns with their clothes and a few dollars. Then they eat again.

Two extra girls have been driven to the extremity of living in a tent. Other forlorn souls have retreated to a shantytown near Universal City, where they manage to exist in huts crudely fashioned from scraps of tin, iron and lumber from the junkpiles.

Some extras who hang about the M-G-M

studio have banded together, into a sort of little club. They take turns, sitting in a broken-down automobile in a vacant lot across the alley, while another member is stationed near the telephone in a nearby pool hall, in case a message for one of them should be relayed there by Central Casting. No such message has ever come, but who knows? That's the sort of hope the extra feeds on—pathetic, futile.

"No work—nothing today—no work—no work—I'm sorry—nothing today." Hour after hour the monotonous drone goes on in the Central Casting Office.

Occasionally it is broken by a frantic voice.

"YOU'VE got to help me! Anything!" And the next second the drone begins again, "No work—I'm sorry—nothing. No work."

And yet they still pour in, demanding jobs, demanding to register, demanding to know why they haven't been called.

"You can see that some adjustment had to be made," Miss Mell, of the Central Casting Bureau, said to me. "It isn't so much the young ones I'm worried about. It's the older ones—the old men and women."

The telephone rang, and Miss Mell answered. I could hear the frantic hysteria in a girl's voice as it carried over the wires. Miss Mell talked to her patiently, calmly. But the girl's wild accusations, pleadings, oaths and denunciations, grew louder.

"Please, please," Miss Mell tried to talk to her.

Finally the girl broke into tired sobbing. There was a click of the receiver, and the room was quiet again.

"You see, it isn't really I whom she hates," Miss Mell said. "It's the thing I represent to her—security. Someone who possesses a job."

THESE scenes will be eliminated when the fifteen thousand names are struck off the list. But what scenes will take their place?

It's Hollywood's burden, certainly. And yet, Hollywood is not to blame. For years it has done everything in its power to discourage the influx of movie-struck people drifting in. For years warnings and pleadings have been sent out that there are no jobs in the motion picture industry.

And still they came, thousands upon thousands.

What will become of them now?

Hollywood doesn't know the answer. The extras certainly don't know the answer.

"Charity—it will help out some," an old man said in a shaking voice.

"We don't want any of that Russian stuff, is all I know," said another, discussing their fate.

"You mean Communism?" I asked him.

"Yea. We don't want that. We'll get along—somehow."

Hollywood Love Song

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

with a feeling of happy expectancy. "If he speaks to me I'll die—and if he doesn't I'll die!" she decided.

But she remained jubilantly alive when George Barnes invited her to join a week-end party on his yacht.

"It's my birthday—and the family's giving

me a dinner—and maybe you'd better call mother," she finished lamely. As soon as his back was turned she flew to the telephone. "Mums, he is going to ring you up and please say yes. What? You don't understand?" It was two minutes before Blondy could make herself intelligible.

In the end, Mrs. Blondell agreed the cake and candles could wait.

The Penguin was a fifty-seven foot cruiser built for deep-sea fishing. Only Blondy didn't fish. She leaned back in a dark corner of the deck, strangely excited. What would happen next? She wasn't long finding out.

A man's figure was silhouetted for a second against a shaft of moonlight. Then he was beside her, lounging against the rail. They didn't talk. Words seemed so unnecessary between them. It was as if they'd known each other since creation—and they'd never really spoken together. Someone in the cabin was strumming a guitar and singing. A wave splashed.

"Joan, will you marry me if I can get free?"

It didn't strike her as odd, his proposal that first night, because it seemed as if she had been waiting for this moment all her life.

A CORSAGE of orchids arrived on Monday morning. Roses on Tuesday. "Thinking of opening a flower shop?" teased her mother. Joan had always been brusque with men. Gone Dutch treat with them, laughed with them, fought with them—and never loved one before. George's attention was sensationally novel.

They were going down to the boat one evening and Blondy slipped into a sweater.

"You'll need a coat," he advised.

"I haven't one," she said casually.

She couldn't go around buying coats, even with the salary she was getting now, when so many things were needed for the family and the house. George said nothing. But the following morning a camel's hair coat, downy as silk, was delivered at the door. Without a card.

"There's some mistake. You'll have to take that back," protested Joan.

An hour later young Mr. Barnes appeared at the door with the coat over his arm. "Don't be silly. *You take this!*" And Joan did.

It was the same way with the diamond and ruby brooch. She'd never owned any real jewels. Somehow they still seemed remote from the blonde kid who had fought her way up.

Hollywood gossips, of course, could not be denied their inning. And in this case they had a juicy morsel.

"You know, Joan dear, you're just a young girl," they'd draw her aside to whisper. "*And George Barnes has been married three times!*"

"Yes, I know," she'd reply quietly. "He told me the first night I went out with him."

What did it matter? What did anything matter when two people belonged together—and had been lucky enough to find each other?

"*His health is bad!*" At that Joan flared.

"I wouldn't care if he had leprosy! Let me tell you something—everything lovely in my life has come from George!"

ALL her fierce, passionate loyalty went into the outburst. She knew he was perfectly well—but he *was* thin. Thereupon, Mr. Barnes became the subject of a woman's strategy.

Joan began making excuses to have dinner in her apartment. Now Blondy was a good cook, and it was no trick at all to stop at the grocery on her way home from the studio. A girl with a starring contract intent on choosing the best lima beans was a new sight to Hollywood. But Blondy hadn't thought of that. She was thinking only of getting George fat. She succeeded. "Oh dear, I'm afraid you don't like that. And I spent *hours* fixing it!" No man is proof against that plea from the woman he loves. Mr. Barnes ate.

"Thanksgiving again!

Umm, big spread, Betty?"



"Oh!... You're always hungry! Turkey, cranberry sauce, yams, mince pie—all the fixings, and—my new Community Plate!"

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Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Black or Brown.

There was only one drawback to their romance.

They couldn't marry. His wife consistently refused to divorce him.

"No need to go on with this," Blondy made a dejected gesture toward the beautiful early American furniture they'd been collecting. It stood scattered throughout her rooms, mute testimony to their hope.

The next evening, as she sat waiting for George, a voice came over the radio. "And have we news tonight! George Barnes has just given Joan Blondell the biggest diamond in America. A seven and three-tenths carat that's a headlight!"

With that Blondy went into a blaze. "How can he tell such lies! If he were here I'd . . ."

Then George came in. He gently pushed her into a chair before she could sputter out her estimation of one Mr. Winchell.

"Just a minute. I have news for you! Close your eyes, dear."

When she opened them the seven-point-three diamond was on the finger where diamonds belong.

CAME the near-tragedy. At a quarter of six one morning Blondy's phone rang. "Honey, can you hurry over? Something's gone wrong with me . . ." George's voice fell away from the receiver feebly.

Joan made the four miles in less than four minutes. Double-pneumonia, the doctor described it. And for eight days she sat beside his bed, fighting valiantly what seemed a losing fight. Once he roused himself — "I've waited so long for you, Joan . . ." She caught his

hand and held it tight against her cheek, choking back the sobs.

"You've done it," the doctor said at last. "He's through the crisis."

Joan fainted.

THEY were both working in "Broadway Bad" at Fox some six months later when George rushed onto the set, more excited than she'd ever seen him.

"Joan, Joan, she's done it. She's given me a divorce!"

* * *

On a sunlit morning in Yuma, two rather shabby young people stood before a minister and solemnly spoke their "I do's." Joan was in a faded gingham dress and smoked glasses. George wore an old suit and no tie. They had planned the disguise as an aid to secrecy. But no disguise in the world could hide their feelings as they looked at each other in the mellow sunlight.

* * *

"George," she said that night, "I'm going to ask you a question that sounds awfully silly—but I can't help that. It's just as if I said 'Do you know the Smiths of Chicago?' . . . But a long time ago, six or seven years, were you in the Park Central Hotel one night in November? Standing at the news counter?"

"And you," he took it up quickly, "came in and bought a stamp, only you couldn't see where to put it very well because your eyes were so full of tears."

"I felt it was you," said Joan. "Just now when you turned and smiled. It had to be you, because you're the only man in my life . . ."

You Can't Call a Lady a Liar

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

serapis! And getting the movie, "Adventure Girl," was not as simple as trading for an Indian necklace.

In the first place, the Black Hawk is a small vessel to risk the storms of the broad Atlantic and brave the hurricanes off Hatteras. Joan's crew was scant—her seventy-six-year-old father, Captain Wagner; her sailor, Bill Sawyer; a deck-hand, Otto Siegler, and her cameraman, Harry Squire.

But Joan wasn't afraid. She was born on a windjammer. She had sailed boats when landlubber youngsters her age were still in kindergarten.

They struck their first storms off Hatteras. It was night, and for hours on end the black waves picked up the tiny schooner, tossed it high into the air, and let it drop again.

AT the height of the storm the mainmast snapped. That usually means death to a boat on a bad sea. The mast fell heavily across the deck. Bill Sawyer leaped from its path—but too late. It struck him with sudden force. At the same instant the ship rose crazily on another wave, and Bill was tossed overboard. Joan pulled off her oilskins and without hesitation leaped over the rail, after Bill. There was a long, bitter struggle in the stormy waters. The ship, without its mainmast, was out of control. Finally, dragging Bill, Joan reached the schooner, and pulled herself and the sailor to safety.

On the screen, the scene is exciting. The storm is thrilling. The rescue amazing. But the most impressive thing (especially to the

feminine mind) is that Cameraman Harry Squire apparently stood calmly at the rail grinding his camera—catching each detail of the storm, the struggle, the rescue.

MISS LOWELL feels Harry showed no lack of gallantry or cooperation when he insisted on taking pictures instead of helping in the rescue! Quite the contrary. "That's why I think Harry is a wonderful cameraman," she says. "He stays with his camera. He'll risk any discomfort to get a picture! Why, I've seen him stand waist-deep in a mosquito-infested swamp along the Rio Dulce, just to get a good shot."

It was along the Rio Dulce that the famous boa-constrictor shot in "Adventure Girl" was made—by Harry, of course.

The scene shows Miss Lowell about to enter a cavern, when suddenly her progress is stopped by a boa-constrictor that drops from a tree, coiling itself neatly about her neck.

"That was the most unpleasant experience of the whole trip," says Joan, not forgetting the time an alligator bit her. "I loathe snakes! But it was a good shot; wasn't it?"

"It was a grand shot," I agreed, "but did Harry just happen to be on the job at the moment?"

"Oh, no! It wasn't as simple as that. We had to stage that," she said triumphantly. "We went out early in the morning, and found one that was hanging in a tree. Then I stood directly beneath it. Harry was near me, with the camera ready. And Bill, of course, was there to assist in my rescue. As

the snake dropped on me, I put my hand to my throat, thus preventing the possibility of quick strangulation. As soon as the snake coiled, Bill hurried to help me, and I wasn't hurt. But I don't ever want to do it again."

Joan didn't say whether or not Cameraman Harry yelled "Hold it!" But, anyhow, it's understood that he enjoyed the shot, which came out perfect.

However, the most distressing and dangerous experience of their entire trip came not when they were in a snaky jungle, but while on board the Black Hawk, becalmed.

IN a storm, the ship's water-tank became punctured and their precious supply of fresh water spilled into the sea. For three days the schooner lay quiet on the calm water beneath a blazing sun, and the crew went almost mad with thirst. The tiny bit of water they did find in the bottom of a ginger-ale bottle, they voted to give to the ship's bulldog, Mascot Jack.

Finally, when relief appeared improbable and death seemed near, Joan and Bill let down a boat and decided to try rowing forty miles away to an island. Suffering from intense thirst, and exhausted, they finally made the island. Bill collapsed as the boat reached its shores. A native got water for them, reviving Bill. Filling their boat with a supply of water and coconuts, they rowed back to the Black Hawk, getting there just in time to save the life of Joan's father, who had collapsed.

In the movie this incident is terrifying and impressive, and the photography is particularly beautiful. But it is difficult not to keep thinking of the cameraman and imagine him following Bill and Joan on their forty mile row, exhausted, dying of thirst, but grinding his camera valiantly. It does seem that Cameraman Harry, and not the bulldog, deserved the last of that drinking water.

The only serious mishap was Joan's crocodile bite. She got it while wading in a stream, and would have been completely done for, if a group of Guatemala natives hadn't been handy to rescue her. As it was, her leg was badly nipped and, lacking medical attention, blood poisoning set in.

However, Joan Lowell got back all right—with the picture in the can, a schooner-load of fine jewelry and Indian handwork, and a six-year-old adopted son.

And she came back a changed woman, too. Whether it was the alligator nip, or the acquisition of a load of jewelry, or the foster-child that changed her, no one knows. But gone are the hard-bitten epithets, the shipshape cusses. Gone, too, are the sailor pants, the old tarpaulin jacket, her nautical bearing.

It was a demure, almost shy Joan Lowell that returned from the wilds of the Central American jungle.

PROUDLY, but quietly, she introduced Mariano, the adopted child whom she found half-starved and ill in Guatemala. Eyes shining with maternal pride, Joan relates, "You know what Mariano said when the ship sailed into New York harbor? It was night and the buildings were all lighted. 'Look,' he exclaimed in Spanish, 'New York is like heaven—with stars in all the windows!'"

Her immediate concern is not for adventure, but for the welfare of the child—his schooling, his care. Ask her now if she can still spit a curve in the wind, and she changes the subject.

Says she, "I don't want people to think I'm a big, tough, strong-armed Amazon. I'm not at all. I'm only five feet three; I wear a size



"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."



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fourteen dress. I love pretty clothes and feminine things."

And, like any other woman, she got a kick out of the amazement men in Guatemala showed when she bossed her crew around and the men obeyed.

"Yes, of course I want more adventure," she says, "I am still planning on sailing around

the world. I'll take my father, and Bill, Otto and Harry along when I go. Mariano? No. He must stay here, in school. He's only six, but he's had a lifetime of experience already. His family, you know, was massacred and Mariano's right arm cut off. Now he must have a quiet, happy childhood with all possible advantages."

Robbing the Cradle for Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

voice, "It's a sign of fame. Great fame."

Today, Shirley Temple's name is on every lip. I dare say without any exaggeration whatsoever, Shirley Temple is the most popular actress in Hollywood today.

And she is just five years old.

Naturally this invasion of child talent has had its effect upon the motion picture industry. The change is felt in every department from the casting office right up through the wardrobe and writing departments.

IN almost every wardrobe department the frocks of mature stars lie neglected while groups of sewers gather about little frocks of fluff to "Ah" and to "Oh."

Writers who could write child dialogue had to be brought in. "But would a child say that?" is now the favorite wail that floats through the windows of every conference room in town. What a blonde siren would say to her heavy sweetie on the screen is no longer important.

Oh, it's left its mark all over town. Behind it all is plenty of thought and effort, grief and woe, headache and gray hairs.

The nervous director, once furious at the least delay, is now off in some corner with The Child (they speak of him with reverence) perched on his knee. Together, they are going over the scene. If it takes an hour, or days even, what of it? The Child must understand. Let the adult stars stand around and get corns if they want to. The Child is the one who will draw in the shekels at the box-office these days.

Directors who once kicked over chairs and gave the movies back to the Indians when more than five takes were necessary, now go on with one take after another. The baby star must get it right.

After the seventeenth take in "You Belong to Me," in which Helen Mack, Lee Tracy and little, six-year-old David Holt took part, Helen nervously approached Director Al Werker.

"Was I all right in that scene, Mr. Werker?" she asked.

He stared at her open-mouthed. "Why, Helen, I—I—guess so," he said. "You see, I forgot you were in it. I was watching David."

It's no wonder, however. Two days after shooting had begun on that picture, they knew it was no use. The picture was David's. "Give it to him," Lee Tracy graciously said. "The kid's got everything." So, changes were made and Lee and Helen Mack played second fiddle to an unknown boy.

When the picture was previewed, hard-boiled critics sat up and howled themselves silly. Little David Holt had pulled a Shirley Temple and the town isn't over it yet.

A little brown-eyed lad, no bigger than a minute, David came all the way from Florida with his mother and baby sister to break into movies. At three David was trouping all over the State of Florida with a group of kiddies.

Singing, dancing and one-night-standing it like an old timer.

But, once in Hollywood, it wasn't so easy until David's neighbor, a veteran actor, brought David to the notice of a casting director. It was all over then but the shouting, with Paramount grabbing up his option, co-starring him with Max Baer, and even testing his baby sister, aged three.

It's the same story in every studio in town. Out at Universal they go into long raptures over their little Baby Jane Quigley, just three. And is she a sugar-plum!

We watched her make a scene with Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." The camera was going and all was ready. Claudette read her line first. The baby looked up strangely, but went right on to the end of the scene. The minute the director called "Cut," that tiny little mite of a baby cried out, "It's wrong, it's wrong, she said it wrong."

Claudette actually grew scarlet beneath her make-up. "She's right," she shrugged. "I did change a word. I'll be more careful the next time," she promised Jane with a smile.

Mickey Rooney, the little Irisher, is the clown of the bunch. Soon after he was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we went over to the studio to look over the Rooney individual, aged eleven. A ripe old age, that practically makes him the grandpappy of the bunch. (Unless you include Frankie Thomas, now twelve, on the stage since he was nine months old.)

As we passed the darkened prop department, the sound of jazz, sizzling hot, floated out the door. There, at a prop department piano, pounding out red hot melody and doing an imitation of Cab Calloway at the same time, sat little Mickey.

He keeps his entire set in a constant state of hysterics and in "Hide-Out" stole practically all the laughs from the chagrined Bob Montgomery.

He played the part of Clark Gable as a child in "Manhattan Melodrama," and did all right with the rôle.

"Yep, I got myself a contract all right," Mickey said. "Don't think it was easy, though. It took years of hard work."

AMONG the army of baby free lance players, little Cora Sue Collins is the busiest of the lot. And feels a bit uppish because she was chosen among dozens of others to play Garbo herself, as a child, in "Queen Christina."

You must believe me when I tell you this little brown-eyed miss, who tore out our hearts in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," owes her success in Hollywood largely to herself. Her mother was anxious to bring Cora Sue to Hollywood and pictures from their home in West Virginia, but lacked the money. "I suppose I could borrow a little money and sell silk stockings on the way," she said, "but I couldn't

possibly subject you and your sister to such chance."

"Oh, but Mother, we want to," Cora Sue cried. "We shan't mind if things get bad."

"Not even when it means sitting up in a day coach all the way?" her mother asked.

"Shucks, no. I love sitting up," Cora Sue said. And so it was decided. The going was pretty bad. Long after they arrived in Hollywood. But Cora Sue was true to her word. She never complained. And the break finally did come.

No, it isn't all chance when these "babes in the Hollywoods" let forth a stream of tears that wrecks the heart of every fan in the audience. Babes that they are, they've known a bit of strife and work and grief themselves. They aren't just children. They're troupers.

OVER at RKO Studios they scream loudly to all who will listen about their little three-year-old Jane Preston, who made her debut in "Anne of Green Gables."

"Wait till you see our Jane," they boast. "You'll forget all the others." And on they go, bragging about their Jane like any fond and adoring parent.

Then there's Richard Ralston Arlen, sturdy son of Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston. Look at the job of work Ricky did in "She Made Her Bed." A comer? Certainly.

There are two other little girls the studios are keeping their eyes on. Virginia Weidler and Carmencita Johnson. They caught on in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

And more young—very young—men:

Ronnie Cosby, nearly seven now, who can make a lion sit up and take notice. He did that, with the loss of some of his own hide, in "King of the Jungle," some time ago. He was nearly five then. Since that time he's been in eight pictures, and going strong. Another comer is Scotty Beckett, who wowed 'em in "Whom the Gods Destroy." And Billy Lee, who has just started his screen career with Paramount. And Buster Phelps, who has been in twelve pictures. And has two more signed for. Then the inimitable Spanky MacFarland of the Hal Roach comedies, who has made a hit in feature pictures, too. A grand actor and trouper. A natural!

Those are all in Hollywood. But the East is beginning to brag. It has Jackie Borene, recently on location with Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Jackie first came into notice because of his voice. His sister, Sally (a song-and-dance miss herself), found the kid brother so good she gave up her job in order to manage him. He's a Paramount discovery, so he'll probably land on the Coast in short order.

And, of course, Dickie Moore can't be passed up. He's proven his worth, and keeps right on proving it.

RARE picture it is that goes out of Hollywood without its child prodigy today. A friend tells of meeting Director Mickey Neilan hurrying to the front office with a script of his latest picture, "The Lemon Drop Kid," under his arm.

"What's the matter, Mickey?" the friend asked.

"Matter? Why, listen, they've given me a picture to direct with no child in it. What do they think I am? I want a child like everybody else."

And he got it. Baby LeRoy was written in.

Yes, it's a new era in pictures. If it keeps up, and it has every appearance of doing so, it wouldn't surprise me to see some of the old timers take to rompers and safety-pins. For it's the day of the new youth in Hollywood.

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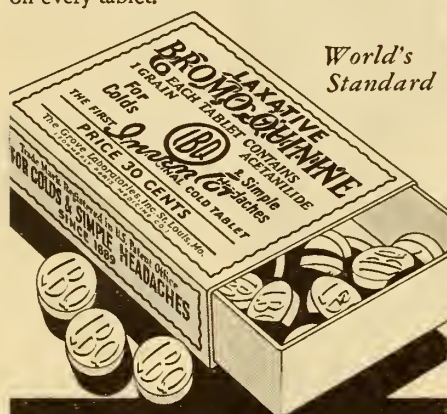
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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Here's the Key to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

"Keepsake?" she answered. "She said to me, once, 'Iris, whenever I'm making a picture, you're working, too. But how can I make sure they'll keep you busy when I'm not?' It must have worried her, for she got the studio to give me a long-term stock contract, and now I don't have to worry any more about where my next meal is coming from. That's the keepsake Miss Dressler left me!"

LISTEN to this, infant, and tell me how you like it! Last night I ran plunk into the arms of the Law, and out again through the unconscious intervention of Joan Crawford! Hold your breath, and I'll Tell All! Me and a lad from M-G-M, while dashing home from the swanky new Bath and Tennis Club near the beach, were discussing Joan's birthday party on the set some time before, and how all the boys and girls had gotten together and bought her a swell cake, for thirty bucks, and she'd bought gardenias for everyone, and even pinned one on the carpenter's overalls! Then they all put on their Sunday expressions and had their pictures took!

The picture was in the car, and I looked at it, when *zowie!* . . . along came the Law and told us we were knocking off sixty. Just as the gent started handing out the ticket he noticed the picture. Right away that grim look of Order Above All forsook him, and he asked, pretty please, if he could peek. So he looked. Then he asked if maybe his wife couldn't peek, too. We said, sure, and he hopped on his chug-chug and led the way.

Well, the missus thought it was swell, and begged us to tell her *all* about Joan. She brought out tea and cakes, while the Guardian of the Law unbuckled his belt and his dignity and settled down to listen. Pretty soon in popped sister-in-law and husband. We listed all of Joan's virtues, her clothes and make-up and everything else we could think of, and began to wonder, rather desperately, where it all was going to end; but, as night fell, we were released by these rabid Crawford fans . . . without, may the saints bless the gal, a ticket! Did you ever?

DID I tell you how I snuck over to the "Music in the Air" set the other day 'cause I was dying to see Gloria Swanson work after she had been so long out of pictures? She came gaily in, on the fond protecting arm of Herbert Marshall.

Just before she stepped before the cameras she glanced at him, 'way off in a corner. He smiled. So Gloria started to work. She went through all her old Sennett slapstick stuff . . . falling on the floor, dress blowing up . . . all of it, and simply killing, too. But the moment she had finished a scene she would glance over at the boy friend, who either would nod, or shake his head. If it was not so much to Mr. Marshall's taste, she'd beg the director to let her try again. And when she re-did it, it was so darned swell that the dignified Herbert's suspenders nearly snapped with pride.

MEMBER when youse and me saw Fred Astaire in New York in "Gay Divorce," baby, and we just adored him, he was that swell? Well, when I learned that he was doing the movie of it (retitled "The Gay Divorcee") with Ginger Rogers, Eddie Hor-

ton and Alice Brady, quick as wink I phoned the director, Mark Sandrich, and told him I was lunch-inviting myself to RKO! Being the understanding sort he introduced me to Mr. Astaire and to Eddie Horton also. And the three of us lunched. Ginger wasn't there, praise Allah! I can stand going without *that* competition! But I did feel giddy! For a gal who loves attention I was doing pretty good!

Between munches Mr. Sandrich told us that some years ago in a projection room in New York, he saw a little girl sing a song in a Rudy Vallee short. When the lights went on there sat the little girl crying her eyes out, because she thought she was so bad. It was her first picture, and it looked like it would be her last. To comfort her, he patted her shoulder and told her that one of these days she'd be a star, and he'd be her director. Now—has this the nice dramatic ending you want it to?—the girl was Ginger; and here she is a few years later, creating a spectacular sensation in Mr. Sandrich's picture! Satisfying?

When we went back on the set Eddie Horton had to do a dance—imagine it!—with little Betty Grable, who is a de luxe cutie. Poor Eddie—it certainly done him wrong!

"Remember when the talkies came out," he panted, "and all the billboards screamed 'Garbo talks!?' Well if I live long enough, maybe you'll advertise me, 'Horton dances!'"

It still baffles me how Fred Astaire happened to get the afternoon off—but he did; and since it was one of those delightfully balmy California afternoons (adv.) he went beaching . . . and . . . don't swoon, pet! . . . he asked me to go with him! We had a honey of a day. First, a dip into the blue-and-snowy briny, then trotted happily along the wide, deserted sands, all wet and shining as the tide left them, and up above, the sunlit cliffs. (I never loved exercise so much before!) Then we came upon a charming little Japanese lady, with her husband sitting on a nearby log. She was doing a quaint, pretty dance for her audience of one. She was a little fruit store lady; and when I asked what the dance was she got shy and giggled, but finally told us it was one of the seven surviving kinds of Japanese dances.

She did the Mikado, and the Bamboo, and the Cherry Blossom for us. Very short. Then I asked her to teach me the Cherry Blossom, but, not being born to the kimono, I couldn't do so well. Then Fred stepped to the fore and volunteered to show me. But he wasn't so Yokohama, either. So the little Jap lady and her husband teamed up with us, and it ended with a class on the seashore, and all of us in a row dancing the Cherry Blossom. Well, pal, I've seen some sitcheeations in my little span, but none more amusing than one of the world's best dancers, Mr. Fred Astaire, being taught an Oriental fandango by a little Jap couple who hadn't the faintest idea who he was!

O-OOH!—I forgot to tell you about the enclosed picture! It got taken at the studio, on the way out with Mr. Astaire. I was hailed by a couple of Southern voices that belonged, surprisingly enough, to Wheeler and Woolsey, who were in character for their parts in "Kentucky Kernels." "Please take a picture with us, ma'am," begged they. "Sho', sho'," I said. "But please explain the woe-begone expressions!"

"Well," said Bert, "my little daughter, Pat, was in the car when I went to fetch a lady. 'What's she like?' the little one asked. 'Blonde,' I said. Pat stuck her nose in the air, and said, 'Hmmp! I thought so!' So if you'll just step into a little picture it would help square me with the boss!"

"And Spanky MacFarlane," put in Bob Woolsey, "who is in 'Kentucky Kernels' with us, was introduced to Bert here by his mother, who said, 'Spanky, this is Mr. Woolsey's partner.' Spanky took one look at me, and piped: 'Does he *have* to have a partner?' So, if you kinda stepped in between us, it might help!"

Well, anything to preserve the home and kiddies, Joan . . . so that's me in the middle, looking coy, with those insanity specialists you're so nutty about.

JOAN, darling, last night I trotted some visiting Easterners out to the Hollywood Brown Derby, where they all got swivel-necked watching the front door. Me, too! Isabel Jewell came in looking as Rue de la Paix as anything, with Lee Tracy. Right away, my company developed acute hysteria. So I sent over a menu with a pen. It came back bearing the two magic signatures, and the bearer was Mr. Tracy himself, who bowed, smiled, shook hands. Tomorrow I send him a big bunch of daisies.

Well, the thrill of that carried us through the soup. Then someone spotted George Raft on the other side of the room and went mildly balmy. So I went over and laid my story in his lap. He said he'd *love* to meet the folks. Maxie Rosenbloom, the world's light-heavyweight champ, who smacks the whiskers off his opponents, was dining with him. I kinda held my breath, because Maxie's such a clown you never know what to expect . . . but he was as good as gold. I could have introduced my white-haired old grandma.

LAMB, I wanna go to Honolulu! Over the week-end at Raquel Torres Ames' house in Malibu, all I listened to was Honolulu; and when I saw Raquel do marvelous Hawaiian dances that settled it! If somebody doesn't take me quick, so I can learn to do wiggle-waggles with my arms like Raquel does, I'm



"The Captain Hates the Sea," but Victor McLaglen, in the Columbia picture, loves the jokes John Gilbert tells him



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WITH THE
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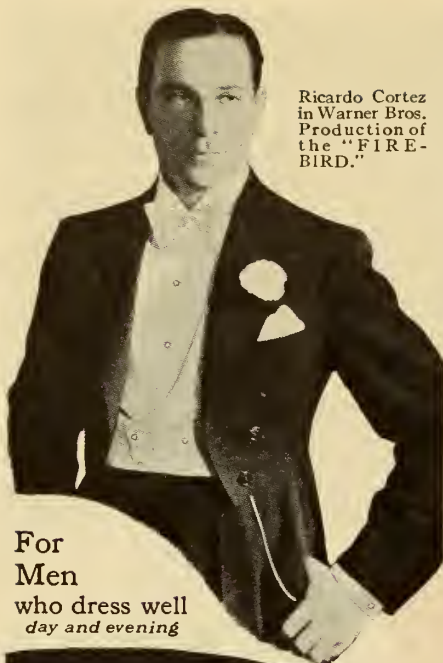
Dentyne, a special gum with an extra firmness, supplies the vigorous chewing we all need . . . in a pleasant way. Everyone in the family should chew Dentyne often . . . It helps improve the mouth structure and strengthens the mouth muscles.

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Chew delicious

KEEPS THE
MOUTH HEALTHY
KEEPS TEETH
WHITE . . .





Ricardo Cortez
in Warner Bros.
Production of
the "FIRE-
BIRD."

For
Men
who dress well
day and evening



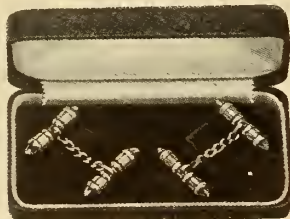
A man's evening jewelry stands out. Proper styling and true quality are important. There are Swank designs for the sophisticated—the conservative—all are correct—all in good taste.

Above set \$5.00—others lower and higher.



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Here is the new Bar Link, set with cabochon stones—an original Swank cuff link creation.

\$2.50—others lower and higher.

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SWANK

Jewelry Accessories for Men

going to swim! And oh, Joan, she and husband, Steve Ames, are the most enchanting couple ever! She's so sultry looking with the kind of skin and hair you see on magazine covers, and he's more fun!

Alice White and her husband were there, and Alice crocheted mad little caps so fast we all got light-headed watching her. I told her I'd like one, too.

She said, sure!—but I'd have to wait till Christmas, or no cap. Twenty on the list ahead of me.

INCIDENTALLY, I'm lunching with the Ameses today, and should be in my bedroom primping, right now. But I have to tell you just one more bit—if only my little left flipper will hold out! It's about Norma Shearer and Lew Cody. And, although there's a regretful note in her voice when she mentions Lew, nothing connected with that humor-loving soul could be anything but amusing. Seems that in a picture long ago, called "Demi-Bride" with Norma and Lew, there was an English writer whom the whole cast loved to tease. One day he decided to have a laugh on them. It was at a time when Hollywood was terribly foreign-director conscious, so our wise little writer

trotted over to the make-up department and got all tricked out like a German. Then, with fur-lined overcoat and Homburg hat, he got himself escorted to the set by the publicity department (in on the joke), and was introduced as *Herr* Schnitzel, greatest of the great Continental megaphone-wielders.

ON the set that day were loads of visiting guests, and they were just as impressed with the great *Herr* Schnitzel and his guttural accent as was the cast. But when *Herr* Schnitzel turned his head, his friends recognized, by the peculiar contour of his head, none other than our English funster. Nothing was said, but Norma, chatting charmingly, got on one side of him, and Lew got on the other, also chatting of this and that—and the director got in back and gave him a sudden swift kick in the pantaloons and sent him flying.

It was a great laugh—except that no one thought to tell the visitors what the joke was, and to this day I'll bet, they think that that's the way Hollywood treats its foreign directors! Well, my Joannie, fun's fun, but you can't laugh all the time! Toodle-oo!

Mitzi.

He's Jinx-Proof Now

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

star who is at the top without losing your own foothold. At that, I don't believe it would have mattered one iota to Brent if he and Ruth Chatterton had been temperamentally suited. They were not.

He came to Hollywood restless, eager, seeking to add another chapter to his adventure-driven life. He found the studios run on a factory basis.

"When the whistle blows, you leap. Somebody tells you how to lift your hand and raise your eyelid," George vehemently told me. "You rehearse running up the stairs twenty times and when you're puffing worse than a white mare on ice they tell you to 'turn on the charm!' You go into a rôle before you've finished the last and you're never sure just what character you're playing until the production is about ended. I tell you, the dry mechanics of this thing are getting me down!"

I can hear him yet, the hot-headed rebel. And if the camera had caught him then he would have set fire to fifty million feminine fancies!

BUT one has time to think during a long drawn out vacation. Especially when it's enforced. Especially when you're still under a contract that prevents you from accepting three-thousand-dollars-a-week offers on a radio program.

"I've got a five-year plan," he informed me recently. "Now every cent I earn goes into an annuity. At the end of that time I'll have enough to take care of myself for life. My manager allows me exactly twenty-five dollars a week for spending money."

"Here," I said, "the coffee's on me, old man."

"Oh well, if you insist on paying for this, let's have steak!" He shot me a wicked grin.

"Are you—er—budgeting romance, too?" I asked with the neat tact of an old friend. Rumors of dates with Myrna and *tête-à-têtes* with Jean Muir have been circulating.

"Romance is out," he said tersely, finally.

But, of course, an Irishman must have some excitement. Some danger. It's the breath of life to him. So Brent has taken up aviation in a large way.

"The first time I made a solo flight was the most thrilling moment of my life, bar none!" he said.

Barring not even that moment, back in 1921, when he jumped down into a boat a split second ahead of a policeman's bullet. For a spy of the Free State was no welcome visitor on English soil in those days. And George was that.

A seventeen-year-old madcap with danger his only design for living.

IN a way, it still is. That is what makes Brent a glamorous figure—he usually gets close enough to fire to be singed by it.

There was that afternoon he was held up at the studio for still pictures. Twenty minutes late, he tore out to the airport to find the plane had gone up without him—and his instructor had been killed in it five minutes before. . . . Missing death by twenty minutes—it's all in the game to him.

At the preview of "Stamboul Quest" one producer remarked, "I'd give \$250,000 for Brent's contract."

He was, you see, that "hot." They put him in "Desirable" and then Garbo claimed him for "The Painted Veil." As the lover. A royal summons, that, to share the leading male honors with Herbert Marshall.

"Aren't you afraid of the Garbo jinx?" asked a writer. "She's had thirteen leading men, and each one's reputation as an actor has suffered when he has finished in her production!"

Brent shrugged.

"I'm jinx-proof," he said. "Didn't you know? The jinx can only work on you a hundred times or so, and it's over its quota with me!"

Right now he's considered one of the best bets in Hollywood.

First Aid to Actors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

blocks the grass grew tall and the cows roamed fancy free. And any movie cowboy who missed the last car from Universal City was marooned for the night, stranded on the other side of the unpaved Cahuenga cow-path as effectively as though marooned on a desert island.

Those days, the drug-store that Sam owned was virtually the civic center. All the social life revolved around Sam's back room, and the old pot-bellied stove, around which the present-day celebrities used to gather, warmed to many a yam.

Besides being a stove, it was the cradle of the movies in more senses than one. More casting was done around that stove than in all of the studios put together—but, of course, you could scarcely call them studios then. Scenarios were written there by the bale, with its kindly warmth for inspiration, and they weren't all that went on the cuff, either. At one time, Sam carried on the cuff the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, all loaned to actors in grub-stakes, and so forth.

Sam's losses on these accounts averaged less than *one-fourth of one per cent!*

IN those gay, improvident times, it was customary to borrow a few dollars from Sam one day and then go out and make a thousand the next. Sam carried a huge roll of greenbacks for the purpose, and no check was ever too big for him to cash. Oftentimes, since the studio paid off in vouchers, an actor wouldn't have the necessary carfare to go downtown to cash in, and so he'd go to Sam.

A lot of the biggest stars did it—Wally Beery, Gloria Swanson, Wally Reid, and a bit later on, Pola Negri and the rest of them.

Sam runs a little restaurant now, but then his drug-store had a corner on the make-up business. Then, all the old-time players would naturally trade at Sam's. It was nothing to put a meal on the slate one noon and buy a hundred dollar bottle of perfume the next. Sam says that perfume was considered the height of luxury and elegance.

His two best perfume customers were Pola Negri and Wallace Reid.

POLA had a passion for the strongest, heaviest scents she could find. She bought hundreds of dollars worth at a time, tipped the clerks liberally, and always paid cash from an enormous roll of bills, stuffed carelessly in her bag. She was always sweet and patient. Never once did anyone in the store get a glimpse of the fiery temper for which she was so well known in the studio.

Perfumes also fascinated Wally Reid.

"He didn't use them himself," Kress remembers. "But Wally couldn't resist the temptation to buy dozens of bottles, which he would take home to Dorothy, his wife, or give away to anyone who happened to be around. I finally had to limit him to a certain amount, and refused to sell him any more than that."

Emotional young Hollywood, with sudden wealth and not much balance, was perfume crazy. Strong scents and plenty of them. The actresses bought it by the gallon—literally bathed in it—vied with each other to see who could have the most perfume bottles on the dressing-table.

Gloria Swanson led the procession. Pola



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was a close second. But Gloria was just as attracted by the container as by what was in it. She practically lived in a glass house made of beautiful perfume bottles. Numbers of these she bought from Kress.

Gloria was Sam's particular enthusiasm. "Talk about glamour—that girl had it without half trying. She didn't need any build-up, any press-agent, to tell you she was glamorous. It just walked in the store, right along with her! "A magnetic, irresistible child, impulsive, sweet, loyal—too generous for her own good, and a poor business woman," is the way he sums her up.

"After Gloria married Herbert Somborn and was expecting her baby, her daily exercise was the walk from her house at Wilcox and Yucca down to the drug-store for a soda and the movie magazines. Every day she sat in her pet booth in the little back room, chatting over the village news—who had been cast in what picture, what happened at so-and-so's party the night before, who had a new sweetheart, and so on.

Then she had another soda, gathered up her magazines and perhaps a new bottle of perfume, and strolled back home."

WHAT a contrast from the aloof, sophisticated Gloria of today!

The night she returned to California after marrying the Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria telephoned Kress and told him she had to see him immediately on urgent business of the greatest importance. He left a dinner party and raced out to her house as fast as he could drive.

You could never guess what Gloria wanted. It seemed that, in Atlantic City, a friend had taken some snapshots of Gloria and the Marquis, and they had brought the films out with them. Perfectly harmless pictures, taken on the beach in bathing suits.

Gloria wanted Sam Kress, "the only person in Hollywood she could trust *absolutely*," to take the films to a photographer and promise to remain in the dark room with him while they were being developed and printed. She was afraid he might make some extra prints and they would get into the newspapers!

Little Gloria, the former bathing girl, had suddenly become a Marquise—and such publicity would be undignified!

Gloria may have changed from the unsophisticated child of the corner drug-store days, but she never forgot her old friends. Later, when she was in New York and learned that Mr. and Mrs. Kress were there on a visit, she sent a huge basket of flowers, and gave them a big dinner party.

"So far as I am concerned," Sam says, "Gloria tops them all—as a woman, a mother, and an actress. . . . But I told her right out that she made the greatest mistake of her life when she got herself a Marquise!"

ONE time a swarthy, handsome young man, who hadn't been in Hollywood very long, dropped into the store and asked Kress to lend him his fare back to New York.

He was discouraged, broke, and felt that Hollywood wasn't the place for him. Back in New York he knew people who would give him a job.

"Better give Hollywood another try," advised Kress. "You haven't been out here long enough to find out yet whether they want you or not."

So he loaned the actor enough money for a round-trip ticket, instead of one way fare. His name was Rudolph Valentino, and he paid his debt.

When his great success came, Valentino never forgot those who had helped him. He went to the drug-store often to buy his supplies and to see Kress, whom he consulted about all his problems.

Charlie Chaplin was a lonesome little soul, even then. He seldom joined the convivial group at the corner rendezvous. He never spent any money except what he had to for make-up.

"He was working for the future," Kress says.

AT that time, Charlie's one ambition was to play the part of the crippled boy in "The Two Orphans."

Kress remembers him, during a visit he made to the old Sennett studio. Charlie was off in one corner, playing mournful melodies on a violin that had only two strings. Remote, reserved, he would quietly move away if anyone came near.

When the late Lew Cody was a kid, he had a job as soda jerker in a drug-store and, Kress says, he never quite recovered from it.

"He loved to come into the store and discuss the drug business, using all the long technical words he could remember," Kress recalls. "He got a big kick out of going behind the fountain and mixing his own soda—sometimes waiting on trade, for a gag."

Wally Beery was another actor who counted the day wasted that didn't find him at the corner drug-store around four in the afternoon, buying candy for the kids who came flocking in after school.

"Wally himself had a respectable candy capacity," says Sam. "He was good for at least six chocolate bars at a session—a big, hearty man's man, who looked a roughneck and was a rank sentimentalist at heart.

"He was always with a group of men. For several years after his divorce from Gloria, I never saw him in public with a girl. He would sit in one of the booths with several bosom pals, swapping experiences over their sodas, and when Wally laughed, every bottle on the shelves quivered!

"Beery developed a very level business head and was most conservative in his investments, about which he frequently consulted with me. He was never a big spender, never gave a whoop about appearances or what anybody thought.

He saved and invested his money like an efficient business man.

HE was certainly a contrast to the majority of actors at that time. The present informal style of dressing had not come in, and they spent a lot on clothes—always dressed in their best, even to run around the corner and buy a package of cigarettes. Wally, however, never cared how he looked. His suits might have been made for two other people. But he always rated the biggest welcome in the place when he walked in."

The actors in that era were not nearly so extravagant as the actresses. Most of the actresses were little girls with a sudden wealth they had had no preparation to handle.

Mae Murray was the exception. She was a keen business woman, and among her investments she owned stock in Kress' store. So she never failed to drop in every few days to see how business was.

"She knew more about the place than I did," Kress smiled.

Little Pauline Garon was a frequent patron when she was in town.

"I always called her the Wanderluster. She was forever on her way somewhere. One

of the most self-sufficient little girls I ever saw—and all the time looking like a helpless clinging vine who couldn't get across the street by herself!"

Rosemary Theby smoked more cigarettes than any other girl in town—and always forgot to stock up at night. So promptly at eight in the morning, she would telephone for some to be sent up to the house before she could get up for the day.

Lon Chaney had long discussions with Sam about make-up. It was his consuming interest.

"He always wanted me to let him know right away if anything new had come in," relates Sam, "and invariably experimented with whatever it might be.

"When he found something he had never used, he was in a glow of excitement, opened it right there, and went back of the counter to put it on. I kept a mirror in a certain spot where the light was good, just for Chaney."

SAM KRESS knew them all—and gave many a boy and girl more substantial encouragement than just a kind word. They went to him with their troubles and secrets—and although it was many years ago, he still regards them as a sacred trust.

The old Kress corner drug-store is no more—Hollywood has grown up and now has its rendezvous in ornate restaurants and night clubs.

But more than one big star, on his or her way to a grand party, in a limousine, tucks the ermine robe around with a sigh and remembers the good old days in Sam Kress' back room, when fame and wealth—and responsibility—were unknown quantities of the future—and they really had a good time!

The Woman With Sapphire Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

ideas are so few they become history and are recorded in caps—such as "Platinum Blonde." And the quietly gracious, distinguished Janet Beecher is willing to let the case rest right there. She does not feel called upon to "live up" to her unique coiffure with daring or extreme gestures to match.

As a matter of fact, the two words—"daring" and "extreme"—look out of place in a story that concerns her. She is the very antithesis of them.

Small, slender, dressed with exquisite and detailed simplicity, she has distinction, the look of breeding. The blue hair is a perfect complement to the sapphire-blue eyes. She might be forty, she looks thirty, but her complexion is not a day over sixteen.

She keeps it that way by swimming, working in her garden, and scrubbing it with soap and cold water. (Very simple and inexpensive formula.)

MISS BEECHER made her stage debut at sixteen. Eighteen, and she was playing a gray-haired mother for Belasco. A few years later, when her own hair was white, she was forced to resort to transformations, up until the time she startled Broadway by appearing with her own hair revealed. A few of her successes have been "The Concert" (an early one, with Leo Dietrichstein), "Courage," "Men Must Fight," "The Great Adventure," and "The Love Child." There were many others.

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Her forte now is understanding wives—never heroic or embittered—and mothers who are modern, in the best sense of the word. In "Gallant Lady," with Ann Harding (Miss Beecher's first talking picture—she had some experience in silent films), she was a present-day business woman, an interior decorator, hopelessly in love with Clive Brook, but aware that it was no use—and retaining her sense of humor about the whole thing. She retains it at *all* times, in reality, and considers life for a woman insupportable without it.

Miss Beecher made the transition from stage to talking screen without a quiver of apprehension.

"I found out right away that one needn't do a thing one didn't do on the stage. Merely concentrate it. So I immediately forgot the camera and never thought about being 'angle-conscious.' I had a sympathetic director, Gregory La Cava, which is so important in a first picture.

"Then it was so encouraging to have Mr. Zanuck (20th Century producer) send for me and not even require a test. He said he knew my work on the stage well enough.

"For a long time before coming to Hollywood, I had the feeling that this was *the* medium, that I would like to try it. Now I love it.

"Oh, yes, of course I would go back—but only for a really great play."

THIS was the place to ask that inevitable question about missing contact with an audience. Almost every stage player so far has admitted that as the one drawback in pictures.

"No," said this lady, surprisingly, "because you always play to *one* person in the audience. You single out that person as soon as you go on the stage—the one who gives you his whole attention, who rewards you with that important little appreciative chuckle after your first good line.

"Thereafter, you give a performance for that person. Many times we gave our best performances in rehearsal for Mr. Belasco, because he was our most appreciative and exacting audience.

"In a picture you have a director who is vitally interested, you have a crew and a whole company for an audience. A splendidly critical and knowing audience, demanding your best.

"I frequently go to see pictures, and have noticed that the audience is far more responsive than at a stage presentation. Because the movie-goer can catch the actor's eye, on the screen. He feels so much nearer. In the theater—except in the first few rows—you see only the broad gestures. There is not that close communication as with the screen. A picture actor can have a tremendous hold on his audience because they can look in his eyes, and because his efforts are not diffused. Every shade of expression, every thought, registers.

"**M**Y only criticism of pictures is this: Too many of them woefully underestimate the public intelligence.

"Entertainment is constantly changing, but not fast enough to keep up with growing minds. Tremendous strides are made in intelligence, even faster than it can be recorded in books. The screen can work more expeditiously."

"What do you think of the new censorship?" I asked.

"I think it is deplorable that a great industry can be retarded by the vulgarity of a very few little minds in it. One director of one not particularly important picture thinks of some

little vulgarity which has amused him—and he incorporates it into a scene. Impulsively. If he would deliberate, he would realize the millions of persons who are going to see his own personal amusement magnified all over the world—and the detonations that are coming back from it.

“I do not think that pictures should turn to milk-and-water because of what, unfortunately, has happened. People live, and the things that happen to them are not always pretty, and we want to see life mirrored on the screen.

“Tremendous problems can be projected with good taste in writing, and with the right actors to interpret them adroitly and with subtlety.”

Miss Beecher recently finished an important rôle with George Arliss in “The Last Gentleman” and she says it was a dream come true. For years, she has known him. Her sister, Olive Wyndham, played several seasons in “The Green Goddess,” one of his greatest successes. But this was the first time Janet ever appeared with him.

She reveled in the opportunity to rehearse for two weeks before the picture started, as Arliss always does, and she was thrilled that her second talkie should afford her this opportunity.

JANET BEECHER is resolutely and courageously turning down parts which she does not consider suitable. She is tired of haughty society women who refuse to let their sons marry “beneath” them—especially when it is as plain as day to the audience that the girl is a nice little thing who is going to get all the sympathy, anyway. These characters are uncommon and unnatural to life, and she cannot “feel” them. She says all the Beecher women have been pioneers in one way or another, and she will hold on to her sturdy principles. She will play jolly, understanding women, or grand character parts—or she won’t play!

Her own son, Richard (Wingham), is twelve years old and attending a private school in Hollywood, where Miss Beecher has established her home with him and with her mother. She loves having a garden, after years in New York (she was born in Jefferson City, Missouri).

She has been separated from her husband, a doctor, for eight years.

Janet prefers to live the quiet, well-ordered life, and says it took her four days of working in the garden to recover from her one Hollywood cocktail party. So much chatter, so disorganizing. The garden is so peaceful, so inspiring, she thinks she will not desert it again for another party.

Not that she is unsocial—just that she prefers people in small groups with soft voices and something to say.

HER love life, she says, is “practically at a standstill.” Loads of friends drop in for but there’s no romantic distraction in them, tea. Not that she scorns love—just that her mind is too occupied with work, with her son and mother, her home.

She can become very emotional about her work, and thinks that is a sort of sublimated love life.

First of all, she wishes to be known to her new picture audience as an *actress*. In this she compliments the intelligence of her audience:

She believes their primary interest in her is her acting—not the fact that she may or may not have a romance, or that she is an expert swimmer, or even that she has sapphire-blue hair.



FAREWELL TO AGE

by Elizabeth Arden

● Noon. The Rex was sailing. The Marquesa d'_____ stood at the railing. “Farewell!” she gaily waved. The thought came to me: *with that same spirit, she also bids farewell to age!* For, I had remolded her face into a living picture of its former beauty. Not through complicated rituals; but by three daily steps that bring out latent loveliness . . . Cleansing, Toning, Soothing . . . augmented by special preparations to soften age lines and postpone wrinkles. Cleanse with Ardena Cleansing Cream which floats out dust, make-up, cream and all; freshen with Skin Tonic; and soothe your skin with Velva Cream. Once a week, enjoy a refreshing Anti-Wrinkle Treatment; while for nightly use in combating wrinkled skin, simply use Orange Skin Cream, then pat Astringent Oil around eyes and mouth. Be loyal to this simple beauty care and I promise that you, too, shall say . . . Farewell to Age! For your home treatment, I should like to send you my newly-designed band, the Hair-Protecta. Price \$1. Address Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue, Dept. A P., New York. Ardena Cleansing Cream \$1 to \$6; Ardena Skin Tonic 85c to \$15; Velva Cream \$1 to \$6. LONDON, Elizabeth Arden, Ltd.; PARIS, Elizabeth Arden, S. A.; ROME, Elizabeth Arden, S. A. I.; BERLIN, Elizabeth Arden, G. m. b. H.; TORONTO, Elizabeth Arden of Canada, Ltd.





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Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
Charlotte Henry
David Jack Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Diana Lewis
John Lodge
Carole Lombard

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barrena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
James Dunn
Jack Durand
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Peggy Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Patricia Caron
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
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John Gilbert
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating

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Sheila Mannors
Tim McCoy
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Virginia Pine
Arthur Rankin
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Charles Sabin
Billie Seward
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn
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Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

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Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Douglas Dumbrille
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt

Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pincho
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Maurice Schwartz
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff

June Knight
Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Juanita Quigley
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

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Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins

Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Reginald Owen
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phillip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Helen Trenholme
Harry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Hollywood Teaches Hugh Walpole How to Write

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

energy, and he has an unerring sense of human proportion as well as literary proportion. Incidentally, he is unmarried.

Mr. Walpole anticipated my first question—Hollywood and his response to it.

"Writing for the screen is a highly specialized art and a most difficult one, as I find it. I wish to learn it from the basic fundamentals, and I have had many things to unlearn first.

"For instance, a few days after my arrival, I sat down all by myself and wrote what I considered to be a very choice bit of sentiment—a scene described just as I would do it in a novel. As you know, I am one of the most voluminous and wordy writers in the world. A few days later, in the office of a certain executive, I saw my tender but verbose little treatment with a large blue 'Lousy' inscribed across its face!

"NO one has written anything like that on my copy for thirty years. I had to come to Hollywood to have it happen to me. Of course, I might have taken a train right then, had not my fears been calmed and my tears wiped away by those three stalwart worthies, Selznick, Cukor and Estabrook. I pay them the highest tribute for their generous cooperation.

I am being trained and looked after with the most monumental patience, and that is the only way any novelist will ever learn to write for the screen.

"Many writers have preceded me, to depart with tales of being isolated in some remote office and told to write a story for so-and-so, a cherished star. Naturally, having not the remotest idea of the *modus operandi*, they have come away embittered, and have seen their story massacred.

"I have learned to say 'I see' before every sentence. Everything must be visual, and writing for the eye and the mind is quite a different thing than writing for the mind, alone. I am learning to curb myself, to condense, to write screen dialogue—which means to select the only right word from any number of possible ones. To write briefly, and to effect, to save words. To arrange for characters to be doing something while they are talking.

"I AM very happy here, working under these ideal conditions. I do not say I would be happy under different ones. For instance, I would be excruciatingly miserable working on a story called, let us say, 'Three In A Bed.' In fact, so miserable that the very next train would bear me away.

"The thrill and excitement of seeing a carefully and lovingly produced picture come together from all sides is comparable with none I have ever experienced. This studio has been nearly a year in the preparation of 'David Copperfield.' The passion for authenticity surmounts all obstacles. The little drawing on the top of Peggotty's work-basket, which will be glimpsed in one shot, was found to be not quite perfect. Everything waited until this was remedied.

"Of course, the good pictures are remembered for years, but there are too many ephem-

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eral results in the lesser ones to justify all the trouble taken.

"There has to be a division made soon between the art of the cinema and the mere, sheer entertainment, which only two or three in the audience will remember for more than an hour. This division is made in all other art—why not on the screen?"

"There is no departure made from the letter of Dickens, in this picture. The concentrated aim is to recreate *David Copperfield*, and I am proud to be taking part in this great enterprise. Any man would be proud.

"And I am speaking for many who want to share in the artistic creation of pictures. But not ever in shoddy pictures, unworthy of all the effort.

"I HAVE never known people to work so hard, so ceaselessly—and it should be to some end. I thought novel-writing was hard work until I came here. I came over originally for two weeks, thought I would be asked a few questions, and go home. Now it will be the end of the year before that will happen.

"The element that has been neglected most is the script. Writers are shy of coming to Hollywood because they know they have not studied picture technique. They hear of others who have had their stuff torn up and destroyed, and been disgusted. It is useless for any writer to try without at least six months' apprenticeship, instruction and practice. He must be here to learn the technique and see the machinery. When he learns it and forgets it, as a pianist does, he can put himself into his work as well as he does in a novel. A novel, as a novel, is seldom adaptable for the screen, without drastic changes. It is not for the novelist to lament.

"Let him learn how, and then see his essence preserved. Paul Morand, H. G. Wells, Thomas Mann, should be asked to write something definitely and individually theirs—created for this medium.

"As for the physical Hollywood—there is a constant nervous feeling here. All on the quiver. Pictures are quickly coming and going, there is always a new one tomorrow. This influences the temperament of the place. A door opens and maybe it's a fortune or maybe you're fired.

"It is as if we were all marooned on an enormous ship in the middle of a vast sea, where the entire population has one aim and ambition to accomplish—the making of mov-

ing pictures. It has its own life, makes its own laws, and lives dreadfully close. This whole sex and divorce business and cheap glamour plays a very tiny part, and it is monstrous the way private lives are violated in the public prints.

"Hollywood is not a cheap place, or even a glamorous place. It is a community of hard-working, self-sacrificing people, working together in a common art. It is a heart-breaking example of all kinds of people of different strata of birth, intelligence and beliefs, getting along together, without undue discrimination, in extraordinary harmony. It is full of beauty and mockery and courage. And a wit relentlessly sustained.

"This outside-world reputation is a Frankenstein monster you, yourselves, have constructed—and it is up to you to destroy it!"

I could have listened the rest of the afternoon, the week—or the year, for that matter—but on Mr. Walpole's desk was urgent work to be done. He talks with the utmost ease, with choice discrimination between fractions of meaning, with a solicitude for words, and with never a pause to find one. He is eloquent enough to be a great orator, which is an exceptional gift in the frequently inarticulate writer.

HE writes every word in exquisite script, and it is inconceivable to him that anyone could accomplish a novel on the typewriter. The mechanics would come between the characters and himself. He loves the feeling of the good paper, the pencil in his hand. He dictates only articles and letters. He says if you really have to write, you can't be stopped, and the ability to write cannot be taught. Your uniqueness may be in your weakness and it should not be trained out. Writers are born to write, and couldn't do anything else if they tried. All arts, he continued, should be the revelation of a unique personality, which is the only excuse for being a writer or a painter or a musician.

The combination of personality and ability is necessary to success.

Mr. Walpole deplors the fact that so few contemporary writers are building solid and lasting reputations with consistent work. It is a whole-time job, and the writer must have seclusion and solitude. But he should not become anti-social.

"What a man is, he writes. What he writes, he is."

"Little Women" Leads All the Rest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

held the lead right from the first batch of ballots that came in. That in itself is the highest compliment the picture can have.

Also, it most certainly indicates that the majority prefer a high-grade brand of clean, wholesome entertainment. It indicates to a nicety the keen discrimination of the movie-going public—that acting, directing, photography and story must be of the highest caliber.

"Little Women" was called a picture of triumphs for Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo*. And who can forget the other three little women, Joan Bennett as *Amy* (by the way, Joan was in the cast of another PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal picture, that of "Disraeli," 1929 winner), Frances Dee as *Meg*, and Jean Parker as *Beth*?

But, the entire cast was magnificent, and you probably remember everyone—Paul Lukas, Spring Byington, Douglass Montgomery, Edna May Oliver, Henry Stephenson, Samuel Hinds, Mabel Colcord, John Davis Lodge, and Nydia Westman.

And one of the biggest parts in the success of "Little Women" was in George Cukor's directing. Through his skill, the story was given naturalness. It would have been so easy for him to make of the picture a gushy, saccharine muddle.

A lot of credit goes to Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman in their adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's book, keeping close to the story and the dialogue of the original, yet modifying adeptly to present day usage and

custom. The excellent camera work was that of Henry Gerrard.

Also, this is the second time PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal has gone to an RKO-Radio picture. The first was for "Cimarron," 1931.

Incidentally, the PHOTOPLAY medal is solid gold, and two-and-one-half inches in diameter. It was designed and executed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

PREVIOUS winners of the medal 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; "Cimarron," 1931, and "Smilin' Through," 1932.

The Way Good Stories Go Wrong

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Finally the four of them got together and decided that Hepburn and Crawford would both be Ethel Barrymore and come out at the last of the play (I'm afraid it's turned out to be a farce, after all) and say, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," and Doug, Jr., could be *Hamlet*, but Oakie would have to be contented to be the skull of "Alas, poor Yorick" when the grave-diggers dug him up and had to promise not to wear his sweat-shirt in this scene.

ALL of which would have been all right and a swell ending to the whole massive, super-tremendous spectacle if, just at this point, Chaplin, still as Napoleon of course, hadn't announced that he, himself, would end the play, as it had been written for him in the first place (and there's where I made my greatest mistake).

And what was more, he would end it riding down Hollywood Boulevard on the mule Al Jolson went to heaven on in "Wonder Bar." Still playing the part of Napoleon, remember, and that Guy Kibbee was all set to be the mule.

Well, it was terrible.

I argued that Napoleon would never ride a mule down Hollywood Boulevard, and Charlie admitted that maybe not, although he wouldn't put it past him, but that he had a special reason for wanting to ride the old Missouri mule.

He explained he intended to train the mule to kick out his back feet at a lot of people and showed me a list of people he intended to have kicked in the head, stunning them into permanent unconsciousness, and another list that he intended having the mule kick other places and things.

"YOU can't do it," I screamed. "You'll lose your Napoleon hat." "Sure," he grinned, "and maybe I'll lose my Napoleon breeches too, but who cares?"

So there you are. That's the way good stories go wrong in Hollywood. I'm only hoping the censors will have sense enough to cut out that part of it.

In fact, I'm not sure it would be a good idea if they'd cut out the whole thing and forget it.

In fact, that's not a bad idea at all.

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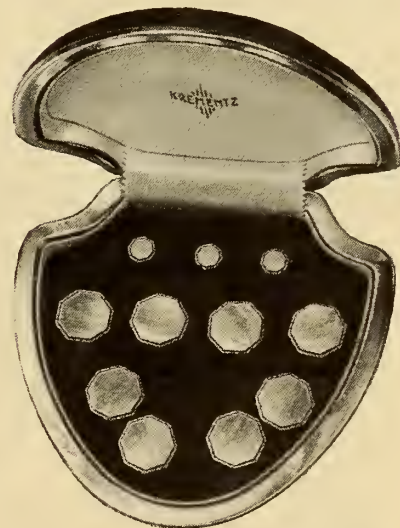
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE—First National

ANOTHER murder mystery solved by *Philo Vance*, this time convincingly portrayed by Warren William whose job it is to track down a dragon in a gloomy pool. Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless, amusing and reasonably sinister. Cast includes Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot and Eugene Pallette.

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal

EVEN the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed singing could not prevent June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta from having a field day. Vaudevillians Pryor, Knight and Columbo dodge police and pursue elusive as the heavy-eating gigolo keeping them broke and the audience in hysterics. Andy Devine and Richard Carle also add to the fun.

THE DEFENSE RESTS—Columbia

THE story of a none-too-ethical, but almost unbeatable, criminal lawyer, dynamically portrayed by Jack Holt, who is forced by gangsters to defend a kidnapper. He turns the tables by framing his client, for a surprise climax. Fine support by Jean Arthur and Nat Pendleton.

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M

IN spite of a story whose turns can be guessed ahead all the way, Jean Parker, James Dunn, Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel enrich this wistful film about a crippled girl with heart appeal matching its title. Jean fights for love over her handicap, finds it in Dunn, then loses it by sacrificing her operation money to clear him of a theft charge. But he comes back for a happy ending.

DESIRABLE—Warners

UNEXPECTEDLY returning from school, Jean Muir meets George Brent in the apartment of her mother (Verree Teasdale). Fascinated by Jean's naïvete, George encourages her to resist her mother's efforts to keep her existence a secret—with clever and amusing consequences. Of course, George falls in love with his protegee and marries her.

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia

AN amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. In return for a favor, Arthur Byron entertains Craven at his home, where the guest lingers too long and becomes involved in intimate family affairs, with excruciating results. Helen Ware, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin.

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio

NOT a single drop of entertainment value can be wrung from this story of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to the "Brad

Streeters" of 1934. Having lost everything but their yacht, Sidney Fox and Marjorie Gateson charter the boat to a mob of newly rich for a cruise, with dire results. Ned Sparks, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sterling Holloway, Irene Franklin are completely wasted.

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount

THERE is a good song, and also Gail Patrick. Otherwise, this Zane Grey story is the same old Western you have been seeing for years. Randolph Scott is the hero and Monte Blue the villain. The picturization of the difficulties on the old Oregon trail, and numerous Indian raids take the place of plot.

THE KANSAS CITY PRINCESS—Warners

THIS "so-called" comedy about two Kansas City manicurists, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, out to do some plain and fancy gold-digging, is certainly no strain on the intelligence. Escaping racketeer Robert Armstrong's attentions, they step off to Europe—and luxury. Not for children.

ROCKY RHODES—Universal

WESTERN plots aren't supposed to matter, but the very familiarity of this one endears it to any audience that loves to hiss and clap. Buck Jones burns up the open spaces on his horse, fist-fights with the lowdown who's trying to grab the whole country for himself, and saves not only his own ranch but the heroine's (Sheila Terry), too.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M

WITH a million wagered against the St. Louis Cardinals by C. Henry Gordon, an unscrupulous sportsman trying to buy their franchise, and two barred players hanging around, the stage is set for three murders during the league games. Catcher Nat Pendleton and Umpire Ted Healy are excellent comedians, and reporter Paul Kelly's work is convincing. Ace pitcher Robert Young and Madge Evans, manager David Landau's daughter, lend romance.

A LOST LADY—First National

A CONSIDERABLY revamped revision of Willa Cather's famous novel, presenting Barbara Stanwyck as a disillusioned woman married to Frank Morgan, who brings back her faith in men. The marriage is not for love, and they promise always to be "honest." Ricardo Cortez comes along, and then Frank has a heart attack. From there on, things drift in slow motion. Supporting cast includes Lyle Talbot and Phillip Reed.

THE LADY IS WILLING—Columbia

IN the rôle of a detective, forever in disguise, Leslie Howard manages to pull this little made-in-England farce out of the depths. The attempts of four men to square accounts with

a stock swindler furnishes about all the story there is. Cast includes Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce.

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio

THOUGH some of the incidents in this account of Joan Lowell's adventures in the tropics are quite beyond belief, the film offers to thrill-seekers an hour packed with action. Some very beautiful camera work, and interesting narration by Miss Lowell.

PURSUED—Fox

EVERYONE must have been kidding, including the cast, when they made this picture. It's too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Rosemary Ames, a tinted lady, and Pert Kelton, her scarlet playmate, meet villain Victor Jory in a sort of South Sea island dance hall. Russell Hardie is the hero, manhandled to keep him away from the plantation.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

THIS will appeal to the same folk who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel. Marian Marsh is *Elnora*, struggling under the dominance of her mother's (Louise Dresser) aversion. Helen Jerome Eddy and Ralph Morgan are the *Sintons*, most natural in their devotion to *Elnora* and their love for little *Billy* (Tommy Bupp). Betty Blythe portrays the *Bird Woman*. And Eddie Nugent is convincing as the young lover.

CITY PARK—Chesterfield

THREE old cronies who hang out on a park bench and watch the world go by see Sallie Blane, but now they do more than watch—particularly Henry B. Walthall—thereby getting themselves involved in the destiny of a country girl gone broke. Walthall is the picture, but Sallie, Matty Kemp, Hale Hamilton and the rest help.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot

THERE is a double reason why this weak story may prove interesting to you. One is the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars, the other is Bill Haines' return to the screen. Haines, a headline hound for Superba Pictures, falls in love with Judith Allen and sets out to make her a star. Finally, John Miljan persuades Judith he can give her the happiness she craves and Bill's antics in winning her back climax the picture.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty

LIFE in a girls' reform school—to which Sidney Fox is sent after a ridiculous courtroom scene—in the raw. Lucille LaVerne is a brutal, she-Simon Legree superintendent; Lois Wilson, the sympathetic matron who shoots her superior while the girls try to escape. Unconvincing and wearisome. Paul Kelly satisfactory as a member of the school board.

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair

BUSTER CRABBE is a lot better in the jungle than as the demon reporter who unearths the traitor on his own newspaper. Phoney and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Ruth Hall, as the publisher's daughter, doesn't help much.

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"Spanky" MacFarland, featured in Our Gong Comedies produced by Hal Roach

Join **CRAYOLA**
Drawing Club and get a dandy gift
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All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934

THE PRIZES

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- I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

NAME.....

AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

"Spanky" himself is "Okie-Dokie" at drawing. So boys and girls of 14 years or under should take his advice and enter this new CRAYOLA Drawing Club contest. It's really very easy.

Just make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8" x 10" in size, and color it with colored wax crayons. Then you'll not only have a chance to win one of the fine prizes, but, win or lose, you can get a pocket of Christmas Cards now and have them all colored in plenty of time to send to your friends.

Of course you must join CRAYOLA Drawing Club to enter the contest. But you can join now by checking the No. 1 square on the coupon and mailing the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon. You will receive the Official Membership Card and the pocket of Christmas Cards.

Present members of CRAYOLA Club may enter the contest merely by checking No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with their drawings. But members who want the pocket of Christmas Cards should check No. 2 square and mail the coupon NOW with a flap from a CRAYOLA box.



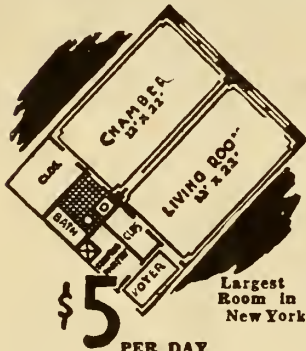
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Mutiny of the Talayha

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

was diverted to the arrival of Able-Bodied Seaman Warner Baxter. He came on board with a huge sea chest loaded with bottles of snake-bite remedy, a 30-30 rifle, shotgun, and two six-shooters.

At this moment a glittering limousine drew up at the wharf.

Liveried servants leaped to open the door, and out stepped a gentleman in the plumed duck-bill hat of an Admiral.

Beneath the hat was Mr. Richard Barthelmess.

All hands being piped on deck, Admiral Barthelmess came aboard amid three rousing Bronx cheers.

Log Entry by Captain Colman

Mr. Barthelmess today boarded ship wearing an Admiral's hat hind-side foremost, explaining that he was a Rear Admiral. Accordingly I assigned him quarters in the poop.

The good ship moved majestically out of the harbor under power of its auxiliary engine. Built in Bristol in 1899, the sloop was one hundred and five feet long, with mainmast towering one hundred and twenty-three feet into the sky.

Accommodations for fourteen passengers and crew of seven were noted.

With the prevailing nor'wester bellying the mains'l, the ship was soon hull down to the south. All were now eager for the serious work of the expedition, so Mr. Powell dealt out the cards and chips with a right good will. Captain Colman and his First Mate exchanged significant glances as they raked in the first two pots.

They had chosen well in selecting a crew for this work.

But elation slowly turned to despair as the hours wore on.

Able-Bodied Seaman Baxter was winning every pot! Grumbles began to be heard, and unrest was rife among the men. Evening came, and at eight bells of the dog-watch Warner had cashed all the chips three times over.

"Let's hang him from the yard-arm," hissed Mr. Powell to Admiral Barthelmess.

"I'll make him walk the plank," growled the Admiral, rubbing a rabbit's foot.

AT one bell the "bosun" was roundly scolded for singing out "All's Well!" Open rebellion was curbed only by the sight of Seaman Baxter's guns. He raked in the last pot on a bluff, and dark plots began to form in the minds of the crew.

Baxter now owned the Admiral's hat, and Dick found himself referred to as supercargo. The winner, who had heard nothing but stories of how costly the trip was going to be, no longer cared.

Meanwhile a stiff blow had come up, and the Talayha rolled with gunnels awash. Next day the disgruntled crew put out fish lines and cast dark looks at Mr. Baxter, no longer able-bodied, as he stood by the taff-rail.

We now refer to the log of the Talayha. In Mr. Colman's handwriting we read:

Mr. Colman caught a four-pound bass and landed it in ten minutes.

Then Mr. Powell came into the navigating room and made this entry:

Mr. Powell caught a six-pound bass, landing the fish in five minutes. He used light tackle.

Apparently these entries were noted by Mr. Baxter. He wrote:

Mr. Baxter caught three suckers and skinned them. He used light tackle consisting of a pair of deuces.

Then they ate lunch—that is, lunch was served—and Mr. Baxter declared that since he had cleaned out everybody, he was going to leave at Ensenada and find some worth while competition.

Mutiny reared its ugly head at once. Leave them? Never. Not until they had a chance to recoup. Mr. Baxter was almost persuaded to stay and take their I. O. U's. They put into the harbor at Ensenada. The customs officers came aboard and found there was something wrong with the papers. But Supercargo Barthelmess set a bottle on the table, and the papers were approved.

The guns, however, nearly caused international complications, and lockers were searched for flags bearing the skull and cross-bones. All went ashore at last and headed for Hoosong's. It was here that Seaman Baxter got word calling him home to go on location with the "Broadway Bill" company, under direction of Frank Capra. It was a crushing blow to the crew. Laughing softly into the Admiral's hat, Mr. Baxter boarded a waiting auto.

It was a sad group that wended its way to Celia's Cafe. Celia put on a new 1912 phonograph record and the dance girls crowded around to see the motion picture stars. Apparently they only knew of John Gilbert, and decided Mr. Colman was he.

And now, to further dampen their spirits, a man arrived from the airport. A plane, he said, had arrived to take Mr. Barthelmess home on urgent business!

All went out to the field where Reginald Berkeley, the writer, was waiting. When Dick learned that Reggie was to take the stick, he had to be jammed into the open cockpit by main force.

The two survivors of the expedition returned to their ship and determined to continue the voyage at all costs.

Log Entry by Captain Colman

We fished constantly, catching bass, barracuda, bonita, yellow tails and trying our hand at spearing flying fish. Baja California is certainly the fisherman's paradise.

At last they reached St. Martin's cove and put in. The customs officer came aboard and he, too, found something wrong with the ship's papers.

Again a bottle was brought out and the papers were found to be in order.

The sloop sailed on, bound south. Eventually Turtle Bay was sighted. The customs official came on board and found something wrong with the papers. A bottle was brought out . . .

Captain Colman ordered the return trip, and as soon as the ship headed on its first tack, the Captain and Mr. Powell realized they faced a problem.

The auxiliary motor was started, but in twelve hours they had made only ten knots on their due course.

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

Once we got so far on the westward tack that we thought we sighted Hawaii. The seas pounded us constantly.

We had no rolling-boards in the bunks, and only by banking the mattress to make a hollow could I keep from rolling out.

My quarters were amidships, beside the engine room. In that heavy weather I couldn't open my portholes, and the result was too close to suffocation for comfort.

I endured it until flesh and blood could stand no more. Then I mutinied.

One night I crept aft to where Captain Colman lay, snug and happy in the master's quarters. I rushed his cabin and singlehandedly captured a spare bunk next to the porthole. Calmly and cold-heartedly I grabbed up his jaunty yachting togs and jettisoned them. His pleas and protests were in vain.

While still under disgrace for leading the attack on the Captain's quarters, Mr. Powell sighted the whale that was to climax their adventures.

Getting out his binoculars, he watched it spout about a mile away. It disappeared, and rose to spout again within a quarter-mile of the ship.

Again it sank, and Mr. Powell kept his glasses trained on the spot.

Suddenly his vision was shut out. At first he thought someone had walked past him, then he realized with horror that the obstruction had moved upward, and not across.

Jerking away the binoculars, he saw the whale rising to spout not five yards off the rail!

Log Entry by Mr. Powell

I went cold all over. That mammoth head kept on going up and up, with a miniature geyser erupting from it. Little pig eyes looked me over. I was too paralyzed to move.

Then the brownish body curved and the flukes came up.

If it had given one sideways flirt of its hips I would have been a gone sailor.

Mr. Colman ran to the rescue with a bird gun, but the danger had passed. After the excitement had died down, all hands were served a tot of grog. They needed it. If the whale had come up a few feet farther along, he could have tipped over the sloop with its top-heavy mast.

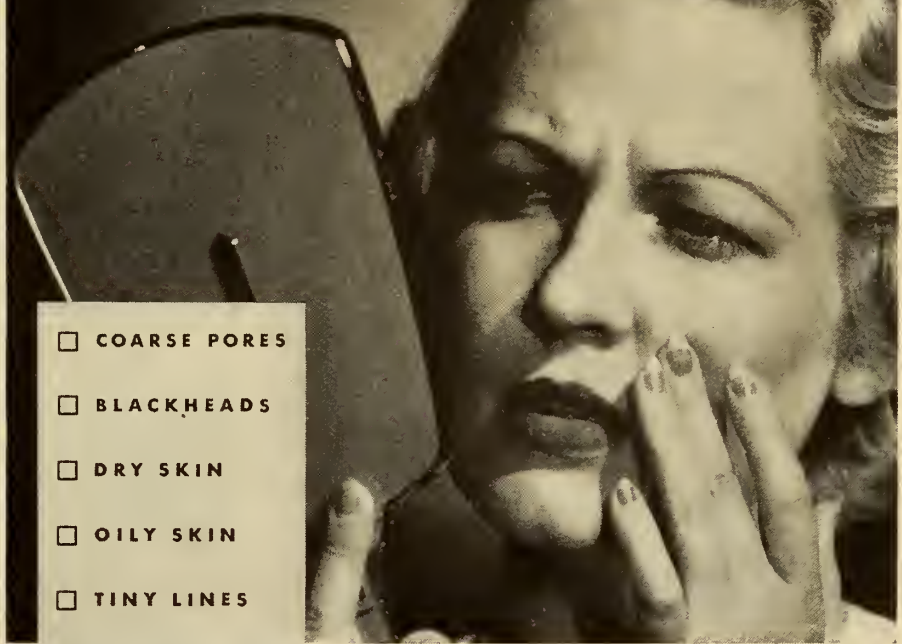
Log Entry by Mr. Powell

Without further adventure we reached Catalina Island, and hove to for a rest. We rested for three days, at the casino, in the ballroom, at parties. Then, completely worn out, we sailed for San Pedro and came ashore.

Now Ronnie and I are planning a motor trip. We took this voyage for a rest. Then we had to rest up from the rest trip at Catalina. Now we should rest up from the rest we took.

And thus ends the log of the cruise of the Talayha.

✓ CHECK YOUR SKIN TROUBLE



- COARSE PORES
- BLACKHEADS
- DRY SKIN
- OILY SKIN
- TINY LINES
- SALLOW SKIN

Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

● By *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

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In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

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Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the

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Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

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I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

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 - Too Much Hips
 - Lumps of Fat on the Hips
 - Reducing Abdomen
 - Reducing the Breasts
 - Firming the Breasts
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Ask the Answer Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

SADYE S., NEWARK, N. J.—Joan Blondell sang "Remember My Forgotten Man" in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

ELEANOR BADER, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Eleanor, the tallest actress of those you listed is Ann Dvorak, 5 feet, 6 inches. Next comes Myrna Loy, 5 feet 5; then Lona Andre, 5 feet, 4½; Madge Evans and Ginger Rogers each 5 feet, 4; Bette Davis, 5 feet 3½; Jean Harlow, Fay Wray, Jean Parker and Rochelle Hudson, each 5 feet 3; Mae West, 5 feet 2 (5' 5" with shoes); and Lilian Harvey, 5 feet, 1 inch.

R. D. M., LONDON, ENG.—You will be seeing Frank Lawton again soon. His latest picture since the release of "Cavalcade" is "One More River," in which he appears with Diana Wynyard. His next will be "David Copperfield."

MISS S. BROWN, NEW YORK, N. Y.—I don't blame you for becoming confused on the title of the latest Jean Harlow picture. It was originally called "100% Pure." Then changed to "Born To Be Kissed" and finally released as "The Girl From Missouri." Franchot Tone has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is just 6 feet tall.

CAMILLE VILLY, W. PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, Eng., February 9, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He uses his own name in pictures. Latest picture is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Lupe Velez hails from San Luis Potosi, suburb of Mexico City. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 106 and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Lupe is twenty-five years old and celebrates her birthday on July 8.



Dance director Sammy Lee teaches Alice Faye his newest creation for her rôle in the movie, "365 Nights in Hollywood"

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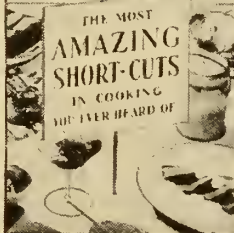
EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darro, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to go straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle do nice work, too. (Oct.)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rameau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Jolynn Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Manners and Phyllis Barry do a good acting job in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey. (Aug.)

MYSTERY OF MR. X—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, Mr. X. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story on the life of the lowly actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack Lar-Rue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurer Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminatti. (Aug.)

OPERATOR 13—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Oct.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapevin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

RETURN OF THE TERROR—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

RIPTIDE—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (Oct.)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

★ **SCARLET EMPRESS**—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

★ **SCARLET LETTER, THE**—Majestic.—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (Oct.)

★ **SERVANTS' ENTRANCE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor devotees will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in love with chauffeur Lew Ayres. (Oct.)

★ **SHADOWS OF SING SING**—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

★ **SHE HAD TO CHOOSE**—Majestic.—After coaxing her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand, there's lots of excitement for Isabel Jewell. Good comedy. (Oct.)

★ **SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS**—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

★ **SHE MADE HER BED**—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

★ **SHE WAS A LADY**—Fox.—Just so-so entertainment, with Ralph Morgan married to his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd, and Helen Twelvetrees as their daughter. Excellent performances. (Oct.)

★ **SHOCK**—Monogram.—A sentimental and improbable story of the World War, in which officer Ralph Forbes leaves bride-of-a-day Gwenllian Gill to return to the front, only to be shell-shocked. (Oct.)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woven into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)



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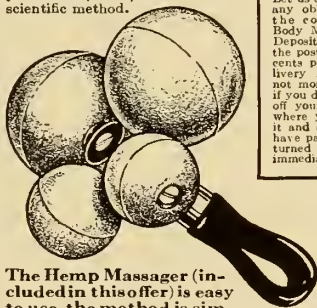
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SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deeping's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsy, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

STAND UP AND CHEER—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY—M-G-M.—De-termined to go straight after a "stretch," Franchot Tone fights influence of the old mob led by Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia West man, film just doesn't click. (May)

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

TARZAN AND HIS MATE—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skillfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue mediocre and gags aren't too funny. (Oct.)

THIN MAN, THE—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

THIS MAN IS MINE—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

TREASURE ISLAND—M-G-M.—A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

TRUMPET BLOWS, THE—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

20th CENTURY—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically venerated. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Liberty.—Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halloway, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



Brian Aherne, over six feet, two, is opposite five-foot one Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows." Director La Cava measures them

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ADVENTURE GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the book by Joan Lowell. Directed by Herman Raymond. The cast: Joan Lowell, herself; *Joan's Pop*, Capt. Wagner; *Leatherneck Bill*, Bill Sawyer; *Deckhand*, Otto Siegler; *Joan's own Mascot*, Capt. Jack.

"AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edith Wharton. Screen play by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Directed by Philip Moeller. The cast: *Countess Olsenske*, (Ellen), Irene Dunne; *Newland Archer*, John Boles; *Beaufort*, Lionel Atwill; *Mrs. Welland*, Laura Hope Crews; *Granny Mingott*, Helen Westley; *May Welland*, Julie Haydon; *Mr. Welland*, Herbert Yost; *Mrs. Archer*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Janey Archer*, Edith Van Cleve; *Buller*, Leonard Carey.

"BADGE OF HONOR"—MAYFAIR.—From the story by Robert Emmett. Continuity by George Morgan. Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennett. The cast: *Bob Gordon*, Buster Crabbe; *Helen Brewster*, Ruth Hall; *Miss Van Alstyne*, Betty Blythe; *Larkin*, John Trent; *Tip Crane*, Ernie Adams; *Presion*, Allan Cavan; *Trim Fuller*, Charles McAvoy; *Comstock*, William Arnold; *Kent*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"BELLE OF THE NINETIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mae West. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Ruby Carter*, Mae West; *Tiger Kid*, Roger Pryor; *Brooks Claybourne*, John Mack Brown; *Molly Brant*, Katherine DeMille; *Ace Lamont*, John Miljan; *Kirby*, James Donlan; *Gilbert*, Tom Herbert; *Dirk*, Stuart Holmes; *Slade*, Harry Woods; *Stogie*, Edward Gargan; *Jasmine*, Libby Taylor; *Col. Claybourne*, Frederick Burton; *Mrs. Claybourne*, Augusta Anderson; *Blackie*, Bennie Baker; *Butch*, Morrie Cohan; *St. Louis Fighter*, Warren Hymers; *Comedian*, Tyler Brook and Duke Ellington's Orchestra.

"BIG HEARTED HERBERT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sophie Kerr. Adapted by Sophie Kerr and Anna Steese Richardson. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Herbert*, Guy Kibbee; *Elizabeth*, Aline MacMahon; *Alice*, Patricia Ellis; *Andrew*, Phillip Reed; *Martha*, Helen Lowell; *Junior*, Trent Durkin; *Robert*, Jay Ward; *Amy Lawrence*, Marjorie Gateson; *Goodrich, Sr.*, Henry O'Neill; *Jim Lawrence*, Robert Barrat.

"CARAVAN"—FOX.—From the novel "Gypsy Melody" by Melchior Lengyel. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Erik Charell. The cast: *Lazi*, Charles Boyer; *Countess Wilma*, Loretta Young; *Tinka*, Jean Parker; *Lieutenant von Tokay*, Phillips Holmes; *Miss Opitz*, Louise Fazenda; *Gypsy Chief*, Eugene Pallette; *Baron von Tokay*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Notary*, Charles Grapewin; *Innkeeper*, Noah Beery; *Administrator*, Dudley Digges; *Major-domo*, Richard Carle; *Station Master*, Lionel Belmore; *Police Sergeant*, Billy Bevan; *Captain of Hussars*, Armand Kaliz; *Priest*, Harry C. Bradley.

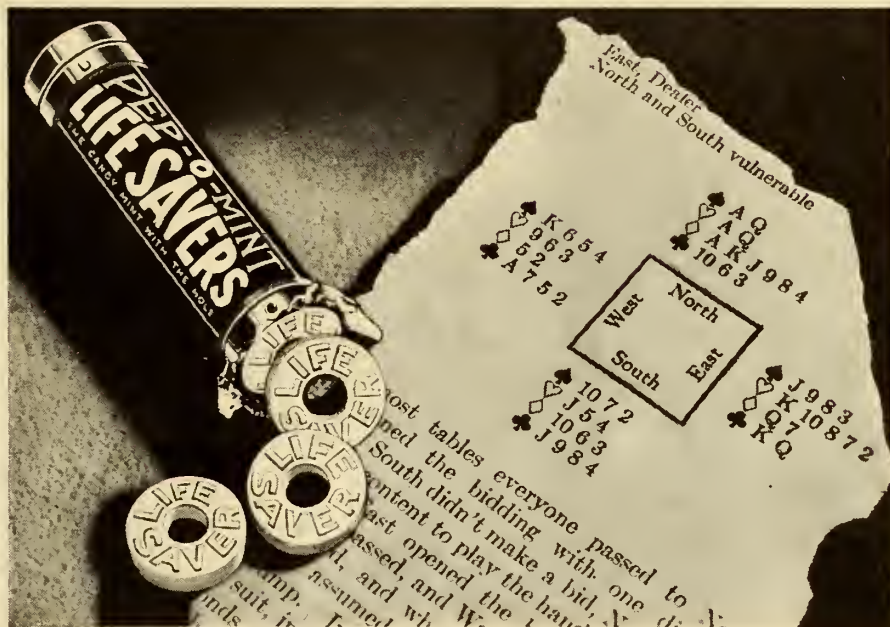
"CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Erle Stanley Gardner. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Perry Mason*, Warren William; *Bessie Foley*, Mary Astor; *Della Street*, Helen Trenholme; *Police Sgt. Holcomb*, Allen Jenkins; *Clinton Foley*, Russell Hicks; *Lucy Benton*, Dorothy Tree; *Elizabeth Walker*, Helen Lowell; *Sam Martin*, Harry Tyler; *Arthur Cartwright*, Gordon Westcott; *Dr. Carl Cooper*, Frank Reicher; *Ed Wheeler*, Eddie Schubert; *George Dobbs*, James Burtis; *David Clark*, Harry Seymour; *Claude Drumm*, Grant Mitchell; *Judge Markham*, Addison Richards; *Bill Pemberton*, Arthur Aylesworth.

"CHAINED"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgar Selwyn. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Diane Lovering*, Joan Crawford; *Mike Bradley*, Clark Gable; *Richard Field*, Otto Kruger; *Johnnie Smith*, Stuart Erwin; *Amy*, Una O'Connor; *Mrs. Field*, Marjorie Gateson; *Pablo*, Akim Tamiroff.

"CITY PARK"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Karl Brown. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Rose Wentworth*, Sallie Blane; *Colonel Ransome*, Henry B. Walthall; *Raymond Ransome*, Matty Kemp; *Ransome*, Hale Hamilton; *Charlie Hopper*, Johnny Harron; *Bank President*, Claude King; *Maizie*, Gwen Lee; *Mrs. Ransome*, Judith Vosselli; *Andy*, Wilson Benge; *Matt*, Lafe McKee; *Landlady Guppy*, Mary Foy.

"COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Alexandre Dumas. Screen play by Philip Dunne, Dan Totheroh and Rowland V. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Edmond Dantes*, Robert Donat; *Mercedes*, Elissa Landi; *de Villefort, Jr.*, Louis Calhern; *Mon-*

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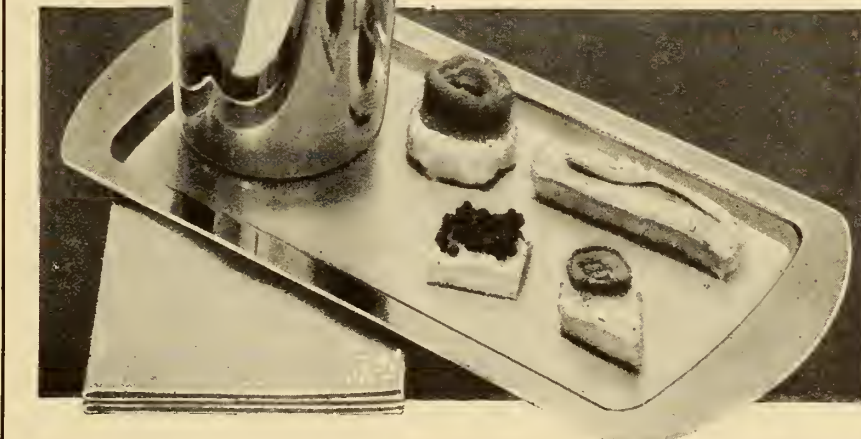
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"CRIME WITHOUT PASSION"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The cast: Lee Gentry, Claude Rains; Carmen Brown, Margo; Katy Costello, Whitney Bourne; Eddie White, Stanley Ridges; Buster Malloy, Paula Trueman; O'Brien, Leslie Adams; Della, Greta Grandstedt; Miss Keeley, Esther Dale; Lieut. Norton, Charles Kennedy; Judge, Fuller Mellish.

"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND"—M-G-M.—From the story by Cortland Fitzsimmons. Screen play by Harvey Thew, Joseph Sherman and Ralph Spence. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Larry, Robert Young; Frances, Madge Evans; Hogan, Nat Pendleton; O'Toole, Ted Healy; Karnes, C. Henry Gordon; Jimmie, Paul Kelly; Pop Clark, David Landau; Patterson, DeWitt Jennings; Grogan, Edward Brophy; Cato, Willard Robertson; Mickey, Mickey Rooney; Higgins, Robert Livingston; Spencer, Joe Sauer.

"DEFENSE RESTS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: Matthew Mitchell, Jack Holt; Joan Hayes, Jean Arthur; Rocky, Nat Pendleton; James Randolph, Arthur Hohl; Austin, Raymond Walburn; Castro, Harold Huber; Gentry, Robert Gleckler; Mrs. Evans, Sarah Padden; Mabel Wilson, Shirley Grey; Fogg, Donald Meek; Nick, Raymond Hatton; Gooch, Ward Bond; Cooney, John Wray; Mrs. Ballou, Vivian Oakland; Duffy, Selmer Jackson; Ballou, J. Carrol Naish; Dean Adams, Samuel S. Hinds.

"DESIRABLE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mary McCall, Jr. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: Lois Johnson, Jean Muir; Stuart McAllister, George Brent; Helen Walbridge, Verree Teasdale; Eph, Arthur Aylesworth; Barbara, Joan Wheeler; Margaret, Barbara Leonard; Russell Gray, Charles Starrett; Austin Stevens, John Halliday; Elevator Man, Jim Miller; Mrs. Gray, Virginia Hammond; Girl, Doris Atkinson; Mac's Secretary, Pauline True; Chel, Russell Hopton.

"DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Herbert Fields and Lou Brock. Screen play by Marion Dix and Lynn Starling. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: The Queen of Malakamaku, Mary Boland; Nella Fitzgerald, Polly Moran; Capt. Dan Roberts, Ned Sparks; Lindra Stratton, Sidney Fox; Michael Forbes, Sidney Blackmer; Freddy Finn, Sterling Holloway; Mrs. Col-Stratton, Marjorie Gatenon; Mrs. Gilhooly, Irene Franklin; Sir Guy, Charles Grapewin.

"DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Robert N. Lee. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: Philo Vance, Warren William; Bernice, Margaret Lindsay; Leland, Lyle Talbot; Sergeant Heath, Eugene Palette; Stamm, Robert Barrat; Montague, George Meeker; Trainor, Arthur Aylesworth; Markham, Robert McWade; Mrs. Stamm, Helen Lowell; Doremus, Etienne Girardot; Ruby, Dorothy Tree; Tatum, George E. Stone; Greiff, William Davidson; Dr. Holliday, Robert Warwick; Hennessy, Charles Wilson.

"FOUNTAIN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Charles Morgan. Adapted by Jane Murnin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Julie, Ann Harding; Lewis Alison, Brian Aherne; Rupert, Paul Lukas; Baron Von Leyden, Jean Hersholt; Ballater, Ralph Forbes; Baroness Von Leyden, Violet Kemble Cooper; Sophie, Sara Haden; Allard Von Leyden, Richard Abbott; Goof's Wife, Barbara Barondess; Goof Von Leyden, Rudolph Amendt; Allard's Wife, Betty Alden; Van Arkel, Ian Wolfe; De Greve, Douglas Wood; Doctor, Frank Reicher; Nurse, Ferike Boros; Commandant, William Stack; Kerstholl, Christian Rub; Shordley, J. M. Kerrigan; Lampman, Charles Naughton; Willett, Desmond Roberts.

"GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Gene Stratton Porter. Adapted by Adele Comandini. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Katherine Comstock, Louise Dresser; Wesley Sinton, Ralph Morgan; Elvora Comstock, Marian Marsh; Dr. Ammon, H. B. Walthall; Phillip Ammon, Edward Nugent; Edith Carr, Gigi Parrish; Margaret Sinton, Helen Jerome Eddy; Mrs. Parker (the Bird Woman), Betty Blythe; Elvira Carney, Barbara Bedford; Frank Comstock, Robert Ellis; Billy, Tommy Bupp.

"HAVE A HEART"—M-G-M.—From the story by B. G. DeSylva and David Butler. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by David Butler. The cast: Sally, Jean Parker; Jimmie, James Dunn; Joan, Una Merkel; Gus, Stuart

Erwin; Schaubert, Willard Robertson; Dr. Spear, Samuel S. Hinds; Joe, Paul Page; Helen, Muriel Evans; Mrs. Kelly, Kate Price; Mrs. Abrahams, Pepi Sinoff.

"HUMAN SIDE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Christine Ames. Screen play by Frank Craven and Ernest Pascal. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The cast: Gregory, Adolphe Menjou; Vera Sheldon, Doris Kenyon; Lucille Sheldon, Charlotte Henry; Fritz Spigle, Joseph Cawthorn; James Dalton, Reginald Owen; Alma Hastings, Betty Lawford; Phil Sheldon, Dick Winslow; Tom Sheldon, George Ernest; Bobbie Sheldon, Dickie Moore.

"KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sy Bartlett. Screen play by Manuel Seff and Sy Bartlett. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: Rosie, Joan Blondell; Marie, Glenda Farrell; Junior Ashcraft, Hugh Herbert; Dynamite, Robert Armstrong; Jimmy the Dude, Gordon Westcott; Marcel Duryea, Osgood Perkins; Sam Weller, Hobart Cavanaugh; Quincy, Vince Barnett; Dr. Sacha Pilnikoff, Ivan Lebedeff; Jim Cameron, T. Roy Barnes; Greenway, Arthur Hoyt; Scout Mistress, Lillian Harmer; Mrs. Ashcraft, Renee Whitney.

"LADY IS WILLING, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Gilbert Miller. The cast: Albert Latour, Leslie Howard; Gustav Dupont, Cedric Hardwicke; Helene Dupont, Binnie Barnes; Professor Menard, Sir Nigel Playfair; Weldon, Nigel Bruce; M. Pignolet, W. Graham Browne; Valerie, Kendall Lee; Brevin, Claude Allister; Dr. Germon, Arthur Howard; Helene's Maid, Virginia Field; Butler, John Turnbull.

"LOST LADY, A"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Willa Cather. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Marian, Barbara Stanwyck; Daniel Forrester, Frank Morgan; Ellinger, Ricardo Cortez; Neil, Lyle Talbot; Ned Montgomery, Phillip Reed; Robert, Hobart Cavanaugh; Rosa, Rafaela Ottiano; John Ormsby, Henry Kolker; Cook, Willie Fung; Judge Hardy, Walter Walker; Jim Sloane, Samuel Hinds; Simpson, Edward McWade; Lord Verrington, Jameson Thomas.

"MERRY WIDOW, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta by Victor Leon and Leo Stein. Screen play by Ernst Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The cast: Danilo, Maurice Chevalier; Sonia, Jeanette MacDonald; Ambassador, Edward Everett Horton; Queen, Una Merkel; King, George Barbier; Marcelle, Minna Gombell; Lulu, Ruth Channing; Orderly, Sterling Holloway; Valet, Donald Meek; Zizipoff, Herman Bing.

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Hegan Rice and Anne Crawford Flexner. Screen play by William Slavens McNutt and Jan Storm. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Mrs. Wiggs, Pauline Lord; Mr. Stebbins, W. C. Fields; Miss Hazy, ZaSu Pitts; Lucy Olcott, Evelyn Venable; Bob Redding, Kent Taylor; Bagby, Charles Middleton; Mr. Wiggs, Donald Meek; Bill Wiggs, Jimmy Butler; Australia, Edith Fellows; Jimmy Wiggs, George Breakston; Europana, Virginia Weidler; Asia, Carmencita Johnson; Julius, George Reed; Priscilla, Mildred Gover; Dick Harris, Arthur Housman; Dr. Barton, Walter Walker; Agent Jenkins, Sam Flint; Moss, James Robinson; Box Office Man, Bentley Hewitt; Usher, Edward Tamblin; 1st Comedian, Al Shaw; 2nd Comedian, Sam Lee; House Manager, Del Henderson; Minister, George Pearce; Mrs. Bagby, Lillian Elliott; Brakeman, Earl Pingree.

"OUTCAST LADY"—M-G-M.—From the book "The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen. Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Iris, Constance Bennett; Napier, Herbert Marshall; Lady Eve, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Gerald, Hugh Williams; Venice, Elizabeth Allan; Sir Maurice, Henry Stephenson; Hilary, Robert Loraine; Guy, Lumsden Hare; Dr. Masters, Leo Carroll; Truble, Alec B. Francis; Boy Fenwick, Ralph Forbes.

"PECK'S BAD BOY"—FOX.—From the story by George W. Peck. Screen play by Bernard Schubert and Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: Bill, Jackie Cooper; Mr. Peck, Thomas Meighan; Horace, Jackie Searl; Aunt Lily, Dorothy Peterson; Duffy, O. P. Heggie; Minister, Charles Evans; Maid, Gertrude Howard; Father, Larry Wheat; Master of Ceremonies, Harvey Clark.

"PURSUED"—FOX.—From the story by Larry Evans. Screen play by Lester Cole and Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: Mona, Rosemary Ames; Beauregard, Victor Jory; Gilda, Pert Kelton; David Landeen, Russell Hardie; Dr. Otto Steiner, George Irving; Hanson, Terben Meyer.

"RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Dorothy Hunter, Miriam Hopkins; Anthony Travis, Joel McCrea; Jonathan Connors, Henry Stephenson; Sylvia Vernon, Fay Wray; Phillip Vernon, Reginald Denny; Frank Orsatti, Wade Boteler; Donald, George Meeker; Haley, Fred Howard; Cavendish, Herbert Bunston; David Preston, Burr McIntosh; Butler at Lodge, Charles; Butler at Hunter, Edgar Norton; Maid, Beryl Mercer.

"ROCKY RHODES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by W. C. Tuttle. Screen play by Edward Churchill. Directed by Al Raboch. The cast: *Rocky Rhodes*, Buck Jones; *Nan*, Sheila Terry; *Harp*, Stanley Fields; *Murch*, Walter Miller; *Street*, Alf P. James; *Hilton*, Paul Fix; *Mrs. Rhodes*, Lydia Knott; *Stark*, Lee Shunway; *Reed*, Jack Rockwell; *Bowles*, Carl Stockdale; *Jake*, Monte Montague; *Red*, Bud Osborne; *Boggs*, Harry Samuels; *Silver*, Silver.

"SCHOOL FOR GIRLS"—LIBERTY.—From the story by Reginald Wright Kaufman. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Annette*, Sidney Fox; *Gary*, Paul Kelly; *Carlwright*, Lois Wilson; *Keeble*, Lucille LaVerne; *Galvin*, Anna Q. Nilson; *Florence*, Dorothy Appleby; *Hazel*, Toby Wing; *Peggy*, Lona Andre; *Gladys*, Kathleen Burke; *Dorothy*, Dorothy Lee; *Fogarty*, Dawn O'Day; *Robbins*, Russell Hopton; *Gage*, Mary Foy; *Nell*, Barbara Weeks; *Governor*, Robert Warwick; *Smoot*, Gretta Gould; *Winters*, Myrtle Stedman; *Reeves*, George Cleveland; *Waltham*, William Farnum; *Duke*, Charles Ray; *Benham*, Jack Kennedy; *Ted*, Eddie Kane; *Judge*, Edward Le Saint; *Detective*, Fred Kelsey; *Detective*, Harry Woods; *Eleanor*, Helen Foster; *Jameson*, Purnell Pratt; *Larson*, Helene Chadwick.

"THAT'S GRATITUDE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Frank Craven. Directed by Frank Craven. The cast: *Grant*, Frank Craven; *Maxwell*, Arthur Byron; *Dora Maxwell*, Mary Carlisle; *Delia Maxwell*, Sheila Mannors; *Mrs. Maxwell*, Helen Ware; *William North*, Charles Sabin; *Clayton Lorimer*, John Buckler; *Hanson*, John Sheehan; *Lothrop*, Don Douglas; *Berner*, Lester Alden.

"THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ursula Parrott. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Edward Slocan. The cast: *Joseph White*, Frank Morgan; *Alice Vaile*, Binnie Barnes; *Sophie White*, Lois Wilson; *Janet*, Louise Latimer; *Helen*, Elizabeth Young; *Henry*, Alan Hale; *Arthur*, Robert Taylor; *Fred*, Maurice Murphy; *Dick*, Dick Winslow; *Marjorie*, Helen Parrish; *Ella*, Margaret Hamilton; *Anne Darling*, Dean Benton and others.

"WAGON WHEELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: *Clint Belmont*, Randolph Scott; *Nancy Wellington*, Gail Patrick; *Sonny Wellington*, Billy Lee; *Helly Masters*, Leila Bennett; *Abby Masters*, Jan Duggan; *Murdock*, Monte Blue; *Jim Burch*, Raymond Hatton; *Bill O'Meara*, Olin Howland; *Couch*, J. P. McGowan; *Jed*, James A. Marcus; *Mrs. Jed*, Helen Hunt; *Masters*, James B. "Pop" Kenton; *Ebe*, Alfred Delcambre; *Orator*, John Marston; *Negro Coachman*, Sam McDaniels; *Permit Officer*, Howard Wilson; *Russian*, Michael Visaroff; *Lester*, Julian Madison; *Chauncey*, Eldred Tidbury; *The Factor*, E. Alyn Warren.

"WAKE UP AND DREAM"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Meehan, Jr. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Paul Scott*, Russ Columbo; *Charley Sullivan*, Roger Pryor; *Toby Brown*, June Knight; *Cellini*, Henry Armetta; *Madame Rose*, Catherine Doucet; *Egghead*, Andy Devine; *Earl Craft*, Spencer Charters; *Mae LaRue*, Wini Shaw; *Babcock*, Richard Carle; *Hildebrand*, Clarence Hummel Wilson; *Seabrook*, Gavin Gordon; *Polopolis*, Paul Porcasi.

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"—M-G-M.—From the story by James M. Barrie. Directed by Gregory LaCava. The cast: *Maggie*, Helen Hayes; *John*, Brian Aherne; *Alick*, David Torrence; *David*, Donald Crisp; *James*, Dudley Digges; *Sybil*, Madge Evans; *Comtesse*, Lucille Watson.

"YOU BELONG TO ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elizabeth Alexander. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Bud Hannigan*, Lee Tracy; *Florette Faxon*, Helen Mack; *Mme. Alva*, Helen Morgan; *Theater Manager*, Lynne Overman; *Jimmy Faxon*, David Holt; *Hap Stanley*, Arthur Pierson; *School Principal*, Edwin Stanley; *Instructor*, Dean Jagger; *Lila Lacey*, Irene Ware; *Joe Mandel*, Lou Cass; *Jack Mandel*, Max Mack; *Maisie Kelly*, Mary Owen; *Minister*, Rev. Neal Dodd; *Stage Manager*, Irving Bacon; *Usher*, Allan Fox; *Ventriquist*, Hugh McCormick; *Poker Player*, Eddie Borden; *Waiter*, Willie Fung; *Blonde*, Margaret Daggett; *Al*, Al Shaw; *Man*, Harry Depp; *Man with Comb*, Billy Pierson; *School Principal*, Edwin Stanley; *Instructor*, Gwenllian Gill; *Sam*, Sam Lee; *Loud Voice*, Charles Dorety; *Doctor*, Bernard Suss; *Stage Hand*, Frank Rice.

"YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL"—MASCOT.—From the story by Joseph Santley. Screen play by Dore Schary. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Bob Preston*, William Haines; *June Dale*, Judith Allen; *Herman Cline*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Gordon Douglas*, John Miljan; *Themselves*, Ted Fio-Rito and orchestra; *The Piano Movers*, Shaw and Lee; *Dick*, James Bush; *Sammy*, Vince Barnett; *The Champion*, Warren Hymer; *The Radio Announcer*, Franklin Pangborn; *Farrell*, James Burtis; *Hansen*, Syd Saylor; *Mrs. Cline*, Greta Myers and the Wampas Baby Stars; *Hazel Hayes*, Judith Arlen, Jean Gale, Ann Hovey, Jean Carmen, Lu Anne Meredith, Betty Bryson, Neoma Judge, Katherine Williams, Lucille Lund, Dorothy Drake and Lenore Keeffe.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Anne finds a friend. The heroine (Anne Shirley) of "Anne of Green Gables," discovers Matthew Cuthbert (O. P. Heggie) is her ally

THE close friendship of The Three Musketeers, George Brent, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, is no more. Since their divorce, Brent has been paying marked attention to Greta Garbo, no less, and Ralph, another husband, has just married Heather Angel. Ruth is very much alone these days, and goes practically nowhere. Her divorce from George has driven her into retirement evidently, as no one sees her.

AND here's the month's sweetness and light, with merely a dash or two of sourness and darkness.

Marian Nixon's divorce from Edward Hillman, wealthy polo player, was just three days old when she and William Seiter, Laura La Plante's "ex," were married at Yuma. . . . George Raft and Virginia Pine aim at Mexico, if, as and when he gets a divorce. . . . He gave Virginia a diamond bracelet on her birthday. . . . Duke York, who gave Ida Lupino that diamond ring, is also the lifeguard at Ida's swimming pool. . . . Duke has doubled for many of the screen stars. . . . Lowell Sherman and Geneva Mitchell won't fess up that they are Mr. and Mrs. . . . Neither will they deny it. . . . Ooh! Mitzi Green's boy friend is Jack Heller. . . . It looks like any time for Dorothy Mackaill and Jack McGowan, the playwright. . . . Buddy Rogers tootles to a red-headed dancer, Jeanne Goodner. . . . And are Gertrude Michael and Nick Foran spooning! . . . Other stepping-out teams include Douglass Montgomery and Judith Wood (it's two months for them now. Must mean it), Alice Faye and Pat de Cicco, Thelma Todd's "ex." . . . Glenda Farrell denies she'll marry Ronnie Simon, New York business man. . . . Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow see no one

else. . . . Randolph Scott and Vivian Gaye are again seen together. . . . Weldon Heyburn is slightly befuddled about Greta Nissen, his wife, what with not being able to find any sign of a Mexican divorce she's supposed to have got. . . . And what with not being able to get in touch with Greta, somewhere in Sweden. . . . And what with not knowing even if she wants a divorce in the first place. . . . Madge Kennedy and William B. Hanley kept their marriage secret two weeks. . . . That lad Maurice Chevalier, who denies he's going to marry Kay Francis, is known in France as the bicycle repairman, because that's what he used to be. . . . There were five years of separations and reconciliations before Nick Stuart and Sue Carol divorced. . . . Nancy Carroll still cares for ex-husband Producer-Writer Jack Kirkland, and vice versa. . . . It's reported Irene Dunne and her doctor-husband are deciding whether to continue. . . . Loretta Young is seeing a lot of Architect Philip Ormsby. . . . Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes, who eloped to Yuma, after a six weeks' courtship, were aided and abetted by Pat Paterson, who eloped to Yuma with Charles Boyer this spring. . . . Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown are bouncing a boy . . . and so are Frances Dee and Joel McCrea.

BINNIE BARNES is singing the international *visé* blues. Binnie very naively entered the United States on a regular visitor's passport, instead of applying for an artist's ticket. Result, after making a couple of pictures, authorities told her she was going back to England, whether she wanted to or not.

Frantically she started numerous trips to Mexico to come in on the quota—but Uncle Sam said it wouldn't do her any good. So she packed up and sailed home to do things right this time. There's also a matter of a contract with Alexander Korda to be ironed out before she returns to Hollywood for keeps—or at least a long stay.

HOLLYWOOD sat up aghast when Franchot Tone attended the Tingle Tangle revue all alone. And coming the night after Tone had tossed all those dirty looks upon Francis Lederer when he became effusive over Joan Crawford, Hollywood wondered if the two had quarreled. At any rate Franchot remained glum throughout the performance.

THE superlative performance given by Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" has rocketed her stock at her home studio, Warner Brothers. Bette, who had "part trouble," struck, was suspended, and finally made up with her bosses, will now draw an important story especially bought for her. It is "North Shore," a best selling novel.

It is indeed ironic that another studio had to "discover" Bette as a really talented actress—but you can bet that now she is "discovered," her home studio isn't going to squander that discovery on just so-so parts—many of which Bette has had in the past.

DICK POWELL'S new house is equipped with showers only—no tubs. It sounds like a strictly bachelor idea. Wonder what Mary Brian thinks about it?



As part of the "preview" broadcast of "Cleopatra" on the "45 Minutes in Hollywood" program, the above six were heard from the West Coast Columbia station, KHJ. Left to right: Henry Wilcoxon; Gertrude Michael; Emanuel Cohen, Paramount's vice-president in charge of production; Katherine DeMille, daughter of the director; Ivan St. Johns, Western editor of PHOTOPLAY, and Claudette Colbert, the siren herself. In New York, Director Cecil B. DeMille was interviewed on the same program by the publisher of PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty



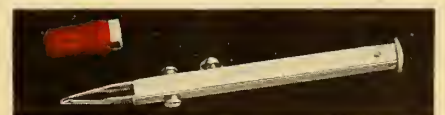
JUNE KNIGHT, FEATURED PLAYER OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Hollywood Stars all know this secret

- That eyes to be lovely must have lovely lashes, too . . . long, luxuriant, and curling softly upward. That half of the time when some one speaks of beautiful eyes, what he really means is beautiful lashes . . . for it's the lashes that give the first, and lasting, impression of the eyes.
- Hollywood stars know all about Kurlash. That's the way they get that divine upward sweep of their own lashes. And Kurlash will do as much for you. It's so easy to use, and the results are so enchant-

ing, that you really oughtn't to be without it for another minute. All you need do is slip your lashes in, press the handles together for about thirty seconds, and your lashes will curl upward in perfectly devastating fashion.

- This year, there's a new, improved version of the Kurlash . . . easier to use, and even more effective. The curl will now stay in much longer. Kurlash still costs just \$1 . . . and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it.



You ought to know about Tweezette, too, the automatic, *painless* tweezers that make it so simple to keep your brows well groomed. It's \$1, and you can get it where you bought your Kurlash.

THE NEW, IMPROVED

Kurlash

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

L I S T E R I N E

attacks mouth bacteria

A famous comedian demonstrates the *restrained way* to eat mince pie!



W. C. Fields, comedy star of Paramount's recent production "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

...BUT in Paramount's recent "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," W. C. Fields breaks down and snatches the entire pie—a *mince* pie made with None Such Mince Meat.

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And None Such is *pure*—made in spotless, sun-bright kitchens. Digest-

ible—so it's safe for children. And *economical*. Get None Such today. Serve None Such Mince Pie tonight. There's no other like it!

Ready for the crust
in 5 minutes!



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Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who entralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Editor and Publisher*

William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor*

Ivan St. Johns, *Western Editor*

Vol. XLVII No. 1

December, 1934



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

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

1926
"BEAU GESTE"

1927
"7th HEAVEN"

1928
"FOUR SONS"

1929
"DISRAELI"

1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

1931
"CIMARRON"

1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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THE \$25 LETTER

Ten years ago a young woman set out for America from Belgium with her two small children. One of those children was my brother, the other myself.

Not until a year ago were we reunited with our father in this country. Needless to say, it was a happy, if tearful, reunion.

But then the question of a job for my father arose. He had been an expert woodworker in Belgium, capable and skilled. Finally a job was offered him if and when he learned to speak English.

I knew he would never be happy until he had work. Then I hit upon a great idea. Here in America, mother, brother and I had become movie fans. It had been the greatest means of Americanizing us; why shouldn't it help father?

We began our program immediately. Father went to movies five nights a week. He not only learned the language, he learned American ways and customs. Within six months he was speaking English well enough to land the job promised him.

No wonder we are grateful to motion pictures!

MARTHA BRABAND, Detroit, Mich.

THE \$10 LETTER

There is someone most dear to me who gets much more than his share of misery because he was born a cripple. He is sensitive to the nth degree. He is insanely in love with a girl who, unfortunately, is another Mildred, the *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage." After I saw "Of Human Bondage" I tried desperately, tactfully, to find a way to make him see the picture. I finally succeeded.

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... 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 reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

For the last few weeks, since seeing the movie, he has been peacefully quiet and meditative. He hasn't made any attempt to get in touch with the girl. I believe he has at last found peace of mind concerning her. And I am deeply grateful to Bette Davis and Leslie Howard for their fine, convincing performances.

F. H., Jackson, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

Do you realize what it means never to have seen a train, a skyscraper, a huge passenger plane—any of the things that are so common to a person living most anywhere in the States? And yet there are many children and adults in Alaska who have never really seen them.

If you can understand what the lack of these things would mean in the education and teaching of modern ways of living, then perhaps you can realize what a benefit and joy the motion pictures are to people in Alaska. For through the eyes of the motion picture camera we see the countless realities that would otherwise be as vague dreams.

M. L. SHARNBROICH, Wrangell, Alaska.

ONE-TIME BIG-TIMERS

Why do the movies spend millions of dollars searching for new talent when so many fine actors and actresses of bygone days are waiting eagerly to make comebacks?

It's been good, recently, to see Charles Ray, William Farnum, Helene Chadwick, Monte Blue and other one-time big stars on the screen again, even if the rôles have been small.

But where's Pola Negri? Surely genius that burned so bright cannot be dimmed by time.

E. M. CHANDLER, Indianapolis, Ind.

WHAT PRICE STYLE?

Recently, I heard that Josef Von Sternberg, in defending "The Scarlet Empress," said he had tried to inject style in the film.

Style is interesting. But of greater artistic importance is unity and form. In attempting to inject style—with gargoyles, twisted statues, barbaric symbols—Von Sternberg lost sight of form, and his picture became loose and incoherent.

He is a great director. But can his reputation [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

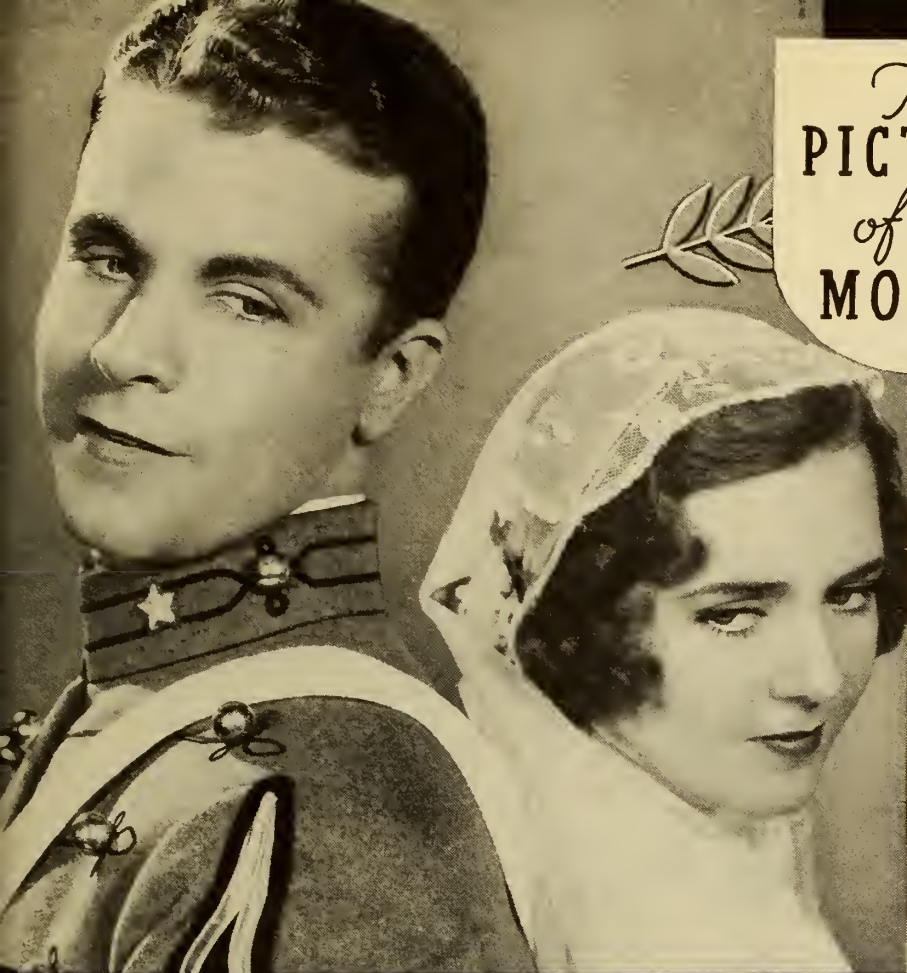
MUST be the weather! People are getting brickbatter all the time. Few bouquets flower on our desk these days! Now it's comedies and spectacles that are getting the hard knocks. And just because something went to our head and we're printing two poems this time, please don't everybody write us hard lines in rhyme!



Some say Marlene Dietrich and Von Sternberg shouldn't make any more movies together. They were chatting with Jean Harlow when the cameraman came along

Pola Negri is one of the former screen idols whom people are asking to see again. Pola is a favorite, also, of Henry Wilcoxon, the English actor





The
PICTURE
of the
MONTH

WE SALUTE
DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER
America's best-loved lovers in the
screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production!

"Flirtation
Walk"

heaps new honors on
DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER
—PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for
his best production; on Bobby Cannolly
of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular
dance numbers; and on Warner Bros.
for a grand all-round show.



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

ADVENTURE GIRL—RKO-Radio.—Unreeling Joan Lowell's exciting adventures in the tropics. An hour packed with action. (Nov.)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the Duke of Florence highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the Duchess, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetrees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALONG CAME SALLY—Gainsborough.—So-so British musical comedy with Cicely Courtneidge, in a dual rôle, and Sam Hardy. (Sept.)

ARE WE CIVILIZED—Raspin Prod.—A dramatization of various conflicts from the beginning of civilization, with a powerful sermon on world peace by William Farnum. (Sept.)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

BABY TAKE A BOW—Fox.—Shirley Temple scores again as the daughter of an ex-convict (James Dunn) accused of stealing the "pearls." Alan Dinehart, Claire Trevor, Ray Walker. (Sept.)

BACHELOR BAIT—RKO-Radio.—As the promoter of a matrimonial agency scheme, Romance, Inc., Stuart Erwin is perfect. Pert Kelton, Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson. (Sept.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

★ **BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE**—M-G-M.—Well nigh perfect is this adaptation of the stage play, with Norma Shearer as the invalid poetess and Fredric March as her lover. Charles Laughton and excellent support. (Oct.)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures.—Still another jungle story with thrilling wild animal shots and a touching native romance. (Aug.)

BEYOND THE LAW—Columbia.—Railroad detective Col. Tim McCoy's investigation of a killing is packed with suspense and action. Shirley Grey. (Oct.)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

BLACK MOON—Columbia.—If you're in the mood to see a white woman (Dorothy Burgess) enslaved by Voodooism, you'll probably enjoy this. Jack Holt and Fay Wray fine. (Sept.)

BLIND DATE—Columbia.—Moderately satisfactory film fare about Ann Sothern going out with Neil Hamilton when "steady" Paul Kelly lets business interfere with her birthday party. (Oct.)

BLUE LIGHT, THE—Mayfair Prod.—This artistic Leni Riefenstahl production will be enjoyed by all intelligent audiences though dialogue is in German and Italian. Magnificent camera effects in the Tyrol. (Aug.)

BLUE STEEL—Monogram.—John Wayne again outgallops, outshoots and outwits the outlaws, and rescues heroine Eleanor Hunt. (Aug.)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solves mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

★ **CAT'S PAW, THE**—Fox.—Doing his familiar characterization—the naive young man for whom even the most difficult situations come out well—Harold Lloyd scores again! This time he's a missionary's son, visiting America. Una Merkel. (Oct.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox.—Admirers of the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell team will like this light tale about their experiences with two college chums in the big town. (Aug.)

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British.—Melodrama aboard the Dover-Calais liner, in which Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell, Nigel Bruce, Matheson Lang all take important parts. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE—Fox.—This yarn, centering around Warner Oland's difficulties in delivering a string of pearls, is the least amusing of the Charlie Chan series. (Sept.)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown splendid in the sympathetic rôle of circus roustabout who later becomes a trapeze artist. Patricia Ellis and good support. (Aug.)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of three cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry B. Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

★ **CLEOPATRA**—Paramount.—A passionate love story, with Claudette Colbert splendid in the title rôle, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony*. A typical DeMille spectacle. (Sept.)

★ **COCKEYED CAVALIERS**—RKO-Radio.—A hilarious hour in Merrie Olde England with Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Thelma Todd and Noah Beery. Two sure-fire song hits. (Aug.)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

★ **COUNT OF MONTECRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is *Dantes*; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Attention!

Movie Fill-in Contestants

Here's something you've been waiting for! The judges, who were swamped by the huge number of entries, are ready to announce the winners of the \$500.00 in Prizes in the January issue of

PHOTOPLAY

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kerk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

BRIDES OF SULU—Exploration Pictures Corp.—Regard this as a scenic travelogue and try to overlook the poor dialogue. Interesting customs and characters, with Philippine Archipelago background. (Oct.)

★ **BRITISH AGENT**—First National.—Locale—Russia during the war; characters—Leslie Howard, a British agent, and Kay Francis who loves him, but is also passionately devoted to her country. Deft direction; capable cast. See this! (Oct.)

★ **BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK**—20th Century-United Artists.—You must see Ronald Colman as the amateur detective who leaps headlong into the most baffling case in many a day. Loretta Young, Charles Butterworth fine. (Aug.)

CALL IT LUCK—Fox.—An old plot, but Herbert Mundin's cockney cabby characterization and Pat Paterson's fresh charm make it fair entertainment. (Aug.)

THEY LOVE THEY LAUGH THEY SING THEY QUARREL

... but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with *Gloria*

SWANSON

and

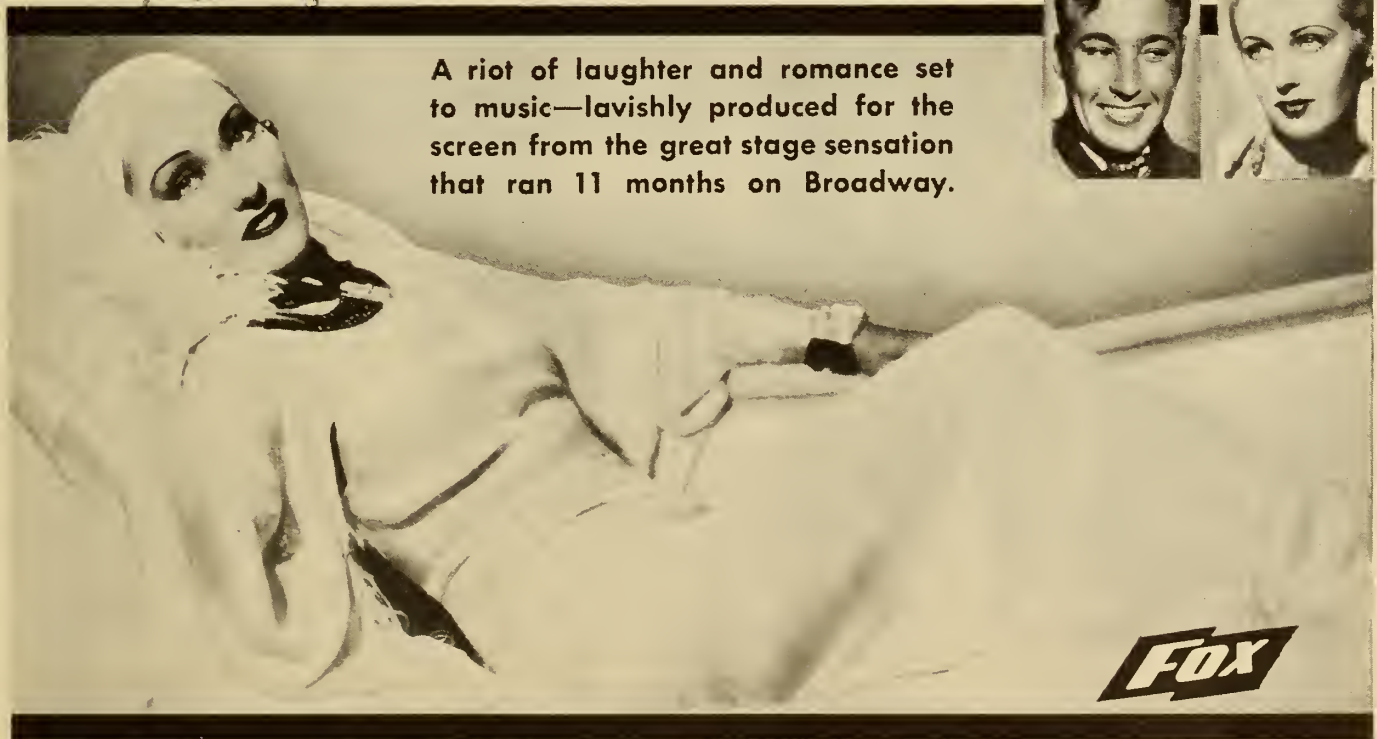
JOHN DOUGLASS
BOLES • MONTGOMERY

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN

AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production

Directed by Joe May



A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

DAMES—Warners.—A barrel of good humor, and excellent tunes by Dick Powell, teamed again with Ruby Keeler. ZaSu Pitts, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert supply comedy, and Joan Blondell lends a snappy touch. (Oct.)

DANCING MAN—Pyramid.—Mediocre murder mystery, featuring Reginald Denny as a gigolo in love with Judith Allen and affairing with her step-mother, Natalie Moorhead. (Oct.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—Improbable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter, Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing Philo Vance. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DR. MONICA—Warners.—Kay Francis handles the title rôle with finesse. And Jean Muir, as the friend in love with Kay's husband (Warren William), is superb. (Sept.)

ELMER AND ELSIE—Paramount.—Light family fare, with Frances Fuller and George Bancroft who reveals hitherto concealed comedy talents. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—In the rôle of a practical joker, Chester Morris does an excellent acting job, and there's never a dull moment. Marian Nixon, Walter Woolf. (Aug.)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—British & Dominion.—Catalogue this one under "Mild and Slow-Moving." Wendy Barrie and Robert Donat play the leads. (Oct.)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FRIDAY THE 13th—Gaumont-British.—An interesting and revealing check-back on the activities of several persons who are in a bus crash at midnight of this fateful day. (Aug.)

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY—Warners.—Fair slapstick, with Charles Ruggles a scream as the rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak. (Aug.)

★ **GIRL FROM MISSOURI, THE**—M-G-M.—Fast and furious adult fare, presenting Jean Harlow as a "good girl" chorine, and Franchot Tone as her millionaire "catch." Fine cast includes Lionel Barrymore. (Oct.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

GRAND CANARY—Fox.—Weak tale of a doctor (Warner Baxter) who, having been "gossiped" out of his profession, recaptures past standing by wiping out a plague of yellow fever. Madge Evans is his romance. (Sept.)

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Paramount.—Jumbled and sentimental but colorful story of an actor's (Adolphe Menjou) losing popularity with marriage, and his wife (Elissa Landi) becoming a star. (Aug.)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

★ **HAPPY LANDING**—Monogram.—Plenty of thrills when Border Patrolter Ray Walker goes after crooks who use the radio to get him in a jam, and threaten bombing an ocean liner. A-1 support. (Oct.)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE—RKO-Radio.—Fair adaptation of the stage play, in which lawyer Ricardo Cortez defends his wife's lover, accused of murder. Superb performances by every cast member. (Oct.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Paramount.—So-so comedy featuring Jack Haley whom Patricia Ellis introduces to family as her crooner husband. But the real crooner turns up—and then! (Aug.)

★ **HERE COMES THE NAVY**—Warners.—One of the best Cagney pictures to date, and probably the most exciting navy picture you've seen. Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Frank McHugh all turn in ace performances. (Sept.)

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney in a gangster film with a brand-new angle. Joan Blondell, Victor Jory. Fair. (Aug.)

★ **HIDE-OUT**—M-G-M.—As a racketeer play-boy, escaped from police, and being "done over" by Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Montgomery does a fine job. In fact, every one in the cast rates praise. (Oct.)

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.—Plot and dialogue are directed toward early sex knowledge. Well presented. Crane Wilbur, Cecilia Parker. (Aug.)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

★ **HIS GREATEST GAMBLE**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix's struggle with his convention-loving wife for the molding of daughter Edith Fellows' character makes interesting screen fare. Dorothy Wilson and Bruce Cabot. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HOUSEWIFE—Warners.—Encouraged by his wife (Ann Dvorak), George Brent starts his own business, acquiring wealth and a mistress (Bette Davis). Just so-so entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **HUMAN SIDE, THE**—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.—Onslow Stevens does a grand characterization of the ex-convict who goes straight when he meets the right girl (Lila Lee). (Aug.)

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal.—Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson, Eric Linden, John Darrow all deserve better than this familiar story of the mother who makes a great sacrifice for her son. (Aug.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

IT'S A BOY—Gainsborough.—In this British farce, Edward Everett Horton is top-notch, but that isn't quite enough to carry the whole picture. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

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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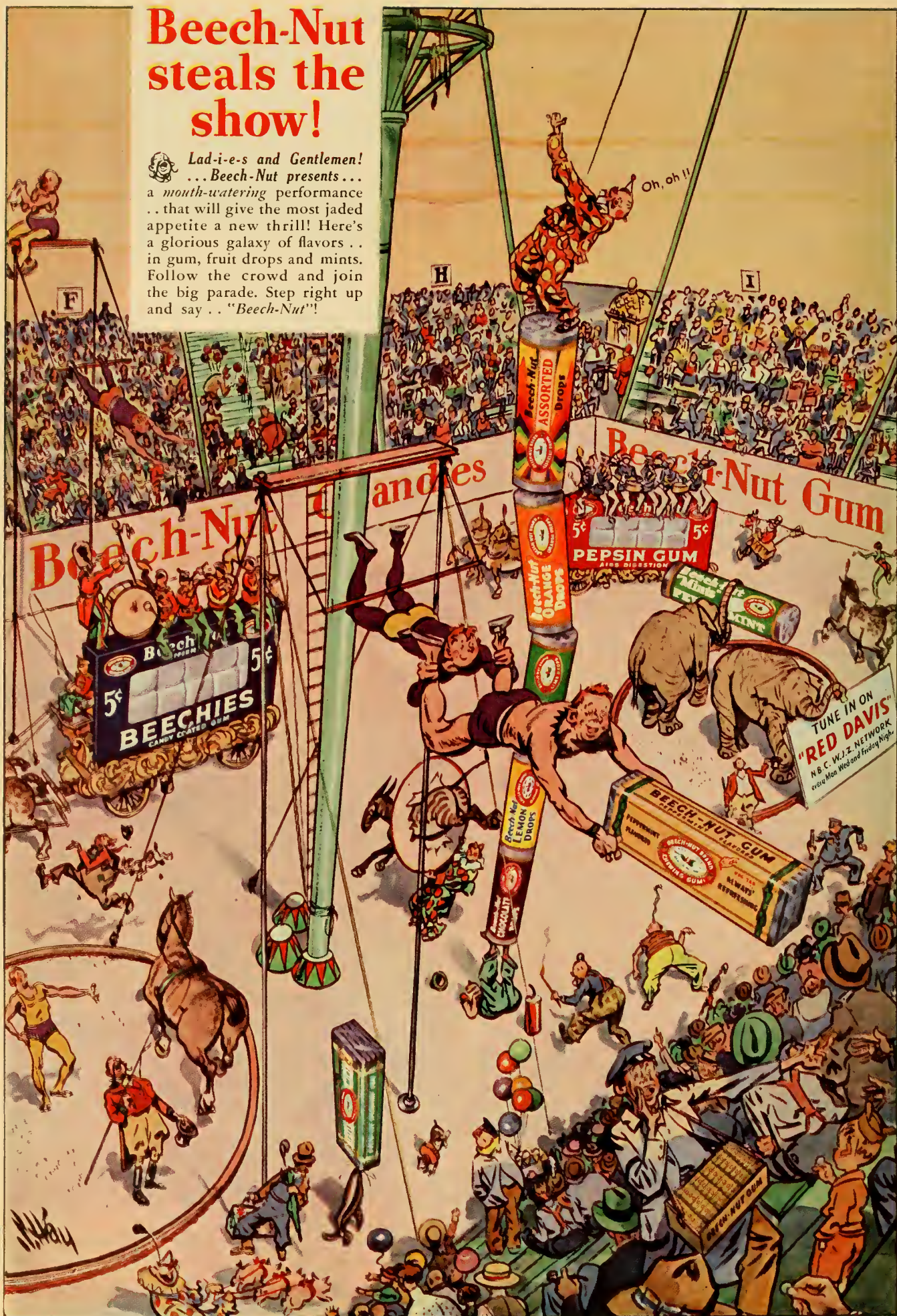


Fine Silverware—to reflect your Christmas Greetings

“I just know it’s *Community Plate*”

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!
 ...Beech-Nut presents...
 a mouth-watering performance...
 that will give the most jaded
 appetite a new thrill! Here's
 a glorious galaxy of flavors...
 in gum, fruit drops and mints.
 Follow the crowd and join
 the big parade. Step right up
 and say... "Beech-Nut"!



Oh, oh!!

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5¢
 BEECHIES
 CANDY COATED GUM

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 PEPSIN GUM
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TUNE IN ON
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 over a Mon, Wed and Friday Night

BEECH-NUT GUM
 PEPPERMINT
 CHOCOLATE
 ALWAYS
 REFRESHING

W. May

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

JANE EYRE—Monogram.—The old classic, handled with taste, but slow in the telling. Virginia Bruce is very beautiful, and Colin Clive does a good acting job. (Sept.)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KEY, THE—Warners.—Melodrama about the Sinn Feiners warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920. Colin Clive, William Powell, Edna Best. Plot weak in spots. (Aug.)

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs while Genevieve Tobin divorces Edward Everett Horton to marry beauty specialist Cary Grant who really loves Helen Mack. (Aug.)

★ **LADIES SHOULD LISTEN**—Paramount.—Delightfully adult society comedy, with Cary Grant revealing himself as a *farceur* of distinction in the rôle of a Parisian bachelor. Frances Drake, Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman all splendid. (Oct.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (Nov.)

★ **LAST GENTLEMAN, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—An interesting character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir. Real, refreshing and entertaining. Splendid support. (Aug.)

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M.—Dull, slow-moving filmfare about Indian boy Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who knows evil ways of the white race. Effective photography. (Aug.)

★ **LET'S TALK IT OVER**—Universal.—Young and old will be amused by the transformation of sailor Mike McGann (Chester Morris). All for the love of a society damsel (Mae Clarke). (Aug.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—RKO-Radio.—Slow-moving and much too talkie is this film in which Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook play a ten-years-married couple falling out of love. Helen Vinson. (Oct.)

LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Louis Bromfield's story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is well acted by Ann Harding and John Boles. Supporting cast first-rate. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?**—Universal.—Touching and very real is this story of a young couple's struggle with life. Margaret Sullavan is superb, and Douglass Montgomery's rôle fits him like a glove. (Aug.)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LOST JUNGLE, THE—Mascot.—Clyde Beatty gives an exciting performance with both lions and tigers in the big cage. And his South Sea Isle experiences add to thrills. (Sept.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOUISIANA—Robert Mintz Prod.—Some of the scenes in this odd film about a group of Negroes torn between their pastor's teaching and Voodooism are really fascinating. Beautiful voices are heard in spirituals. (Sept.)

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Universal.—A confused issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther, Gloria Stuart and supporting cast fine, but story is weak. (Aug.)

MADAME DU BARRY—Warners.—An elaborate and diverting presentation of Madame Du Barry's (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court. King Louis XV is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. (Aug.)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN FROM UTAH, THE—Monogram.—Thrilling rodeo shots speed up this Western in which John Wayne exposes the racketeers. Polly Ann Young is the feminine interest. (Aug.)

MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE—First National.—Clear cut character drawing, intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make this a decidedly good show. Mary Astor, Ricardo Cortez, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

"Anthony Adverse" Contest!

Winners in the great
"Anthony Adverse"
Cast Selection Contest,
who share in the
\$10,000 Prizes,
will be found on
Pages 70-71
of this issue of
PHOTOPLAY

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Lanny Ross, radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothern, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

MERRY FRINKS, THE—First National.—Aline MacMahon, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Frankie Darrow, Joan Wheeler and Guy Kibbee are all valuable in making up a comedy well worth your time. (Aug.)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Opera etta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (Nov.)

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners.—This feeble and unamusing tale is too much even for the capable cast, including Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Ruth Donnelly, Guy Kibbee. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—First National.—As the gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster, Richard Barthelmess, comes through in fine style. New plot twist. (Aug.)

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM—Universal.—In the rôle of a former liquor baron trying to go straight, Edward Arnold is superb. Phillips Holmes and Mary Carlisle do nice work, too. (Oct.)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rameau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram.—A few dull spots, but on the whole this yarn about the shipping clerk (Wally Ford), who marries the wealthy girl (Gloria Shea) is amusing. (Aug.)

MOONSTONE, THE—Monogram.—David Manners and Phyllis Barry do a good acting job in spite of poor direction and a loose screen play. (Oct.)

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE—Columbia.—Jean Arthur's superb performance is wasted in this familiar tale of the mother who turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory. (Aug.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Nov.)

★ **MURDER AT THE VANITIES**—Paramount.—Two backstage murders make the opening night of Earl Carroll's show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, Kitty Carlisle and a host of well-known players in support. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M.—A riot of thrills and nonsense cover up weak spots in plot. Mary Carlisle, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Russell Hardie all well cast. (Sept.)

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox.—While Nigel Bruce investigates smuggling of diamonds out of Trinidad, two men are killed. Exciting melodrama. Victor Jory, Heather Angel. (Aug.)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—RKO-Radio.—Plenty of action, suspense and chills, with Edna May Oliver superb in a humorous Philo Vance rôle. Jimmy Gleason and Regis Toomey (Aug.)

NELL GWYN—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in a weak screen story on the life of the lowly actress who became a favorite of King Charles II. (Oct.)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG, THE—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as crooks vying for first place in their profession. Alison Skipworth. (Sept.)

★ **NOW AND FOREVER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple scores again as vagabond adventurer Gary Cooper's motherless tot. Carole Lombard is Gary's beautiful love. Principals and support A-1. (Oct.)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

★ **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—RKO-Radio.—Deft adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a cripple (Leslie Howard) hopelessly in love with a vicious woman (Bette Davis). Expert characterizations by principals, Frances Dee, Reginald Owen and Alan Hale. (Sept.)

★ **OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Paralyzing gags, situations and lines in this Gay Nineties story featuring W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy, Judith Allen, Joe Morrison and revival cast of stage play "The Drunkard." (Sept.)

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty.—A veteran comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Marian Nixon, Neil Hamilton and Aileen Pringle. (Aug.)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

ONE MORE RIVER—Universal.—Americans will find this account of Diana Wynyard's affair with Frank Lawton, resulting in a divorce from her cruel husband, a trifle ponderous. (Oct.)

★ **ONE NIGHT OF LOVE**—Columbia.—An unusual musical romance. With your eyes open or closed, it's an evening for the gods. Grace Moore's voice is glorious. Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminatti. (Aug.)

★ **OPERATOR 13**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies does fine work as a spy in this Southern extravaganza with Civil War background. Gary Cooper is a spy for the opposite side. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

tion stand another such bizarre phantasmagoria as "The Scarlet Empress"?

T. WALTERS, Nashville, Tenn.

ALLURE BY JOE

To the lasting credit of Josef Von Sternberg is the creation of a glamorous Dietrich whose allure is determined by her emotional restraint and heightened by superb photography.

I refuse to agree with those who think that the combination of Dietrich and Von Sternberg has exhausted its cinematic possibilities.

GEORGE T. HOOK, Gulph Mills, Penna.

A GAMBLE ON GABLE

I'm not a gambling woman, but I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that Clark Gable has ruined more budding romances than any man on earth!

A girl manages to get herself all "steamed up" over the newest boy friend. He takes her to a movie.

It's a Gable picture.

There's Clark: handsome, strong, gentle, always saying the romantic things; always treating the girl as she wants to be treated (even if she won't admit it sometimes).

Brickbats & Bouquets

.... NOW WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

Then out into the bright lights. Look the new boy friend over. Think a girl can be satisfied with a home-town, corn-fed product after a dreamy hour in Gable's arms? Alas, no. A thousand times no!

E. H. M., Davenport, Iowa.

WHERE, OH WHERE?

Maybe I went to bed early those nights. Or played bridge instead of going to the movies. Anyhow, I haven't seen anything of either Lupe or Johnny on the screen for a long, long time.

And I don't like it. Handsome Mr. Weissmuller and his peppery little Mexican wife are two of my favorites.

Don't tell me marriage is ending *both* their screen careers! Or are they so busy sparring and making up that they don't have time for motion pictures?

BETTY ANDREWS, Lincoln, Neb.

WALTER, TAKE A BOW

May I cast a very enthusiastic vote of approval and admiration for the work of Walter Connolly? I have just seen him in that fine picture, "Whom the Gods Destroy." The theme of father love, as handled by Mr. Connolly, shows none of the maudlin, sickening sentimentality which might easily have developed. His was a vibrant, forceful characterization.

MRS. WILLIAM V. ALBAUGH, Baltimore, Md.

SALUTES FOR GINGER

I'm a soldier under the stars and stripes, stationed on an island in the Canal Zone. And, believe me, the movies are important to us!

But all I want is just a little space in your fine magazine to tell the movie audience that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



On the screen, off the screen, Clark Gable is tops with ladies! He was having cocktails with Elizabeth Allan, and Loretta Young came over to say hello



Walter Connolly as *Bottom*, and Mickey Rooney as *Puck* in the Max Reinhardt staging of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Hollywood's Bowl. Connolly returns to New York this winter to work in a stage play

No, marriage isn't ending their screen careers! Johnny and Lupe have just been too busy partying and going abroad to worry about work



CARL LAEMMLE *Presents*

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stamped-ing the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL



Brickbats & Bouquets

..... MOVIES ARE MADE FOR YOU

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Ginger Rogers is a swell actress and the sweetest lady on the screen. Anybody disagree?

PRIVATE MARVIN C. BLANK,
Fort Sherman, Panama Canal Zone.

DEATH BY STARRING

One of the most stupid things Hollywood does it rush a talented but inexperienced young actress into pre-mature stardom. Four years ago the promising career of Marian Marsh was

sadly retarded because she was given the important feminine lead in "Svengali." Hailed as a new find, ballyhooed as a screen sensation, the inexperienced youngster slipped into comparative oblivion when the noise died down.

I'm glad to hear that she is now being cast in the title rôle of "Girl of the Limberlost." Since the "Svengali" blare she has been learning, playing rôles in unimportant pictures. She also spent a year abroad in British films.

When will Hollywood learn to train its players first, then star them?

JOSEPH POWERS, Duluth, Minn.

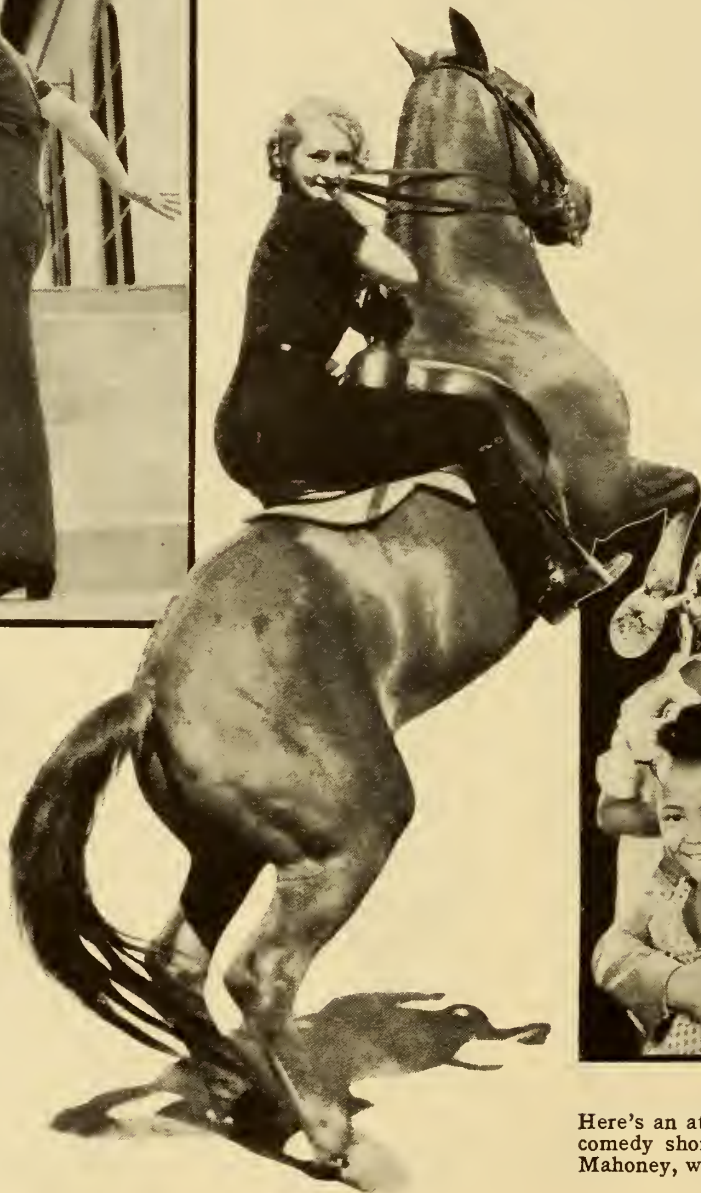
PHYLLIS HAS GONE WEST

My girl Phyllis was sweet and pure,
Her dress decorous and demure.
A shy brunette with eyes so wide,
That no deceptive lure could hide.



Ginger Rogers is the girl who makes the men write in! After "The Gay Divorcée," we'll be swamped with letters from males. She was dashing up to her front door when the photographer yelled

Wonder if Marian learned to do this in England? Miss Marsh's admirers in this country are welcoming her back, after a sojourn in British pictures. She is in "A Girl of the Limberlost"



But—
My Phyllis has gone West, alas!
For yesterday she chanced to pass
A picture show, and with the throng
Went in to see "She Done Him Wrong."

And now another girl I see
Who slides softly up to me,
A blonde with unsuspected hips,
And lipstick-red come-hither lips.

"Night after Night" with nerve sublime,
She says, "Come up'n' see me some time;
"I'm no Angel; I misbehave; It Ain't no Sin,
It's love I crave."

My Phyllis has gone West, Ah me!
A change I little thought to see!
But underneath this strong S. A.
She's Phyllis still, let come what Mae!
S. G. SWAN, Perth, W. Australia.

WHO LAUGHED?

I am pleading for the return of the two-reel drama to the movie horizon, to take the place of the slapstick "comedies" now being shown us.

Am I right in thinking that movie fans would rather see intelligent short subjects than the present slapstick variety?

GEORGE A. ABBATE, Utica, N. Y.

SHE HATES COZY CORNERS

The most amazing person on the screen? May Robson! She is certainly the Grand Old Lady of the Films! A great-grandmother, most women her age would prefer to sit in a cozy corner and tell stories that begin, "I remember when —" But not Robson! In her latest picture, "Straight Is the Way," she gives a performance that actresses half her age would be proud of!

MRS. R. H. TUTTLE, Nashville, Tenn.

MORE MORLEY

I'll swap you half-a-dozen "big shot" stars for one little lady who is good to look at and gives consistently fine performances. Her name is Karen Morley.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18]



Here's an attempt to answer your plea for funnier comedy shorts: The tap-dancing comedian, Will Mahoney, with the Cabin Kids. They're in "She's My Lilly," for Educational

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

ORDERS IS ORDERS—Gaumont-British.—An amusing skit with all-English cast excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, who are a comedy riot. (Aug.)

OUR DAILY BREAD—United Artists.—Frankly communistic, this film portrays community ranch life, climaxing with a victory over drought. Karen Morley, Tom Keene and Barbara Pepper fine. (Sept.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

PARIS INTERLUDE—M-G-M.—Good story idea and setting, but disjointed telling. Hero worship is theme—Robert Young's somewhat shoddy idol being Otto Kruger, an adventurous newspaper man. Fine cast includes Madge Evans. (Oct.)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothern, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is *Mr. Peck*. (Nov.)

PERSONALITY KID, THE—Warners.—Not a new plot, but it's well handled. Pat O'Brien, as an egotistical prize-fighter is okay. Glenda Farrell plays his wife. (Aug.)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture. (Nov.)

PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiance, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

RANDY RIDES ALONE—Monogram.—Western devotees will enjoy seeing John Wayne track down a band of outlaws led by George Hayes, Alberta Vaughn. (Sept.)

★ **RETURN OF THE TERROR**—First National.—A chilling mystery that has for its locale a sanitarium for the insane. John Halliday, Mary Astor and Lyle Talbot are right up to par. Suspense well sustained. (Aug.)

★ **RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job in title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for Western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

★ **ROMANCE IN THE RAIN**—Universal.—An amusing fantastic semi-musical with Roger Pryor, Victor Moore and Heather Angel, handsomely mounted and uproariously funny. (Oct.)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffe as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Majestic.—A revival of the classic with Colleen Moore, Hardie Albright and little Cora Sue Collins turning in convincing performances. (Oct.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty.—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome yarn just the same. (Nov.)

★ **SERVANTS' ENTRANCE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor devotees will enjoy seeing her in this fairy-tale story as wealthy Walter Connolly's daughter, in love with chauffeur Lew Ayres. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 19]



*If everyone in this theatre
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic*

(as used in recent tests)

**there should be 50%
fewer colds!**

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

If what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Brickbats & Bouquets

..... SPEAK YOUR MIND FREELY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

I cannot agree with those who say that a player's private life should not influence your enjoyment of their pictures. I think one reason I am fond of Karen is that I know she is a devoted wife and mother and that her marriage is one of Hollywood's few successful matrimonial ventures.

RICHARD TRAVIS, St. Louis, Mo.

POOR POMP

In these columns I've read your praises of certain pictures heralded as "magnificent spectacles."

I'm sick of such movies!

They are pretentious, heavy and grand with their costumes, their pomp and circumstance. They are unnatural and false.

The other night I slipped in to see a picture I'd never heard of, "Romance in the Rain," with Heather Angel and Roger Pryor. Next night I saw the unheralded Jean Muir film, "Desirable." These pictures were both true and natural, well-acted, simply and directly

told. Their stories unfolded as naturally as a flower.

I consider them vastly superior, from an artistic standpoint to the so-called "great" pictures.

ALEX. T. BROWN, New York City.

MOST "DESIRABLE"

"Desirable"!

What a picture!

What a cast!

What acting!

What a story!

Such direction!

Such photography!

Not a flaw!

What more could one ask?

ELCY E. OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kans.

OKLAHOMA'S FAVORITE SON!

During State Fair week in Oklahoma, schools were dismissed and our two boys (ages six and

twelve) wanted to spend one holiday at the movies.

Looking over the papers to see what movie suitable for children was running, we found only one: Will Rogers in "Judge Priest."

We knew we were safe there. For if it's a Will Rogers movie you don't have to look up "The Reviews on Current Pictures" to find out if it is fit for children. Will Rogers packs the houses here, from ages six to ninety!

"Judge Priest" is superb throughout. Our whole family enjoyed it from start to finish. Give us more movie stories of everyday life from the pen of Irvin S. Cobb!

MRS. E. L. KEMP, Oklahoma City, Okla.

SONNET TO KATHARINE HEPBURN

"In Hollywood"—darkly the critic spake
 "Talent is oft transmuted into dross;
 Genius, clipp'd and prison'd, suffers loss,
 And Art is sacrificed for mammon's sake."
 Whereat there came this dictum stern refuting,
 Your brilliant self, as might some strange swift
 star

Shine strongly forth where tinsel meteors are
 Across an artificial heaven shooting.
 Even in temples builded upon dust
 Some genius shows a light that will endure
 With growth in struggle; although immature
 Yours is the art that shines because it must.
 And for your urgent Youth there shall appear
 No Morning Glory, but a bright career!

LEONARD ELLIOTT, London, England.



Pretty Jean Muir's popularity has been rising steadily. Warner Brothers plan to cast her as the nun when "The Miracle" is filmed. This is the way she'll look

One of Filmdom's happiest married stars is Karen Morley, who gets a large bouquet this month. Here she is with her husband, Director Charles Vidor

Four generations! May Robson holds her great-grandchild, Virginia May Robson Gore. May's son, Edward Gore, is on her right; grandson on her left

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE—Majestic.—After coaxing her old Ford as far as Buster Crabbe's barbecue stand, there's lots of excitement for Isabel Jewell. Good comedy. (Oct.)

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS—Fox.—Fast, clean comedy in which sailor Lew Ayres finds plenty of opposition when he tries to get gay with Alice Faye. Mitchell and Durant mix things up plenty. Harry Green fine. (Sept.)

★ **SHE LOVES ME NOT**—Paramount.—Smart treatment of the stage success puts this way out front as clever entertainment. Bing Crosby gives an A-1 performance, and you will meet a brand-new Miriam Hopkins. (Sept.)

SHE WAS A LADY—Fox.—Just so-so entertainment, with Ralph Morgan married to his mother's maid, Doris Lloyd, and Helen Twelvetrees as their daughter. Excellent performances. (Oct.)

SHOCK—Monogram.—A sentimental and improbable story of the World War, in which officer Ralph Forbes leaves bride-of-a-day Gwenllian Gill to return to the front, only to be shell-shocked. (Oct.)

★ **SHOOT THE WORKS**—Paramount.—Heartaches and rib-tickles of "show business" put to music and woen into a top-notch story. Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie excellent. Tragic note is presence of the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody. (Sept.)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SORRELL AND SON—British & Dominion-United Artists.—Warwick Deering's famous story of the love of a father and son is beautifully told. H. B. Warner splendid. (Aug.)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsy, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

STAMBOUL QUEST—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy well cast as the compatriot of Mata Hari. George Brent is an American doctor, Lionel Atwill a Secret Service man, and C. Henry Gordon once again the villain. Good suspense. (Sept.)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STAR PACKER, THE—Monogram.—Discovering the identity of *The Shadow* (George Hayes) is no easy task, but John Wayne comes through in fine style. Verna Hillie. (Sept.)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield.—Pretty poor screen fare, with Sallie Blane as the heiress who can't make up her mind between the nice boy she's engaged to and the second-rater she's in love with, Charles Starrett. (Aug.)

★ **STRAIGHT IS THE WAY**—M-G-M.—Determined to go straight after a "stretch," Franchoi Tone fights influence of the old mob led by Jack LaRue. Powerfully constructed drama. May Robson and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

MARIAN, YOUR LETTER SCARED ME STIFF. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH THE WRONG MAN?

IT'S THIS WAY, SIS. TWO PERFECTLY CHARMING MEN HAVE PROPOSED TO ME. BUT WAIT... LET ME SHOW YOU THEIR PICTURES

MEET GENTLEMAN A. STRAIGHTFORWARD, DEPENDABLE CHAP—PROBABLY MAKE AN EXCELLENT HUSBAND. ONLY I GUESS I LOVE SOMEONE ELSE

THIS IS GENTLEMAN B. ISN'T HE A DARLING? SOME GIRL IS SURE TO SNAP HIM UP IF I DON'T DECIDE QUICK. BUT KATHIE, AT TIMES HE'S... CARELESS

DOES THAT MEAN HE'LL BE INCONSIDERATE IN OTHER WAYS, TOO?

NOT AT ALL, MARIAN! "B.O." OFFENDERS NEVER DREAM THEY'RE GUILTY. TELL HIM YES. AFTER YOU'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR A WHILE YOU CAN DROP A GENTLE HINT

LATER

FUNNY HOW MARIAN AND I GOT TALKING ABOUT THOSE "B.O." ADS. SHE REALLY THINKS ONE MAY OFFEND AND NOT KNOW IT. MAKES ME WONDER IF I EVER....

GLAD I DECIDED TO TRY LIFEBOUY. SUCH REFRESHING LATHER! NO SENSE IN RISKING "B.O." WHEN IT'S SO PLEASANT TO PLAY SAFE

NO "B.O." NOW—
a perfect love match!

AND DEAREST, I WANT KATHIE FOR MAID OF HONOR. I CAN'T TELL YOU ALL WE OWE HER

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY COMPLEXION, DEAR. YOURS IS MUCH CLEARER, TOO

THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USING YOUR SOAP—LIFEBOUY

LIFEBOUY brings to complexions just the care they need! Its gentle, pore-penetrating lather searches out dirt and clogged wastes. Clears and freshens dull skins to glowing health. Every night massage Lifebuoy lather well into pores; then rinse. See new beauty soon!

"B.O." danger ever-present

Even on bitter cold days, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Playsafe with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Abundant in hot, cold, hard or soft water—its lather deodorizes pores. Stops "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

A most important statement
to those who want white,
lustrous teeth:

**5 people out of 7
do not change from
Listerine Tooth Paste**

WE can tell you how costly are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

“Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out.”

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable

REGULAR SIZE

25¢

tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

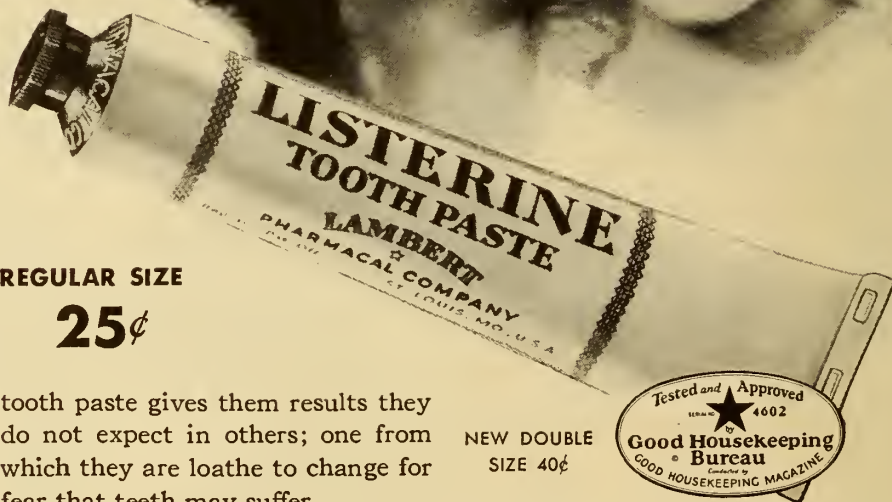
It says, in effect: “At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly.”

NEW DOUBLE
SIZE 40¢



If we seem a little enthusiastic about these findings, we hope you will pardon us. They really are something to be proud of.

Why don't you try a tube of this good dentifrice? In two sizes: 25¢ for the regular, 40¢ for the double size. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.





Russell Ball

AN excellent poloist himself, George Brent takes the rôle of *Townsend*, expert polo player, in the Garbo picture, "The Painted Veil." Warners, on lending Brent to M-G-M, insisted that a double play the polo sequences because of the danger involved. But Brent refused to use a double, and the studios finally compromised on heavy insurance



Clarence Sinclair Bull

PORTRAIT of a movie star relaxing. And doubtless while the cameraman got in his work, there were producers lined up at the door of Loretta Young's home, waiting to borrow her from Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century Pictures. Loretta, on a loan, has finished "Caravan" and "The White Parade" for Fox. Soon she'll make a picture for M-G-M.



IT'S hard to believe, but in this sequence Ethel Merman is trying to convince Eddie (Harum-scarum) Cantor that she is his mother. Eddie says if this is mother love, he pities the poor orphan! All of Ethel's maternal instincts, it seems, have been aroused by the fact that Eddie has lots and lots of money! It's a scene from his movie, "Kid Millions"



THE Australian cockatoo perched on Verree Teasdale's shoulder is plainly showing his fascination with Hollywood. One meets so many interesting people, you know—like Verree, for instance. She and the bird posed on a set at Warners, where Verree is making "The Fire-bird," her first picture since she became the wife of Adolphe Menjou

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty



AMERICAN movie executives are dropping in on British studios around London as thick as hailstones. Excellent pictures and reputed technical efficiency are the cause. "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great" gave warning of potential competition to Hollywood. These international successes, together with reports of the wonders of new British studios, have aroused the curiosity of American film magnates. The studios of London Films, now in process of construction, which will cover one hundred acres, are particularly in the limelight.

For a long time Europe submitted meekly to our raids for actors, directors, photographic and other technical methods. We did not absolutely need any of these, but it was the smartness of Hollywood in taking anywhere anything it wanted that kept American pictures so far ahead of foreign competition. Our best was unequalled, but our international liftings made us invincible.

THEN Britain woke up and her studios began to emulate American methods. For London Films at Elstree—headed by Alexander Korda—Georges Perinel, ace cameraman for France's great producer, Renee Clair, and Hal Rosson were engaged.

A host of England's best writers were signed up, with such actors as George Arliss, Maurice Chevalier, John Barrymore, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Charles Farrell—already perfected by Hollywood training—engaged for specific pictures.

There are two outstanding reasons among others why some of our greatest stars can be enticed away—for a period, at least—by England: A share of the profits as well as salary are offered; the actor is not typed.

This last is particularly appealing to a great artist. He is not compelled to repeat similar rôles.

INCIDENTALLY, this latter "advantage" may not work out so well as the British producers expect. As an example, take Will Rogers. A Will Rogers' picture means a lovable chap with homely wit that hits the bull's-eye. If Will should abandon the model to which he has been so long tailored, I could readily foresee a dropping off in his following.

Probably, however, the British producers have taken this factor into consideration, and will not go too far afield in this respect. Indeed, Korda, who knows his Hollywood, is said to have decided to send his entire staff to the American scene to be inspired at first hand by American production methods. And, at this hour, the report is that Korda himself will once more inspect the Hollywood scene.

IT is the man who does things differently who so often makes the big money in pictures. Here Samuel Goldwyn of United Artists stands right up in front. He has not come a cropper on a single production he has fathered, yet from the viewpoint of some other Hollywood executives, he has been at times reckless in engaging foreign or untried talent.

When, some years ago, Mr. Goldwyn proudly exhibited a great European "find," to others she appeared to be only a blonde, pretty, gentle but somewhat plump Continental *hausfrau*.

"You can't do anything with her," they said. "You will see," said Mr. Goldwyn complacently. And see they did. The unsuitable timber became the very beautiful and very profitable Vilma Banky.

Ronald Colman was another of his discoveries, and so firmly rooted is Colman in the hearts of picture-goers the world over that he may stay off the screen almost as long as he pleases, and on his return patrons will fight for seats.

ONLY Mr. Goldwyn's mystic eye could see star material in Anna Sten. He hazarded a million dollars in making "Nana" to prove he was right. He won. Before a shot was taken he could visualize the glamour that is hers on the screen, and her second picture, "We Live Again," is an undisputed triumph.

Samuel Goldwyn has never been caught in an intricate business machinery that requires a picture be turned out every week. He is an artist as well as a business man, and his business sense tells him that the better artist he is the greater his financial success will be.

He believes it is better to fire slowly, surely, carefully, than to deliver a round of pot-shots, counting on the law of averages to make a hit.

THE international exchange has brought Max Reinhardt, famous European stage director, into the Warner fold. His has been a career to dazzle even Hollywood sophisticates. His fame began forty years ago, when at the age of twenty he became a favorite actor of the Berlin stage. Ten years later he was ready to become a stage director. His second production was Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In the next few years he had produced dramatic works ranging from the ancient Greek Sophocles to Moliere, Goethe, Ibsen and Shaw. There went to his credit, too, a host of musical comedies and operas. One of his theaters housed an audience of five thousand.

TODAY, every theatrical director of any importance in Central Europe has been a pupil—directly or indirectly—of Reinhardt. Moreover, Lubitsch, Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, Rudolf Schildkraut, among many others, were trained under this master. He understands, and can present, any form of theatrical art—stage drama, opera, pantomime, motion picture.

With this vast experience behind him, no one dares to dispute him when he says that the screen offers a greater range of dramatic interpretation than any other medium of the theater.

WHEN Warner Brothers signed this dazzling catch to a long-term contract for production under his supervision, they executed one of the biggest business strokes in the history of pictures. For fifteen years Reinhardt refused to be beguiled to Hollywood.

Great intellectual that he is, Reinhardt uses that only which has universal appeal. He speaks to the masses as well as to the highbrows.

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs*!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ 0/0 PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

LET'S GO To Tomorrow's Movies



WHAT will the movie show of the future be like?

The best way to learn is to go to tomorrow's movies and see what they offer. Just let us peep through the veil of a few years, at the forms of entertainment 1940 may have in store for us; basing our observations on the specific inventions, improvements and refinements the brains of the industry are working on right now.

What's on tonight? (1940) The big fight in New York City. Where do you want to see it, at home or at an entertainment center?

Let's spend the first part of the evening at home. We'll go out later.

Dial your telephone operator and tell her you want station CCBB. You know, television comes right in over the line without interfering with the phone service. Besides, it's easier to have the company keep up your outfit and merely add a

nominal charge to your phone bill.

You see, they couldn't put television on the air until they could figure out a way to collect for their services. That held them up several years. They could have gone ahead with programs back in 1931 if it hadn't been for that:

Oh, you've discovered that Eddie Cantor, Greta Garbo, Will Rogers and Anna Sten are playing together in "Try and See Them," so you're going to forget the fight.

That sounds sensible to me. The feature follows a scientific short on the habits of tigers, taken in the pitch dark of a jungle night. And you can well imagine what a jungle night is!

The movie center of 1940: Pictures, projected or televised, virtually live before your eyes. They have true color and depth. The sound distribution is perfect

Gaze into our crystal and behold the marvels of television-movies! Pipe-dream? No. They are possible by 1940

By William F. French

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

Absolutely in the pitch dark — there wasn't a glimmer of a light within a mile of where those shots were made. They were taken on the infra-red film, you know.

It's the infra-red ray that pierces fog and land haze, too, and permitted the development of the photographic arrangement that now, in 1940, allows airplane pilots to see right through the worst imaginable kind of fogs.

But here comes on the animal picture. In colors—sure, using the old-fashioned three-color process so famous in printing. That's all the colors there are, you know: just the red, yellow, and blue. Every other shade is simply a variation of those. In the Spring of 1934, RKO-Radio had developed about eighteen different tones from these three colors, but now (1940) they are using twice as many.

In the two color process of 1930, the two different colored negatives were printed on one matrix film—which was sensitized on both sides and received one print on one side and the other on the other.

But in 1934 they started printing three colors, one on top of the other, on a single side of the matrix or composite film. Just like they do in color printing or in lithographing.

On the stage they always knew the value of color moods, and of proper lighting. At first all color films



Just use the television dial on your phone and you can get many of the same news pictures and features on your home screen that are shown at the center. But the theater still has its advantages

were made with flat lighting and contrasting, vivid colors. Then the studios began to learn how to get real tone values by proper lighting. They also learned that moods and atmosphere are best expressed by color—a most important discovery.

In the Winter of 1933-34 the film people began a concerted drive for the use of tinted film in pictures. For morning scenes, night scenes, desert scenes; for dramatic moments, for sad moments, for joyous moments—there are tinted films for each and all.

Later in 1934 the bigger studios began the earnest experiment with color moods, as well as with three color process films and with proper set lighting.

The film and color experts convinced them color can do almost as much as music to create a mood or atmosphere. Then the famous color chart for expression became popular. It was definitely proved that the tone, atmosphere and proposed action of a film or situation could be plainly indicated by color. Rose Doree, for instance, was the trade name for the rose pink color that quickens respiration and promises thrilling love scenes, excitement, scenes of abandon and heavily sensuous surroundings. The aquagreen was cool and soothing and relaxing. Nocturne was designed and devised especially for night effects—for murky interiors.

It is also the color to express the mood of sadness, defeated expectation and the dark intrigue of the underworld. And so on.

As the big studios learned the use of these tinted stocks and the lighting that gave [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]





Tunbridge

LESLIE HOWARD and Merle Oberon, British beauty, in London Film Productions' "The Scarlet Pimpernel," soon to be shown over here. Howard has been tentatively selected for the lead in "Anthony Adverse." Miss Oberon, also in Fairbanks, Sr.'s, *Don Juan* film, is engaged to wed Joseph M. Schenck



May Robson

Barbara Stanwyck

Walter Connolly

Nils Asther

Jean Parker

Claudette Colbert

Frank Capra guides screen unknowns into prominence, and gives new life to fading stars

Clark Gable

Hollywood's New Miracle Man

HOLLYWOOD has a modern Merlin—a master magician—in a quiet, self-effacing man who lays no loud claims to his obvious genius.

Yet, a leading producer told a group of other top executives: "I'd give a million dollars for the contracts of Frank Capra, Bob Riskin and Sam Briskin!" (Riskin is the scenarist and Briskin the supervisor on Director Capra's pictures.)

One million dollars for the privilege of hiring somebody!

What makes it more fantastic is that this modern magician has no deep and mysterious secret by which he works. He has one rule. You'll grin as you read it. It is this:

"A dull scene is just so much footage and holds a picture back. Some form of entertainment must be put in."

But, Frank Capra, by the soft spell of his directorial instruc-

The magic of Capra's direction has turned out an amazing string of hits for Columbia

By Kirtley Baskette

of his developed genius.

First off, let me say, Frank Capra today sports no high-sounding prefixes to his family name. He affects no spectacular mode of dress or swaggering movie mannerisms. He never has raised the heavens with temperamental bellowings—on the set or off the set.

Physically, he is short and stocky, and he has a mild, pleasing manner. His olive skin, flash- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

tions in following his rule, has guided screen unknowns into prominence, and into waning screen greats he has breathed new life.

What is even more important, by the magic of his sure, inspired direction he has created an unbroken line of progressively sensational box-office productions—each one to be long remembered.

The result is that Capra's pictures have raised Columbia Studios from a subordinate independent producing organization to the outstanding major studio it is today.

If there is any secret to his genius, it is an indefinable one that permits him to put realism, humaneness, and an understandable naturalness into his pictures.

Looking into the background and the youthful tastes and ideals of this remarkable man gives a clue to the "how come"

A Red-Nosed Romeo



With every girl on the lot yoo-hooing him, W. C. Fields is completely indifferent to ladies. Bill here resists Adrienne Ames, who played with him in "You're Telling Me"



Bill sits in his back-yard in the shade of a palm, inhaling the pleasant aroma of foamy fluid. Truly this is paradise enow, without feminine intrusion

HE'S the high-stepping Romeo of Hollywood. The latest and the newest of the big-sheik daddies. The complete and total answer to any number of little blondes' prayers. Only he doesn't know it, and isn't bothered. That's W. C. Fields.

With that nose, crimson and gleaming like a lantern on a detour sign, that funny little walk with the knees popping well out, to say nothing of the stomach, those shrewd little blue eyes that have seen everything everywhere, and the whole ensemble (and oh, the voice!) topped by straw-colored hair—well, here is something!

Yet, for some reason, the girls go twittering about frantically begging people all over the place, "Please tell me more about Mr. Fields." "He's the most fascinating man." "He's so blasé."

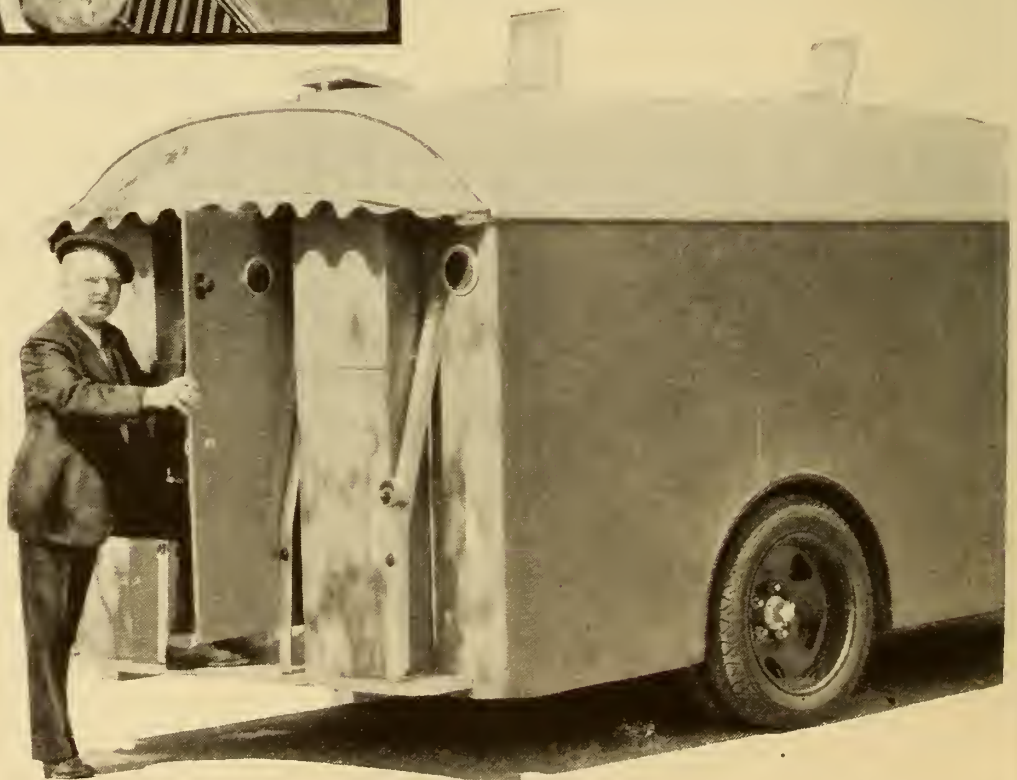
What do you make of it?

Handsome, romantic actors, with melting eyes and slickem on the hair, stroll about the Paramount lot in droves. No one cares. Stalwart Roman soldiers from the "Cleopatra" set clinked and clattered in all their splendid uniforms. And never a tumble. But let W. C. go goose-stepping away from the set, and boy! the lovely honeys hang from dressing-room and studio office windows calling, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields!" "Oh, you, Mr. Fields!"

And W. C., without even a backward or a side-ward glance, will merely flick his fingers in a bored and weary gesture, the knees will hippety-hop, hippety-hop, the nose do a "Shine On. Shine On Harvest Moon," as into his own dressing-room, he'll pop. Let the rest of the world go by.

What a man!

And for the first time in the history of Hollywood, the favorite reigning Romeo of the day is also the favorite with every man in town, from the biggest producer to the lowliest extra. He's Hollywood's man-of-the-hour, I tell you. Every producer, supervisor, director, actor, sportsman, writer, or just plain every-day man in the suburb of Hollywood will trek out to Bill Fields' at the slightest pretext. And sit for hours and often days, listening to his priceless yarns. Stories gathered on his round-the-world touring as a



Let W. C. goose-step out— and Hollywood's handsome heroes don't get a tumble

By Sara Hamilton

juggler. He knows everybody everywhere. His fund of material seldom runs out. And when it does, fear not; Bill makes up grand ones.

"Only, you know," he says, "I'm not nearly as good at it as I used to be. They ketch me up. Yes, sir, they ketch me up. Someone will say, 'Bill, tell so-and-so about you and the one-eyed acrobat.' And I'll think, 'Oh, oh, they got me.' For the life of me I can't remember what I made up about that one."

There's one thing—or no—three or four things that set Bill Fields' home apart from any other in town. Parked in the front-yard, for instance, are a kiddie-car, tricycle and a rubber ball that you trip over, sprawling you against a long, tan-colored trailer (also parked in the front-yard, mind you). It's fitted up like a bungalow on wheels.

And this, remember, is the entrance to a Hollywood bachelor's home. Only, one discovers, the kiddie-car and the tricycle belong to the son of the Finnish couple who manage Bill's home. But the trailer, ah, that trailer . . . that belongs to W. C. himself. And remind me to tell you more about it later.

Well, sir, even that cluttered up front-yard doesn't discourage the little cutie-boopie-doopies one whit. For when Bing Crosby or Dick Arden, his neighbors, throw a party, you'll find those Lovely Little Ladies that Bing sings about, chirping across the



Nobody can vamp W. C. For on his wrist he wears a bracelet and a tiny gold heart. To it he is true



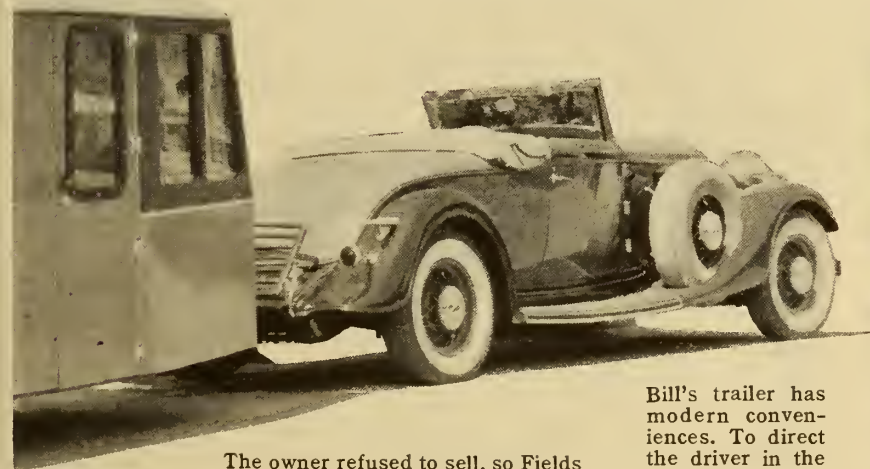
What! Only a hundred and eighteen degrees? Bill says any man who can't stay in his sun cabinet till it hits a hundred and thirty-five is a sissy. Yes, he can

Crosby back fence, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields." "Bring your kiddie-car and come on over." "Bing's going to sing 'You've Got Everything.'"

It's simply beyond me.

But if you think the front-yard of Willie C.'s is cute, you should see Willie in his back-yard. Now there's something!

A bower of pink roses hangs over the balcony of that back-yard by the lake. Roses, mind you, in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



The owner refused to sell, so Fields bought this trailer in spite of him. He rides in it wherever he goes, parties his friends in it, and the girls think it's grand!

Bill's trailer has modern conveniences. To direct the driver in the car ahead, all he has to do is pick up this telephone. Where he goes the bar goes



The BEAUTY

What chance has a woman to be happy when she has Del Rio's "unhuman" loveliness?

By Julie Lang Hunt

hundred eyes were riveted on the doorway, staring at a slender young woman with the face of a da Vinci madonna and the figure of a marble goddess. For fifteen full seconds the spirited throng was held silent and motionless by the beauty of Dolores Del Rio.

Then the hostess rescued Dolores, the wave of silence receded, and the party went on much as before.

A man standing beside me said, "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and I have circled the globe three times. But please don't introduce me. I'd make a fool of myself. It would be like meeting an immortal piece of art."

And then a well-known actress in the group spoke up, "She can always ruin my day. Every time I see her it makes me feel that I should spend a year in a beauty shop. It's unfair for any woman to be so beautiful."

My eyes traveled over the throng, searching out Dolores again. It did not take long to find her! In that crowd of more than a hundred lovely women, she was as set apart as a white orchid in a bouquet of garden flowers. She was sitting alone on a bench. When friends came up to her, she exchanged greetings graciously. Introductions she acknowledged with a regal grace worthy of her beauty. But no one stopped to chat. No one sat down beside her on the bench. Perhaps the men passed by because they were fearful of making fools of themselves in the presence of this woman who seemed like "an immortal



Even on a vacation with Cedric Gibbons, her husband, Del Rio cannot escape staring throngs

ON the picturesque terrace of Fredric March's new home, two hundred people were gathered. The party was a swift success, with high laughter and gay conversation. Suddenly a wave of silence enveloped the scene. Glasses were suspended in mid-air. Sentences were left unfinished. Four



Everywhere her perfect beauty awes people into silence. They stare and keep their distance. Yet Dolores is a friendly person who wants companionship more than adoration

WHO SITS ALONE

piece of art." Perhaps the women walked on because they feared their own beauty would suffer by comparison.

At any rate, no one stopped for long. They spoke to her, marveled at her beauty, then moved on, if possible to a spot where Del Rio still would not be lost from sight.

The explanation of their conduct is simple.

To the average person, artistic perfection does not seem human. You admire it, praise it, appreciate it, but you do not embrace it. It is put into song by poets and immortalized in stone or on canvas by artists. But that is empty glory to a woman with warmth of spirit and greatness of heart!

Watching Del Rio that evening I thought of a night eight years before when she made her first public appearance in Hollywood at the presentation of the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars. The auditorium was jammed with thirty-five hundred cynically critical people. Reassuring applause had greeted each of the five starlets who preceded her on the stage. When Dolores Del Rio walked out to meet the wilderness of faces, a long silence fell. There was no applause. No indication of reassurance or acceptance. She turned, frightened and bewildered, to walk back into



Dolores Del Rio does not enjoy being set on a pedestal and treated like a museum piece instead of a human

As *Madame DuBarry*, she put in an earnest bid for recognition of her acting talent. The man is Victor Jory

the shelter of the wings. Then the tension broke. Applause thundered. Half the audience was on its feet cheering. The master of ceremonies brought her back again and again, to face the thousands who thundered their homage to her beauty for a full seven minutes.

But, on leaving the auditorium that night, I heard a woman say, "The Del Rio youngster—she is too beautiful. She is likely [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

CAL YOR K *Announcing* The Monthly Broadcast of



WHEN Marlene Dietrich came face to face with Mae West for the first time since their little feud, the onlookers held their breath awaiting the worst. What they saw, however, was Marlene walking up bravely to Mae, extending her hand in greeting and laughing as the two chatted.

"What did she have to say about that state-



"I CAN'T work without music," Joan Crawford asserts. "She'll work without music and like it," her future director, "Woody" Van Dyck declares.

And there it stands. And maybe Hollywood isn't awaiting the outcome when Director Van Dyck orders Joan's phonograph outside. And the director is not taking his stand just to be bossy, remember. He feels Joan's real talent has been snowed under by a lot of stimulating bunk and is determined to bring out undreamed of genius in the moody Crawford. So look out for the fireworks when that picture, as yet untitled, gets going.

John Barrymore took a buffeting from a crowd of admirers when he arrived in London. This is but a small part of the throng ganging him for his autograph. While in England, John may do a movie version of "Hamlet." He is accepted as the best *Hamlet* alive

THIS is a believe-it-or-not. But, it actually happened to Cecil DeMille in Boston, as he was driving to his hotel with several reporters. He asked the driver to take him to a Beacon Street address. "It was in a theater there that I proposed to my wife," he explained.

Reaching the address, there was no theater. Indeed, there was a swanky plumbing shop with a window full of BATHTUBS!

I THINK the funniest thing about the whole fistic fracas between writer John Monk Saunders and Herbert Marshall—at Ernst Lubitsch's party for Max Reinhardt—was the moment immediately after the sock was administered and Herbert was recovering his equilibrium with the aid of Gloria Swanson and assorted guests.

It seems that Fay Wray rushed over and demanded to know who the terrible person was who had been such a brute.

Imagine her embarrassment when a second later she learned it was her husband!



Diana Fox may be a Bennett's daughter, but, nevertheless, she doesn't like to face a cameraman. Diana (her nickname is Ditty) turned her face away when this shot was taken, but mother Joan wasn't so timid. Nice profile, anyway

What is termed an intriguing scene of domestic peace. Of course, you know the little Honey — Cora Sue Collins. But you can't fool us, Cora Sue, even if you've got the paper right side up. Kitty told us you just look at the pictures

Hollywood Goings-On!

ment she made on the boat asking reporters who Mae West was?" friends asked Mae.

Mae looked blank and then laughed. "We forgot to talk about it," she admitted. "To tell you the truth, I had almost forgot why we weren't friends."

ALL the animals for Jean Parker's new picture, "Sequoia" had been photographed except a skunk.

"Come on," the director said, "we'll get a close-up of the skunk now."

"Wait a minute. You can't do that," the cameraman cried. "Why, we're using super-sensitive film!"

BUT before I go any further on the thises and that about Hollywood, I want to tell you of my experience with Wynne Gibson. It was when Wynne was the guest star on the Borden-**PHOTOPLAY** "45 Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast you listen to every Thursday night at ten o'clock. You remember, I interviewed Wynne.

Well, every question I asked Wynne, she gave me the wrong answer.

Here's the inside on it. Those questions and



"Boo-bu-bu-boo," yodels Dennis Michael Crosby. "Just bragging, trying to go the old man one better," snorts twin brother Phillip Lang Crosby. "As for me, I'll take Papa's singing any time. You give me a pain!"



The silver-haired gentleman leaning on the chair is Charles Spencer Chaplin. Now, does that make you feel old? Anyway, he has started a new comedy, and Rupert Hughes is discussing it with him and Paulette Goddard

answers were all straight stuff, all in the script, meant to be that way.

But—Wynne was making it so good, sound so real, that I found myself in a cold sweat, my own knees actually clicking like castanets. Because I was thinking, "Any second now, Wynne *is* going to cross me up."

You see, I know, and how I know! Wynne actually is one of the greatest kidders in Hollywood!

I kept my eyes glued to my script. I dared not look at Wynne.

Now, here's the pay off. When I did look at Wynne, she was jiggling as though she had palsy. She was scared to death! She had been, right from the start of the interview. And she thought I knew it. And that I was going to cross *her* up. Said Wynne, if I had done so, she'd have fallen right into the mike!

AFTER the word has been officially given out that the romance between Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young is done and over with, just what is the press to think when Spencer rushes into the Fox commissary and plants a lovely kiss on Loretta's lovely face? And Loretta returns the caress without a moment's hesitation?

Yea, well that's what we think, too!

BRIAN AHERNE played no favorites just before he dashed off to London. He called on Marlene Dietrich and Ann Harding. But not at the same time, girls!



Bill Powell and Jean Harlow would not be photographed together at the Billy Wilkersons' party in honor of Dick Barthelme and his wife, but it was okay with pretty Jean when the quick cameraman caught her with Dick (right) and Clark Gable

At last, Anna Sten and her husband are photographed together! Anna has ducked news cameramen for many months, and for some reason she kept spouse Eugene Frenke out of their range, too. But they posed at Rouben Mamoulian's recent party



HOW long can Hollywood remember?

A stunning blonde sat in a Brown Derby booth—all alone. Several well known executives passed her table. She smiled and spoke. They went on, puzzled. Followed a long discussion as to the lady's identity. The solution came from Charles Furthman. The lady was Charlie Chaplin's former leading woman, Edna Purviance, lady of "Shoulder Arms" and "A Woman of Paris," which last Chaplin himself directed.

VICTOR SCHERTZINGER arrived at the radio station to do a broadcast. He directed the recent Grace Moore picture and composed the theme song "One Night of Love." So he was going to play it for the broadcast. "Sorry," said the manager, "you can't use that song." "But I wrote it!" protested Vic. "I know, but you have to have permission from the Composers' Society to play it."

"But it's *my* song," Vic persisted. "Of course," soothingly. "And right after your program, Rudy Vallee will be on and *he's* going to play it." So Victor asked if he could please have a glass of water.

RUSS COLUMBO'S mother is never to know of his death. Past seventy, and so ill she never will be well again, the shock might prove fatal. This is the loyal and touching decision of Russ's brothers and sisters. Mother is to be taken to a home outside of town, as soon as she may be moved, having been in hospital for some time. There she will be closely guarded against outside information. A sister, whose handwriting is almost identical with Russ's, will write her, preserving the illusion Russ is still "on location."

It is a tremendous task—but a labor of true love.

Russ left an estate, other than his insurance, of but five thousand dollars. But the insurance is fifty thousand dollars—and with the policy's accidental death clause, the amount will be doubled.

THERE is no one who can muff a pun as completely as Garbo, much to everyone's amusement.

Red Golden, who was assistant director on her latest, "The Painted Veil," has a quaint little habit of calling everyone "honey." "You stand here, honey," he'd say to Greta. "Here is where you make your entrance, honey."

For a long time Greta said nothing. And then, unexpectedly, she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "Please, Mr. Golden, don't call me honey. Just call me 'chocolate.'" And Red isn't over it yet.

IT'S the day of the child star in Hollywood, all right. When the Max Reinhardt production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was given in the Hollywood Bowl, with its array of famous stars, it was little thirteen year old Mickey Rooney, as *Puck*, who walked off with the honors. The boy's ability to read lines, to invent bits of business, to bring an uncanny elfishness to the part, had the entire town, including the famous Reinhardt, on its feet.

"He's the best *Puck* I ever had," Reinhardt declared. So look out for Mickey in bigger and better parts from now on.

AND Carole Lombard says economy is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it!

IF history repeats itself, as it has a way of doing, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant will be back together again. They quarreled before, after a party, separated, and re-united.

"BE careful of that wet paint,"

Wally Beery warned his little four-year-old Carol Ann. "You'll ruin your new dress, and then I'll have to spank you."

Carol Ann wrestled with temptation and it threw her. She put a finger right on the paint. But then, she lifted her little skirts and said, "Go ahead and spank me, Daddy. But, don't do it very hard, Daddy."

What, Wally wants to know, does a father do in a case like that?

ANN HARDING has had several serious collapses on the set. As a result, she is under strict doctor's orders. Driven by a restless energy, she has been working hard all day and going home to play two or three sets of tennis—and up early the next morning and out on the tennis court again. Her heart registered over-exertion, and the tennis is out.

THEY tell a grand story on Irvin Cobb. It seems a very gushy young lady rushed up to Cobb at an elaborate party and gurgled, "Oh, Mr. Cobb, I want you to meet my friend. He's an author."

Cobb looked at her disappointedly. "You know," he said, "I met an author once before which just kind of takes the edge off this, somehow."

ONE of the reasons "One Night of Love" is such a smash hit is that all the members of the cast are *themselves*. Grace Moore is merely reliving an old experience, an experience the author of the book went through. So is Tullio Carminati, Italian singer and teacher. And Luis Alberni.

Lyle Talbot is a young man from the Middle West. And that's what he is. Even Director Victor Schertzinger, who is a musician and composer.

A WRITER came upon little Cora Sue Collins outside the M-G-M commissary kissing and petting her cat.

"Why, Cora Sue," the writer said, "you shouldn't kiss a cat. They're covered with germs."

Soberly the little girl watched the writer as he walked away and finally called after him, "Well, it's my cat."

NOT even a kid away from home for the first time can beat Carole Lombard's homesick record. Carole left for New York at midnight. At four-thirty the next afternoon, Fieldsie, her secretary, who calls her boss, "the Madam," had a wire from her: "Cannot wait until I get home."

RIGHT after Charles Laughton up and said Dickens was a bore, and no one would ever catch him in a Dickens picture, Mr. Laughton was cast as *Mr. Micawber* in "David Copperfield." To which may be added, if Dickens is a bore, any picture with Laughton in it couldn't possibly be a bore.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is forty-three inches tall—and weighs forty-three pounds. She has played in more pictures than she has ever seen, because the studio does not wish her to imitate other actors.

ONE Hollywood blonde who can prove it—Miriam Hopkins. Her ma still has the blonde tresses from Miriam's first haircut, when she was eleven.

APPLESAUCE and blah, said Maurice Chevalier, in answer to the question were he and his ex-wife, Yvonne Vallee, to remarry. And although Kay Francis rushed from the boat train at Paris to a luncheon date with Maurice, he maintains it's just a friendship. No comment from Kay.

JUST to keep you girls up on the Cinderella situation. Gloria Swanson has the smallest foot of all the stars. She wears a 2½ C shoe.

CHARLIE RUGGLES to Randy Scott: "Why don't you get married?"

Randy to Charlie: "Can't make up my mind whether I want a chatter-box or the other kind."

Charlie to Randy: "What other kind?"

THE weight average of Hollywood's stars is up seven pounds. It is now one hundred and thirteen pounds for a five foot, three height. And what's more, Mae West carries only one hundred and fifteen pounds for her five foot, two.

MAYBE it isn't so, but—They say that ZaSu Pitts is going to calm the flutters and reveal hitherto concealed streamlining and knee action as a chorus girl in "Repeal."

DURING Elizabeth Allan's eighteen months in Hollywood, her husband has made eight trips from England to see her—or a trip every two and one quarter months! He can't move to Hollywood on account of business interests in London. But you will have to admit he does the next best thing to living here.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson, along with just about every star in Hollywood, attended the Max Reinhardt production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented at the Hollywood Bowl



Come out from behind those dark glasses, Ronald Colman, we know you! But it really isn't a case of disguise for the affable Ronald. It's the glaring sun on the courts at a tennis tournament

Since Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant (Virginia Cherrill) were snapped here with Randolph Scott, they tiffed. Virginia went back to "ma" leaving a mighty despondent Cary



The World Is Yours,

Mr. Donat



You ran out of Hollywood after "The Count of Monte Cristo" was completed. But it's a hit!

By Paul Conlon

in a most bewildered state of mind over his new fame, people everywhere are asking what sort of person is this young man? What manner of fellow is he who packed his duds and quit Hollywood the day after completing his first American picture that was to win him wide renown?

I sought out Rowland V. Lee, who was directing George M. Cohan in a picturization of his stage success, "Gambling," in a New York studio. Lee knows Donat better than anyone else in the United States, in that he directed him in a British picture a couple of years ago.

"Robert Donat may turn out to be the finest romantic male discovery since Ronald Colman," says Rowland V. Lee, who directed the British actor in "Monte Cristo."

"He is distinctive in appearance, rather than handsome. He has a commanding personality [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

Elissa Landi is the love of *Edmond Dantes*

HOLLYWOOD is frantically paging Robert Donat. In the title rôle of "The Count of Monte Cristo," he is the new thrill for feminine hearts. Every producer now has a choice part in mind for the young Englishman, but there is an ocean between him and them. In short, Mr. Donat is in England. After his one big job here, he faded out of the Hollywood scene as unostentatiously as he had entered it a few months before, to portray Alexandre Dumas' immortal hero.

Only two men in Hollywood had complete faith in Robert Donat before he faced the cameras as *Edmond Dantes*. Rowland V. Lee, the director of "The Count of Monte Cristo," and Edward Small, the producer, believed in him. They took a hundred to one shot—and won.

With Donat back home, probably



William Farnum (left), who played *Dantes* so many times on the stage, looks on while the new *Dantes* engages *Mondego* (Sidney Blackmer—right) in a duel



Schafer

TULLIO CARMINATI, the delightful impresario who steers Grace Moore's musical career in Columbia's "One Night of Love," left these acclaiming shores for a brief time to make a talkie in his native Italy. Meanwhile, various movie and Broadway stage producers lay in wait to enlist Tullio upon his return. It all promised to be a merry scramble



Alex Kahle

JOEL McCREA, who is going to be in Marlene Dietrich's next at Paramount (the script is tagged "Caprice Espagnole"), had this chance to brush up on his romancing with Miriam Hopkins in RKO's "The Richest Girl in the World." Miriam is listed for Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast" and "Becky Sharp," an RKO-Technicolor project



Otto Dyar

LITTLE Shirley Temple revives a favorite childhood pastime of—well, it just seems ages ago, doesn't it? Now, one wonders where she found that clay pipe to blow bubbles. And the public just can't get enough of Shirley. She took a rest after making "Now and Forever" for Paramount, while Fox kept a job waiting for her, in "Bright Eyes"



Freulich

THE most intriguing thing about this photo, aside from June Knight's prettiness, is that watch—a gift from Paul Ames, who has caused her recent heart flutters. Have you seen June in Universal's "Wake Up and Dream"? But the watch? Oh, yes. It's of dark brown wood, and is held to June's wrist by a leather double-thong with a wooden slide device

Let's Be

Civilized About Sex

Norma Shearer Says—

SEX should figure in every picture story.
“ should never be regarded as vulgar.
“ should be approached subtly, suavely.
“ in screen productions is revitalizing.



The suave approach—Norma illustrated intriguing romance in “Riptide,” with Bob Montgomery



The elemental appeal—Shearer came closest to the primitive in “A Free Soul,” with Clark Gable



Vital, gracious and poised, but not the “cool” person she is so often represented as being, Norma is shown with Irving Thalberg, of M-G-M, her husband

THE censors are trying to take sex off the screen, and Norma Shearer will not discuss censorship. Not because her husband is a producer, but because the studios have asked all their stars not to discuss the subject.

But she will discuss Sex—yes, with a capital S and she began with this definition of that elusive quality—

“Sex is the consciousness of being alive!”

Have you ever heard a more lucid description?

Norma's words are like herself. Clear and fresh. But not *cool*. Why do they always say she is cool? “Norma Shearer, her cool composure, her cool determination, her cool this and that . . .”

Obviously, if she is cool, she can't be warm. And she is one of the most warm and vital women alive. Hollywood is that funny place where if you are not hot-cha, you must be the other extreme—and not by any chance a girl with a full set of emotions well under control. Like Norma.

As for sex in pictures—and in general—she has this to say:

“Sex is an important part of life and should be in every picture. It is electricity, color, vitality. It is the manner in which it is

conveyed that shocks, angers, or wins an audience.

“Sex cannot be contemplated or analyzed. Then it becomes ugly and objectionable. Sex attraction, without any romance to relieve it, is savage. But even then it has value as a primitive, elemental urge.

“Never should sex be regarded as vulgar. Anyway, we recovered from that state of mind in the last century, I hope.

“It doesn't require a beautiful face or body to express sex. You have seen handsome boys and girls on the screen with the same appeal as a marble statue. Beautiful—but with no radiance, no *sex*. In spite of muscles and curves and alabaster features, devoid of that spark which kindles another. In life we often see an extremely plain woman, a homely man, so *vitally* necessary to someone that the someone is totally unconscious of sex in any other person.

“Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard, are not Apollos. Yet they have tremendous sex-appeal. Sex is in the murmur of a voice, as with Marshall. In the suave intensity of Howard.

Charles Laughton has the great gift of expressing an intangible something in a glance.

“Sex interest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

By Ruth Rankin

Who Wouldn't Go



Irving Lippman

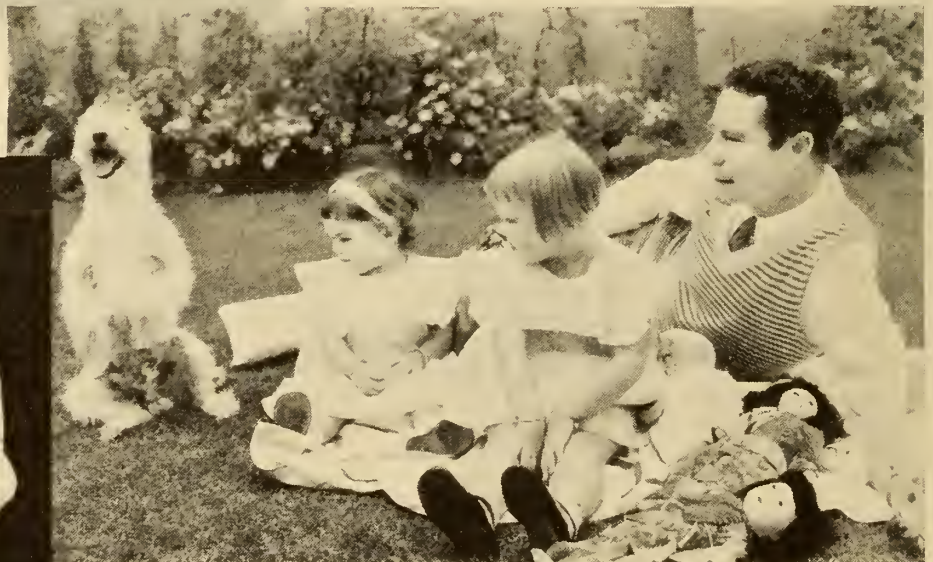


Upon the shoulders of this studious-looking young man rests the carrying on of the Barrymore name. He is John, Jr., now two-and-one-half years

Another name illustrious in the annals of American history is borne by Lily de Pourtales Lodge, four-year-old daughter of John Cabot Lodge



Wallace Beery and perky little Carol Ann—two closer chums you'll never find. Wally even takes his pal with him when he goes to the studio



Joe E. Brown has two big sons, but his boon companions are Kathryn Frances and Elizabeth Ann, his two daughters, not to mention the talented pup

Home to This?

Here's the incentive for fine screen work

Photos by Wm. Phillips

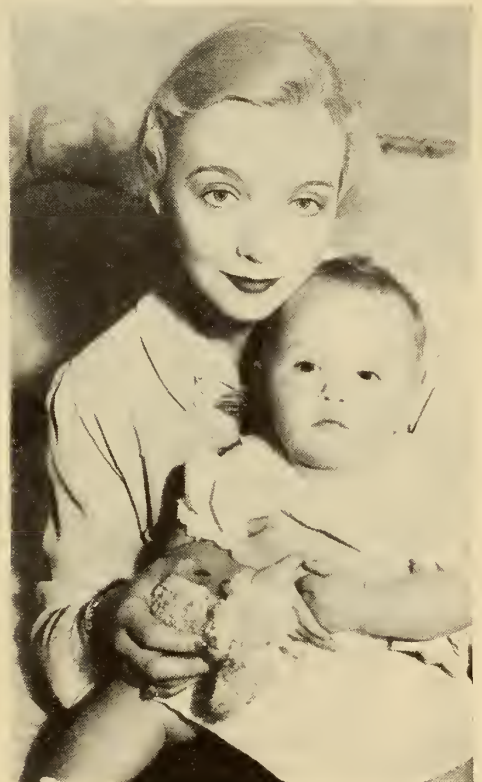


Just a little over a year old, but he promises to be an all-American football back, rugged and rangy, like his dad. He's John Lachlan Brown, the heir of the Johnny Mack Browns



Here he is, as usual, stealing the picture, and from his father, too! Richard Ralston (Call me Ricky) Arlen, Jr.'s the name

The center of attraction at the Hamiltons is Patricia Louise, Neil's three-year-old pride and joy. Neil says she is as active as an adagio team
Bruno



Charming Virginia Bruce's attention is concentrated on one-year-old Susan Ann Gilbert, and it is a very, very important engagement indeed that can take mama away from baby

SUCH PARTIES!

More fun for
Mitzi
Cummings

Mitzi never has been known to miss a party in Hollywood. And if there's anyone in the town whom Mitzi does not know, that person is completely and hopelessly unknown. Every month you'll find one of her letters to Joan in
PHOTOPLAY



Mitzi "snatched" the design for this gown Myrna Loy is wearing in "Evelyn Prentice," but it's all a gag to Myrna and Bill Powell

"No bums allowed!" said the bouncer to stylish Fred Astaire at Catalina Casino. Just one of Mitzi's laughs!

Do you know about the "lost drama" composed by Charlie Chaplin? A great play, but never put on paper. Mitzi's letter tells about it

DEAR JOAN—
Oh, you are such a little love! You send such nice presents. And it was such a nice birthday party!

The family gave it for me—at the Coconut Grove. They sent me gifts and telegrams right to the table, which made me feel awful special. But that wasn't all, at all. Suddenly the lights went out, a spot was thrown on me (not at me!) and the whole orchestra charged to my elbow and blared out "Happy Birthday To You." Then, while this little startled fawn was gaping something pathetic, my old friend Jimmy Manos,

famous head waiter of the Grove, marched up with a beautiful birthday cake (one teensy candle—such tact!) and handed me a knife to cut it with!

Whee-eee-eee, I felt like a bottle of soda-pop was sizzling inside me! Everyone applauded and I seem to recall a "Heureux anniversaire" from the next table. It was Fifi Dorsay, hardly recognizable with no bangs, accompanied by her handsome husband.

The rest is hazy. Yep, it was a swellegant birthday! Wish you could have been with me. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

What Is This Woman?

Anna Sten is seen as many different types by many different people. But first of all, she is an intellectual

*By Margaret
Auburn*



Speaking of the story, "We Live Again," Miss Sten said, "I have lived it all through. It is my Russia. I know it in my flesh." Fredric March is with her in the immortal Tolstoi narrative



Much that she has seen and experienced, she shows you on the screen in "We Live Again," movie version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection"



The expensive training of Sten for "Nana" is colorful film lore

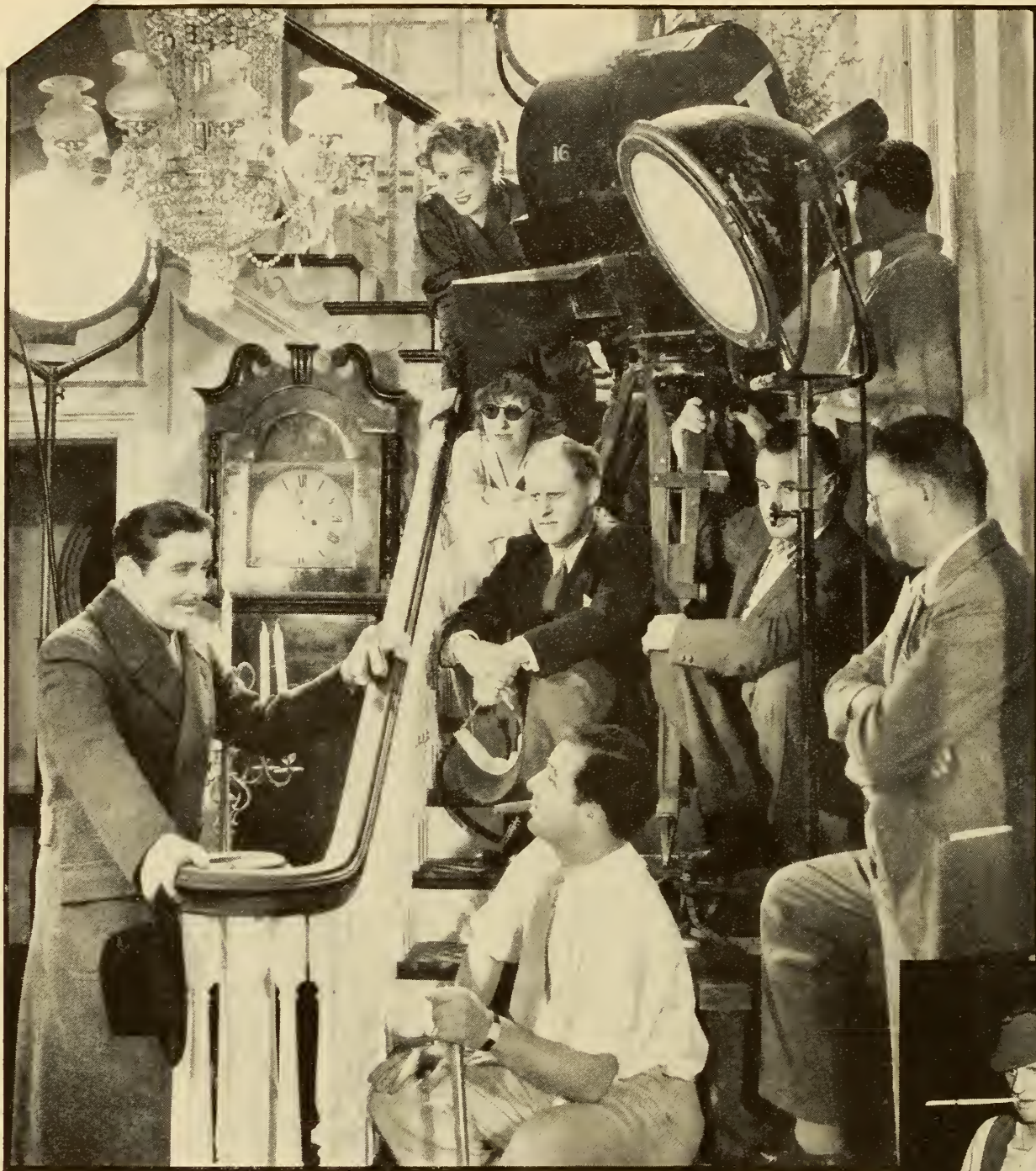
sum of all the moments she has lived. She can call upon them at will to be whatever she wishes to be. Baron Huené, authority on feminine charm who visited Hollywood recently, said "She is the most fluid, the most malleable, of any actress."

The moments of a Sten are not in common with most of us—who find our experiences important because they are ours. Hers have included stark and bitter privation in an endless country crouching under snow and revolution. Half a loaf of tough black bread for a sick mother and a baby sister, rags bound round the feet with cords in lieu of shoes. Foraging for food—slinking, feline, desperate—to snatch a few potatoes or a round of bread.

When she was twelve years old she took her first job—washing monstrous greasy kettles in the back of a steaming restaurant—for food. Food for a slender, undernourished body, food to take to an ailing, discouraged mother, for a famished little

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

THIS beautiful woman, Anna Sten. What is she? Is she guileless child or weary sophisticate? Pampered chiffon lady or elemental earth-woman, warm and vital? Anna Sten is all of them, and more. She is the triumphant



Above, Director Philip Moeller, seated just below the camera, eye-shade in hand, listens to his assistant, Ed Killey, rehearse John Boles for a sequence in "The Age of Innocence." Irene Dunne is far up on the stairs, near the lights, smiling down. Right, Moeller critically watches the shooting of a scene in the movie



"One Shot" Moeller

WHEN Philip Moeller went to Hollywood he was terrified!

He had been warned! Friends had told him: "Hollywood is a place of confusion and stupidity and tarnished tinsel. There is no art there. The people are money mad. The women are dumb. The men are ex-cloak and suit merchants. You are foolish to risk it,

Moeller. After working for fifteen years as production director of the Theater Guild in New York, Hollywood will be just too, too tawdry. After directing nearly sixty Broadway plays, you'll go mad working for movies. A man who has directed stage successes like "The Guardsman," "R. U. R.," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Strange Interlude," can't suddenly become concerned about the box-

By Mildred Mastin

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

She Couldn't Say No!

For an author, Gene didn't make a very poetic proposal to Joan. But oh, that kiss!

By Jerry Lane

THE young man in the second row, third seat center, applauded furiously. It crackled like mild thunder-claps through the rest of the applause. Nice, heart-warming it was to a girl making her Broadway debut and Joan, youngest of the Bennetts, flashed him a smile. It was then that something went "zoom" inside of young Mr. Markey. A queer-ish, titillating "zoom." It was then that one of the most exciting, checker-board romances in theatrical annals began!

His move first, of course. And Gene Markey didn't hesitate. He went straight to his producer, Bob Kane, and button-holed that gentleman fervently. "I've found her! The girl for the lead in my play! I saw her last night in 'Jarnegan.' Why, if we searched the whole of New York—"

"MY dear chap," cut in Kane testily, "does it occur to you that Joan Bennett is barely out of the pigtail stage? And that your heroine is hardly an ingénue? Joan's too young I tell you." In the end they compromised. They put her older sister, Barbara, in the part.

Then Gene tried to jump the other fellow's king. It was at the Conde Nast's party. Everything sparkled as it always does at their affairs. Speech, smiles of the women, the hand-wrought silver, champagne. . . . But this time the whole array of gleams seemed concentrated on a slim young thing in white. She had the cutest nose in existence and provocative blue eyes and hair the color of sun-ripened wheat. She might, in fact, have escaped from the cover of a magazine. But no. She was dancing. Cover ladies don't dance.

"That's Miss Bennett, isn't it? Do me a favor, old man, will you? Introduce me." But Joan's escort had suddenly gone deaf. He was absorbed in bowing, directly across Gene's shoulder, to people he'd never seen before in his life! You don't go around presenting the Markeys of the world to a girl you are mad over. Not if you're wise. There's something about these writer fellows. . . .

It was two years before Gene saw her again. Fate, that ablest of dramatists, was building for a climax. "Why," you could almost hear it muse, "should I throw this couple together in the first act and ruin the other two? They need the fine shadowing of doubt, the highlight of tragedy." So—

Each was allowed to go a separate way. Joan flitted from

Florida house parties to Princeton proms and on out to California. Gene's name was linked with Ina Claire's. It was the talk the entire length of Broadway. Talk that reached to Paris and London and to half the smart capitals of two continents.

And all the while, strangely, perversely, young Mr. Markey was naming the heroine of practically every one of his stories "Joan"!

It happened the day Gene arrived in Hollywood. Ina Claire had become Mrs. Jack Gilbert, and what was more natural than that Gene should visit his old friends? What he hadn't expected was—Joan Bennett.

She was leaning against the balustrade, looking out over fifty miles of stucco houses and palm trees and studios. The famous panoramic view of the Gilberts'. Then—"Oh, Joan, do you know Gene Markey?" As simple as that.

But, four days in a Pullman can make even a Markey groggy. Too, he was conscious that everyone was watching to see how he'd take it—seeing Ina the wife of another. He couldn't very well explain to them that there was nothing to take. There were a million things he wanted to tell Joan. But how to say them with a dozen people deluging him with oh-do-you-remembers? When he did manage to look around she had disappeared.

HE missed her by an hour at Paul Bern's party. The day he decided not to join the crowd for an early morning horseback ride through the hills she went. Marion Davies called him. "Do come up Sunday night. I'm having some people in. . . ."

"Some people," meant a hundred or more. He was delayed a little—and Joan had to leave early.

It went on like that for months. Until one particularly bright afternoon in a little sporting goods shop. Joan had popped in for tennis balls. She was in shorts. Her nose was shiny. Abysmally, woefully shiny. And in walked Mr. Markey.

"This is my day! What a treat!"

"Really?" She hadn't meant to freeze him like that, but what can a girl do when she's so uncomfortably aware of grass-stained shorts and a nose in need of powder? Besides, she had heard he liked 'em suave and sophisticated—and here she was looking like a member of the lollipop brigade.

"Just where is it that you live?" he was asking eagerly.



Joan Bennett and Gene Markey sat on either side of the fire, sipping coffee, wonderfully content. There had been charming music and a deft, silent butler. Now they were alone

"Beverly Hills," she told him coolly. She might as well have said "America." It made it quite as easy. The temperature in the small store dropped dangerously near zero.

Once outside, Joan felt her cheeks flame. "Now why," she asked herself furiously, "did I act that way?"

And Gene, going rapidly in the opposite direction, thought, "Wonder what I've done to make her hate me?"

Two blind moves and no score. . . .

At the Coconut Grove one night he sat directly in back of her, with Bill Powell and Mrs. Doheny. It put the youngest Bennett on a fine edge. Would he ask her to dance? What was he doing? If the stuffed monkeys in the synthetic trees could only have whispered about a gentleman's glances wasted on a lady's lovely back!

Three days later Gene Markey would have given his soul if he had asked her to dance that night. If he had actually held her in his arms. It looked now as if he never would be able to.

"JOAN BENNETT SERIOUSLY HURT IN FALL FROM HORSE" ran the headlines.

A location trip to

park in front of the Town House where she was convalescing—or was it a bird chorus?

"Mr. Markey calling," said the nurse.

He came in with long, eager strides. Unfortunately the floors were highly polished. The door rug was new. Mr. Markey proceeded to make the most spectacular entrance of his life. He did it on his nose—in one fell swoop.

"So that's the way men fall for you!" He couldn't help that one, embarrassed as he was.

Then the urbane Mr. Markey, connoisseur in drawing-room ethics, made the mistake of advancing with his eyes on hers. Now the telephone wire had been extended across the room to Joan's side and—well, the operator downstairs told the doorman there was a terrible jangle in 206. Did he suppose something could be happening to Miss Bennett?

As a matter of fact, something was—but not what they imagined. . . .

To recover his poise, Gene leaned nonchalantly on the edge of her bed. It was a perfectly good, beautifully oiled hospital bed. It lived up to its



Sherman Woods for "She Wanted a Millionaire" . . . a fractious horse . . . and then a small golden girl lying crumpled in fierce agony with a broken hip.

They said she might be crippled for life. They said she might never walk again. There were numberless X-rays, long consultations. Then drab, endless days with Joan a still little figure on a white hospital bed.

"Sweet of this Mr. Markey to send me flowers every week, isn't it? After all, I've spoken to him only twice!" Twice—and yet that inexplicable thrill when she fingered his cards. There were eight of them now, singled out from the hundreds of others like small markers of an unfinished story. There was his latest book, too, "The Road to Rouen," with a neat inscription written across the flyleaf—"To J—. You don't have to read this unless you want to—G."

AND he'd written her a note. A very circumspect kind of note, considering the tumult within him.

"Dear Joan," it read, "I'm very much distressed to learn of your accident. After the steady stream of visitors dies down may I call? Faithfully—Gene."

The tiny touch of Spring was in the air that day—although it was Autumn! There was a special symphony going on in the

"How," Gene asked simply, "would you like to be married to me?" It wasn't a manner in which one of his heroes would have put it. But Gene wasn't thinking of fiction just then

advertised reputation. One gentle pressure—and away it scooted clear across the room, leaving Mr. Markey leaning on nothing in particular. And Joan in a fit of laughter that brought tears to those eyes.

He had expected to stay twenty minutes. At the end of three hours he was figuring out a way to get her to his house for dinner.

"I'll have the back of the car padded and we'll take the wheel-chair along. . . ."

"Yes, and I do a grand walking stunt with crutches!" she chimed in excitedly. There were no conversational breezes that had to be fanned along here. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



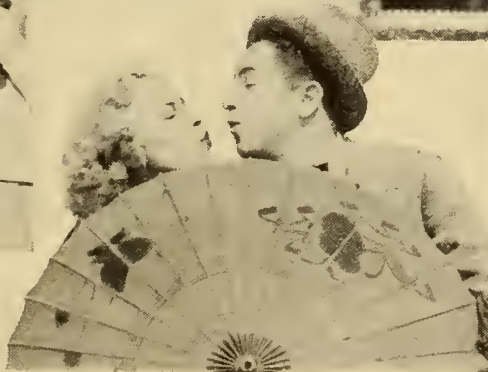
Paramount sent this first string line-up into its football frolic, "College Rhythm." Judging from past performances by all of them, a big score will be rolled up. Left to right, you can easily recognize Lanny Ross, Helen Mack, Jack Oakie, Mary Brian, Joe Penner (radio comic who makes his film debut), and Lyda Roberti



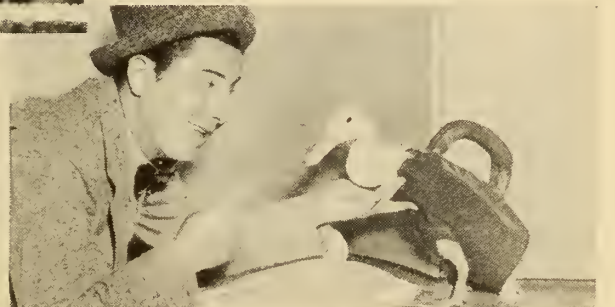
Charles Laughton isn't in the cast, but he coaches Joe in acting



Joe and Lyda cut some campus capers at the left, and Joe (right) is a rising cheer leader



"A football player, eh?" Joe kids Jack. But, ooh, are Joe and Lyda kidding?



Joe and his famed duck, in its natty travel suit

IT'S ALL A LITTLE

GET out the extras! Blow up the headlines! Broadcast the news! I have just discovered what's wrong with the movies.

Oh, I know, I know, a lot of other people have gone about from time to time, claiming they have discovered the trouble, and finally had to go back into politics—a flop. But this time it's different. I have not only located the trouble with movies but discovered a cure. A plan that is simple and very colossal at the same time. In a nutshell, the whole trouble with the entire business is simply—the casting.

There you have it. The casting. Hitherto, movies have been casting their bread upon the waters and getting back Georgie Raft in the wrong rôles. Now, with my scheme of casting in operation, all will be different. Movie houses will be packed, mortgages will be paid off, and we'll all go to town.

Here's the idea. So far, there has been no novelty, no element of surprise, no thrill of suspense, in the casting of pictures. If the story called for a poor young working girl wearing her ermine wrap to the opera whilst she wept for her absent lover, whom did we get? Crawford and Gable, nine times out of ten. And who was surprised at that? Who, for instance, was knocked even slightly cold—except the man who rented out the ermine coat and nearly passed out when he saw Joan's mascara roll down her ermined bosom? And a fig for him.

You see, the picture lost its wallop because the element of surprise was lacking. Everybody knew all the time it was going to be Crawford and Gable because it always has been. Now, if only they would give us Alison Skipworth, say, in just a rabbit coat weeping for lover Baby LeRoy—now there would be something! There would be a surprise and a thrill that would knock everybody silly.

Now do you see the immensity, the staggering magnitude of the whole scheme? Pretty good, isn't it?

Let us take the picture "Little Miss Marker" for another example. A fine picture and a splendid money-maker. But, if they had only let Shirley Temple play Menjou's part and let Menjou be *Little Miss Marker*, well, there you are. They'd still be playing to standing-room only. See how it works?

The eternal problem of teams and whom to team in pictures would be much simplified by my plan. Take the team of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, and a nice little team it is. But, after seven or eight pictures together, we begin to get the idea that Charlie is always the befuddled husband and Mary is always the befuddled wife. All right. Now, just to surprise the customers, why not let Charlie play Mary's part for a change, and let Mary play

But, anyhow, here's an idea that should make our pictures louder, funnier and colossal-er

Charlie's rôle so everybody could be befuddled all the way round? Or why not let Mary be Charlie's little granddaughter in one picture; and in another, Charlie could be Mary's little lamb? And wear a little bell around his neck or something.

With my scheme in force, new teams could spring up, the likes of which were never before heard of in pictures. Or anywhere else, for that matter. For example, why not give us W. C. Fields and Garbo as a team? There's novelty for you.



CRAZY

The hottest scene would go something like this:

Fields—"Well, my little petunia seed, my little potato bug, come to papa."

Garbo—"Fieldsy, Ay am so tired. Ay tank Ay go, now."

Fields—"Okay, my little dandelion, my little sassafras root, hop into papa's trailer and let's be off."

So Greta would hop in, letting her feet hang out the back door, of course, and they'd be off. They'd have to be completely off, in fact, to get away with it, but wouldn't it be terrific? Can't you just see them riding off in the distance, the trailer hippity-hopping over the road with the sun sinking o'er the hills in a dead faint?

Another team that would cause commotion everywhere would be Mae West and George Arliss. Now there's a team, with Mae slinking around and George, monocle in one eye and terror in the other, trying to break down the door in case the Marines got there too late. Wouldn't it be wonderful? And so different. That's what is grand about it.

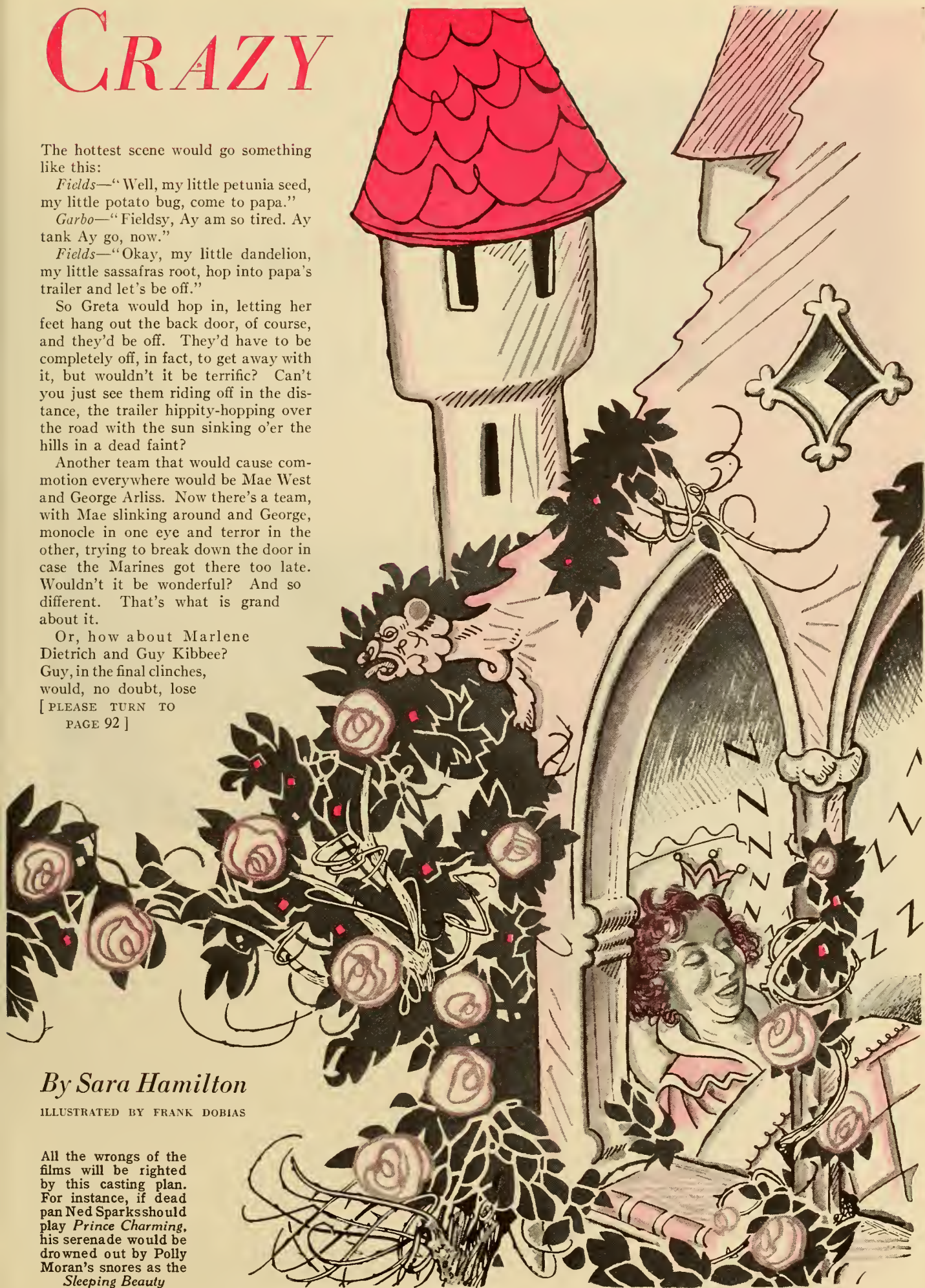
Or, how about Marlene Dietrich and Guy Kibbee? Guy, in the final clinches, would, no doubt, lose

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 92]

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

All the wrongs of the films will be righted by this casting plan. For instance, if dead pan Ned Sparks should play *Prince Charming*, his serenade would be drowned out by Polly Moran's snores as the *Sleeping Beauty*



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ JUDGE PRIEST—Fox

AS Irvin Cobb's favorite character, eccentric *Judge Priest*, Will Rogers is type-perfect. Full of homely sage humor and philosophy, he settles destinies in his own inimitable way, with the utmost simplicity.

The sleepy old Kentucky town is so real you can hear the June-bugs buzzing—and every character might have been born right there.

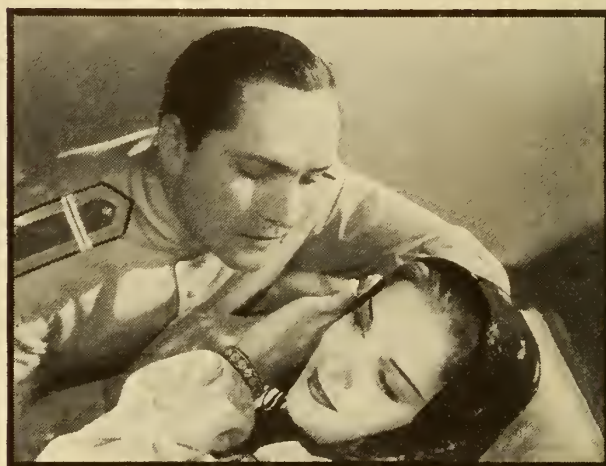
Tom Brown and Anita Louise are the idyllic lovers. Henry B. Walthall and David Landau play their parts to perfection. Rochelle Hudson, Frank Melton, Charley Grapewin, Berton Churchill, Francis Ford contribute valuable moments.

Indispensable local color is provided by Hattie McDaniels and Stepin Fetchit in some grand scenes and music.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ WE LIVE AGAIN—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

FROM the combination of Fredric March, Anna Sten and Director Rouben Mamoulian, something unusual is bound to result, and it does. They tell us a magnificent and yet, a simple story, and tell it with a sincere humbleness that brings tears to the eye.

The story of "Resurrection" a great many of us know from silent film days. But it's the honesty of March's performance as idealistic *Prince Dmitri* who loses his ideals in the debauchery of life among Russian officers, betrays his first love, *Katusha Maslova* (Sten), and lives to atone his wrongs, that makes this a thing of beauty.

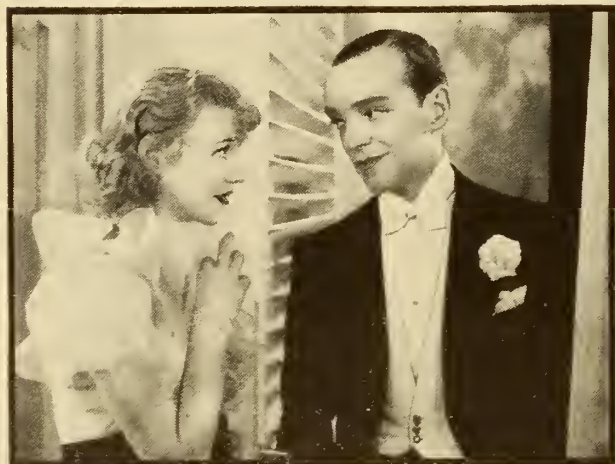
A tragic figure, indeed, is the peasant girl *Katusha*. Only after she has buried her baby, traveled to Moscow to find employment of a sort, and is unjustifiably accused of poisoning a man does *Prince Dmitri* learn of her fate.

In a triumphant closing scene we see him join the line of prisoners to share her five-year sentence of labor in the mines of Siberia.

One has the feeling that the characters are real, this is Russia and these are the actual emotions of two people, living and suffering.

The haunting music of old Russia and the simple impressiveness of the Easter church service are unforgettable.

Jane Baxter, C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Forbes, Jessie Ralph and Sam Jaffe lend excellent support.



☆ THE GAY DIVORCÉE—RKO-Radio

HOIST the flags, hang up the banners. A new star approaches. With a pair of twinkling, tantalizing dancing feet, Fred Astaire taps his way right up to the front line of moviedom, and into the hearts of a willing audience.

Smart, suave, polished Mister Astaire is America's challenge to England's claim for the world's best "smoothies."

As the friend of Edward Everett Horton, Esq., Fred finds himself mistaken for a professional correspondent by the girl of his dreams (Ginger Rogers) who is trying to divorce friend hubby. But everything turns out splendidly in spite of Alice Brady who never quite knows who, what, where or why she is.

Continental and breezy, with some of the best dancing yet. Prepare to laugh and be merry.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

WE LIVE AGAIN
JUDGE PRIEST
THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
STUDENT TOUR

LADY BY CHOICE
THE GAY DIVORCÉE
HAPPINESS AHEAD
GIFT OF GAB

DANGEROUS CORNER

The Best Performances of the Month

Fredric March in "We Live Again"
Anna Sten in "We Live Again"
May Robson in "Lady by Choice"
Will Rogers in "Judge Priest"
Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcée"
Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcée"
Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness"
Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead"
Charles Butterworth in "Student Tour"
Jimmy Durante in "Student Tour"
Frank Morgan in "By Your Leave"
Edward Arnold in "Wednesday's Child"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 123



★ *LADY BY CHOICE*—Columbia

RING up another one for the miraculous May Robson. Similar to "Lady for a Day," but not a copy by any means. Fresh and original, with a brand-new situation, the picture gives Miss Robson a grand opportunity as *Patsy*, and she makes spirited use of it.

Carole Lombard runs up a score of her own as the disillusioned fan dancer who adopts a "mother" from the Old Ladies' Home as a publicity gag. *Patsy*, a veteran and irrepressible alcoholic, has been paroled into the Home by a judge of the high court—Walter Connolly. And it is *Patsy* whom *Alabam* (Carole) adopts.

The mother business begins to take—but never with a moment of maudlin sentimentality—and gradually the old lady solves the problems of *Alabam's* hectic life, working out her own at the same time.

Hauling *Alabam* out from behind the fans, the old lady takes care of the home economics with a pair of galloping dice. And when *Alabam's* love affair with the son (Roger Pryor) of *Patsy's* old sweetheart gets in a jam, "mother" saves the romance from a disaster such as she and the boy's father had suffered.

Human, compelling tale, written, dialogued and directed with the utmost ease, naturalness and humor.

Better see this film soon and spare yourself the ordeal of having all your friends tell you the story.



★ *THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS*—Paramount

COMpletely charming is this so new and different picture showing the habit of "bundling," so popular among folk of Colonial times. Because firewood was costly, couples bundled in bed clothes and read the almanac.

Francis Lederer, a young Hessian, is sold to the English to fight against the Colonies. But he finds his sympathy with the Americans and escapes to the Connecticut farm of Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. (Yes, ma and pa again.) Here he falls in love with daughter Joan Bennett, is seized as a prisoner by Adrian Morris, Joan's beau. But he finally gets the girl through "bundling."

Barbara Barondess as the maid, Minor Watson, as the Southern Colonel, Walter Kingsford as the "blue-nosed" Squire, are all excellent. Laughs abound throughout.



★ *HAPPINESS AHEAD*—First National

TUNEFUL and peppy is this bright film about a wealthy miss and, of all things, a window washer.

Josephine Hutchinson, a newcomer worth watching, is a bored young lady of society who walks out on her mother's New Year's party and joins a gay crowd on Broadway. Unaware of her social position, Dick Powell, manager of a window washing company, falls in love with Josephine, and she helps things along by keeping her background hidden.

When Dick needs money to go into business for himself, Josephine obtains it from her dad. Dick, misunderstanding, leaves her flat, but dad fixes everything up.

You'll find yourself humming the snappy tunes.

John Halliday, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Ruth Donnelly all turn in top-notch performances.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

**STUDENT
TOUR—
M-G-M**



THE priceless nonsense of Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Durante, the new combination of Phil Regan and Maxine Doyle, and the novel idea of using a floating college for a musical background, makes this refreshing entertainment. Butterworth is a professor of philosophy and Durante an athletic trainer. Nelson Eddy's marvelous singing climaxes the story. Monte Blue, Florine McKinney.

☆
**GIFT OF
GAB—
Universal**



AN engaging film, with Edmund Lowe as a fast-talker who becomes a celebrated news announcer. Of course, he takes a flop, but Gloria Stuart boosts him up again. Story is just a frame on which to hang clever gags, dialogue, good songs, sketches by radio stars Alexander Woolcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters. Scores of other performers, including Alice White and Victor Moore, contribute entertaining bits.

☆
**DANGEROUS
CORNER—
RKO-Radio**



INTERESTING experiment—a story with two endings, first to show what really happened, then the “cover-up.” Ian Keith commits suicide, and so is blamed for a stolen bond. But later, startling revelations are made. For one thing, the “suicide” was murder. Keith, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, Doris Lloyd give superior performances.

☆
**READY FOR
LOVE—
Paramount**



AN amusing number, that should please the whole family. Richard Arlen runs a newspaper in a small town where nothing ever happens until Ida Lupino arrives on same train with a celebrated corpse, and is mistaken for the ex-citizen's innamorata. Then fun begins. Arlen, responsible for widely publicizing the matter, almost loses Ida. Marjorie Rambeau, Trent Durkin, Beulah Bondi in good support.

**CHARLIE
CHAN
IN LONDON
—Fox**



WITH three days left in which to solve the six-months-old mystery, Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) joins a party at Alan Mowbray's country place to help save Drue Leyton's brother from execution for a murder he did not commit. For movie-goers who like to solve the mystery before the detective exposes it, this will prove the most baffling of the *Charlie Chan* plots. Oland and Mowbray excellent.

**BY YOUR
LEAVE—
RKO-Radio**



HERE is a gilt-edged guarantee of abundant chuckles. As the husband in his forties, seeking by a week of wild oat sowing to re-charge his ego, Frank Morgan gives the most completely inspired portrait yet of that pathetic creature—a man who wants to be naughty, but who has forgotten how. Genevieve Tobin, Margaret Hamilton, Neil Hamilton, Gene Lockhart are in top form. But Morgan is the picture.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—
First National



ALTHOUGH cast in the standard Joe E. Brown plot mold, this has a thrilling bicycle race and some good gags to recommend it. Joe E. is some pumpkins on a bike. And when city slicker Gordon Westcott steals his girl, played by Maxine Doyle, Joe E. goes into the big race where he pedals to victory over his rival and to bliss with Maxine. Frank McHugh in good support.

CHU CHIN CHOW—
Fox-Gaumont-British



THIS colorful British-made film, based on the familiar yarn about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, will prove thoroughly entertaining to all those who have enjoyed Arabian Nights tales. Fritz Kortner, star of German stage and screen, and Anna May Wong excellent in principal rôles. As *Ali Baba*, George Robey does grand comedy job. John Garrick, Pearl Argyle lend a nice romantic touch.

LOVE TIME—
Fox



PARTLY a romantic musical and partly a modern comedy, done in costume. The struggles of *Franz Schubert* (Nils Asther), his love for a princess (Pat Paterson) and the efforts of her father (Henry B. Walthall) to separate them, end in triumph for their love and *Schubert's* recognition as a composer. Asther's sincerity is gratifying. Some lovely scenes and unforgettable music.

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—
Universal



AS a kleptomaniac, pretty Binnie Barnes goes about gathering diamonds while she may. The trail eventually leads to Neil Hamilton who proceeds to reform the lady, and the two fall in love. The obvious striving for subtle suavity, however, robs the story of much of its charm. Paul Cavanagh turns in his usual polished performance. Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell, provide the laughs.

MENACE—
Paramount



A MYSTERY that keeps you mystified until the last gasp. Motivation is weak, but after things get under way, you forget what started the whole business. A madman threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. On the destined night melodrama happens thick and fast. Raymond Milland dies much too soon. Henrietta Crosman, Halliwell Hobbes.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—
RKO-Radio



AS a sensitive eleven-year-old victim of divorce, Frankie Thomas gives a moving performance. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley do not comprehend the wrong they are doing their son in divorcing. The mother marries again and the father is about to re-marry, too. But he realizes the unhappiness of his son in time. A strong preachment against divorce. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 124]

Two Thousand Russians Can't Be Wrong

But they can be lots of trouble on location in an American-made movie



Jimmy Savo, clown of "Laugh Little Clown," who made things worse by yelling "Watch your steppe" at the harassed directors



What, no *borscht*? Red hot rebellion surged deep in the hearts of the Russians. One more day of American cheese sandwiches and a revolution could not have been averted



MacArthur (left) and Ben Hecht with false beards they wore on location in a futile attempt to disguise themselves

TWO thousand Russians opened their cardboard lunchboxes and stared at American cheese sandwiches. What, no *borscht*? Not even a small cabbage!

From the tallest Cossack, on through the seventeen wrestlers, the more than a thousand adults, down to the tiniest of the six hundred children, rebellion—deep red rebellion—surged. They didn't mind helping these funny Americans make a Russian picture. Even if it did have a silly name like "Laugh Little Clown." They didn't mind leaving the city and living for a while in the little hotels around Tuxedo, New York. Out on location the scenery was fine, the air

fresh; and seven-fifty a day for standing around in Russian smocks and fur caps was good pay. But every noon, American cheese sandwiches and cakes with pink icing—bah! It smelled of capitalism!

"I bet you Mr. Hecht—he has *borscht*! Big shot!" The ex-revolutionist drew a large knife from his pocket and halved his sandwich with murder in his eye.

"And MacArthur—*borscht*, and maybe even a little *vodka*! Big shot!" Another ex-revolutionist added fuel to the fire.

"Yes, and Jimmy Savo—big big shot! Betcha he get a dish of *kasha*—"

"*Owie!*" The cry rose among the Russians—a hungry cry, an angry wail.

"Quiet, please," a young man sitting under a tree called in a tired voice. He was clean shaven, blond of hair, blue of eye, meek of spirit. Yet, he wasn't eating his American cheese sandwich, either.

I went over and sat down by him. "Why don't you eat? You don't look like a *borscht*-loving Russian."

"Too tired to eat. I've nothing to do with *borscht*. I'm the man who hollers [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

By Mildred Mastin

“bit” parts that steal the show!

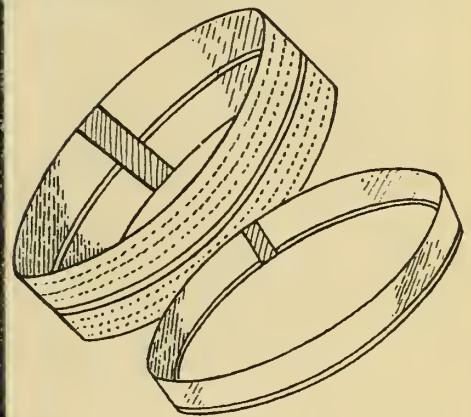


ANNA STEN'S beauty is given an admirable foil in this dashing cushioned brim black felt beret. Anna, appearing in "We Live Again," wears this with her sables and a smart black velvet afternoon suit



ALL eyes at a recent party were held by Marlene Dietrich's name printed in the corners of her handkerchief

HOBNAIL eyelet mirrors set in clusters form this striking necklace of Dolores Del Rio's. Dolores wears it against black velvet to give it a dramatic setting. Note the new length



THESE aren't bracelets for your arms, but for your legs! In fact, the very newest in flat round garters such as Hollywood stars sponsor



ANOTHER Sten chapeau that revives a romantic interest in headgear. The three birds have graceful tails that droop over the edge of the brim. This brim turns up at back with irregularly peaked crown

CLIP bracelets are the newest jewelry gadgets to play important accessory rôles. Hollywood wears them in pairs, clipped to the sleeves as shown



GLEAMING EVENING FABRICS



TRAVIS BANTON has worked out his pet fashion theories in this beautiful evening gown which he has designed for Elissa Landi to wear in "Enter Madame." Bluish-purple cast silver lamé is the fabric fashioned into jutting lines of elongated peplum, sweeping train and chic high-cut bodice effect. Elissa's neckline emphasizes the new lower front décolletage



AGAIN lamé, this time handled expertly by Kalloch in a gown worn by Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." This lamé glistens like water on metal and is a blackish-gold hue. The deep square décolletage, the high bodice and the slim tunic over a full underskirt are the important fashion points. Note the lack of adornment even in the jewelry

Seymour



EVERYONE is awaiting breathlessly Gloria Swanson's return to the screen in "Music in the Air." Gloria's famous flair for clothes is typified in this dinner costume designed by Hubert. Bugle beads on crêpe in fluid lines, and the sleeves cut with great originality

THE SCREEN REFLECTS DAYTIME SIMPLICITY



HERE you see Carole Lombard literally snipped from a scene of "Part Time Lady" in order to give you a preview of the attractive daytime dress she wears in this scene with May Robson. The sketch at right shows you the important details. Three circular collars of ribbed crêpe are held by an unusual silver shell pin. The sleeves attached to a deep yoke billow into fullness at the elbows over a tight cuff of the ribbed crêpe. Kalloch has achieved a low-waisted feeling by the repetition of the yoke detail below the normal waistline and with the fabric buttons used so adroitly on either side of it

- Seymour



RIBBED copper colored satin for this two-piece costume which Karen Morley wears in "Wednesday's Child." Plunkett uses a draped neckline fastening with buttons on the shoulder and gives the sleeves fullness just above the wrist. Karen's beret is of the same material with a gay front feather

NOT only Elissa Landi's costumes but those of Sharon Lynne in "Enter Madame" are exciting. This street dress, at left, again shows Banton's preference for the animated silhouette. Although the tunic is only slightly flared, the leopard collar gives the jutting out effect which this designer is using repeatedly

DINNER DATES

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

- Seymour -



YOU can wear Claire Trevor's smart costume for any "after five" dates that do not demand formal evening dress. Claire wears it in "Elinor Norton" and it has been designed by Hubert in wine-red satin. The slender satin skirt has side slits and a top of metal striped satin. The short sleeved tuxedo jacket ties instead of usual buttoning

LACE takes its place in fashion this Winter as trimming for the more formal afternoon and dinner costumes. In "Menace," Gertrude Michael wears this black dinner dress, the yoke of which is composed entirely of a fine black lace. Aside from this yoke, the gown is simple, with a three-quarter jacket also trimmed in the black lace



Irving Lippman

HORSES and romance set a hot pace throughout Columbia's "Broadway Bill," with handsome Warner Baxter and the ever more appealing Myrna Loy. *Broadway Bill* is the name of a speedy nag with whom Warner and Myrna are very much concerned. Director is Columbia's ace, Frank Capra, responsible for "It Happened One Night"



Bredell

THE further she has advanced, the more her blood has warmed to the ancient philosophy of China, says Anna May Wong. Anna was born in Los Angeles of Chinese parentage, boosted along in pictures by Douglas Fairbanks, acclaimed in Berlin, lionized by England's aristocracy, and now is back in Hollywood, making "Limehouse Nights"

The Unhappy Mr. Chevalier

Is this why Maurice, once the gayest man in Hollywood, is now cloaked in sorrow?

By Julie
Lang Hunt

IF, in 1929, you had asked me to name the happiest man in Hollywood, I would have answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Maurice Chevalier."

But, before his recent trip abroad, if you had wondered who was the unhappiest man in the film colony, I would have pointed once more, without a moment's hesitation, to Maurice Chevalier.

When Chevalier arrived from Paris, almost six years ago, with his petite Yvonne and an accent that worked like magic on the American public, Hollywood surrendered to his sorcery without a struggle.

Calloused newspaper women left Chevalier interviews mincing like coquettes, and the wittiest reporters forgot their wise-cracks when they columnized the Frenchman.

To the Paramount press department he was a reward from heaven. He nodded an enchanting "Yes" to unending demands for publicity stills, interviews, benefit performances, convention lunches, official dinners, corner-stone layings, and boat christenings.

A moment's visit to his studio dressing-room could jerk an entire day out of the doldrums.

A pleasant "Come in, come in," always greeted my knock at the door. He never failed to jump to his feet and pull up a chair.

"Sit down, sit down. How are you? You look well. A cigarette? A new frock, no? It's blue. I love blue. And now you want more of those interviews, is it not?" And on he talked, with his bewitching charm.

Then suddenly the original, ebullient Chevalier who could, with a wink and a smile, pick you out of the dumps and set you on a golden cloud, disappeared in an eclipse.



The above photo of Maurice was taken shortly before his latest trip abroad. It is the face of the new Chevalier, sad, showing the marks of suffering. On the left is Maurice as he appears in "The Merry Widow," with Jeanette MacDonald, wearing his famous smile, dancing happily, because, as an actor, he knows the show must go on, regardless

The beginning of what later proved to be Hollywood's most astonishing metamorphosis occurred during the filming of "Playboy of Paris," in 1930.

Mrs. Chevalier, née Yvonne Vallee, dainty, brunette and delightful, was given the feminine lead opposite her husband in the French version of the picture.

The first sign of irritability between them amazed the rest of the cast. As long days of tedious work went on, the irritability, the futile little scenes of exasperation and bickering between them increased.

We couldn't believe it. She had been so sweet, had worked so hard for him. He had been so considerate, so tender with her. She had run his home with a loving concentration that only Continental women seem to possess—ordering his favorite foods, packing his clothes to and from the tailor's, carrying elaborate lunches to the studio [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

“Anthony Adverse”

FROM tens of thousands of entries, the hard-pressed judges finally have chosen the one hundred and fifty-seven winners of PHOTOPLAY'S "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections contest. And so comes to a thrilling climax the most extensive, most intensely interesting, and in all ways the greatest contest ever built around the production of a motion picture by this or any other publication.

So get ready, you lucky first prize winners, to go riding in your brand new Ford V-8's! And you, Mrs. Blackmore, won't you be pleased with your \$700.00 Tecla pearl necklace? By the time the world reads this announcement, ten contestants will be telling the neighbors back home about their airplane trips (via United Air Lines) to the Chicago World's Fair! And one hundred and eleven other fortunate folk will soon be jingling some part of the \$1,000.00 prize money in their pockets, or sporting the lovely gowns reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., from the famed Orry-Kelly's designs for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, or flashing a year's supply of exquisite Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings, or gazing at their prize-winning smiles in those nifty Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors!

Presentation of the prizes will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the winners are residents, on or soon after November 2. However, because of the October 31 closing date of A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, it was necessary to personally notify the winners of the trips to the Fair as soon as possible after the judges had completed their work. The United Air Lines donated the ten round-trip plane tickets, and the luxurious Drake Hotel in Chicago provided guest privileges for one week.

Cast selections poured in from the far reaches of the globe. It was a gigantic task braved by the judges, who were: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the novel, "Anthony Adverse," John Farrar, and Hervey Allen, author of the book; and, representing the Postal Telegraph Company, W. C. Daviet, vice-president. They were indefatigable in their labors.

The winners were ranked according to the similarity of their casts to the cast in the box above, which is the tentative selection of players made by Warner Bros. Pictures for their

Many, many thousands suggested casts for the great Warner Bros. film venture. Here are the 157 winners!

ambitious screen version of "Anthony Adverse," and on the strength of the contestants' explanations (up to fifty words) of why they wished to see a particular star in the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse*.

The cast selections were submitted on ballots printed in three issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine (August, September, and October), and distributed by the Postal Telegraph Company, Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the manufacturers of the various prizes, and book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse." Postal Telegraph, through the company's far-flung facilities, also assisted in collection of the ballots.

Although the prizes offered in the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Selections contest are superb in quality and represent the tremendous total of \$10,000.00, the absorbing nature of the contest itself unquestionably had much to do with the staggering deluge of entries.

"Anthony Adverse" was read by more than two million people in the first year of its publication. The contest again boomed the sales of the book to an amazing extent. It is one of the finest works of romantic fiction of all ages, and promises to make one of the greatest pictures ever filmed—very likely *the* greatest. Due to the immensity of the novel, preparing the screen story was a huge undertaking, but Warner Bros. Pictures have achieved that. The story was *there*.

Hervey Allen himself determined the twelve characters of his book who will figure most prominently in the picturization, and these were the ones that appeared on the ballot. The venture has enlisted the attention of intellectuals, casual readers, and movie-goers everywhere.

It became apparent early in the count that Leslie Howard had a widespread and most enthusiastic army of supporters who wanted to see him in the title rôle, and his total vote was highly flattering. Likewise Edward G. Robinson had strong backing for the part of *Napoleon* from the very outset. Incidentally, Robinson has long cherished the hope of appearing as *Napoleon* on the screen. In some instances, the voting for different players favored for a particular rôle was so close, right up to the end of the count, as to have all the exciting aspects of a political election. All in all, the results of the contest are most gratifying to every individual and company concerned. PHOTOPLAY appreciates the cooperation.

The Cast tentatively selected by Warner Bros. Pictures

(Subject to change if production conditions warrant)

<i>Anthony Adverse</i>	Leslie Howard
<i>Napoleon Bonaparte</i>	Edward G. Robinson
<i>Carlo Cibo</i>	Robert Barrat
<i>Brother Francois</i>	Warren William
<i>Angela Guessippi</i>	Bette Davis
<i>Vincent Nolte</i>	George Brent
<i>Neleta</i>	Ann Dvorak
<i>G. J. Ouvrard</i>	Ricardo Cortez
<i>Senorita Dolores</i>	Kay Francis
<i>John Bonnyfeather</i>	Guy Kibbee
<i>Faith Paleologus</i>	Aline MacMahon
<i>Don Luis</i>	Henry O'Neill

Contest Winners!

\$10,000.00 In Prizes

Awarded for Cast Selections

Once more it might be well to point out that each of the first five prize winners may choose from any of five models of the new Ford V-8 motor car. They are the De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or the Convertible Cabriolet. You can't go wrong on any of them!

Also, winners of the twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings, should remember this: While they will get forty pairs, they may order a part of the wardrobe each season, to be sure of up-to-the-minute shades!

The other prize articles were described in such detail in past issues of PHOTOPLAY that little more need be said of them here. They are numerous and of the very best quality.

First Five Prize Winners
A Ford V-8 Motor Car to each!

Raymond P. Weyer 69 Bell St., Belleville, N. J.	Morris H. Switzer 25 W. 43rd St., New York City
Miss Elsa Koestler 571 Grand Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.	Mrs. Wm. E. Buchanan 28 Bellaire Ct., Appleton, Wis.
Miss M. Borden 1761 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	

The world-wide reputation of Tecla pearls speaks for them, and the \$700.00 pearl necklace offered as sixth prize, is one of the most exquisite products of this celebrated house.

Orry-Kelly's designs for the beautiful stars of Warner Bros. Pictures have lifted him to the pinnacle of his profession. The reproductions of his gowns by Studio Styles, Inc., are faithful and stunning.

The hundred Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors are awards of distinction and high merit.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates the winners and hopes that those who failed to receive an award will have better luck in our next contest.

(Note: If production conditions warrant changes in the cast selected by Warner Bros. Pictures, that will not affect prize awards.)

Additional Prize Winners

\$700.00 TECLA PEARL NECKLACE

MRS. F. S. BLACKMORE
1008 Akron Savings & Loan Bldg., Akron, O.

\$300.00 IN CASH

HELEN FRIEDEBERG
525 West End Ave., New York City

10 AIRPLANE TRIPS TO WORLD'S FAIR

MRS. ELECTA MARX
3309 St. Joe Ave., St. Joe, Mo.

PEARL L. SHORE
575 Faller Ave., San Jose, Calif.

JAMES GARFIELD SEGINO
5044 Erringer Pl., Philadelphia, Penna.

DORA C. MILLER
1540 N. Alden St., Philadelphia, Penna.

SHIRLEY GALLUB
118 W. 79th St., New York City

MAUDE VAUPEL
54 Richardson Rd., Belmont, Mass.

BESSIE E. DAVID
Box 54, Wakefield, Mass.

MRS. FORREST H. WITMEYER
2968 E. 132nd St., Cleveland, O.

MATTHEW FARDELLA
752 Main St., Paterson, N. J.

MRS. A. J. SIMON
4127 E. Douglas, Wichita, Kan.

\$200.00 IN CASH

B. H. LORENTZ
305 Y. M. C. A., Superior, Wis.

\$125.00 IN CASH

MIRIAM LOIS McAREE
885 Gladstone Ave., Detroit, Mich.

SIX ORRY-KELLY GOWNS

M. C. MORRISON
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

MRS. L. E. SMITH
676 Jordan, Shreveport, La.

WALTER HENRY LUNDY
729 Chestnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

VALVERA MOORE HAMPTON
Box 622, Clarksville, Tex.

E. M. HARVEY
501 43rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

MRS. ROY L. WESTGATE
732 Gunderson Ave., Oak Park, Ill

\$75.00 IN CASH

MRS. HODGE LARMON DOLLE
6814 S. State St., Westerville, O.

\$50.00 IN CASH

MRS. PHILIP J. ALBERT
Box 5, West Sandlake, N. Y.

20 HOSEIERY WARDROBES

MRS. HOLLYS McMILLAN
Oakdale, Calif.

PHILIP K. BERGNER
High School, East Liverpool, O.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

The Perfect Model For Your Figure

By Sylvia



Would you have alluring shoulders? Then let Norma Shearer's be your ideal. Sylvia includes her shoulders in composing the perfect model, and teaches you how to gain this charm

WELL, darlings, I had to do it. You girls have demanded it. Hundreds of your letters have told me that you want an ideal to work toward, that you must have a goal. You have asked me to pick the Hollywood stars who have perfect figures, to set a standard. Okay, I'm willing. I'm going to give you an ideal.

So few figures are perfect and my eye is so critical that I can rarely point to one star's figure and say, "Look! That's it!" But what I can do is to take a group of stars and pick the perfect feature of each figure. That's better, anyhow. Then you'll have a real ideal. And you know me well enough by now to realize that when I say a thing is good, it has *got* to be good!

Criticism is my job. Looking for figure flaws is what I've de-



NOW here is something for you girls who want the form divine! The flawless features of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood are assembled by Madame Sylvia, into a hypothetical woman who must stand as the paragon of loveliness. To match her should be your goal!

For an exquisite throat, look at Grace Moore's. Such symmetry—and just see the carriage of her head! Why not the same for you?

Women everywhere are profiting by Sylvia's personal answer department. See Page 100

voted my life to doing. Maybe you think I've been rough on the stars—pointing out their defects as I've done. Maybe they think I've been rough. I've had to be. If I didn't tell the stars of Hollywood, and you, what is wrong with them, I wouldn't be true to myself, and—what's more important—I wouldn't be true to them or to you.

Their livelihood depends upon their looks. Nothing breaks a Hollywood contract so quickly as *fat*, and the stars are so used to their own figures and are flattered so much that they don't see those pounds creeping up on them. But I see them, and feel it my duty to warn them. The producers thank me, for many times expensive retakes are necessary because the star doesn't look right. All I'm trying to do is to save those girls' careers.

Women who are trying to be beautiful sometimes need discipline. Often they hate the truth. They love flattery. Well, I can't flatter.

My name wouldn't be Sylvia if I could. And I've been like a mother to the stars. I've disciplined them, and *how* Mama Sylvia spanks! Boy, do my spankings take off flesh! Just ask the stars I've treated.

I'm not afraid to tell anybody what's wrong with a figure. Nobody can hide an ounce of surplus flesh from me. That's why I've written as I have. But I'm just as willing to say "That's swell" when I see a beautiful line. You girls throughout the country deserve knowing what my standard is. I've seen dozens of movies recently. I've looked over thousands of stills. I've watched the stars personally. I'm ready now to give you an authoritative ideal, so that you can work toward it.

Give your figure the once over. Find its imperfections just as I would do if I could see you. Make up your mind that you're going to be beautiful—and then get to work. If you have too much flesh and muscle, remove it. If your bone structure is wrong, hide it. It can be done. Don't be satisfied with yourself. Pretend that you are dependent upon your looks for your living. But take it from me, there is no such thing as easy reducing. Health and youthful happiness are free to everybody. But you've got to work for them. God gave you intelligence. Now use it.

I tell the stars what's wrong with them because their figure faults would never be corrected unless they were pointed out. I'm honest and sincere. Sometimes they get sore, but it doesn't worry me because I know I'm being truthful. Now you must be honest and sincere with yourself. Give yourself a lecture. Then hop to it and make your body measure up to the standards I'm going to give you. For here, babies, are the perfections of the stars, discovered by probably the most critical beauty eye in America.

Grace Moore's throat. It's gorgeous! In perfect proportion, softly rounding, fairly long. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The contours of Jean Harlow are celebrated the world over. And Sylvia, of all Jean's features, is of the opinion that her bust is the most perfect. In this article you will find advice to guide you in achieving shapeliness like this



Sylvia

I THINK every girl would like to be glorified. By glorified, I mean having her appeal, personality and beauty magnified. The screen is a potent lesson in glorification, if you have had the opportunity to study before and after photographs of your favorite stars.

Most of us are inclined to think that this glorification, or enhancing of yourself, is a magic wand wielded only by screen and theatrical producers. Of course, these magnates do a magnificent job, but why limit this glorification process? Why can't we all play at it, if only in an amateur way? I can assure you that the rewards are rich, that it is the strongest tonic on earth for your general well-being.

Where to begin? First, with yourself, your disposition, your temperament or whatever you want to call it. That doesn't sound interesting? Not at first, maybe, but after you've been at it awhile, you will find it a most intriguing business, for results come soon and surely. Getting to know yourself is a hard business. Many of us skip through life knowing all about everybody else but ourselves. But you must know yourself, absolutely, if you want to know where to cut down, where to build up that more charming person, to which we might all well aspire.

There are two important personality angles calculated to take many girls over the hurdles of life—graciousness and humor. And it is not at all impossible to draw both out of yourself. Graciousness is a social acquisition and you will develop it, first, by self-control, and second, by learning the right act, word or manner for the right occasion. You need keen observation for this, and it is an essential step for every girl who would like to grow.

But self-enhancement does not stop with personality. It goes on to personal appearance. It touches your figure, face, hair, in fact, every part of you. For figure, I refer you to Sylvia. She will take care of that for you. For face and hair, you must do the work unless you are fortunate enough to be able to put yourself in the hands of a real beauty artiste. Even then, you must still contribute your ideas and imagination.

Your work on face and hair must consist first of a thorough eye study. The way to do this is to study yourself in a mirror, as if you were a strange person. This deep, keen observation may show that you have lovely eyes, not much of a nose and a passable mouth. Then you must do everything to emphasize those eyes, both by daily care and the right make-up accent, subtly

GLORIFYING YOURSELF

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



Notice the popular influence of the "Little Women" bangs. Miriam's hair is curled tightly, then combed loosely for a fluffy effect. Coiffure requires little dressing and is good for formal or informal wear. One of the best all-timers we've seen this season. Suggested for young and older

Mel Berns glorified Miriam Hopkins' natural curls with this Duchess Bob, as appropriate for "The Richest Girl in the World." Those soft back curls accommodate high crowned hats, shallow crowns, tricornie or beret with welcome ease and chic, and most becomingly, we assure you

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck



Claire Trevor's hair creates a golden frame for a single gardenia. Denis Phillips designed this Empress Carlotta coiffure. "Flowers give a more youthful touch than jewels," says Denis. You need youth and a lovely hairline for this exotic arrangement for your grand occasions

When "Here Is My Heart" opens, you will see Kitty Carlisle in this revived hair arrangement, which suggests something interesting to do with those braids you've been wearing in the coronet fashion. Single side wave and braided coils over the ears. A distinctly dramatic accent



applied. You must forget the nose completely, throw it out of your consciousness, if it is not to make you sensitive and unhappy. You must learn to make your mouth pleasant, and this is achieved by avoiding dour, unhappy expressions. If you can say bright, pleasant things, if you can learn to smile like Miriam Hopkins and laugh like Joan Blondell, then any mouth will pass for lovely.

Now hair gets its bit of magic. There are two schools on the hair question. One holds to the idea that once you have developed a characteristic coiffure, you should hold to it, regardless of style. The more modern theory is constant change. This idea gets my vote. I believe that with experimentation come new and delightful things; that many of us, by remaining in a rut, never realize our possibilities. The movie stars work the newer hair theory overtime. They must do this, of course, to adjust themselves to rôles, but we have rôles, too, and they are not always in the same character. A great Hollywood trick is the bang today and none tomorrow. This is very easy if you wear a side part. You comb them out and curl them one day. The next you straighten by dampening and comb them under your wave. There are a dozen and one good hair tricks for every head if you will watch the screen fashions.

When you go to interesting places to dine and dance, the theater and movies, keep your eyes wide open. Watch what interesting people wear, do and say. There is an unmistakable "line" about life. Few of us can afford to miss what the rest of the world is doing, saying and thinking. As strong as I am for individual personality, to live too much within yourself is a mistake. You can always take something desirable from another, mingle it with what you have to contribute, and thereby develop a new trend of thought or action. Giving of yourself, however, is the right road to charm and appeal, but you can give only when you have built up something worth while within. If you want to try out some of these self-enhancement ideas, you may find that your glorification process is not so amateurish, after all.

Beauty, after all, unless it is accompanied by charm, sparkle and courage, is not enough. It may attract but it, alone, will never hold. It will hold that first glance, all right, but for lasting love, affection, friendship, you need much more. So in developing, remember the outward aspect must have its share of attention, but not all. Too many girls go astray on the idea that physical beauty is all they need. Don't!

SWEETER THAN THE FLOWERS

If you could go behind the scenes in modern perfume manufacture, you would understand why we can truthfully say that all good fragrances are, indeed, sweeter than the flowers. You would understand also why you pay in dollars for that beautiful bottle of precious perfume. No item of your personal toilette is more laboriously worked over and tested and experimented with than our modern perfumes, and certainly none gives you more pleasure and appeal than the right fragrance.

Hollywood must consume a large proportion of the world's output, because everyone in Hollywood smells simply divine. There, you are always eager to know what the players are using.

Here are the ways in which Hollywood uses perfume and here are some of the choices of the stars.

Janet Gaynor uses both an exotic, and floral and delicate scents, which she applies to the hair and tips of the ears. An atomizer is the right method for perfuming the hair.

For evening, Pat Paterson likes an exotic perfume; for morning and day, a floral odeur. Her method of application is most effective. After her bath, she pours a little on her palms and rubs over her entire body. Astrid Allwyn has used the same odeur for years, because she likes the idea of personal as-

sociation. Her choice is a dreamy, synthetic one.

Rosemary Ames, whose name sounds almost like a perfume, thinks that choice depends upon occasion and your escort. Wise girl! She uses it behind her ears and on the hem of her skirt. Try the skirt business. It works beautifully, the fragrance rising from your very steps, as it were.

Exotic scents for night, delicate blends for day is Rochelle Hudson's habit. On wrists, behind the ears and on the hem of skirt for Rochelle, also. Incidentally, Rochelle has one of the most perfect skins in Hollywood, so fine that even the all-seeing eye of the camera cannot detect a flaw.

Norma Shearer's selection of lilac seems perfect for her, doesn't it? If she wears real gardenias, however, she will choose something to harmonize with the flowers.

Irene Dunne uses an orchid perfume, because once upon a time this poignant sweetness helped her overcome a bad case of stage fright.

Loretta Young, as is most fitting, likes a wafty, evanescent odeur. The kind that would have all the appealing youth of Loretta, I think.

Mae West—and is this what you've been waiting for?—likes sweet pea and a rich, drowsy odeur. Mae has a special perfume named after her, you know.

The perfume trick for most of us is to have several bottles, and use them according to occasion, mood and escort, as Rosemary Ames suggests. When your young man likes your gardenia, or whatever you wear, surely you can pay him no more subtle compliment than this impersonal—and yet very personal—thought.

[ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 84]



June Clayworth uses perfume directly on her skin, but not on clothing. Her pretty crystal atomizer distributes the perfume thoroughly and economically. The perfume is one of the very latest, a waterlily fragrance

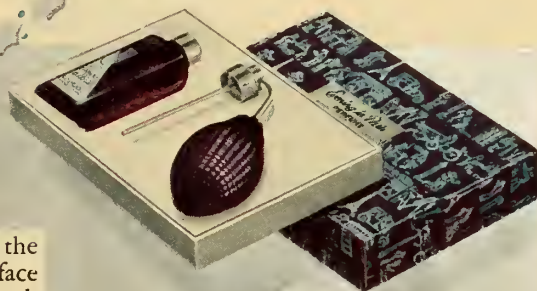
No need for Thelma Todd to tell you of her weakness for perfume. Here is Thelma in her nasal test laboratory, representing hundreds of dollars in rare perfume. Can't you include us all in your testing party, Thelma?



Wise is the giver
 whose feminine gifts are
EVENING IN PARIS!



This is the Perfume itself, the very spirit of an Evening in Paris translated into glamorous fragrance! In a beautiful bottle and an enticing box, \$1.10.



As though the exquisite Evening in Paris Perfume weren't enough, this delicately lovely bottle has an efficient and lasting atomizer top! A charming accessory for a smart dressing table as well as a glorious fragrance! In its gift box, \$1.65.

If you're shuddering at all the gift shopping you have to face—here's the easy way out! Check off the feminine names on your list with a set of Evening in Paris! There are twenty-six different sets, each as beautiful as those shown here. You can finish your shopping for the ladies in a few minutes! And if you could step up to toiletry counters about this time of year, and see lovely ladies yearning over the Evening in Paris sets on display, you would see how surely each gift will bring a thrill of special delight! The price range of \$1.10 to \$20 lets you give a handsome gift, whatever your gift budget!



All the radiance of Evening in Paris glows from this box—and in its satiny interior nestle Evening in Paris Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Compact, Perfume and Lipstick. \$5.



Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder carry glamour and delight wherever they go. Their lovely box prepares the eye for the beauty within. \$2.25.



On a luxurious bed of satin, rest the Evening in Paris Talcum, Face Powder, Perfume, Lipstick, Single Compact and Toilet Water. One of the most impressive of all sets. \$10.



Scenes of gay Paris on the cover of this delightful box—and inside, Evening in Paris Talcum Powder, Face Powder and Perfume. \$2.95.

Evening in Paris
 BY BOURJOIS

"That was the worst
headache..."



... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stom-

ach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the *after-effects*.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the *complete* name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

Listen to *The Bromo-Seltzer Revue*, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30—10:00 P. C. Time

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

BROMO-SELTZER

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

By Carolyn Van Wyck

AS Christmas looms nearer on the calendar, there are probably plenty of girls who are contemplating a personal portrait as that gift of gifts. And so I write a few words in advance of the holiday with the hope that it may help you to put more into and get more out of that picture than ever before.

For the camera is a surprise story for many of us. I am not talking about the movie camera, but the portrait camera before which we sit with high hopes that it may produce something like us at our best moments. Sometimes the most uninteresting faces make absorbing studies, and again the pretty girl will look very flat. What is the trick?

Part of it is you, the undefinable you that we label with personality, soul and other vague terms. You can mentally help the camera here. Unless we are professionals, posing is a trying business. We are acutely self-conscious. The result is often a set, vacant face, staring in the lens. One way to avoid that is to become mentally alert. Think of something in accord with the expression you wish to portray. If you want a laughing picture—and this is advisable for very few—think of something amusing that has happened to you so that laughter is

really in your face. If your wistful face is best, there is plenty to be wistful about for a few minutes. Or, if you want serious, sweet repose, an angle usually appealing to the male, try to really feel that way. Attuning your mind to the expression you wish to convey is one way of getting what is known as soul into a picture.

A GREAT part of your picture success depends upon make-up. Our street or evening touches are not sufficient. The camera requires a different technique. Suppose you have light eyes. Instinctively, almost, we think a black crayon and black mascara are the answer. But that is not so. With the camera, you are dealing in tones, but not the tones of the living; only the shades of black, white and gray. And so, while eyes and lips, above all, will need emphasis, the nuance in shades must be subtle. Otherwise your picture will be harsh and artificial beyond words.

Study the two portraits on this page. Heather Angel's beauty can stand the darker lipstick, the darker eye touches. Elizabeth Allan's ethereal loveliness demands light touches everywhere. Though most good photographers can guide you in your camera make-up, some will take you the way you think you want to be—until you have seen your picture.

For the camera, the face should be powdered lightly and rouge left off the cheeks. The outline of the mouth must be perfect, and a shade used that will blend in with eye make-up and hair. Eye shadow is a great aid before the camera, because it will not show if properly used, and can work all kinds of magic about your eyes. If you are taken with lowered eyes, shadow is especially necessary on the upper lids. It will throw the eyes in a tiny bit, give a very light shading there and add a lustre. If the space between the eye socket and brow is too full, shadow tones down the fullness. The slight change in tone resulting from its use will give the eyes a luminous quality. The eyebrow pencil, too, plays its part. You can always lengthen the outer brow ends just slightly for a better eye frame. Many of the stars do a stunt which is perfect for the camera. Draw a gentle line from eye corner to outer along the upper lid, close to the lashes. When the eyes are opened, this gives the appearance of heavier and darker lashes. Choose the pencil in regard

to your lash tone. If you have interesting, strong brows, accent them in this manner. Have your mascara brush almost dry and brush the hairs upward, then smoothing into line. Don't touch the skin, except with a pencil at the outer corner. This will give you that slightly rugged effect you see in Joan Crawford's brows.

One of the best photographers I know refuses to take anyone with a hat on. His reasons are that a hat obscures face and hair and dates your picture too much. It is a good idea to avoid eccentric coiffures for the same reason. After all, a good likeness should last for a number of years.

Necklines are also something to keep in mind. Black and white or shades that photograph in those tones are a good choice, and the line should always be graceful and not too definite in style. A bare throat is much preferable to a high neckline, which often ages and hardens a face in photography. It is also well to avoid showy earrings, for, after all, this picture is to portray you, rather than your wardrobe. If you will keep some of these ideas in mind, you may be rewarded with a masterpiece of yourself.



Both the posing and make-up in this portrait of Heather Angel perfectly emphasize her dark, vivid beauty. The camera then produces a masterpiece in tone shading and shadow



A charming and natural portrait of Elizabeth Allan results from correct make-up. Observe the gentle shading in the eye and mouth accent tones and artistic touches

"GIFT PRE VUE," youngest member of our leaflet library, tells you of the things you'd love to give and be given at Christmas. Perfumes, powders, evening bags, manicure sets, compacts. Other leaflets cover general beauty, skin, hair, nails, make-up, etc. Yours for stamped, self-addressed envelope for each. Personal questions answered gladly and promptly. Send your letters to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



ONE of the scenes they shot for a new production we'll bet you won't miss seeing. It's "What Every Woman Knows," with Brian Aherne as *John Shand* and Madge Evans as *Lady Sibyl Tenterden*. And this is a unique

art spread because nowhere is the star, Helen Hayes, to be seen! Helen played *Maggie Wylie* when "What Every Woman Knows" was a Broadway stage success, eight seasons ago, and she's done it again for M-G-M.

The carpenters nailed the boards from the platform, so nobody could rock the boat. The slightest movement might have thrown the players out of focus, and the splash of water would have been picked up by the micro-



phone, spoiling the take. Gregory La Cava, the sweated gentleman in the foreground, was waiting to direct the scene.

In this J. M. Barrie story, laid in Scotland, Maggie's matrimonial chances seem hopeless

(due, she believes, to her lack of charm), until her father and brothers, out of pity for her, contrive her marriage to *John Shand*. Elected to Parliament, *John* becomes infatuated with *Lady Sibyl*. It is *Maggie's* plan to throw them

together constantly, convinced that they will sicken of each other. She arranges a sojourn in the country for *John* and *Sibyl*, and so complications pile up at an entertaining pace. Any woman might guess the ending.

Hollywood's New Miracle Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

ing teeth and black, curly hair reveal his Italian origin. That origin was in Palermo, Sicily.

His sixth birthday was spent in the steerage of the ship which brought him with his family to the Land of Promise—a land which Frank made keep its promise.

The family settled in Los Angeles and Frank was sent to grammar school. He and a younger brother used to race out after the last bell and grab up a bundle of newspapers and establish themselves on a down-town street corner.

IT was then his flair for the dramatic and his understanding of the human side of things began to show. When the newspapers didn't go fast enough, Frank and his brother, Tony, put on an act. Frank's idea, of course. Frank would grab his young brother and belabor him, or so it looked to startled passersby, and yell imprecations at him for not selling the papers. The kid brother would yell his lungs out and weep heart-brokenly. Sympathetic clucks came from the kind-hearted public. The poor kid, the tough older brother. The pennies began to fall. In a matter of minutes, Frank and the brother, hand in hand, would dash for home, the pennies in Frank's pocket jingling sweet applause to their act.

But Frank was soon out of that. He ran a paper route of his own, he played a guitar at social affairs, he became a "pipe crawler" for a steel company, he entered California Institute of Technology, with a burning ambition to become an engineer. To do this, he waited on tables, did other odd jobs, the while he edited the school paper. As for his scholastic standing, the end of his freshman year saw him with a five hundred dollar scholarship in his pocket and a round-trip ticket to the leading universities of the country. Included was the magic city of New York.

What he did in New York clearly mirrors his character even then, and his intense zeal to see, learn and know a vital background for the humanness that is in his pictures. In the metropolis, Frank slept on park benches—and with the expense money thus saved, took in symphony concerts, theaters and museums.

With graduation from college came the war, a lieutenancy in the Coast Artillery, and then the restlessness of the slack water period of early post-war days. He found a job tutoring the scion of the wealthy Baldwin family at the famous Baldwin Rancho near Los Angeles. The Baldwin Rancho housed one of the most extensive libraries in California. There Frank Capra spent every leisure hour.

There first crystallized his longing to himself create and tell stories to the world, stories that the world would like to hear—and see.

HOLLYWOOD was the natural step. And to a hostile Hollywood Frank went—a Hollywood which forced him to sing for his supper in cafés and to prune trees in the sun-baked orchards of San Fernando Valley at twenty cents a tree—in order to live during the frequent stretches of empty studio promise.

But Frank Capra learned about making movies from the ground up—as a technical worker, a co-director of screen novelties, a Hal Roach gag man, and finally a comedy director at Mack Sennett's—with varying up-and-down fortunes. Mostly down. When he made a suc-

cess of Harry Langdon's comedy features, Langdon decided a director wasn't important. (Langdon probably has changed his mind by now.)

It wasn't until Capra had a talk with Harry Cohn, the youthful, vigorous Columbia boss, that he really started going places. Cohn assigned him to an unimportant program picture, titled "That Certain Thing," with Ralph Graves and Viola Dana.

So promising and unusual was the result that Columbia released it with some fanfare—and signed Capra to a long term contract.

He has been there ever since. He directed the most significant picture Columbia had yet made in "Submarine." To him were entrusted the first audible films the studio undertook. He accounted for the success of the Barbara Stanwyck pictures. His "Flight" and "Dirigible" focused even reluctant eyes on Columbia pictures. "American Madness" revealed the dramatic power he could summon, ranking among the best of its year. "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" turned out to be a popular production.

At last came "Lady For a Day," which just missed the Academy Award by a hair—and "It Happened One Night" certainly one of the most popular pictures of this year.

All these at Columbia—which is home, and will be home for a long time to Frank Capra.

Oh, the other studios would like him—*how* they'd like him—and to Hollywood, which often views success in terms of "bigger and better and more super-colossal," it is sometimes a little puzzling why Frank Capra stays on contentedly at his present headquarters.

As Capra himself explains, his position at Columbia, with its privilege of complete freedom of thought and action, is a tremendous factor in his chances for turning out the kind of pictures he wants to turn out.

Which brings us to how Frank Capra works his magic. Frank Capra's pictures ("It Happened One Night" is the best and freshest example) stand out particularly for three things:

A WEALTH of delightful, human incidents. Surprising twists to the story. Natural, easy characters. He couldn't inject these incidents without what Capra calls "a mind that is allowed to function flexibly."

For instance:

"It Happened One Night" was crammed with incidents that made audiences squirm delightedly in their chairs, sent them out into the lobby chuckling to each other about Clark Gable's hitch-hiking thumb-jerk, "The Walls of Jericho," and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

That very human bus sequence grew right on the set.

He recalled his rule:

"A dull scene is just so much footage—"

So, Capra explains: "I had heard a record of 'The Man on the Flying Trapeze.' I thought, maybe some hill-billies would be fun—playing it on their guitars! Well, when they started singing, the tune and the words were so catchy that everyone on the set began singing it, too. Another idea. Why not let the whole bus join in? And that's what finally evolved."

Here is the point Frank Capra made:

"If I had been working at a larger studio, limiting my actions, I would have had to leave

the set and run get an okay to hire the hill-billies; run get another okay to hire each extra hill-billy, each extra singer, until I probably would have given up the idea rather than tangle myself up in a maze of red tape.

"At Columbia, I can follow up any inspiration of the moment while the picture is being made without asking anyone except myself—and the opinions of the people who are working with me."

A MAJOR surprise in "It Happened One Night," he considers the appearance of Clark Gable in the type of whimsical, good-natured rôle he had. The part was originally written for Bob Montgomery. Audiences would have expected Bob to be such a fellow, but when they saw Clark doing it, they were surprised—and delighted.

But the surprising story twists—they weren't there at all. "You just thought they were," says Frank.

"Actually, the stories of 'Lady For a Day' and 'It Happened One Night' were pretty obvious, and full of holes. The plots weren't even new.

"So the story developments were disguised by the incidents which took place. Any audience can guess ahead of flat plot scenes. But by entertaining them, making them forget the plot and stick with the characters through a wealth of incident, you bring them to a surprise turn in the story—a pleasing surprise."

Trickery—that's what—but how the public loves to be tricked in the Capra manner!

As for his characters—his actors—how does he get them to turn in, consistently believable performances?

First of all, on a Capra set—the actor—not the play, is the thing. Anything which might detract from the interest in the natural action of the characters is taboo. Trick shots and spectacular photography is eyed askance by this director.

"Will the audience look at the trick business or the actors?" Capra asks himself before he allows mechanical innovation.

He ushered Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Connolly and Jean Parker into the limelight. He restored Gable, Claudette Colbert, May Robson and Nils Asther to high favor. He even tries to keep himself out of it as much as he can. He wants no directorial "style" to show.

"I try to remain just an appreciative audience," he says.

NO wonder actors love to work with him—no commotion, no temperament, no theatricals—but every break in the world. They don't have to press, they can relax. They're never "on the spot."

But Frank Capra, the most valuable, the most widely acclaimed director in Hollywood, strangely enough, is on the spot every time he goes on the set. He's on it right now, making "Broadway Bill."

"I have to make them a picture every time I start," he grins.

What he means is that his actors, his crew, his bosses, Columbia's salesmen, a thousand movie theater owners, and a million moviegoers—all Hollywood and all the world—expect every picture bearing the legend, "A Frank Capra Production," to be a world beater.

"My Idea of Extravagance" says

Ann Sothern

"is caring for silk things with anything but LUX"



Ann Sothern

charming young Columbia star, adds to her stage and screen laurels in her latest picture, *Georgiana*

"I'M SURE EVERY GIRL loves silk things," says Ann Sothern, "they *feel* so luxurious. But they're really amazingly practical if you give them the right kind of care.

"It seems terribly wasteful to use anything but Lux. Ordinary soaps with harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing, make silk fibres lifeless, rob them of the strength and elasticity that make silk durable.

"That's my idea of extravagance. Lux keeps silk so gorgeously new-looking, colors so fresh, I *insist* on it for *all* my washable things. Lingerie, dresses, blouses, stockings, wear and wear with Lux."

■ ■ *YOU'LL FIND glamorous silk things a practical economy if you care for them as Ann Sothern does—with Lux. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in clear water is safe in Lux. Its feathery bubbles, so mild and pure, keep silk lovely—like new longer.*

**Specified in
all the big
Hollywood
Studios . . .**



Janet Henle, Columbia wardrobe supervisor

"Lux has proved an invaluable economy in cutting down replacement bills at Columbia," says Janet Henle. "Lux is the best and safest method of cleansing all washable garments, silk, cotton, wool, and knitted things. It is marvelous to restore their freshness, keep colors bright and fabrics crisp and new-looking. Lux makes stockings wear longer, fit better, too!"



Hollywood Says — don't trust to Luck, TRUST TO LUX

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



One fork for two—and Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett have been married more than a year! They were cooling at the Bath & Tennis Club

VICTOR McLAGLEN hurried onto the stage of the Paramount theater, Hollywood, as master of ceremonies at the premiere of Grace Moore's "One Night of Love." Vic apologized for any delay, and explained he had been rushed at the studio.

"Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, flinging an arm widely, "over here we have—" There was a sharp snap, and Victor jammed his hands into his trouser pockets. Silence fell. Victor suddenly grinned. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he continued, "I am losing my pants."

In his rush from the Columbia studios, Victor had forgotten his galluses. Two chorines had pinned him up with a couple of ribbons, as he thereupon showed the engulfed audience. And the ribbons had let him down, so to speak.

"IRENE," Grace Moore called to her new maid, "please call up my accompanist and ask him if he knows 'Traviata.' If he does, ask him to come over. I want to practice."

When the maid returned, she said, "Yes, he knows the young lady."

"What?" exclaimed Grace.

"That Miss Traviata, and he'll be over right away."

SWINGING from a chandelier for an amusing scene of "The Good Fairy," Margaret Sullivan fell down on the floor of the set and went "Boom." "Maggie" picked herself up and gingerly patted the bruised area—then with that Irish grin of hers she protested.

"There ought to be a law," said Margaret, "that acrobats can't work without nets."

A WARDROBE mistress entering the "Sweet Adeline" set took one look about her and broke into tears. "This beer garden

set," she sobbed. "It makes me homesick. It's just like the one across the street from my old home in Brooklyn."

The director went into action. He learned the set was a copy of the place the woman described. So pleased he had authenticity in the set, he handed the woman five dollars.

LEE ROBBIN and Ralph Rainger, ace song-writing combination at Paramount—composers of "Love in Bloom," and other successes—work so closely it's no wonder people sometimes confuse them. For instance, when Leo was congratulated the other day on an approaching blessed event . . . "Sorry," said Leo. "It's my partner—not me. This is one production on which we did not collaborate."

IS young Joel Dee McCrea going to get a lot of attention! He's the first grandchild on either Joel's or Frances' side.

JOE E. BROWN'S little daughter Kathryn sat in her high chair having her lunch when Joe E. burst in. "Kathryn," he said, "guess who's coming to our house in a few weeks." "Don't know," Kathryn said, going right on with her lunch.

"Oh, sure you do," her daddy said. "Who comes down the chimney? You know, big and fat and jolly, with a merry round face and—" "Oh, I know," Kathryn interrupted. "Guy Kibbee."

BING CROSBY tells about the little blonde who was taking a golf lesson the other day. "No, no, use your wooden-headed driver," her instructor shouted. So the little blonde calmly walked over and beckoned to her chauffeur.

IN what looks like a move to bring back the mustache cup, the report comes that fifty per cent of M-G-M's leading men wear mustaches. But, it is stated in the report, only ten per cent know how to wear one!

ONE by one they're coming back. Now Lloyd Hughes, heartbeat of thousands in the days when he and Mary Astor played romantically on the silent screen, is back in Hollywood. As good looking as ever he plans to re-establish himself in Hollywood with Universal supplying the re-entry rôle in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."

IF puns gag you, pass this up. The idea was to think up a proverb with the word "archaic." Ann Harding snapped, "We can't have archaic and eat it, too."

WHEN the entire Polish press called him a renegade, Richard Boleslavsky took it to heart. And now he's Richard Boleslawski, as he was originally. He had changed the spelling of his name to make it more pronounceable. But by doing so, it became a Russian name. And the Polish are touchily patriotic. It's Richard who directed Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has just been handed one of those exquisite little six-room bungalows on the Fox lot. And the painters are having a grand time fixing everything up in baby blue and pink. "What I like best about it," Shirley says, "are my grand neighbors."

Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers, by the way, are the neighbors.

DOROTHY TREE was one of the brunette beauties of the New York stage. So what happens? So she comes to Hollywood—and has made every picture but two in a blonde wig—and is becoming known as one of Warner's fair-haired beauties.

WHEN Rosco Ates first appeared in the RKO-Radio dining-room, he had the time of his life. The waitresses didn't recognize the famous stuttering comedian, who only stutters on the screen.

A waitress would approach Ates for his order.

"A-a-a-a s-s-st - a - st-a," began Ates.

After five minutes of this the harassed waitress would go to the manager.

"What is it, sir?" the manager would ask.

"Why, all I want is just some steak and a piece of pie. What's wrong?" Ates would say, as the waitress would stand with open mouth and eyes popping.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, leaving for New York. Carole planned a long stay but left in two days

Right in the theatre lobby . . . her handbag drops and the contents scatter about . . .



POCKETBOOK PANIC*

embarrasses

ANNE SHIRLEY

at Hollywood Première

now

*this star carries only
handbags with the
convenient and secure*

TALON fastener

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Every detail of a screen star's costume receives careful consideration. Take handbags, for instance. Leading actresses have found that it pays to carry handbags with the Talon Fastener. In other bags, accidents happen. A slip of the hand . . . and contents scatter about! With Talon Fastener security guarding a handbag, it can be depended upon to keep everything snug and safe.

And more . . . handbags with the Talon slide fastener are the leaders in style! For only the best manufacturers equip their handbags with this smooth-operating closing.

You'll find Talon-fastened handbags for all occasions, at the price you prefer to pay, awaiting you in smart shops everywhere.

When you buy, look for the name TALON on the slider. It is your assurance of style and quality, as well as your guide to convenience and security.

***Pocketbook Panic is that terrible feeling you get when your pocket-book opens and the contents spill out or are lost.**

Anne Shirley, now appearing in RKO Picture "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

Ask The Answer Man



David Holt was a sensation in "You Belong to Me." The youngster is only seven years old, but he seems to know instinctively what to do when he faces a camera. He admits, however, that he can play a scene better if he's promised a new bicycle or some other gift as a reward

aged 3½ is proud of her big brother and hopes that she will be a movie star some day.

LUCY ORR, CHICAGO, ILL.—Here's the information, Lucy, now you settle the argument. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1895. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 184 and has dark brown hair and eyes. His latest pictures are "Stingaree" and "His Greatest Gamble." Next will be "West of the Pecos." Richard has one daughter, Mary Ellen, by his first marriage.

STELLA HAY, MIAMI, FLA.—That lovely scenic notepaper you sent made me long for a vacation in your part of the country. Ho hum! Gene Raymond's latest picture is "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" with Nancy Carroll and Jack Benny. Raul Roulien's latest is "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll. Clark Gable's busy making "Forsaking All Others," with Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery.

ANNETTE KRAUSE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Gertrude Michael has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is still single. She celebrates her birthday on June 1st.

JULIA DAVIS, FORT RILEY, KAN. — The Elizabeth Allen who is known as Mrs. Robert Montgomery is a non-professional and not the same Elizabeth Allan you saw in "Men in White." The latter is an English actress whose name in private life is Mrs. William J. O'Brien. She is now making "David Copperfield" at M-G-M. The cast of "The Way of All Flesh" consisted of Emil Jannings, Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver and Donald Keith.

BARBARA CROUNSE, STRAFFORD, PENNA.—Your sister is wrong this time, Barbara. John Beal played the rôle of Bob Montgomery's nephew in "Another Language." Myrna Loy was born August 2, 1905.

ALICE MURDACH, BREMERTON, WASH.—Claude Rains' latest picture is "Crime Without Passion." His next will be "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Joan Bennett will be his leading lady in this.

DORA COHEN, BRONX, N. Y.—Dora here are the birthdates you wanted. Evelyn Venable, October 8, 1913; Tom Brown, January 6, same year; Rochelle Hudson, March 6, 1914; Toby Wing, July 14, 1915; Patricia Ellis, May 20, 1915 and Anita Louise, January 9, 1917.

MARJORIE LITTLE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—The studios evidently didn't realize that you would have to pay extra duty on the letters or they wouldn't have returned them to you. They probably didn't have forwarding addresses for the stars to whom your letters were addressed, hence they got back to you. Victor Jory was born in Dawson City, Alaska, in 1902. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 182 and has black hair and brown eyes. Played in stock and New York stage productions before going into pictures. His latest picture is "Pursued."

DAVID JACK HOLT is Hollywood's newest sensation. His work in "You Belong to Me" is responsible for it. He was having rather a hard time of it until the chance to play in that picture came along. Dickie Moore was all set for the part, but an illness took Dickie out and David was rushed in. After seeing him perform the director had his part enlarged.

Down in Jacksonville, Fla., where he was born, August 14, 1927, David was a seasoned trouper. He made his début at the age of three in a Fashion show. Later his mother took him to New York, then to Hollywood, but could not obtain work for him. They returned home and last year decided to try Hollywood again. In a specially built trailer the family, including mother, dad, sister Betty and David, started West. David secured a few minor parts in such pictures as "Walls of Gold," "Mary Stevens, M. D.," "Sitting Pretty," "She Made Her Bed" and "The Cat's-Paw." Then came his grand performance in "You Belong to Me," which won him a Paramount contract.

David liked the military uniform he wore in the picture so well that he refused to take it off at night. If his mother insisted on it coming off, he would get up in the middle of the night, put it on and then go back to bed. The studio made him a present of it when the picture was finished. He boasts that he is a good fighter, but he has to refrain from this sport to preserve his looks for the camera. He likes picture acting but when he grows up he wants to be an aviator. His sister Betty,



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.

Spicy Mexican Dishes

Some toothsome, peppery mixtures with which to vary cold weather menus

UPON entering the culinary department of a certain Hollywood household we were met by a grand spicy aroma. Investigation disclosed lovely Raquel Torres preparing a popular dish of her native Mexico.

After sampling it, we decided that Raquel should share with you all her recipes for a few of these hot, full-flavored menu complements.

However well-known some of these dishes may be, often proper directions are not used in their preparation. Raquel gives us authentic measurements and methods, starting with the best known—*Chili Con Carne*: In an iron pan fry 1 chopped onion and 1 clove of garlic in 1 tablespoon olive oil, until transparent. Add 2 pounds round steak, cut for stew, and stir around until brown all over. Add 2 cups of chili Colorado, cover and simmer for 1 hour or until meat is tender. Then stir in 1 tablespoon ground sweet chocolate, 1 slice fried bread pounded fine. Salt to taste, and add enough boiling water to blend nicely, and 1 teaspoonful vinegar. Bring to boil again and serve.

Chili Colorado—Remove seeds and veins from $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of dry chili peppers and wash well. Then boil for about 10 minutes, drain and rub through colander, adding water to loosen pulp—about a pint in all. Pour this through the peppers again until it is thick as very thick cream. Heat 1 teaspoon of olive oil, fry 1 clove of garlic, skim it out and stir in the pulp. Add 1 teaspoon each of grated sweet chocolate, sugar, vinegar and salt.

Frijoles—Soak 1 pint of pink beans overnight, then boil in salted water until tender. While they are cooking, fry 2 onions in bacon fat. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ can of tomatoes, and 7 red chili peppers, cleaned and with veins removed. Boil for few minutes, then scrape off red, jelly-like chili from tough skin. Now add with onions and tomatoes to beans. Let boil several hours, stirring often.

Chili Rellenos Con Queso—Are made by removing veins and seeds from 6 large fresh red peppers, slipping in a thick slice of sharp yellow cheese, dipping pepper in beaten egg and

frying in boiling olive oil. When a golden brown, drain and serve with cream sauce.

Mexican String Beans—String, cut up and boil until tender 1 quart of string beans. When done, drain and add 1 tablespoon of butter, some chopped parsley, onion and sweet pepper. Have ready fried some diced bacon, add the juice of 1 sour orange and a little grated nutmeg. Then add this mixture to the beans, pour all into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with paprika and fine bread crumbs and bake until a delicate brown—about 15 minutes.

Tamale Pie—Stir 2 cups cornmeal into 6 cups salt water, and cook 5 minutes. Then place in double boiler and cook 45 minutes more. Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil, add 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic, 2 sprigs parsley, and brown. Add 2 pounds round steak in small cubes, and brown. Now add 2 cups strained tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chili powder, 12 ripe olives, 24 seedless raisins, 1 teaspoon each of salt and chopped parsley. Cook until meat is tender, adding boiling water to make gravy. Line buttered baking dish with $\frac{2}{3}$ of mush, brush with melted butter, place meat mixture over it, cover with rest of mush. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Mexican Souffle—Into 1 cup of hot, clear, black coffee, stir 3 tablespoons of creamed butter, with 3 tablespoons of cornstarch and 2 of grated chocolate. Remove from fire and stir slowly into the yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten, with 1 tablespoon of butter. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake for 25 minutes in pudding dish set in pan of hot water.

Pollo Mole—Boil a chicken, saving a cup of the broth. Fry 3 slices of stale bread, 1 chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic in 1 tablespoon of olive oil until browned. Then pound well with some sesame and a few anise seeds. Soak 3 chili peppers in boiling water until soft, remove seeds and rub through a colander with a little water. Add to other ingredients and place in saucepan with peeled tomato, pinch of cloves, salt and pepper. Now add 1 cup of chicken broth and, when well blended, add boiled chicken, cut in pieces to serve.



Though Raquel Torres serves her favorite foods in sunny California, these Mexican sizzlers are especially appropriate for brisk Fall or Winter days

Nancy gets *compliments* — dates galore

HOW ABOUT LUNCH
TOMORROW?

How soon can I
have a date?

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way— guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

BELIEVE me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin*. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly*—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up

thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause blemishes, even blackheads. Signs of Cosmetic Skin!

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' beauty care. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every hidden trace* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

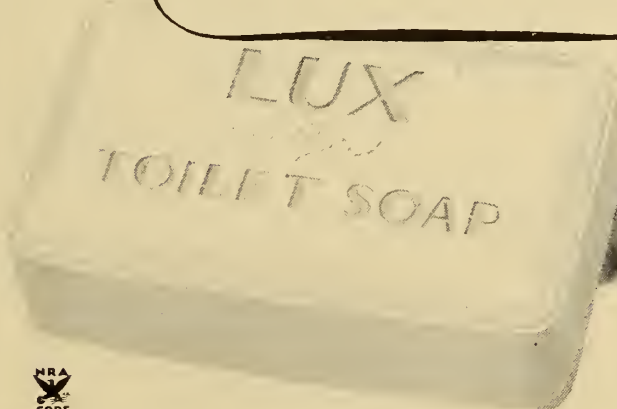
Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin—keeps it lovely!



Where have you
been all my life?

I CAN'T
TAKE MY
EYES OFF
THAT SKIN
OF YOURS

Of course I use
rouge and powder,
but I use **Lux Toilet
Soap** so faithfully
I'll never have
Cosmetic Skin



MARGARET SULLAVAN

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "LITTLE MAN WHAT NOW"



Let's Go to Tomorrow's Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

their three-color films true opportunity, pictures began to actually live for us.

Why is the music from this film over television different from the music we used to have in our pictures of six years ago (the pictures of 1934)?

Because it is made with different instruments. The proper use of electrical pickup has brought back into use rare instruments that had to be abandoned in the grouping of orchestra pieces. Many a delicate, beautiful instrument was abandoned because it could not hold up against the stronger pieces of the orchestra, or because its music was too soft and of too delicate a timbre to carry to an audience.

A YOUNG sound engineer had a notion that if he could, by proper mixing, make the tick of a watch louder than the report of a pistol, he could also bring back to use in orchestras the most delicate instruments. That is why you can hear the breathing of your characters in a tense scene in these pictures of 1940; why you can hear the fall of rain and the rustle of a bird's wings.

The microphone can pick up sounds absolutely beyond range of the human ear, just as the infra-red rays can pick up light that does not exist for the human eye.

Since the advent of the absolutely silent picture cameras and the constructing of tiny sound sets that do not in any way interfere with the camera, we find that both pictures and sound have improved one hundred per cent.

You may recall that RKO-Radio came out with a small, compact, noiseless camera in 1934—one that did not need a "blimp," or sound-proof box, constructed around it to keep the noise of its mechanism from reaching the sensitive ear of the microphone.

How valuable that camera and the super-sensitive film, permitting the making of pictures with half as much light as formerly, were for all types of work, especially for night and animal shots, was understood as early as 1934.

Since that time the speed of the film has been doubled again, just as it was tripled in 1934 as against 1930. And the faster the film, the less light needed—and the less light needed the sharper the focus and the more "pliable" the shadows.

That is why these pictures have an almost "third dimension" aspect.

The real "third dimension" pictures have progressed, but they still have a long way to go before perfection.

EVEN several years before 1940 the big theater owners were planning amusement centers—figuring they would have to do something to offset the pull of the home television set.

They get the identical entertainment that you get over your screen, plus some of their own.

Of course, their pictures are a little better, as television still has difficulties to overcome, just as in 1934 it was balked because it could not develop a speed of more than twenty frames per second while motion pictures were being made at the rate of twenty-four shots per second.

Tonight, at the center we are going to, they are showing by television a popular Broadway legitimate drama and a big motion picture by mechanical projection.

This movie was made in a studio, just as they were made six years ago, and put on film, just as they were then. Then these films are turned over to broadcasting stations for transmission to television sets. Others are shown through regular projection machines in the theaters.

Now we are at the center. There is every conceivable form of entertainment here; swimming, dancing, dining, vaudeville, sports, games, bridge, various types of contests and what-not.

In the theater we are visiting now, they



Joan Gardner is featured in the London Film production version of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," starring Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon

furnish meals and show movies and television. In the two upper levels or balconies you'll find your dining-rooms, with every table overlooking screen and stage. There is also dancing up there—and a mighty attractive bar.

The idea is that you can spend an entire evening here—and do anything you can think of doing.

Let's sit down here on the main floor. Just like one of the finer of the old-type movie houses, isn't it? But if you look closely you will see that the screen is tilted to get away from the elongation of figures that always resulted when the projection machine was far back and high up in the theater.

Also, you will notice that the screen is of special construction to eliminate those terrible side angles.

The latest equipment calls for the projection

of the picture from behind the screen. That system was coming into vogue at the time sound took hold.

Then the loud speakers were put back there and the projection had to be put up in the roof again, so to speak.

Ah, there's the music. You look surprised. Well, why not?

You are listening to the scientific and sensible projection and distribution of sound now. If the loud speaker were behind that screen, as it used to be, in order to be heard way up there in the dining stalls it would have to be loud enough to blast the top off the head of the fellows down in front.

IN this theater there are about forty-eight different vents from which the sound is distributed.

That is why you can hear instruments you have never heard before—and hear sounds in movies that it would have been utterly impossible to register and project before this system was put into effect.

In the old days they used to build a theater and then jam in the projection box.

Nowadays they build in the sound and projecting machines and then build the theater around them.

I've actually been told that with this device they can register and distribute the sound of the flutter of a butterfly's wings. Could you imagine what that would be like out of a loud speaker they had tuned up to reach the farthest back point in a theater of this size?

There is your picture. You never dreamed of photography like that, did you? Third dimension? Not quite—but proper lighting effects and the use of shadows gives you the illusion.

Why are the pictures so much clearer and more lifelike?

Because of greatly improved cameras, film and lighting, and because of the proper use of color.

There, you can actually see that vein pulsating in Garbo's throat in that close-up, can't you?

And you can hear her breathing.

It's as if she were within a foot of you—you can actually sense her physical closeness. And with that Rose Doree tint and the music from those almost forgotten stringed instruments—

Guess we'd better go back to 1934.

Well, that was just a little glimpse into the future in movies.

But it was not a pipe dream. Every one of those developments has foundation in sound fact and accomplishment.

DAYS spent in motion picture studios, executive offices, directors' rooms and laboratories; as well as in broadcasting stations, in film and camera laboratories—where everyone, from corporation heads and technical experts down to cameramen and sound mixers, was interviewed—brought forth the facts with which this little visit into the future of ours was painted.

Every incident that colors this imaginary trip into the future is drawn from the pigment of actual accomplishment, and has been suggested by the foremost experts in the line to which it refers.

YES, INDEED! WE'RE IN TIP-TOP FORM TODAY!

A POINTED BID FOR FOOT FLATTERY

Styl-eez SHOES...



SLIP your busy young feet into Styl-Eez shoes and join Your Public in excited admiration. Their beauty will delight you . . . each lovely style being designed for the glorification of youthful feet and to be tactfully flattering where nature was thoughtless. And best of all, these modern shoes let you step along with your swain with never a murmured complaint. The exclusive features of Styl-Eez shoes, so cleverly concealed, are your secret protection from tired feet and that inward rotating of the ankle so fatal to a graceful walk. Wear Styl-Eez this busy season for the twin joys of foot beauty and comfort.

The "ESTA"

Pin-point perforations backed with contrasting color, stitched eyelets, and super-slim straps are alluring details of this Styl-Eez T-strap

\$6 and \$6.50 . . . Slightly higher west of Rockies



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Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet.

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It's All a Little Crazy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

his toupee and Von Sternberg would lose his mind. Which would add spice to the whole thing. Or, for that matter, what's the matter with ZaSu Pitts and Rex, the wild horse? ZaSu could bite Rex in all the close-ups and that would be a surprise for everyone. Even the horse.

And that's what people want. They are tired of the old routines. They want new thrills, and boy! we're giving it to them.

When I first got the idea for all this new casting and recasting, as it were, I raced with the good news to Universal, where they were making "Great Expectations."

"HOLD everything," I screamed. "Stop all production immediately. I've got the very idea if you're going to film a Dickens story. I suggest taking all Dickens stories, both at this studio and others, and combining them into one grand musical spectacle, to be called 'Raising the Dickens.'"

Instead of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler having the leads, however, I suggested that Will Rogers croon the throbbing love songs and break out, every once in a while, into a hot rhumba. People would gather for miles to see Will do a rhumba, I'm positive.

Then, in place of Ruby Keeler, the timid little girl trying to get along, have the backward little beauty turn out to be Louise Fazenda in a pair of satin shorts, tap dancing all over the place.

Nothing wrong with that idea, is there? Would that pack them in or not? And think of the novelty of it!

Take the matter of villains in the movies. I tell you, people don't care what heroine gets herself choked silly these days, because it's always the same people who go about doing the dirt.

The minute the villain pops on the screen, people yawn outright and sigh, "Ho, hum, he's at it again."

Just to knock the audience for a loop, why don't we get a new type of villain and build up the suspense by not letting the menace be glimpsed for the first reel or two? Have the rest of the characters go about, warning the heroine of his dastardly villainy. His horrible cruelty. And then, in the third reel, when the heroine is alone in her penthouse, she hears steps outside the door. She knows it's the villain. The audience knows it's the villain. The heroine awaits her fate worse than death. The suspense builds. And then, the door is flung open and—instead of Ricardo Cortez or Louis Calhern, in walks Joe Penner's duck.

See how it works?

TELL you, this casting idea is the biggest thing since Kate Smith left town. It will not only revolutionize the industry, but probably paralyze it as well. And save money, at the same time. And here's how the money saving would come in.

Pictures already made and shown, could, with just a few changes in cast, be reissued and make more money than the originals. Take "Cleopatra." This could easily be remade at very little cost, and simply coin money. All the mob scenes, dances, and so forth could be left intact, only Warren William, instead of playing Caesar, could very easily, with his cute little skirt and cute little bangs, play the

part of *Cleopatra*. Claudette Colbert could take the part of *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon, the *Antony* of the picture, could take the part of the asp. You can't tell me people wouldn't fight to see *Cleopatra* pull Wilcoxon out of her little basket of figs. I tell you, it's colossal! And with a little coaxing, we might even persuade Cecil DeMille, the director, to play the part of the bull and come snorting in with a lot of dancing girls on his back.

Take the *Tarzan* pictures. While Johnny Weissmuller made a gorgeous *Tarzan* with his yelling and howling around, as his perfectly formed body swung from tree to tree, I see no need for M-G-M to go to further expense in making another *Tarzan* epic when nobody



Jean Carmen, the only blonde, believe it or not, in the current crop of Wampus Baby Stars. Jean is doing well with RKO-Radio

would be very much surprised to see Johnny again, anyhow. So why not give everyone a thrill of surprise by giving us another mighty *Tarzan* in Slim Summerville wearing a tiger-skin breech cloth?

"Yoo hoo," Slim could yell as he went around, breaking lions' jaws and poking leopards on the nose. Or, if that proved too much for Slim, we could give Maureen O'Sullivan's rôle to Edna May Oliver. One sight of Edna May in a leopard skin and the lions would drop dead of their own accord.

Come on now, confess. Wouldn't we all pay big money to see *Tarzan* Slim and Edna May swim gracefully under water for weeks at a time?

Too, this innovation in casting would open up many doors that had been closed to movies before. Take the Mother Goose rhymes, for instance, known and loved by all. In the past,

Hollywood has had to pass up these little gems for lack of people to play the parts. Now, with my system, all is changed.

Suppose Fox Studios announced a super-special called "Little Miss Muffet." Naturally, everyone would think he was going to see that cute little Shirley Temple again. But if, instead of Shirley, there would sit Victor McLaglen on his little tuffet, eating his curds and whey—well, can't you just see the cops trying to keep back the mobs trying to get in? And get at Victor?

OF course, if any studio insisted on producing "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," why, that's up to them and they can do their own casting. I know several people who would be marvelous as *Pickled Peppers*, but personally, I feel a man's private life is his own.

So that's out.

Think of the fairy tales that would lend themselves to this new type of casting. Take "Little Red Riding Hood." Naturally, again everyone would have Shirley Temple in mind—or some other little cutie. But, in order to blast the customers right out of their seats, I would have Maxie Baer play the lead, and can't you just see that little face under its red hood?

Charlie Laughton could be the grandmother, both before and after she was eaten, and the Paramount dancing group could be the woodchoppers.

Or take the story of "Sleeping Beauty." A lot of suspense and thrills could be built up around the lovely *Beauty*, sleeping there so still and fragile in her hidden castle. And then, when the *Prince Charming* (Ned Sparks) finally breaks down the door, there lies Polly Moran, not only sleeping, but snoring like a buffalo.

Isn't it marvelous?

Now, just to give the producers the benefit of this new idea of mine, I'm going to write down some suggestions in casting their future pictures. They can take it or leave it.

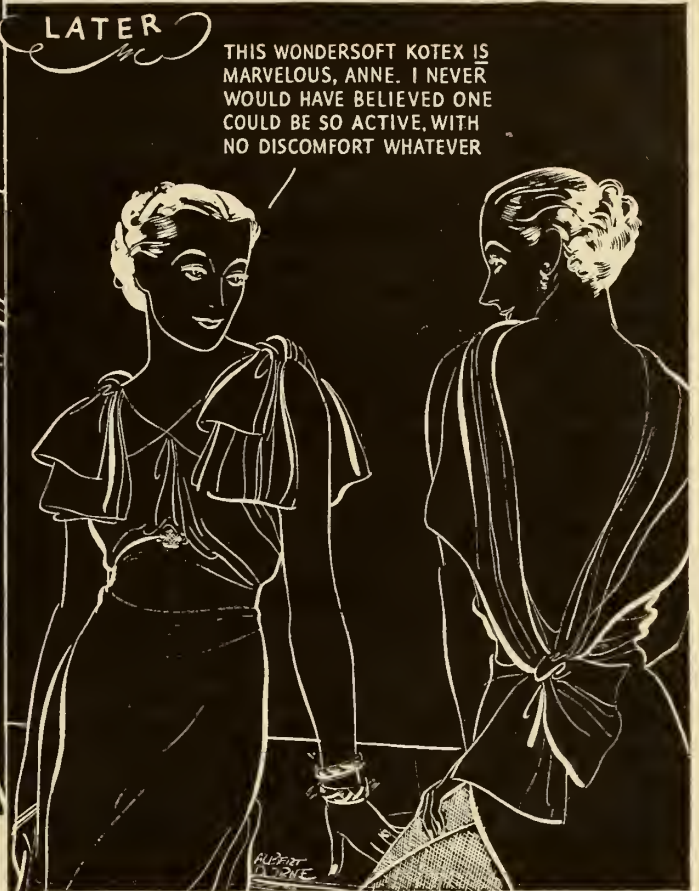
Picture	Character
"Charlie Chan in London"	Mala, the Eskimo
"Laughing Boy"	Bela Lugosi
"The Little Minister"	Jack Oakie
"The Return of Frankenstein"	Doug Fairbanks, Sr.
"The Return of the Terror"	Gracie Allen
"The Call of the Wild"	Mae West
"Old Folks At Home"	The Crosby Twins
"Casanova, the Great Lover"	Mickey Mouse
"The Five Little Peppers"	The Four Marx Brothers

And now, to clinch all other arguments in favor of this great casting scheme, I wish to stress its usefulness.

IN the coming production of "Samson and Delilah," the casting of this picture could not only be a gem of artistry, but a lasting benefit to all mankind.

We could simply cast Lupe and Johnny for the parts, and Lupe would give Johnny that much needed hair cut and everybody the world over would be relieved.

See how it works?



Why endure needless chafing

WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

—by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center that prevents roping, pulling and twisting

"I Only you could join me in reading the many letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives. No miserable, harsh chafing; no pulling and twisting. Nothing but the gentlest, easiest forget-about-it protection," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday" and confidante of a million women on their feminine problems.

Wondersoft just won't chafe!

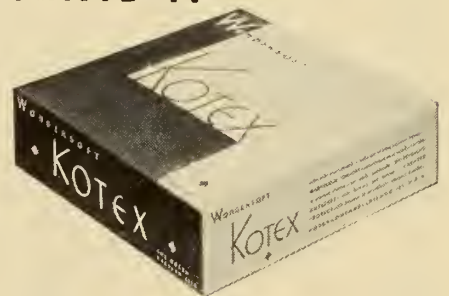
You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch, Wondersoft Kotex is soft and dry... and stays soft and dry. Yet the surface is left

free to take up moisture. No other pad gives this "every minute" comfort and protection.

And it cannot twist!

And no twisting now, thank goodness. Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself naturally to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting and at the same time protects you from accidents, by the proper distribution of moisture. That means greater security against soiled lingerie.

Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses. Kotex is the



only pad with all these patented improvements.

Ask for Wondersoft

You'll find even the package, itself, is different. It just doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size—at all dealers. In time of emergency, you will find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort



The Unhappy Mr. Chevalier

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

for him, trying in every way to make things pleasant for him. And he had been so grateful, so devoted, and very proud of her. Now the trivial, irksome details of picture-making were destroying the pleasant pattern of the Chevalier marriage!

When the picture was finished, Yvonne went to Paris, alone. Chevalier followed several months later. And divorce headlines blasted all over the country. Maurice, however, denied emphatically all rumors of a divorce. His denials were vehement, almost frantic.

There was nothing to warn me of the change that had taken place in Chevalier the day I walked up to his dressing-room door to welcome him back from Paris. There was no gay "Come in, come in," to my knock. Instead, through the half-open door I saw Chevalier hunched mournfully in a big chair, clad in a favorite blue robe. I walked in and caroled a cheery "Hello! How are you?"

The quiet man in the blue dressing-gown looked at me a moment, then managed a small, sad smile. "Hello—did you want something?"

I stuttered a reply in the negative, and reeled out of the room. The man obviously did not wish to be disturbed. Chevalier—who a few months before had welcomed people in with chatting, charming gaiety!

The press arrived, and left in staggering incredulity. It was plain that Chevalier did not want to be interviewed. Instead of clever witticisms and laughter, reporters were met with monosyllabic statements, feeble attempts at pleasantness, and constant denials of an impending divorce.

"The Smiling Lieutenant" had, it seemed, little song and laughter left. And what he did have, he needed to conserve for the camera. But if his burden of heartbreak was great enough to change his entire personality off the screen, on the screen he broke through it sufficiently to strike up a song and wear the smile that delighted his movie public.

"One Hour With You" was followed by his tremendous success in "Love Me Tonight."

Not a single cheering member of the movie audience sensed that when a tuneful sequence in these pictures was finished, Chevalier walked sadly, silently back to his dressing-room and waited, alone, until he was called for his next scene.

Then suddenly his denials of a divorce ceased, and Chevalier filed a petition, early in 1933, in Paris. Incompatibility was men-

tioned. Emphatically he denied all rumors of other causes. He returned to Paramount to make "A Bedtime Story."

It was while he was working in this picture that a woman scribe, one of his staunchest admirers, came to interview him. She knew him well and advanced smiling, confident the old Chevalier would greet her. A vague nod was his only salutation. The old Maurice hadn't come back. So it went. Everyone was asking—What has happened to Maurice?

About the first explanation advanced was Maurice's war wound. To this day a piece of shrapnel rests in one lung, too near the heart for comfort. And it was known then that the piece of steel had given him much trouble. Doctors shrugged when asked if it might suddenly snuff out his life. Maybe, maybe not, they had said. And that doesn't lead to a peace of mind.

Some said that his fame and fortune in American movies had gone to his head. But it would be a strange man indeed who would grow morose and unhappy because he was successful! Neither could the change have been wrought by mediocre pictures, for he was at his height, with several money-making successes to his credit. There was only one explanation. Undoubtedly the smash-up of his marriage caused his sudden leap from gaiety to sorrow. His romance with Yvonne Vallee, when she was a popular dancer in Paris, came about suddenly and sweepingly, according to

the couple's closest friends. That their marriage was, for several years, perfect in its companionship cannot be questioned.

Chevalier is probably one of that rare species, a one-woman man. The ruin of his marriage, I am certain, was too great an emotional blow for Chevalier to stand. For the duration of a single scene before the cameras he could wear a smile and sing a song. But it was apparent that his emotional suffering was too great to maintain the pretense all the time.

The climax to his strange actions came when Chevalier refused, at first, to appear in "The Merry Widow" for M-G-M if his former friend and partner in fame, Ernst Lubitsch, was named director. Neither did he want his former co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, as leading lady. People thought Chevalier mad! "The Love Parade" and several of his subsequent successes were made with Lubitsch directing and Jeanette MacDonald in the feminine lead. Had he forgotten?

The answer is that Chevalier had not forgotten. He probably remembered too well. And therein lies the solution to the incident.

When the famous trio made "The Love Parade," Chevalier was living, ecstatically happy, with his wife. When he was working with Jeanette and Lubitsch on this picture, Yvonne was bringing him carefully prepared lunches; Yvonne was guarding his rest, his peace of mind, his comfort. Love was in bloom. Working with them again would bring a thousand heart-breaking associations, memories, dreams that he had to forget.

However, some persuasive gentlemen in M-G-M's front offices finally talked Chevalier into making "The Merry Widow" with Lubitsch at the megaphone and Miss MacDonald as the leading lady.

A friend of mine who worked with Chevalier throughout the long weeks devoted to the filming of the picture reports that for the most part he kept to himself, sad and silent.

When the lights were set and the cameras ready to turn he struggled through the gloom for a moment of laughter, a few seconds of dancing, the chorus of a song. Lately there have been rumors of a romance between Chevalier and Kay Francis. And though both of them deny the rumors, we are crossing our fingers for luck.

For everybody in Hollywood wants to see the old Chevalier—exhilarating, gay, friendly and happy—return.



Nina Mae McKinney, the dusky charmer who stars opposite Paul Robeson in London Film Production's "Congo Raid." It is a film adaptation of a story by the late Edgar Wallace, to be seen over here soon



HELEN VINSON * * featured in the Columbia Production "Broadway Bill"—knows the secret of keeping her lovely figure at its best. Scores of Hollywood's most famous stars insist upon Ry-Krisp with every meal. They've learned that these crisp, delicious whole rye wafers help you to stay slim, because they are filling but not fattening. Try them! They're perfect with any food. They are delightfully different, too, just the thing for the smart hostess to serve.

June In! **Mme. SYLVIA**
of Hollywood

World famous authority on the feminine figure — and Hollywood masseuse. Intimate stories about Hollywood—valuable beauty advice. Hear how you can win duplicates of gowns worn by famous stars — free. Every Wednesday night — NBC Blue Network, 10:15 Eastern Time, 9:15 Central Time, 8:15 Mountain Time, 7:15 Pacific Coast Time.

What Is This Woman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

sister. Not this way: "The borsch is very good tonight, and will you prefer the schlaslyk or the beef stragonoff—with clini, perhaps?" No, it wasn't the way of that moment. "Here is your cabbage, Anjuscka Stenski . . . What, you want meat *too*?" Remember that, when your own mind is shattered with indecision between steak or chops . . .

That was in Kiev. Her father, the gay, improvident minstrel, the wandering dancing teacher, had died shortly before. The thwarted actress-ambition of her mother was transferred to Anna—who could dance like a dervish and mimic anyone with sardonic humor. The mother's health improved.

Anna, with her help and encouragement, had made a good start on the stage by the time she was fifteen. Then the Film Academy, and later, work and study with the famous Inkijj-noff, in Moscow.

ANOTHER moment that added up the sum—trekking on foot through the deep unbroken snow all the way to the Crimea. There was a glowing opportunity to join a new film company there; no way to go but to walk.

Then France and Berlin. There to meet Dr. Eugene Frenke. They were married in 1930, and Anna became step-mother to Dr. Frenke's ten-year-old daughter. At the time, Anna was twenty.

Then Samuel Goldwyn, America, "Nana"—"Resurrection," retitled "We Live Again."

The Anna Sten who opened to me her dressing-room door on the United Artists' lot was a tall, alive young thing with careless hair and a soft blouse thrust negligently into a pair of old slacks.

She had an incredibly small waist, incredibly large, lighted eyes and she was all woman—even in that get-up.

Anna Sten is the final arrival at simplicity. *Not* naïveté—the simplicity that resolves itself out of all experience. She had gone through so much that she conveys the sense and feeling of a complete evolution in one generation.

It is an intellectual simplicity that all real artists have—a stripping away of non-essentials.

That is what makes her seem childlike to un-discerning persons.

You have the certain impression that here is a woman complete in herself, a rare human, dependent on no one. She is not a carbon-copy of anyone else you have ever known or seen; she arrives at her own conclusions with no assistance. When I talked with her, she was working on the final scenes of the Tolstoi story she has always loved.

"I wanted to do it—to do it *right*—to show

the world what it really is, make others feel it as I feel it. I have no criticism for the way it has been done before. But I have lived it all through. It is my Russia. I know it in my flesh. I feel sometimes that it was written for me."

Probably there has never been such a perfect piece of casting as Anna Sten in this part. Those who were not entirely pleased with "Nana" can be sure, at least, of the *best* Anna Sten in "We Live Again."

The talk turned to Russian art and music through the mention of Sergei Soudekin, who had just done her portrait. She likes best the compositions of Scriabin—"he is my god in music," she said. Scriabin—the most complex and modern of the Russian composers. She did not say Rubinstein or Tschaikovsky or even Moussorgski, as you might have expected from the "elemental peasant" publicity about her. But she must have progressed through all of these to enjoy Scriabin.

It is my impression that she is the true Russian intellectual who belongs to the new era of serious young workers. They do not give their performances in night clubs for the local gentry, they escape having their names bandied by the popular columnists—they live a life of their own and make the rules for fit themselves.

Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Frenke, live their individual lives. Intellectual lives, untouched and untroubled by petty jealousies. Dr. Frenke recently produced and directed a picture, "The Girl in the Case." He is frequently to be seen with the young lady who appeared in his picture. No one can possibly imagine this fact disturbing the composure of Anna Sten.

She is now living in her new house—all

windows and gray stone. A house of the most ultra-modern design. Some persons find it interesting, enchanting. Others call it hideous. It wouldn't matter to Anna what anyone else thought about it.

Stories about the enormous build-up she has been given by Samuel Goldwyn have not been exaggerated.

Two instances are the five hundred photographs made by Hurrell—a sitting that required several days.

Hurrell is Hollywood's most distinguished and expensive photographer—he is not making pictures for pennies. And the one song used in "Nana."

The price to Rogers and Hart is said to have been ten thousand dollars. All the other things—the instruction, the tests, the scrapping of the first picture, have become picture history in the most expensive development of a star ever known.

THERE is just one thing Anna will not do—for Goldwyn or anyone. She will not go on a diet. Her figure, soft and rounded, is proof of the fact that she doesn't need to. She has a hearty appetite, she loves plain, wholesome food and lots of it—pork and potatoes and cabbage and bread. No one can take these things away from her, and she will keep her figure with exercise rather than ever give them up.

She says, "Hollywood is the center for work, everyone talks about work, and serious artists no longer dismiss it as superficial—which was once the fashion."

Anna feels a sincere loyalty for her old compatriots in the Russian school, the Film Academy, and proves it by sending back part of her salary to aid the newcomers who are struggling just as she did. She believes workers should help each other—and she doesn't just talk about it. She does it.

She was incorporated in a great literary work by a celebrated writer. Hugh Walpole, in the last of his "Rogue Herries" series, sends his elderly Casanova to a picture where he sees the most divinely beautiful woman in his long life of beautiful women. She is Anna Sten.

You can name her whatever you like—whatever she has conveyed to you, because she *is* what you see in her.

A sleek, well-fed, purring kitten, a broad-faced peasant with the appeal of a Zorn etching, a glamorous worldling, a distinguished woman with a rare mind, a tumbling tomboy in pants . . .

She is all of them, and she is fresh magic in a dusty world.



John Monk Saunders, screen writer, and his charming wife, Fay Wray, were among the many notables present at the dinner in honor of the noted producer, Max Reinhardt, given by Samuel Goldwyn

“There’s the doorbell again”

SUPPOSE daily to your door came the butcher, the grocer, the clothier, the furrier, the furniture man, and every other merchant with whom you deal? What a tedium of doorbell answering that would mean!

It would be even more impractical for you to visit daily all these stores to find out what they have to offer and the price.

And yet you need those merchants’ service quite as much as they need your patronage. Contact between seller and consumer is essential in the supplying of human needs. Before a sale can be closed the goods must be offered. Every month, through the advertising columns of this publication, the leading manufacturers of the country come to your home with their choicest wares. Easily, quickly, you get the news of all that is worth while in the market-places of the world.

They are not strangers at the door, but manufacturers you know and trust. You are always surer of high quality and fair price when you buy an article advertised by a reputable firm.

Such Parties!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

THE very next night I was invited to a party given for the world's greatest theatrical genius, Max Reinhardt. It was at the Biltmore Hotel, and swank as anything. It was also Significant. For Mr. Reinhardt was getting ready to produce "Midsummer Night's Dream" in our lovely Hollywood Bowl. I went to the opening, too. I don't have to tell you that just about everybody who is or isn't a Somebody was there.

And now that I've gotten over the dramatics, I must tell you that Eddie Cantor, who has the brand of fun I covet, was at the dinner. He introduced Rubinoff, the gent who plays like a dream on the radio with him, by telling us that Rubinoff started to enter a hotel with his fiddle under his arm and a two-day growth of beard on his face. They wouldn't let him in. "Why," Rubinoff burned, "this is an outrage! I'm the world's greatest violinist!"

"Beg pardon," the doorman apologized hurriedly. "Step right in, Mr. Kreisler!"

Rubinoff laughed harder than anyone. He never knows what palsie-walsie Cantor is going to pull.

PARTY number three. (I've been gadding about something fierce!) This took place at the Players' Club, which means that theatrical people—screen, too—belong. Every so often they honor someone they particularly like. This night it was Pat O'Brien, and the big Irishman broke down and wept like a baby. It was the nicest party! J. C. Flippen was M. C., and Bert Hanlon, Bill Frawley, Solly Violinsky, Willie Collier and "Skins" Miller were some of the great old-timers who paid homage to Pat.

What happened? Well, Walter Catlett did the Floradora Sextette thing. And Jack Oakie applauded so hard he dropped his hat in my lap and never even knew it. Bert Wheeler recited a kid's piece, one of those simply killing kind, and then up popped Jimmy Cagney and hoofed a nifty coupla steps, like he used to do in the old Broadway days.

Angel, it was an evening of rare talent and display of friendship such as money can't buy. And I didn't blame Pat O'Brien one drop for those big Hibernian tears. I wept gently myself.

IF you think you can bear another party, I'll make mention of Joan Crawford's. You know, the lovely Joan has done little entertaining since Doug, Jr., departed for distant shores. Why? Because the lady don't like parties, that's why! Doug did, though. And that made things tough.

Even though it was kinda small, it was an awfully nice affair. Joan had on powder blue satin with two snoozy-looking diamond wing clips that have star sapphire tips. (Franchot Tone gave them to her for Christmas . . . and they can double for earrings, too!)

At each plate was a large, fragrant gardenia—Joan still loves them. And after dinner the big-eyed siren ran off that W. C. Fields picture with Baby LeRoy in it. Now look at Joan's party:

Yep, lamb, that's Helen Hayes gurgling delightedly over her first glimpse of the infant LeRoy . . . and the handsome gentleman rolling on the tapis and clutching his expensive sides is Mr. Tone. It seems he likes W. C. Fields. You think it sorta early in the evening

to feel so hilarious? Well, the thoughtful hostess started the party early because she knew that Fred Astaire had a daybreak call in the morning. Joan didn't have to rise till ten, but she's a girl with feelings for others.

Oh, and pet, while on the subject of Mr. Astaire—who, you may know, is not only about the cleverest dancer, but one of our best dressers, too—I gotta tell you about how he got pressed under the Irony of Fate, or whatever you want to call it. It was like this. He took Auntie and Uncle sightseeing at Catalina . . . only they spent most of their time playing tennis. Then Auntie decided that she really ought to just peek at that elegant million-dollar Casino, so off they all went. The place was chawming, the music exciting, so Fred stepped out on the dance floor with Auntie. Suddenly an attendant tapped him on the shoulder. "Scram!" said he, reproachful finger pointed at the tennis slacks of the marvellous dancer-dresser. "No bums allowed!"

YOU got any secret talents, star-eyes? No, I don't mean the kind that win you party stag lines; but the more serious ones? Don't be too sure you haven't. Charlie Chaplin, who is a great actor, once composed a great play—but never put it on paper, and only one man ever heard of it. He was Chaplin's old friend, co-director and co-writer, Chuck Reisner. Chuck told me about it yesterday at lunch—and incidentally I call him Chuck because that's the swell kind of guy he is. Anyway, this thing happened some years ago when he and Chaplin went up to Truckee, California, to look for locations for "The Gold Rush." It was dull on the train, so Chuck thought of the grand idea of making up a play to while away the hours. They drew straws to see who would be the author, and Chaplin was it.



The romance between Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald goes on, as the saying is, apace. Whispers say they are Mr. and Mrs.

He started building up the play from scratch, while Chuck lay back and listened. He made up every line, invented every situation, acted every character as he went along. The drama grew; became tense, fascinating. The characters lived and breathed, vivid, glowingly real, as he carried them through laughter and heartache to their sweeping and dramatic destinies—and the one-man audience was enthralled.

Act One and the first part of Act Two were finished when the train drew into the tiny town of Truckee. They went immediately to their hotel, where the manager told them he had caught a magnificent string of trout, and would cook them for dinner if Mr. Chaplin would tell him when they were ready. The great comedian thanked him absently . . . but that trout was never eaten, for Chaplin shut his door, turned the key, threw off his coat, and cracked down on Act Two, Scene Two. It was four the next morning when he spoke the final "Curtain!"

Exhausted, both men fell asleep, Chaplin worn out by the terrific creative effort, Reisner from the emotion that the drama of the play had worked in him. At eight o'clock the director arose to go location hunting. Charlie, who was to have accompanied him, was still sleeping. When Chuck returned at six that evening, Charlie was still horizontal. Twenty-four hours later, Chuck got worried and woke him up. Charles felt swell. Simply swell. "Let's go look for that location," he said gleefully. "Yeah?" laughed Reisner. "You're just two days late, my boy!"

But what Chuck never has gotten over is that the play was never written. Heart-breaking, don't you think?

OH, Joan, if I didn't walk into a regular nest of movie stars several nights ago at the Westwood Theater! It was a showing of Francis Lederer's "Pursuit of Happiness." They always turn up for first runs there, and the manager nearly goes berserk trying to find accommodation for them all. You see celebrities sitting on office benches, on the floor, every place.

Well, the show was very entertaining, indeed. But where do you suppose Lederer was? Up in the balcony, in an old cap and coat, where he'd been sitting since five o'clock. He did it to get right in with the real audience, and learn from their remarks. Which is smart, because you do hear the truth that way.

Is there a connection between movies and interior decorating? No matter—my mind has leaped to that, and I must tell you I'm simply daffy about how Joan Bennett has done her bedroom. All white, with turquoise-blue touches. The little beauty is velvet-complexed, and her drapes and spread are of the most lush stuff you ever dreamed of. She has some exquisite little statuettes, so she designed velvet shelves, hung from the wall with velvet ribbons. The figurines are placed on the velvet. Isn't that quaint?

OF course, I'm cautiously refraining from bragging, but—how you like the enclosed picture? Pretty nifty, eh? Relax, dear, and I shall Tell All.

Notice Miss Loy's gown? Well, the designer, Dolly Tree, showed me a sketch of it,

and I snatched it, quick. You'll see me blossoming out in that model one of these fine nights. But, getting to the point, I heard that Myrna Loy was wearing the very gown on the "Evelyn Prentice" set at M-G-M that day, and since I'm the kind wot likes my gowns modeled, I mosied over to see how it looked. How do you like it? For me, I mean. What—it looks swell on Loy? Why, you sassy child!

Dolly Tree, by the way, has a great time designing for Myrna, for this actress doesn't just wear clothes. They are a part of her—and you know what élan that gives you! She becomes exotic in a clinging evening gown, flirtatious and frothy in a bouffant creation, and sweetly nonchalant in tweeds. Also, to quote Miss Tree, Myrna loves a sense of humor in her clothes; an amusing belt buckle—a cunning collar—interesting buttons. The "different" girl. I'm green with envy!

On the "Evelyn Prentice" set, things got pretty amusing, which they are bound to be when Bill Powell is around, and especially when he and Myrna went to a far, secluded part of the set to get their portraits took. I peeked around the corner. Dear, dear, such romantic poses they were . . . but I'm advising you now not to sigh languorously when you see the pictures in the magazines. For, though Bill leans over the couch where Miss Myrna is so seductively stretched, and looks at her as though she were a goddess, it's all a big fake. He was cracking jokes a mile a minute.

WELL, for one of my temperament, enough is enough of mad goings-on, and I acutely felt the need of peace and quiet last week-end. Raquel Torres called and asked me down to her Malibu home. I flew. Or rather, I was driven, just like a queen, in her cream and black foreign car which husband Steve Ames gave her recently. Oh, my, how I lolled around among the upholstery! But all my dignity was shattered when we drew up to the house, for just as I was thinking how distinctive this lovely black and cream car was, up drove a plebian truck laden with lumber to repair the recent tidal wave . . . and it was cream and black, too. It was too funny!

Then Jack Gilbert, their next-door neighbor, came flying out to give the men a hand. Handsome Jack! There's a man who never fails to thrill me . . . and even though he wore a roaring red sweater and his tootsies were bare, my heart still leaped paganishly when he said hello to me. He'd been banking the side of his house with sandbags and things, and so constituted himself an authority on how to get the best of the sad sea waves.

Did you ever see such a place as that Malibu for washing away to sea?

Anyway, Jack became director-general of defenses, with Steve Ames as aid-de-camp, and the building-up process started in good.

THIS is about the last time I'll be seeing Rackie for awhile . . . she's going to New York to get clothes. Her husband, whose taste is somethin' remarkable, is going to pick out the models and then buy them up so no one else can have the same things Raquel does. Some gals get the swellest husbands! But never mind, dear, there are the nicest chairs in the Old Maid's Home, right side by side, and marked "Joan" and "Mitzi." We'll be company for each other. Whao-o-o! There goes the phone. 'Scuse me! . . . Joan, it was Director Van Dyke, asking me to a grand party—so maybe you'll have to do your rocking alone. 'Bye!

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The Perfect Model for Your Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

And how she carries her head on that beautiful neck! Just watch her. Her neck is perfect, and I'm going to tell you how yours can be, too.

Remember, a long time ago I told you to sing and laugh for beauty? Grace Moore is a wonderful singer, as you know. And she laughs all the time. When she came into my studio in Hollywood to be reduced, she would laugh even when I was pounding her the hardest. It wasn't a grin. It was a big laugh—"Ha, ha, ha." Sometimes, when she'd fall off the diet wagon, I'd say, "Grace, I'm going to choke you." But I couldn't have done that—her neck is too lovely. If she had lived in France during the Revolution, the most hard-boiled executioner couldn't have brought the axe down on that gorgeous neck. She hasn't the faintest trace of an Adam's apple and no lines at all. Singing and laughing did it.

And, incidentally, when my opera star patients give me alibis that reducing will hurt their voices, I point with pride to Grace Moore. I reduced her. But have you ever heard anything lovelier than her voice in "One Night of Love"? She admitted in an interview in PHOTOPLAY that she took off weight without losing energy, without getting that drawn look in the face. Thanks, Grace, for admitting it.

Once she gave a breakfast party and told me that she particularly wanted me to meet "Mr. Lyon." Mr. Lyon turned out to be a real lion—old Leo, the M-G-M trade-mark. I wish you could have heard her laugh when her guests saw Mr. Lyon. She's a grand girl.

Here's how you can have a beautiful throat. Sing. Sing loud. It strengthens the cords in the neck. Stand by an open window every morning and sing. Yes, sure, I know—the neighbors will raise the devil. Okay. Let 'em rave. Then laugh at them. Laugh good and loud. Honestly, singing and laughing are the two perfect neck exercises, because both will strengthen the cords and keep your head held high and make your neck firm and round. But that isn't all. You must keep lines away. I'll tell you how to do that.

Every night of your life, smear your neck with a liquid cleansing cream. Then, with the tips of your fingers, gently massage the neck with a rotating movement, beginning on either side at the base of the neck and working up to the ears. But don't pull the skin. Wash off

the cream with luke-warm water. Then rub in a greaseless feeding cream and leave that on until you bathe in the morning. Then pat on a good astringent. There you are. Start today to get a lovely neck by proper breathing, singing, laughing and gentle massage. Look at Grace Moore's pictures. Hold her up as your ideal of throat perfection. She should be—and, as I said before, when I say something's good it's *got* to be good!

Now for the shoulders. Norma Shearer has the loveliest shoulders I've ever seen. You know, it was I who suggested that Norma play "Ex-Wife" (the film version was called "The Divorcée") but she told me she didn't think she was the type.

"All you have to do is to expose your shoulders," I told her. "Baby, they have real allure."

Her shoulders are beautifully curved. They're not square, not bony, and yet they have no surplus flesh. The skin is gorgeous—has real lustre—like the skin of a baby.

Now for the advice to you. You must guard against developing heavy muscles on your shoulders which will take away roundness, but you mustn't let the bones show. How can you do it? Just listen to me. Here is a brand-new exercise that I've never given before. It will do wonders for your shoulders.

Sit upright in a chair, feet in proper position. Don't lean back. Raise your arms to an angle of ninety degrees from your body, at the sides. Keep your elbows bent so your hands are on a line with your chest, palms down. Now cross your arms in front of you with your hands moving toward your back—just as if you were going to give yourself a good hug (and you'll want to hug yourself when you see how pretty you're going to be!). Then, with your arms in the same position, bring the elbows as far toward the back as they'll go. Repeat the whole exercise ten or fifteen times. Now be sure to feel the pull of the muscles right on top on the shoulders. Those are the muscles that are doing the work and that give you the right roundness. It's a grand exercise. Also, every night when you are massaging your throat, massage your shoulders, starting where the shoulder ends and working up toward the neck. Always have your mind filled with your ideal—Norma Shearer's lovely, alluring shoulders.

And I repeat—when I say something is good it's *got* to be good.

Now, do you want to know who has the most perfect bust? Well, take a look at Jean Harlow. Am I right? You know it. Her bust is just the right size, is perfectly firm but not overly developed. And you can be as lovely as she is, if you try. Of course, if your bust is too large, reduce with my buttermilk diet. If you want the bust firm, here's the exercise. Stand erect, arms outstretched horizontally, palms down. Stretch and turn the arms backward until the palms are pointing upward. Always keep your shoulders well back and the arms in a straight line. Stand before a full-length mirror, if possible, to make sure you are doing it right. This exercise develops the muscles on either side of the chest and keeps the bust held up. And, to develop your bust, sing, take deep breathing exercises before an open window, and take swimming exercises with your arms. The most difficult task in perfecting the body is making the bust firm—but don't forget this for a minute: it can be done!

If you have a large bust but don't want to reduce anywhere else, all I can do for you is to give you some common sense advice. Don't try to conceal your bust by stooping. In the first place, it doesn't fool anybody, and in the second place, it ruins the rest of your figure. Walk and stand correctly. Wear clothes that conceal the size of the bust and be thankful that you have a bust instead of being flat-chested.

And, listen to me, never, *never* massage the bust, and never use ice on it. That ice treatment is ridiculous. Massage does actual harm. Remember that there are delicate glands in the bust which you can harm. Carry yourself well in spite of the size of the bust, but there's something else you can do—you can reduce your bust measure by squeezing off flesh at the back. That will make your bust look smaller. I know it can be done, for recently I reduced a woman's bust measure thirteen and a half inches!

And now, girls, I've set the standard. Let me see you live up to it. But wait—that's not all. In PHOTOPLAY next month I'm going to pick the stars who have the most beautiful hips and waistline, and I'm going to tell you how to acquire them!

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

My daughter, sixteen, is quite fleshy. I want her to reduce by taking one of your diets. However, her father thinks she is too young. How can I convince him otherwise?

Mrs. J. T., El Paso, Texas

They're never too young—nor too old. And there is everything in my diet that the system needs. But if your husband must be convinced—these men! don't they make you mad!—take my diet to your doctor and ask him what he thinks. I'll tell you the answer because I've had hundreds of women write me that they have done just that and the doctors always say it is a perfectly balanced diet with plenty of food for anybody.

MAYBE some of us can't be perfect, girls, but we can make ourselves something better than we are—healthier, more attractive. I've helped many, many women to overcome their faults, and I can help you banish yours, be they large or small. No obligation. Just address your letter to Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I have a great deal of trouble sleeping at night. Is there something I can do to get rest?
K. L., Salisbury, Md.

You bet there is. There's an exercise that you can take right in bed which will give you deep, restful sleep. Lie face down on your stomach with a pillow under your ankles and feet. Grasp the upper bedposts with your hands. Hold tight, feel your whole body become tense, even your fingers and toes. Then relax. Repeat until you feel yourself slipping off to sleep—as I promise you you will do. If you can get seven or even six hours of good sleep after taking this exercise, it will mean more than ten hours of fitful slumber.

Dear Sylvia:

Can you suggest a luncheon to me which isn't heavy but which will give me energy?
F. W., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

You'll never catch me suggesting a heavy luncheon, baby. You don't need heavy food and shouldn't have it. But here is a real energy luncheon which is light, palatable, and will give you so much pep you'll be jumping over the moon.

Have a good-sized dish of steamed brown rice, to which has been added a heaping tablespoon of raisins and a level tablespoon of brown sugar.

You know, you need sugar for energy. With this have a glass of sweet milk and a dish of gelatin. Okay, darling, there's pep for you.

Dear Sylvia:

I have such ugly, bony shoulders and I do wish you would give me some advice. How can I make them lovely?

R. H. H., Austin, Nevada

I've saved your letter to answer this month because in my article in this issue of PHOTOPLAY I've told you and all the rest of my readers how you can have beautiful shoulders. I've given an absolutely new exercise. Do it thoroughly. In a month you'll be amazed at the results.

Dear Sylvia:

Do you think eating between meals puts on fat? Some people say yes and some say no.

Mrs. G. McD., Bowling Green, Ky.

Don't listen to what uninformed people say. Can't you tell whether you're putting on weight? Well, I'll tell you, then. If you eat the wrong things between meals you'll weigh a ton.

Follow my diets and if you feel hungry between meals take a glass of tomato juice or a glass of orange juice. Or an apple.

Those things are good for you—but lay off rich pastries and sandwiches between meals—and every other time.

Dear Sylvia:

I have a receding chin. Is there any way I can improve it?

H. T., Wilmington, Del.

You can improve and correct a receding chin by using your hands and your mind. No, I'm not kidding. Here's the physical method: Let your chin rest in the palm of your hand, which has been smeared with cold-cream.

Then press your chin out with the lower lip protruding. Press up and out with that palm. Relax and repeat. Do this twenty times a day.

While you're doing this, use your mind. Develop character. Stop being afraid. Speak your mind. Get a good-sized set of convictions and live up to them. That will give you a chin like nobody's business.

Dear Sylvia:

Is it right to rest or exercise after a meal?

R. S. T., New York City

Your food can't digest if you loll around after eating. Of course, I don't believe in lolling around any time. Always sit up straight in your chair. Always walk straight. However, you should not take violent exercise after eating—but I hope you have sense enough to know that. When you've finished a meal, take a walk, holding your body erect. If you can't take a walk in the fresh air, then walk around the room with your shoulders up and your stomach in. You'll feel much better for it, I promise you.



Keep your complexion
MIRROR FRESH
 and KEEP his admiration

New Discovery BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 to 6 HOURS
 (BY ACTUAL TEST)

NOW you may dine... you may dance... you may drive... without repowdering a single time! Richard Hudnut has perfected a face powder that stays on longer than you ever thought possible. From four to six hours (by your own watch) Marvelous Face Powder keeps your complexion as fresh, as free from shine, as the moment you left your mirror.

Yet Marvelous Face Powder never looks in the least powdery on the skin. Rather, it gives a gracious softness, a subtle flattery to your own complexion.

And never, never does Marvelous Face Powder cake or clog the pores. It is supersifted, as light and fine a powder as science

can make. The fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

We are so sure you will like Marvelous Face Powder that we are willing to send you trial packages in the four most popular shades—at no cost other than packing and postage. See coupon below.

Or, stop in at your favorite drug store or department store. The full-sized box of Marvelous Face Powder costs only 55¢.

OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS
 Marvelous Liquefying Cream... Tissue Cream... Foundation Cream... Hand Cream... Skin Freshener... Rouge... Lipstick... Eye Shadow... Lash Cosmetic... Manicure Preparations... Dusting Powder... Only 55¢ each

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢



TRIAL OFFER Four trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder, in the four most popular shades—also Marvelous Make-up Guide, with authentic information on correct combinations of powder, rouge, lipstick.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder and Marvelous Make-up Guide. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

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This offer not good after December 31, 1934

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Betty Compson

THIS issue opened with an editorial to Mary Pickford, entreating her to put aside her curls and pinafores and grow up, assuring her, "The splendor of early womanhood awaits you." In the same issue was a story, "Owen Talks About Mary," in which Moore, then Miss Pickford's husband, reminisced about their start in films with D. W. Griffith. Betty Blythe told of her struggles to reach stardom. Charles Ray, a leading favorite with the ladies, advised our readers, "Don't Cheat Your Sweetheart." Then a star, Ray recently made a comeback in a supporting rôle in Paramount's "Ladies Should Listen." There was an interesting article on the then famous Japanese star, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki. Today they are living in Japan and working in

Nipponese movies. The youthful director, King Vidor, stated his creed as follows: "I believe in motion pictures that carry a message to humanity. I will never picture evil or wrong except to show the way to overcome it." Vidor has kept his word with productions like "Hallelujah," "The Champ," and "Our Daily Bread." Betty Compson told of her rise from comedies to Westerns and drama. She had just crashed to fame in "The Miracle Man." Betty was in many talkies, but married a second time in 1933 and practically retired. Favorite movies of the month included: Cecil B. DeMille's spectacle, "Male and Female," with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan; "The Brat," with Nazimova; Constance Talmadge in "A Temperamental Wife." Cover: Betty Compson.

10 Years Ago



James Cruze

WITH the Prince of Wales a visitor in this country, "Why the Prince Would Make a Great Film Star" was a timely article. The gist of it was that H. R. H. photographs like a million dollars. "A Ladies' Man Who Is Regular" referred to Ronald Colman, who said that his ambition was to become a director and clean up enough money so he could retire and live on a farm. Jackie Coogan, just back from a good-will trip to the Near East, wrote the story of his voyage for this issue. Cal York announced that Richard Bennett's daughter, Constance, was leaving the New York stage and would come to Hollywood to play in Zane Grey's "Code of the West." Gossip reared its ugly head, accusing Marian Nixon of smoking a pipe in public. All was forgiven when Marian

explained she had, at Pendleton, Oregon, but it was a Pipe of Peace, smoked with an Indian tribe. (Made her sick, too!) Constance Talmadge gave the homely girl hopes by saying, "The women who have captivated the great men of their day were not raving beauties. It is personality that wins. . . . Cultivate a sunny disposition!" Marriage of the moment was Betty Compson and Director James Cruze (divorced, 1930). Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal as the best picture of 1923. Best movies of the month included "Tarnish," with Ronald Colman and May McAvoy; "The Silent Watcher," with Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter; Buster Keaton's "The Navigator"; Douglas MacLean in "Never Say Die." Covergirl, Lois Wilson.

5 Years Ago



Dolores Costello

ALL Hollywood was burning with microphone fever! Not a star there was who failed to go, sick and trembling, for his or her voice test! We even had a picture of a mike on the cover, with Norma Talmadge (who had passed her test) singing into it! Everybody feared "Mike" would mark the end of Garbo's career and prophets said it would send Clara Bow off the screen. At the same time, it brought Joan Bennett into movie prominence, and made Bebe Daniels' comeback possible. Another question of the moment was whether the stork's first visit to the John Barrymore home would end Dolores Costello's movie career. (She has had only one picture since.) The tragic death of Jeanne Eagels was recorded. Among the new sensations in Hollywood was Jeanette MacDonald.

Her engagement to Bob Ritchie was rumored. The rumor has persisted for five years now, and still the wedding date is not set. The discovery of an Irish youngster named Maureen O'Sullivan was reported. Dennis King, just over from England, was heralded as a second Fairbanks. An article, "The Disliked Girl," referred to Alice White who, it said, was misunderstood and paying the penalty for being cute, blonde and full of pep. Best pictures of the month included: Gloria Swanson's first all-talkie, "The Trespasser"; Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in "Love Parade"; Gaynor-Farrell hit, "Sunny Side Up"; "The Lady Lies," with Claudette Colbert and Walter Huston; Will Rogers in "They Had to See Paris"; Colleen Moore's "Footlights and Fools"; Arliss in "Disraeli."

And I had to be scolded into trying it

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day comfortably. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

Two Thousand Russians Can't Be Wrong

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"Quiet!" when shooting begins. You know, "Quiet, please! Quiet up on the hill. Quiet down on the road. Quiet! Quiet! Quiet!" Well, here they come. Guess we better get down on the set, ready for work."

Two men came toward us, headed for the location set.

They wore heavy black beards.

I peered under the whiskers and saw Authors-Producers-Directors Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht.

"What's the idea of the false foliage? Trying to get into the Russian spirit by wearing beards?" I asked them.

"Oh, no. These are our disguises. So many people around here are sore at us, we're hiding behind these."

JUST then a little extra girl came running down and stood in front of the camera. Catching sight of the Authors-Producers-Directors, she laughed in delight and cried, "Oh, Mr. Hecht, you and Mr. MacArthur look funnier than ever with beards!"

"Say that again and we'll make you a star," MacArthur growled. So she did.

But before MacArthur could keep his promise, a shadow descended upon us, and looking up we saw a tremendous Russian, with large cauliflower ears and hands that looked as if they came from Smithfield, Virginia, the home of hams.

"I'm looking for dese crazy guys what write dis movie story! Dey make me stand under a roof and sixty kids jump un top of me, just so people laugh when dey see dese picture. I all busted. I find dese crazy guys what write such a fool movie, I break dem in two!"

"They just went up toward the cow-barn," Hecht said, assuming a falsetto voice and stroking his whiskers.

"I break dem in two!" The man moved on. Hecht and MacArthur shook hands.

The cameras were ready now, lights on, and members of the cast waiting on the set.

"Let's shoot the scene where the trusted servant comes down into—"

"CAN'T do it, Mr. Hecht. During lunch hour, the trusted servant decided to take a nap—under the hay in the wagon we're using in Scene fifty-two. Well, the soldiers decided then to rehearse the scene where they rush in and begin jabbing their bayonets into the load of hay, looking for royalty. And they stabbed the trusted servant. Not bad, but the doctor sent him home to bed."

"Frustration!" cursed Mr. Hecht. "All right, then, we'll shoot the Jimmy Savo scene in the cellar where—"

"Can't do it, Mr. Hecht. Jimmy Savo lost his bean-shooter."

"Frustration again!" cursed Mr. Hecht. Then, turning to his partner, he said, "Didn't I tell you we oughta have two bean-shooters? Now see the folly of trying to keep down production costs!"

"I have it!" MacArthur saved the day. "Let's shoot the scene where the soldiers jab their bayonets into the load of hay—it's all rehearsed and everything!"

"I'd like to meet that man.."



THE ONE WHO CREATED THIS DELICIOUS DENTYNE"

"I'm sure he must be different and exciting . . . like the Dentyne flavor. And he must have high ideals, too, because Dentyne is really the finest kind of gum . . . quite in a class by itself. Have you noticed how much chewier it is? My dentist tells me it is very good for my teeth."

A long time ago people ate more chewy foods. And they had but little trouble with their teeth. Today we eat soft, tender foods. We chew less. And our mouth health suffers.

Dentyne supplies this necessary chewing exercise. It helps your mouth to cleanse itself. It strengthens and stimulates.

Most people—however—would chew Dentyne anyway just for its wonderful flavor. Its delightfully spicy, tempting goodness and the pleasant firmness of its "chew" make Dentyne the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of intelligent people. You should try it today.

Chew delicious



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MOUTH HEALTHY
KEEPS TEETH
WHITE . . .

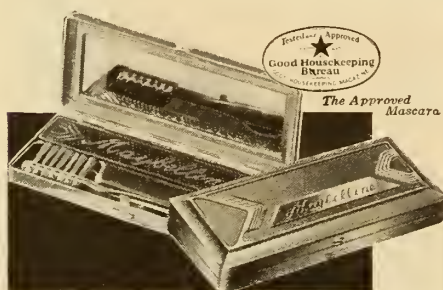
The Magic of Maybelline mascara



● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara because it is absolutely harmless, positively non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline to your lashes make them appear long, dark, and curling. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the fact that Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today!



"That's an idea! Bring on the load of hay! Soldiers on the set!"

Once again everything was ready—cameras, lights, soldiers, hay.

"Quiet, please," the blond young man called. "Quiet up on the hill. Quiet on the road. Quiet, Qui—"

"Shut up, you. We're ready to shoot!"

There was silence now. Two thousand Russians sat on the hillside, eyes turned toward the set, thinking moodily of *borscht*.

IN the heavy silence the cameras began to turn. A soldier crept stealthily into the scene, when—

"Baaaaaaa." The cry wafted down from the hillside, right into the microphones.

"Cut!" Hecht cried in despair.

"It's those goats, Mr. Hecht, for Scene one hundred and eight—"

"Yes. Goats! That was MacArthur's idea!"

"Quiet up on the hill," the young man called to the goats.

Again there was silence. Again the cameras began to turn, the soldiers crept into the scene when—

"Waaaaaaa," a child's screams pierced the air.

"Cut!"

"It's little Nicolai," a Russian mother explained excitedly. "But it's no blame on him. That little Tanya, she hit him with a big stick. All the time she hits—"

Tanya, clutching a two-by-four, was being carried toward the make-up shack, kicking and screaming. And Nicolai, yelling, followed in hot pursuit.

"Quiet, please," the young man called wearily.

"I told you we shouldn't have kids in this picture," MacArthur reminded Hecht.

"Quiet, please."

Once again—silence, cameras turning, soldiers creeping.

The scene got off to a pretty good start, when down the road came a woman, waving an umbrella and looking terribly agitated.

"Stop her," somebody whispered hoarsely.

"I want to see Mr. Hecht," the woman yelled.

"Cut!" Hecht cried, tearing off his beard in his anger. "It's too late to stop her now. The scene's ruined!"

"Mr. Hecht, I'm the lady that owns the Pink Flower Tea Room and Inn. You've quartered all twenty of those big Cossacks with me. And I'm a nervous wreck! I demand that you distribute the Cossacks around a bit—one or two over at the Harts Tavern, a couple at Sufferin, maybe—but not all of them in *my* place!"

"What's wrong with Cossacks?" Mr. Hecht asked defensively.

"Plenty! Last night one of them picked up an iron porch chair, bent it double, and threatened to throw it at me. All because he didn't like the dinner I served. And it was a delightful dinner, too—the kind of meal for which the Pink Flower Tea Room is justly famous—jellied consommé, fruit salad on lettuce hearts, macaroons and tea with lemon." She smiled. "I served tea especially because I understood it was Russia's national beverage."

"Naw, that's *vodka*," MacArthur corrected her.

Hecht sighed, "All right, lady, you run along back to the Pink Flower Tea Room. We'll trade you the Cossacks for twenty Russian dancing girls—ones who need to reduce."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hecht. I'll make you a hand-embroidered tea cozy for that—"

"Take her out, quietly," Hecht ordered.

By this time the hay had been sort of strewn out of the wagon and one of the soldiers had lost his bayonet.

Finally the bayonet was found and the hay rearranged, cameras were ready, soldiers all set to creep again. And a deep silence hung over the set.

"Turn 'em over," Hecht instructed the cameramen.

SUDDENLY the sun went under a cloud. Slowly at first, then harder and harder, the rain began to fall. Two thousand Russians leaped to their feet and scurried to the cow-barn dressing-rooms for shelter. Cameramen deserted their cameras, soldiers deserted the scene of action.

Hecht and MacArthur, weary and unmind-



The cameraman got a peep out of Gary Cooper and his Missus, Sandra Shaw, at the Hollywood Bowl. They were in the distinguished audience at the opening of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream"

ful of the rain, threw themselves down on a grassy knoll.

Jimmy Savo, rushing to cover, yelled back at them. "Watch your step!" He dodged the rock MacArthur threw.

Within five minutes everybody was gone, only the Authors-Producers-Directors remained on the scene.

"Ben, remember when we were newspaper reporters, leading nice quiet lives, covering hangings or maybe an occasional gangster killing in Chicago?"

"Do I! Those were the days! I remember the nice, peaceful life I used to lead when I was a trapeze performer, too—in a circus."

"Ben, can you still sing tenor? We might have a little song, like we used to in the good old days."

"Sure I can sing! Bass, tenor—anything. I have a mixed voice. What'll we sing first?"

"I don't care. Just so it isn't 'The Volga Boatman!'"

Through the mist of rain, past the deserted cameras, the silent microphones, and reaching far into the Ramapo Hills, their voices rang out, singing, "You Ought to Be in Pictures."

Let's Be Civilized About Sex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

between a man and woman on the screen, or in life, should never be too direct. It can be made known by so many intriguing subtleties. The curve of a body, the eyes elsewhere directed—but the mind concentrated. A man and woman can be acutely conscious of each other across a crowded room if one has appeal for the other, even when they are strangers.

"Sex and romance are not so far apart as people seem to think. I have never seen a picture that did not have the element of sex. 'Little Women' had it, definitely. The attraction between the Professor and Jo was the strongest, most electrical and vital sort of sex-appeal. I do not think there can be any romance without sex. But straight and unadulterated, it is embarrassing to a civilized audience.

"All our vitality derives from it, all nature is founded on sex. Even running swiftly on the beach, leaping in the sharp cold water, digging in the good earth, lying in the hot sun—all revitalize, all give more full consciousness of the dominant urge.

"WE stroke a cat or pet a dog because we like something living to touch. The lonely person, the introvert, the most desolate soul, has to have something alive to be near.

"The older we grow, the more civilized sex must become. The approach must be more suave—a more studied, polished accomplishment. There is nothing so tragic or so absurd as a man or a woman in the forties hurling himself or herself into a love affair with all the primitive abandon of a youngster in the teens. Young people can be elemental about it. Their very youth denotes a lack of restraint. And they are just finding out something which it is ridiculous for older people not to know!"

Norma took time out for a long, cold glass of lemonade (honest, just lemonade) which she had certainly earned, after that illuminating dissertation. She's a joy, that girl. If they were all like her, this would be the life of Riley.

She thinks up her own questions, makes up

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



**Natural lips win...
painted lips lose!**

SOFT lips. Nice lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

Cheeks must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Don't be switched!
Insist upon Tangee
And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for



World's Most Famous Lipstick **TANGEE** ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY P124
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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No longer need you sit at movies or the theatre and envy the trim, youthful figures of the actresses—you, too, can now reduce with every assurance your health won't be injured—rather you'll enjoy **better** health and feel years younger—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a cup of hot water first thing every morning.

Kruschen can't possibly harm you because first of all it's a **health** treatment—it contains many of the same efficacious ingredients as do a number of the world-famous European Spas which doctors have prescribed for years for overweight patients—and to-day, for fat people who haven't the time or money to make trips abroad—hundreds of doctors prescribe Kruschen—they take it themselves and give it to their wives and daughters because they know it's a **SAFE, EFFECTIVE** treatment—one which promotes better health as well as reduces excess weight.

A jar lasts 4 weeks and costs but a few cents at any first-class drugstore.

Kruschen Salts

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

her own mind about the answers—without the aid of probing, prompting, prayers, entreaties, high-balls or strangle-holds. She is an adventure into the realm of a warm, alert, ordered mind, constantly examining and replenishing itself. If the subject is sex she discusses sex, and leaves out the yacht races, the weather, last night at the Colony Club, her new clothes, and the scandal about Mamie Glutz.

WE sat on the wide porch of her Santa Monica house with the ocean breezes playing over us, enjoying the cool, gracious vistas of the interior through the open French doors. The house is beautifully uncluttered. Norma knows the value of space, of an exquisite old satinwood piano, bare of all superfluous decoration. Oh, yes. And she had on a blue sailor suit with an impudent beret over one ear, and looked as if she knows what time it is—all the time. But as if it didn't make the slightest difference, that afternoon. That particular attitude is highly flattering and takes a specialized, rare sort of talent, when the talented one has people waiting to see her, the telephone ringing every five minutes, a dozen details awaiting her attention.

She was calmly, serenely unaware of all of them. "Time was meant for slaves"—for the interval. I think this is one way Norma has earned her "great lady" reputation. And then, she is so still.

Have you ever noticed how few women know how to sit still? They have to do something with their hands, twitter with their hair, ring their bracelets, jiggle a foot. Norma is restful—but for heaven's sake, never soporific!

"What are the two most widely diverse parts you have ever played—from the angle of sex-appeal?" I thought up. (For a change. It was hardly fair to make Norma do *all* the thinking.)

"The girl in 'He Who Gets Slapped'—my first rôle at M-G-M—and *Jan Ashe* in 'A Free Soul.' Of course, that is what makes every part individual—the angle of sex-appeal. In the first, the boy and girl were two children in love. It was a fresh, dawning kind of love.

with timorous gropings and shy response. But with a very definite undercurrent of young sex. The 'Free Soul' girl was as close to the primitive, elemental sex-urge as any I have ever played. She was wasting no time to build up a romance with Clark Gable."

"What about the romance-marriage-children combination?"

"A marriage naturally cannot be perfect without romance and sex, but it can be perfect without children. Perfect—but *not complete*."

"Women should not divert their passionate interest to their children, after familiarity has made sex and romance old to them. The paramount interest should be in the husband. It keeps love for the child more normal and balanced."

"My husband needs me more than my child does. My child's creature comforts are all carefully anticipated, I give him much of my time, a great deal of love. But I am not as essential to him as I am to my husband."

"Almost anyone a child knows and trusts can fill his need for companionship, for a playmate. But that is not true of husbands and wives. No one else will do, no one else should *ever* do."

"Sex is terribly important on the screen because, even vicariously, it revitalizes people. It is an integral part of entertainment because it is something alive and stimulating."

IN 'The Barretts,' *Elizabeth Barrett* was an invalid simply because she had no vitality. She was not ill. I tried to make her vital only from the moment she first saw *Robert Browning*. From that moment was the urge to walk, to see him. He brought her warmth and life—sex-interest. Yet this is certainly not a rôle that could ever be named 'sexy.' (I hate that word.)

"Yes, probably an uninterrupted series of brash sex rôles, without intelligent and civilized handling, would be death to an actress."

Now. How about it, all you who have written "cool" in front of Norma Shearer? How can any woman be called *cool* who knows that much about life—and Sex?

The Fan Club Corner

MEMBERS of New York City fan clubs, belonging to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, are in a group forming a central club to be called the International Admirers' League. Its membership will be composed of individuals representing many fan clubs throughout the world. All fans will watch with interest the activities of this enthusiastic group. The following officers were elected at the first club get-together: President, Gwen Thoughton; vice-president, Minnette Sherman; secretary, Marian L. Dommer; assistant secretary, Marion L. Hess; financial secretary, Alice M. Kelly; publicity manager, Fay Zinn.

The PHOTOPLAY Association welcomes the Douglass Montgomery Fan Club to membership. Mrs. Irene G. Rourke, 7908 S. Ridgeland Ave., Chicago, Ill., is president. Honorary members of the club include Evelyn Brent, Pert Kelton, Dick Powell, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Blanche Sweet. All Montgomery fans who are interested in joining this club are invited to write Mrs. Rourke for details. Montgomery's mother, the club president informs us, gave the members a surprise gift of handsome club stationery. Harriette R. Grogan is vice-president and Jeanette Mendro secretary of the club.

The Ruth Roland Club recently held an unique auction sale. Miss Roland contributed to the club a considerable number of personal gowns, scarfs, belts and pieces of costume jewelry. The items were listed and described in ballot forms sent out to club members. Funds derived from this correspondence auction are to be used in furthering club work and in printing the club news bulletins. Miss Lillian Conrad, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, is president.

The Movie Club Guild officers of Chicago were recent guests of Jimmie Fidler at a dinner party at the College Inn. Jimmie stopped in Chicago en route to the West Coast. Lina Basquette and her husband, Teddy Hayes, also surprised the Guild officers with a visit to their meeting held at the home of Anna Glance.

Members of the Herald Cinema Critics' Club, Syracuse, N. Y., at a recent meeting outlined plans for their coming year's program. A dramatic production is scheduled for an early date.

Hans Faxdahl, president of the Norma Shearer Fan Club, writes: "The announcements in PHOTOPLAY about our club's activities have given us many new members from all over the world." He further states that

the club now has representatives in Canada, Australia, England, France and South America. Miss Shearer's "birthday number" of the club news, *Rambles*, is exceedingly interesting. A fascinating photograph of Miss Shearer was sent to members with the club bulletin.

HELEN RAETHER, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich., president of the Lew Ayres Fan Club, writes that her members are very pleased with the new PHOTOPLAY Association membership cards. Lew Ayres fans are asked to write her.

Fans wanting to join the Ginger Rogers Fan Club should write Marion L. Hesse, president, 154 Elm Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Jean Harlow Fan Club is growing by leaps and bounds. A new printed membership list shows fan members in almost every State in the Union. Write Dorothy Suter, 2404 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, for information.

Bing Crosby fans can get details for joining this club by writing Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the John Boles Music Club, and will be glad to hear from John Boles fans.

The Tom Brown Fan Club would like all fans interested in this star to write to Donato R. Cedrone, president, 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

FANS interested in both screen and radio are invited to write Barbara Alice Tickell, 1925 Fourteenth Ave., S., Birmingham, Ala., president of the Mike and Movie Club, for news of this interesting organization.

"Chaw" Mank, genial president of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club, and the Dick Powell Club, of Staunton, Ill., takes to verse in *Bodil and Her Fans*, the club paper of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club. A good poem it was, too, "Chaw." Write him for information on these clubs.

Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., would like to hear from Joel McCrea fans.

Beatrice Gordon, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City, is president of the Rudy Vallee Booster Club. Rudy's fans are invited to write her about the club.



It looks as though Marian Nixon is just about to get a rose from husband William Seiter, at the opening of the Trocadero



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Women now definitely accept spraying, the method endorsed by all leading perfumers, as the only way to apply perfume . . . Instead of the perfume being heavily concentrated, the diffused scent has a subtle, delightfully elusive quality . . . The DeVilbiss Atomizer transforms a single drop of perfume into 2000 fragrant atoms. With this fine spray, there is no danger of stain. And the exclusive DeVilbiss Closure prevents evaporation . . . See the new

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CIRO SAYS: "REFLEXIONS should be sprayed on your lingerie, your costume or yourself—thus, a rare odeur radiates in an invisible cloud about you."



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CORAL has an exciting, orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titan blondes.

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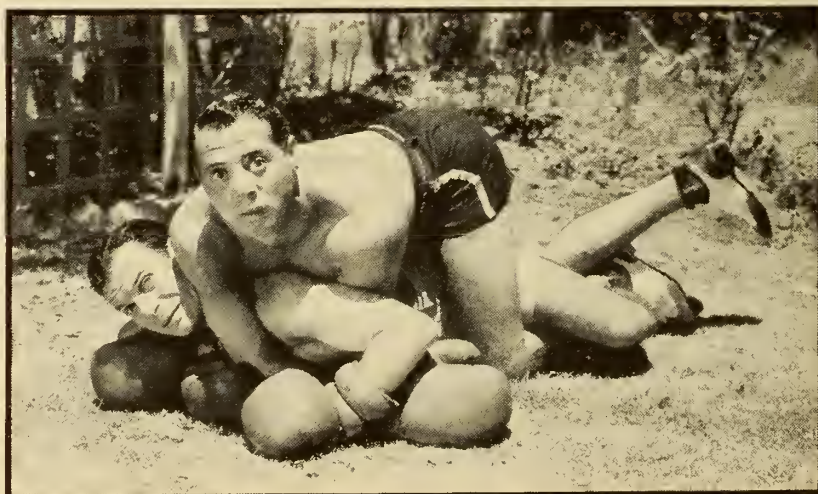
Name.....
City.....State.....Age.....

"Anthony Adverse" Contest Winners!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

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- RUTH BILLINGS COLEMAN
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- WM. H. RUSSELL
46 Belgrade Ave., Clifton, N. J.
- FAY CARTY
Twin Pines, Belmont, Calif.
- MRS. EDWIN C. GAMBLE
1727 Franklin St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- NELLIE BELL
West Pittsfield Hospital, Pittsfield, Mass.
- MOLLIE I. JOSEPH
Box 125, Horicon, Wis.
- LE ROY SEIPP
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- MRS. LLOYD FORCE
6531 Edgervale Rd., Kansas City, Mo.
- BEVERLY WILLS
706 E. 32nd St., Austin, Tex.
- MRS. HARRY WAY
2263 Eighth Ave., Ft. Worth, Tex.
- LIBBYE SLAKOFF
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- MIRIAM WARD
417 Narberth Ave., Narberth, Penna.
- MRS. C. W. RAMSEY
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- J. OPITZ
87-20 Justice St., Elmhurst, N. Y.
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532 W. Poplar, San Mateo, Calif.
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1415 Harrison Blvd., Boise, Idaho
- EVALYN EDMISTON
1415 Harrison Blvd., Boise, Idaho
- LUCY BRYANT YOUNG
1137 S. W. 28th, Oklahoma City, Okla.
- HAZEL WILLIAMSON
727 Broad St., Lake Charles, La.
- HOLMES WHITTEN EASTBURN
3712 Baring St., Philadelphia, Penna.
- GEORGE F. RUPPE
Box 392, Massapequa, N. Y.
- MRS. TENA NASH
7427 Churchill St., Detroit, Mich.
- RUTH E. PALLISTER
159 E. 13th Ave., Eugene, Ore.
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280 Broadway, New York City
- WILLIAM S. CONKLIN
Riverview Manor, Harrisburg, Penna.
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215 E. Alisale St., Salinas, Calif.
- G. PAUL GERARD
Box 251, Riverhead, N. Y.
- MRS. G. O. RILEY
1734 Maplewood Dr., Columbia, S. C.
- RUTH ANDRUS
R. D. No. 4, Murray, Utah
- OLGA E. MURRAY
438 W. Delavan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
- PHYLLIS GLEICHMAN
2713 Lancashire Rd., Cleveland Heights, O.
- JOHN MAYNARD RANKIN
1309 Astor St., Chicago, Ill.
- ALENE LA RAY
601 University Ave., Reno, Nev.
- ISABEL SPAULDING
36 East 72nd St., New York City



Frank Mitchell is on the bottom of the heap, and if Jack Durant has his way, Mr. Mitchell will stay there! The two comedians cavort in the new Fox production, "365 Nights in Hollywood"



Elissa Landi lunching with her mother, the Countess Zanardi-Landi. Elissa is writing another novel and acting in Paramount's "Enter Madame"

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THE BEST DRESSED MAN ON THE SCREEN



Adolphe Menjou, soon to be seen in "The Mighty Barnum", a Twentieth Century picture.



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Mr. Menjou is very definitely in this class and his personal choice of Krementz Jewelry speaks volumes for its smartness and quality.

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TROUBLE, ALWAYS SEE YOUR
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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



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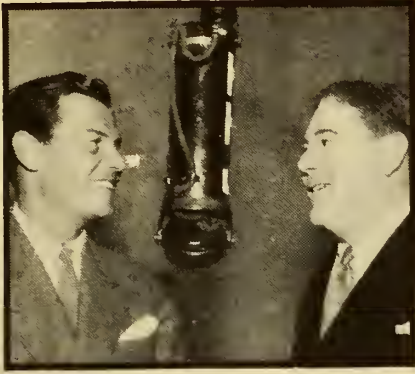
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Seventeen guests at Louise Fazenda's birthday party for her husband, Hal Wallis, had birthdays the same month. So they each got a cake. Here are Pat and Mrs. O'Brien, Louise, Hal, and Eddie Robinson



Joel McCrea (left) is interviewed on the PHOTOPLAY Borden radio program, "45 Minutes in Hollywood," by Ivan St. Johns, Western Editor of PHOTOPLAY Magazine

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Says "SPANKY" MacFARLAND



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**FREE Packet of Christmas Cards
If You Join CRAYOLA Club Now!**

"Spanky" is certainly right. Boys and girls of 14 years or under should hurry and enter the CRAYOLA Drawing Club Contest which closes December 20. Because, if you join CRAYOLA Club now to enter the contest, you'll get a free packet of Christmas Cards for your own use, whether you win or lose.

It's easy to join, too. Just check the No. 1 square on the coupon below and mail the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon. Then you will receive the Official Membership Card and the free packet of Christmas Cards. Also, you'll be ready to enter the big contest and win one of the fine prizes. But don't delay, for you will want the Christmas Cards in time to color and mail to your friends before Christmas!

Present club members may enter the contest merely by checking the No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with an original drawing (See Contest Directions below). But members who want the free Christmas Cards should check the No. 2 square and mail the coupon now with the flap from a CRAYOLA box.

CONTEST DIRECTIONS: Make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like for your card—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8"x10" in size and color it with colored wax crayons.

All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934

THE PRIZES

BEST DRAWING, \$15; 2nd PRIZE, \$10; 3rd PRIZE, \$5; TEN FOURTH PRIZES: Ten sets consisting of 24-color assortment of "Rubens" CRAYOLA Crayon and box of "ARTISTA" Water Colors.

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- I want to join CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Enclosed is flap from CRAYOLA package. Please send me Official Membership Card, Contest Entry Blank, and packet of Greeting Cards.
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- I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

NAME.....
AGE.....
ADDRESS.....



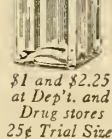
What does he see in a "close-up" of you?

AN exquisite, satiny skin? Or one that is coarsened by enlarged pores and blackheads? That kind of skin *spoils* a budding romance!

SATINMESH

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This amazing beauty liquid *opens* pores—*cleanses* them deeply—*closes* them in a few seconds—*stimulates* the skin to rosy youth—and is a perfect powder base. P.S. *It does not dry the skin.* Save your time—save your money—save your beauty—with Satinmesh.



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25¢ Trial Size



Send for the "OVER-NIGHTIE"
You will love the shell-pink purse packet containing a square cut bottle of Satinmesh and the cotton to apply it, which will be mailed to you, if you send 10c in stamps to cover postage and packing. Address Alma Woodward, Dept. P-1, Graybar Bldg., New York.

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SHERRY-NETHERLAND
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She Couldn't Say No!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Talk flowed. They discovered—in a sort of awe—that they had shared the same friends for years, even had the same physician, Dr. Wimmer.

"But," protested Gene, "how is it we've been so long getting really acquainted then?" And if they heard a "tch-tch" in the room, that was old lady Fate chuckling. . . .

BUT Joan didn't go to dine with him, not that Thursday night. She'd had, you see, a cold. Caught it from Sister Connie. And Gene had packed off his favorite remedy to her a bare half hour after he left. The next day he sent her a telegram to boot. "Move over Stop I've got your cold—G" So Joan rushed her special cure—all to him.

It was as strange an exchange of *billets-doux* as ever Hollywood witnessed: "Many thanks for life saver," came the wire in return. "Wimmer and children first. (Signed) Your Medicine Man."

The next twenty-four hours they spent trying to top each other's wires. And people wondered why American Tel and Tel reached a new high!

On Friday he came to lunch with her there at the Town House. Across the *filet of sole Marguery* she told him, "The doctor wants me to take a sea trip. I'm thinking of going through the Panama Canal, on to New York to see mother."

There was an electrifying moment between them. Then—"I can't go," he said, "because Paul Bern said I'd be married if I did!" Light chatter half masking their real feelings.

"How long will you be gone?"
"Oh, several months."

BUT of course she wasn't. She was gone exactly four weeks. And that trip served as an amazing stimulus. There were rushed hours. Joan and Gene had to plot and plan to crowd in everything together before the boat sailed. Even rides to the dentist! It's remarkable how romantic a ride like that can become—especially when you find you've been going to the same dentist right along. . . .

"Funny, how two individuals can have so many things in common—including their selection of tooth-drillers!" Gene grinned at her. A slow, delighted grin. It was the momentous occasion of her first dinner in his home. Five more days and she'd be on the high seas. But tonight. . . . They sat on either side of the fire, sipping coffee, wonderfully content. He'd given her a royal banquet.

There had been just the two of them sitting in state at the long table, both in impeccable evening clothes. There had been charming music and a deft, silent butler. Now they were alone.

"It was—a thrill—getting back to my own home today, finding your magnificent flowers in every room!" Her glance was soft, misted. Because her heart was so full. Light after these long months of darkness. She was able to walk—the blessed joy of being able to *walk* again!

She'd just had that ultra-feminine joy of buying an entire new wardrobe. And pyramiding all the excitement was this adventure-some, glorious business of falling in love.

Gene had a bad moment when the time came to take her home. Seeing her limp like that.

He wanted to draw her close *as if* to blot out the miseries of the earth, to shield her always . . . and always. . . .

The following noon he went to lunch with her. But naturally! With only four days left! Her father and an intimate friend, Marjorie Kelly, were there. That, however, did not prevent Mr. Markey from cornering Joan. "I've—er—got an Easter present for you." Easter present, and this was October! It was a bracelet, a startlingly beautiful sapphire bracelet.

Could she accept such a gift from him? What's a girl to do? Joan did the original thing. She rushed to the telephone and gave a hurried order to her jeweler.

And when the fruit cocktails were served, young Mr. Markey found a gem of an onyx watch at his place.

Going to the boat had all the earmarks of an elopement. With one exception. They had "Ditty" along. The adorable offspring of Joan's madly impetuous schoolgirl marriage that had ended years before. And Ditty was saying, "I'll have Uncle Gene to take care of me, Mother. You can stay as long as you like."

But "Uncle Gene," who had had to wade through dozens of men to get "Mother" alone for this jaunt, had other ideas!

"Have a good time, my dear, but if you stay a minute longer than you have to. . . ."

"I won't," promised Joan.

SHE could, in all probability, have gone around the world on the money he spent on telephone calls, both to the ship and to New York. And there were telegrams. Flocks of them. One, dated November eighth, and sent to Joan at her hotel, read:

"And do you know my sweet that your telegrams are the most amusing and charming I've ever had in my life Stop There is, however, one serious trouble with them Stop They are not frequent enough Stop This is a gray day and it matches my long beard Gene"

Another that arrived on the eleventh said: "If you will glance over Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese, then cast an eye quickly over the Song of Solomon, you will get a rough but not too rough idea of the way I'm thinking of you." (Unsigned.)

Is any girl proof against wooing like that? Gene met her in San Bernardino on her way back. And saw violent, flaming green as he opened the door of her compartment. There was a dog on the seat. A jolly little Cairn terrier who answered to the name of Buccaneer. Some man had given her that! The confounded poodle!

"I bought him myself, Mr. Gene Markey," Joan dimpled.

"Really? It's a great dog! Come here, boy!"

SWIFT, joyous days. Then December eleventh, Gene's birthday. Joan had twelve of their most intimate friends in for dinner. And twelve little darkies came barging in with scripts under their arms, marked "As You Desire Me"—the title of the Garbo play Gene was working on then. The ice-cream appeared in the form of typewriters. The cake was a masterpiece of a book titled "The Road to Rouen" on one side and bearing the masks of

tragedy and comedy on the other. She gave him a solid gold cigarette case and lighter.

And then the next night, in the back of her town car on the way to a preview of "Doctors' Wives," he gave her a kiss. A kiss that held all the meaning in the world for the both of them.

"How," Gene asked simply, "would you like to be married to me?"

It wasn't a manner in which one of his heroes would have put it. But Gene wasn't thinking of fiction just then.

And Joan, from the depth of a heavenly embarrassment, whispered, "You'd better wait until you've seen this picture!"

He waited. And afterwards, rolling along the smooth asphalt of Pico Boulevard, he drew her close. "Well, I've seen the picture. Now will you answer my question?"

"I—I can't say no . . ."
 "There's another word."

"Yes!" agreed Joan as his lips found hers.

She was just coming down the stairs of her home as the maid let him in two days later. Gene didn't pause for anything. He ran straight up the steps to meet her—and caught her left hand. When she looked down at it, there, on the traditional finger, was a star sapphire ring that outshone even her eyes. Joan sat down abruptly.

But it wasn't the step she was sitting on. It was Gene's lap!

MARCH fifteenth. Spring in California. Strains of the wedding march pouring over the balcony of the Town House—where they'd first really become acquainted. And Joan, standing so quietly beside Gene, in an exquisite eggshell satin frock and a little hat gay with orange blossoms. A thousand people danced at their reception. And a thousand candles lit the way for their happiness. . . .

IT was in France. Another Spring. A soft June day scented with white lilacs and arbutus. They were on a belated honeymoon, watching the famous fountains play at Versailles. "The last time I saw them," Joan remembered, "was in 1926 when I was at school here."

"Why, dearest girl, I saw them that year, too! I was right here. Maybe I was standing near you!"

"Gene, isn't it queer the way our lives have touched so often?"

"Yes. And darling, imagine—what if Cupid had missed his Mark-cys!"

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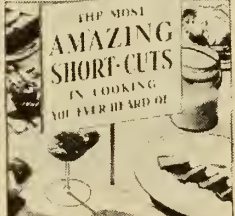
2 cups granulated sugar 3 squares unsweetened
 1 cup water chocolate
 1 cup Eagle Brand 1 cup nut meats (optional)
 Sweetened Condensed Milk

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Even beginners will get a marvelous result with this recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! ● But remember—this recipe calls for *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just ask for Eagle Brand.



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 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 (Print name and address plainly)

A Red Nosed Romeo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Willie's back-yard. And pink ones, too. Fancy Bill's face framed in that bower. Softly the ripples of old Toluca lap against the grassy shore while swans, necks curved in graceful arches, float majestically. Long graceful branches of weeping willow trees ("leaping willows," as his Finnish man-servant calls them) sweep the edge of the water. An occasional canoe will silently glide by. There, in the midst of this scene of soft and tranquil beauty, will sit W. C. in a pair of the low-lifed carpet slippers in captivity. His shirt open at the throat, his hair blowing about in the soft breeze as he calls in that nasal, side-splitting voice to some groaning victim he has inveigled into his sun-cabinet nearby.

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: 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 yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

"What?" he'll say, "only a hundred and eighteen degrees? Why, that isn't warm. What 'd'ya wanta do, freeze to death? Wait'll she gets to a hundred and thirty-five. No, you're not coming out. You're staying there."

And then, "Yoo-hoo, W. C.!" And directly across the lake will be Mary Brian calling from her own back-yard. "Oh, Mr. Fields, how are you?"

"I'm swell, Mary—I'm swell. Shut up. No, I didn't say it to you, Mary. I'm talking to this guy in the sun-cabinet. It's only a hundred and twenty-five degrees. He's a sissy, can't take it."

Mary's laugh echoes among the sighing trees.

Silence again, except for fainter groans from the cabinet. Presently, Thomas, "the leaping willow Finn," will emerge and carry the practically unconscious victim from the sun-cabinet.

And Willie's indifferent fingers will flick the air and unconcernedly he'll pick up a couple of stones and a stray visitor, and go juggling into the house.

What do you still make of it?

A swivel chair is set between his desk and bar. "Now, gentlemen, we'll get down to business," he'll say. And swish—the chair will be turned to the desk. "All right, gentlemen, now we'll have a little snort of refreshments." And swish, with Bill never having to leave the chair, he's at the bar.

OH, yes, about the trailer. On location for a picture, a well-to-do tourist drove up by the roadside, with a trailer fastened to the back of a high-priced car, to watch Bill at work. Bill spied it and, walking over, looked carefully in all the windows and doors.

"How much?" he asked the owner.

"Not for sale," the owner grunted.

"Didn't ask that," Bill replied. "I said how much?"

"Er . . . why . . . fifteen hundred dollars," the owner gulped in surprise.

"Sold!" snapped Bill. "Unhook her."

And the trailer became Bill's.

Never in all his life has he had enough sleep, and here was a golden opportunity for sleep. So, back to town came Bill—asleep in his trailer. And from then on, where Willie went, there also went the trailer. His people were its people. And its people, as often as not, are the elite of the town, usually on their way to the prize-fights or some late spot. For no matter how swanky the guests at Bill's house, they all must pile into the trailer and go places.

If it's only a ten minutes' drive, no difference. Coffee and sandwiches, for no reason, are served in the trailer. Take 'em or leave 'em.

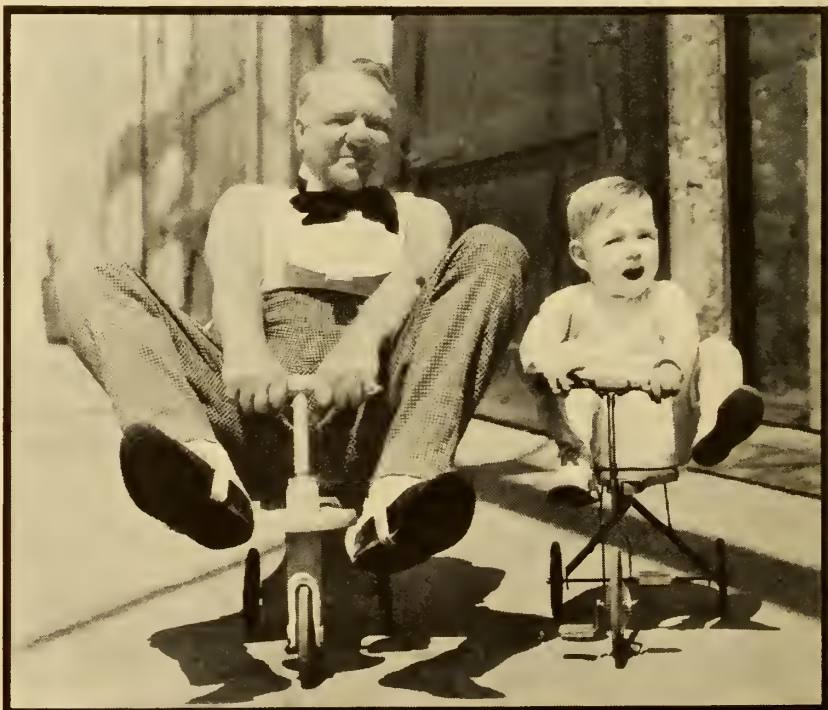
THE sight of Bill's trailer pulling up to the swanky Colony Club door with ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress alighting from the back door—a sandwich in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—is just one of those things, that's all. And even that doesn't discourage the girls.

"We'd rather," they avow with loud squeals, "drive with Willie in his trailer, than Gable in his roadster."

What's the man got, anyhow?

That trailer, the most notorious object in all Southern California, has allowed Bill to catch up on no less than ten years of lost sleep. Days he's called out on location he merely steps out of bed and, still in pajamas, goes to bed in the trailer. Half an hour before he gets on location, he has breakfast in bed, reads the paper, shaves, takes exercises (there's a pretty sight!), waves to the people along the highway, and is ready for work pronto. Or nearly pronto, I'll tell you.

When Bill returns from the studio after a day's work, and must attend some gala party, he merely says, "Toodlyoo" to the Finns and, falling headlong over the Finnish offspring's kiddie-car, retires to the trailer to go to sleep. When the driver arrives at the party, he merely parks and waits patiently until, ting-a-ling, the phone rings. Or didn't you know about the phone from the trailer to the chauffeur



Bill Fields and Baby LeRoy borrow the kiddie-car and the tricycle from the Finnish youngster at Bill's home and stage a contest on the Paramount lot. Very sporting, eh? Who said they were having a "feud"?

in the car ahead? Well, Bill telephones and says, "Okay, now I'll dress." And there he is. Much to all the ladies' delight.

Not satisfied with the telephone, he now has a dictaphone installed in his trailer and there sits Bill, for hours at a time, making records for the poor, bewildered Finns to pick up and play when he wants service. "Where are my gray pants?" will scream from one record. Or, "Who drank up all that sherry?" will come from another. And the records are scattered all over the place.

LUNCH time in any other actor's dressing-room is just a time for lunch. But not in W. C. Fields'.

Lunch time in Bill's dressing-room, is Field-Day, the Junior-Senior egg throw, a story conference, a benefit performance for an old, dilapidated actor, and an amazing exhibition of the daring-young-man-on-the-flying-trapeze.

No need to stand at Forty-Second Street and Broadway to see everyone you know. Sit in Bill's dressing-room and the whole world goes in and out. Old, tired-out actors, servants of all the other actors, world-famous writers, artists, everyone, to get that quizzically comical "Hello" from Bill. Right outside the door will be Bill's necktie parked across the potted shrub and his white shirt hanging over a chair outside to dry. Marlene Dietrich, who has the dressing-room next door, will stand gazing out at the family wash murmuring, "Oh, that Mr. Fields! He's such a one—and so-o-o nice."

Hollywood has seen plenty of strange sights and peculiar objects in its gay, young, hoodlumish life, but never, never, has it seen anything like Bill on his way to the golf links. With much groaning he manages to get his canoe onto the lake, and he's off. Over the rippling water to the golf links. Even the "leaping willows" bow their heads to hide their snickers, and the swans pause in open-billed astonishment to stare at a gentleman with an amazing nose rowing blithely along, singing "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover."

Can you, or can you not, picture it?

All of Bill's gorgeous indifference to the ladies may be attributed to two things:

One is, when Bill was a young man juggling himself around the world, he spied on ship-board a charming little creature, whom he thought a pretty cute number. Those small baby-blue peepers of Bill's kept themselves fastened on the fair charmer. But somehow she never noticed Bill.

And then came the night of a fancy-dress ball, and Bill decided not to doll up. He'd just dress as usual and see how's about meeting the charmer. Looking up at him and clapping her little hands together, she squealed, "Oh, Mr. Fields, that's the funniest false nose I've ever seen."

IT was Bill's own, of course. But the remark ruined his life—for two whole hours.

The other reason—and the main one, probably—is that Bill's already engaged. His heart has been taken completely. He shows you the bracelet, with a little gold heart dangling from it, which she put on his wrist. It never comes off. Her name is Angela Moran, and she's just four-and-a-half years old. Her daddy was the Moran of the Two Black Crows, you remember.

She loves Bill, and Bill loves her. And that's why, as I say, Hollywood beauties can "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Fields" all day long if they want. Bill Fields is true to a little gold heart that dangles forever from his wrist.



Fay Wray, star of the Universal picture, "Cheating Cheaters," tries a Hawaiian "Here's How" made by Alan Mowbray featured in the Lowell Sherman Universal picture, "Night Life of the Gods."

Hollywood Goes for New Hawaiian "Here's How" in a Big Way!

"Here's How" always starts with one-third Hawaiian Pineapple Juice as a base. Miss Wray's favorite is made like this: Fill a tall glass one-third full of DOLE Pineapple Juice, then add three jiggers of grape juice, half a lime, cracked ice, and fill with seltzer water... To be amply prepared for the Holiday season order a dozen cans of DOLE Pineapple Juice now from your grocer!



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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Max Baer
George Barbier
Ben Bernie
Douglas Blakely
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Allan Campbell
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Paul Gerrits
Gwenllian Gill
Cary Grant
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Diana Lewis
John Lodge
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Catalina Barcena
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
John Bradford
Frances Carlon
Madeleine Carroll
Dave Chasen
Tito Coral
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Stepin Fetchit
Nick Foran
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Harry Green
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Constance Bennett
Ronald Colman

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
James Blakeley
John Mack Brown
Jack Buckler
Nancy Carroll
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Douglas Dumbrille
John Gilbert
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating

Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tidbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mary Wallace
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing
Anna May Wong

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey

Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lanchester
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Moray
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pincho
William Powell
Esther Ralston
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Rosilind Russell
Maurice Schwartz
Norma Shearer
Sid Silvers
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Nils Asther
Binnie Barnes
Dean Benton
Mary Brooks
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Carol Coombe
Philip Dakin
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Sterling Holloway
Henry Hull
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff

Frank Lawton
Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Florine McKinney
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Roger Pryor
Juanita Quigley
Claude Rains
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Francis L. Sullivan
Polly Walters
Alice White
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Hugh Herbert
Russell Hicks
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jonson

Olive Jones
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Helen Morgan
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Reginald Owen
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Mary Treen
Helen Trenholme
Harry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skilfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

TELL-TALE HEART, THE — Clifton-Hurst Prod.—This gruesome Edgar Allan Poe tale is effectively screened, but it is not recommended for children. All-English cast. (Sept.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THEIR BIG MOMENT—RKO-Radio.—ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are the only recommendations for this vague and sometimes confusing film. Dialogue mediocre and gags aren't too funny. (Oct.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

★ **THIN MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—See retired detective William Powell fall right "into" the baffling murder case he wouldn't go "on," and have the time of your life. Myrna Loy top-notch. (Aug.)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.—An argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. Sterling Holloway. Diane Sinclair. (Aug.)

★ **TREASURE ISLAND** — M-G-M. — A beautiful, moving, inspiring adventure film for children and grownups alike. Lionel Barrymore, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, Chic Sale, Otto Kruger and Nigel Bruce have the leading rôles. (Sept.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible.—Lots of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic. John Miljan, as a polished crook, does a good acting job. Shirley Grey. (Aug.)

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW — Liberty. — Smooth, well-rounded, amusing semi-farce, with Miriam Jordan and Neil Hamilton, both lawyers, opposing each other in court over the subject that has caused their separation. (Sept.)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

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UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD — Warners. — In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National. —Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WE'RE RICH AGAIN — RKO-Radio. — This merry marital madhouse revolves around a family's attempt to marry off Joan Marsh to wealthy Reginald Denny. But country cousin Marian Nixon gets him in the end. (Sept.)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS** — M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (Nov.)

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty.—The Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court, where two murders occur. Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge supply the love interest. (Aug.)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

WHITE HEAT—Seven Seas Prod.—A fistic combat between David Newell and Hardie Albright, and a sugar cane fire help to liven this film with Hawaiian locale. Mona Maris and Virginia Cherrill adequate. (Sept.)

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY—Columbia.—Heavy melodrama, impressive because of fine acting of Walter Connolly. Doris Kenyon, Robert Young. (Oct.)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen, Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN COMMANDS, THE—Gaumont-British.—An all-English cast, with exception of Edward Everett Horton who has appeared to better advantage. Just so-so comedy. (Aug.)

WORLD MOVES ON, THE—Fox.—Madeleine Carroll, English beauty, begins her American film career in this somewhat uneven picture. Franchot Tone and Dudley Digges turn in suave performances. (Sept.)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas Stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)



Notables of Hollywood were out *en masse* to honor the noted producer, Max Reinhardt, at a dinner given by Samuel Goldwyn. Reinhardt is shown with Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer

The Beauty Who Sits Alone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

to find her gift a great burden some day."

Now I understand what that woman meant—the burden of a beauty so great it acts as a wall, shutting off human contacts, keeping people away. The tragedy of a woman whose beauty is so perfect she is regarded as a museum piece!

Del Rio, I am sure, does not enjoy startling people into stares and silence with her beauty! A stupid woman might thrive on it, preen herself and feed on her vanity. A heartless woman might glory in it, grow imperious and use it as a weapon. But Dolores Del Rio is too human and too intelligent.

I believe that in a gathering her heart cries out for a simple exchange of friendly, neighborly small talk. She would probably forfeit the adoration of men any day for the spirit of sportsmanlike companionship they offer less attractive women.

These thoughts were running through my mind one night at a Mayfair ball, when the usual long, tense silence followed her entrance into the ballroom. She wore an unadorned, sheath-like gown of white, and I have never seen beauty more arresting. For nine years she had been numbing crowds by her mere presence. What did that do to a woman's soul?

Such a probing, personal question I could not ask Del Rio herself. She would recoil from it, and rightly. So I went to one of her close friends with my query.

"Dolores did not know the power of her beauty when she came to Hollywood," she told me. "In Mexico she had been sheltered in her home and in a convent. The first acclamation confused her, then thrilled her. But it soon became tiresome when she found that because she was beautiful she had been placed on a pedestal to be stared at.

"She is naturally friendly and vivacious, and she needs people around her in a casual manner. It was heart-breaking to her to discover that most people, following an introduction, backed off and looked at her as though she were the sacred ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

"It might have warped her character—making her arrogant or demanding or self-conscious.

But it hasn't. Instead she has remained human and charming, and has never ceased to work at the difficult task of trying to make people recognize the existence of a kind and fun-loving woman.

"As for those moments of silence when she enters a room, I believe she has deliberately made herself deaf and blind to them. If she had not, she would be a mass of affectations by this time. Miraculously she has maintained the simplicity of spirit, the naturalness and poise, which are a part of her fine personality."

No star in Hollywood has worked harder at making herself unobtrusive in a gathering. She has tried to slip in quietly, unnoticed. But you might as well expect the evening star to rise unseen. She dresses simply, and uses none of the exotic artificialities of cosmetics or adornments that many stars resort to for attention. But this simplicity only enhances her beauty and makes her more arresting.

As a matter of fact, her beauty almost caused her additional heart-break by threatening, at one time, to end her screen career. Although she was without training or knowledge of dramatic technique, Hollywood, banking on her startling beauty, rushed her into one picture after another. On the crest of her beauty and her natural grace, she rose to stardom. But when talkies came in, beautiful portraiture was not enough. And Dolores was still untutored, unprepared to act.

She set out then to become an actress, a rigidly trained, talented actress, whose beauty was only incidental.

While making her first sound pictures, "The Bad One," and "Girl of the Rio," she was slaving several hours every day with a dramatic instructor, a diction teacher, and a vocalist.

She didn't make her goal overnight.

But when I read the reviews of her current picture, "Madame DuBarry," I knew that Dolores Del Rio was at last reaching the mark she set for herself. The critics hailed her as a clever actress and praised her new and amazing talent for subtle comedy.

As an actress she is clearing the barriers her beauty set for her. As a woman, too, can she overcome the handicap?

"One Shot" Moeller

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

office appeal of a motion picture. Why, you don't even know the vocabulary! Besides, they'll stick you in a little office, pay you regularly and forget about you! That's Hollywood!"

Philip Moeller considered this, then signed a contract with RKO-Radio for three years, to work three months each year (during the summer, when the Theater Guild isn't producing).

His first picture was "The Age of Innocence," with Irene Dunne and John Boles. And when it was finished, Mr. Moeller returned to Broadway to hurl superlatives at those who had issued the dire Hollywood warnings.

"All those awful things I heard about Hollywood are untrue! Why, it's the most exciting place I've ever seen! My enthusiasm is un-

limited! I went to work the second day I was there. And, oh! I was ignorant! The camera terrified me. The lights terrified me. I was scared to death.

"Then I met Miss Dunne—she was intelligent, charming. And Mr. Boles, a delightful person. I explained to the studio officials quite frankly that I was entirely ignorant of motion picture technique, and they gave me a technician to assist me. Instead of stupidity I found intelligent cooperation, a group intensely eager to turn out a fine piece of work.

"It's unfair to compare motion pictures as an art with the stage. Why, the theater has been building, developing, learning its lessons, for three thousand years. And movies are only thirty years old.

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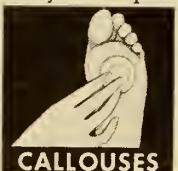
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"But there is no limit to the things the movies can do, the extent to which movies, as an art, will develop. They are somewhat handicapped now by the fear that if a fine piece of work is done, the public will dismiss it as 'high brow.' But my experience has been that when anybody calls a thing 'high brow' he is talking about something that eventually he will enjoy. The public appreciates fine things.

"I believe the trend in pictures will be toward the human interest type of story. People are most interested in the emotions of an individual. In the past, and at present, movies have done big, splashy things—spectacles, showy musicals. They have done them because the medium permitted it. But while it is true that a motion picture projection machine can throw on the screen a throng of ten thousand people, and such a picture may be impressive, even exciting, it is of less interest than a picture of two people who are experiencing a simple human emotion.

"MOTION pictures are just now beginning to realize the importance of unity. The script of 'The Age of Innocence' was an example of fine unity, and that is one reason I enjoyed working with it. There were no purposeless scenes—nothing in it that detracted from the story."

Moeller is as excited about Hollywood as a small boy is about his first airplane ride. But he admits that directing his first picture was no easy job.

"A stage play is seen from a fixed point. But in the movie, there is no proscenium-arch. The director cannot consider just one viewpoint. He has to get right into the scene with the players, and look at the action from every angle. This is difficult and confusing to one who is used to the stage.

"Another thing that bewildered me was the lack of rehearsals. I will rehearse a play for four, five—even six weeks. In the movies, three days is a long period for rehearsals. Many scenes are taken 'on the wing'—acted right then and there. But this by no means indicates that pictures are made carelessly. They are not! I have never seen such a passionate desire for authenticity as I saw in Hollywood."

At the studio they nicknamed him "One Shot" Moeller, because, while many directors will shoot a scene over and over and over, Moeller usually shot it just once. He gets his set-up perfect, and knows before shooting begins exactly what he wants the players to do. Through years of stage directing he has developed a quick visual imagination and an uncanny sense of timing which make this possible.

Hollywood marveled, too, that when his picture, "The Age of Innocence," was finished, only seven hundred feet of film lay on the cutting-room floor.

Mr. Moeller says he is eagerly looking forward to going back to Hollywood and pictures; however, he does not want to give up the theater entirely. He has been connected with the theater since he was a child. Besides, he feels that by combining work in motion pictures with stage directing he will learn things in each medium which he can contribute to the other.

"At least," he says, "when I go back the next time, I won't be frightened. For I'll know that all the tinsel-trimmed stories of Hollywood are fake. It's a place of serious work where intelligent people are cooperating to produce something worth while in a medium that has limitless possibilities."



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Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE"—AMER-ANGLO PROD.—From the story by Dion Boucicault. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Eileen O'Connor*, Gino Malo; *Sir Patrick Creegan*, John Garrick; *Father O'Flynn*, Stanley Holloway; *Danny Mann*, D. J. Williams; *Sir James Corrigan*, Stanley Perrins; *Mrs. O'Connor*, Sara Allgood; *Miles-na-Copaleen*, Dennis Hoey; *Norah Creegan*, Dorothy Boyd; *Shan*, Hughes Macklin; *Tim*, John Mortimer.

"BY YOUR LEAVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Gladys Hurlbut and Emma Wells. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Henry Smith*, Frank Morgan; *Ellen Smith*, Genevieve Tobin; *Skeels*, Gene Lockhart; *Whiffen*, Margaret Hamilton; *David Mackenzie*, Neil Hamilton; *Frances Gretchell*, Betty Grable; *Freddy Clark*, Glenn Anders; *Andree*, Marian Nixon; *Florence Purcell*, Lona Andre; *Leonard Purcell*, Charles Ray; *Gloria Dawn*, Addie McPhail; *Merlee*, Shirley Chambers; *Laura*, Lenita Lane.

"CHARLIECHAN IN LONDON"—FOX.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Philip MacDonald. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Inspector Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Pamela Gray*, Drue Leyton; *Neil Howard*, Raymond Milland; *Lady Mary Bristol*, Mona Barrie; *Geoffrey Richmond*, Alan Mowbray; *Phillips*, Murray Kinell; *Hugh Gray*, Douglas Walton; *Jerry Garlon*, Walter Johnson; *Detective Sergeant Thacker*, E. E. Clive; *Major Jardine*, George Barraud; *Mrs. Fohergill*, Madge Bellamy; *Home Secretary*, David Torrence; *Lake*, John Rogers; *Bunny Fohergill*, Paul England; *Alice Rooney*, Elsa Buchanan; *Kemp*, Perry Ivins.

"CHU CHIN CHOW"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Screen play by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Ali Baba*, George Robey; *Abu Hasan*, Fritz Kortner; *Zahra*, Anna May Wong; *Nur-al-din*, John Garrick; *Marjanah*, Pearl Argyle; *Abdullah*, Jetsam; *Rakhum*, Denis Hoey; *Mahbubah*, Sydney Fairbrother; *Kasim Baba*, Laurence Hanray; *Mustafa*, Frank Cochrane; *Alcolom*, Thelma Tuson; *Entertrainer at Feast*, Kyoshi Takase.

"CRIMSON ROMANCE"—MASCOT.—From the story by Al Martin and Sherman Love. Screen play by Milton Krims. Directed by Dave Howard. The cast: *Bob Wilson*, Ben Lyon; *Alida Hoffman*, Sari Maritza; *Walters*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Fred Von Bergen*, James Bush; *Adolph*, William Bakewell; *Hugo*, Hardie Albright; *Himmelbaum*, Herman Bing; *Mama Von Bergen*, Bodil Rosing; *The Courier*, Vincent Barnett; *Baron Von Eisenlohr*, Arthur Clayton; *John Fleming*, Oscar Apfel; *Franklyn Pierce*, Purnell Pratt; *Pierre*, Jason Robards; *Von Gering*, William Von Brincken.

"DANGEROUS CORNER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Anne Morrison Chapin and Madeleine Ruthven. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Olwen*, Virginia Bruce; *Robert Chatfield*, Conrad Nagel; *Charles Stanton*, Melvyn Douglas; *Freda Chatfield*, Ian Keith; *Betty Whitehouse*, Betty Furness; *Gordon Whitehouse*, Henry Wadsworth; *Miss Mockridge*, Doris Lloyd.

"DUDE RANGER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Barry Barringer. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Ernest Selby*, George O'Brien; *Ann Hepburn*, Irene Harvey; *Dale Hyslop*, Leroy Mason; *Sam Hepburn*, Henry Hall; *Haruk Seibert*, James Mason; *Nebraska Kemp*, Sid Saylor; *Dunk*, Sid Jordan; *Martha*, Alma Chester; *Beckett*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"GAY DIVORCÉE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "The Gay Divorce" by Dwight Taylor. Adapted by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Mimi*, Ginger Rogers; *Guy Hadden*, Fred Astaire; *Horlense*, Alice Brady; *Egbert Fitzgerald*, Edward Everett Horton; *Tonelli*, Erik Rhodes; *Walter*, Eric Blore; *Rupert Glossop*, William Austin.

"GIFT OF GAB"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jerry Wald and Phil G. Epstein. Adapted by Lou Breslow. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Gabney*, Edmund Lowe; *Barbara*, Gloria Stuart; *Singer*, Ruth Etting; *Absent-minded doctor*, Phil Baker; *Margot*, Alice White; *Colonel Trivers*, Victor Moore; *Patsy*, Hugh O'Connell; *Nurse*, Helen Vinson; *Radio Artist*, Gene Austin; *Radio Announcer*, Tom Hanlon; *Janitor*, Henry Armetta; *Mac*, Douglas Fowley; *Sound Man*, Sterling Holloway; *Cabaret Singer*, Wini Shaw; *Telephone Girl*, Marion Byron; *Pinto*, Sid Walker; *Mintz*, Skins Miller; *Blintz*, Jack Harling also Ethel Waters, The Three Stooges, Binnie Barnes, Roger Pryor, Beale Street Boys, Graham McNamee, Candy and Coco, Gus Arneheim, Downey Sisters, Sidney Skolsky, Marcia Remy, Rian James, Chester Morris, Paul Lukas, Boris Karloff, June Knight, Lowell Sherman, Jane Wyatt, Bela Lugosi and Alexander Woolcott.

"HAPPINESS AHEAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Harry Sauber and Brian Marlow. Directed by Merwyn LeRoy. The cast: *Bob Lane*, Dick Powell; *Joan Bradford*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Henry Bradford*, John Halliday; *Josie*, Dorothy Dare; *Tom Bradley*, Frank McHugh; *Chuck*, Allen Jenkins; *Anna*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Bradford*, Marjorie Gateson; *Meehan*, Russell Hicks; *Comedienne*, Mary Louise Treen; *Boss of window washers*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Girl*, Mary Russell; *Travis*, Gavin Gordon; *Mrs. Travis*, Mary Forbes.

"JUDGE PRIEST"—FOX.—Based on the "Judge Priest" stories by Irvin S. Cobb. Screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Judge Priest*, Will Rogers; *Jerome Priest*, Tom Brown; *Ellie May Gillespie*, Anita Louise; *Rev. Ashby Brand*, Henry B. Walthall; *Bob Gillie*, David Landau; *Virginia Maydew*, Rochelle Hudson; *Billy Gaynor*, Roger Imhof; *Flem Talley*, Frank Melton; *Sergeant Jimmy Bagby*, Charley Grapewin; *Senator Horace Maydew*, Berton Churchill; *Mrs. Caroline Priest*, Brenda Fowler; *Juror No. 12*, Francis Ford; *Aunt Dilsey*, Hattie McDaniels; *Jeff Poin-dexter*, Stepin Fetchit.

"LADY BY CHOICE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Dwight Taylor. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Alabam Lee*, Carole Lombard; *Patricia Patterson*, May Robson; *Johnny Mills*, Roger Pryor; *Judge Daly*, Walter Connolly; *Kendall*, Arthur Hohl; *Front O'Malley*, Raymond Walburn; *Brannigan*, James Burke; *Lucretia*, Mariska Aldrich; *Walsh*, John Boyle; *Opper*, Henry Kolker; *Miss Kingsley*, Lillian Harmer; *Louie*, Abe Denovitch; *Mose*, Snowflake.

"LAST WILDERNESS, THE"—JERRY FAIR-BANKS PROD.—Dialogue by Gayne Whitman. Photography by Ned Frost. The cast: Howard Hill.

"LEMON DROP KID, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Howard Green and J. P. McEvoy. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Wally Brooks*, Lee Tracy; *Alice Deering*, Helen Mack; *The Professor*, William Frawley; *Maizie*, Minna Gombell; *Kid's Baby*, Baby LeRoy; *Mr. Griggshy*, Robert McWade; *Jonas Deering*, Henry B. Walthall; *Martin Potter*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Warden*, Charles Wilson; *Cora*, Kitty Kelly; *Doctor*, Edward J. LeSaint; *Sheriff*, Robert Homans; *Griggshy's Secretary*, Grace Goodall; *Police Captain*, William Davidson; *Judge*, Del Henderson; *Timothy*, Edward Gargan; *1st Tramp*, James Burke; *2nd Tramp*, Jules Cowles; *3rd Tramp*, C. L. Sherwood; *1st Jenkins Twin*, Fleming McCrene; *2nd Jenkins Twin*, Jean McCrene; *The Darkey*, Sam McDaniel; *1st Mug*, Tammany Young; *2nd Mug*, Al Hill; *Old Woman*, Tempe Pigott; *1st Road Cop*, Charles McEvoy; *2nd Road Cop*, Edwin Baker; *Tout*, Walter McGrail; *1st Policeman*, Lee Shumway; *2nd Policeman*, Stanley Blystone; *Banjo Player*, Eddie Peabody; *Fat Man at Party*, Marshall Ruth.

"LOVE TIME"—FOX.—Based on the story by Richard Carroll. Adapted by Lynn Starling and Sally Sandlin. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Valerie*, Pat Peterson; *Franz Schubert*, Nils Asther; *Caesar*, Herbert Mundin; *Adam*, Harry Green; *Duke Johann von Hatsfeld*, Henry B. Walthall; *Willie Obenbiegler*, Lucien Littlefield; *Emperor Francis Ist*, Henry Kolker; *Nicholas*, Albert Conti; *Istvan*, Herman Bing; *Inkeeper*, Roger Imhof; *Benjamin*, James Burke; *Mrs. Obenbiegler*, Josephine Whittell; *Sergeant*, Earle Foxe; *Countess Bertaud*, Georgia Caine; *Lieutenant Friedrich*, Paul England; *Charlotte*, Mary Blackford.

"MENACE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Helen Chalmers*, Gertrude Michael; *Colonel Crecy*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mrs. Thornion*, Henrietta Crosman; *Ronald Cavendish*, John Lodge; *Andrew Forsythe*, Robert Allen; *Freddie Bastion*, Raymond Milland; *Norman Bellamy*, Berton Churchill; *Underwood*, Desmond Roberts; *Skinner*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Cynthia Bastion*, Doris Lewllyn; *Gloria Chalmers*, Arletta Duncan; *Alison Bastion*, Gwenllian Gill; *Wilcox*, Forrester Harvey; *Police Inspector*, Montagu Love.

"MYSTIC HOUR, THE"—PROGRESSIVE.—From the story by Susan Emery. Directed by Melville Delay. The cast: Montagu Love, Lucille Powers, Charles Hutchinson, Edyth Thornton, Eddie Phillips, James Aubrey and Charles Middleton.

"ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Ernest L. Frank. The cast: *Rina Sorel*, Binnie Barnes; *Walter Stone*, Neil Hamilton; *Lavasser*, Paul Cavanagh; *Fussli*, Grant Mitchell; *Kleinsiber*, Eugene Palette; *Mitzi*, Edna Searle; *Lavasser's Chauffeur*, Jason Robards; *The Jeweler*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Oscar*, Henry Kolker; *Oscar's wife*, Doris Lloyd; *The Bellhop*, Dick Winslow; *Manager*, Edward Keane;

Clerk, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Doorman*, William Worthington.

"OVER NIGHT"—MUNDIS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the story by Arthur Wimperis and Dorothy Churchill. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Harren*, Robert Donat; *Eve*, Pearl Argyle; *The Crook*, Mites Mander.

"PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall. Adapted by Stephen Morehouse Avery and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Max Christmann*, Francis Lederer; *Prudence Kirkland*, Joan Bennett; *Aaron Kirkland*, Charlie Ruggles; *Comfort Kirkland*, Mary Boland; *Colonel Sherwood*, Minor Watson; *Thad Jennings*, Adrian Morris; *Meg Mallory*, Barbara Baron-deess; *Lyman Banks*, Walter Kingsford; *Jonathan*, Duke York; *Rev. Miles*, Burr Caruth; *The Drunk*, Jules Cowles; *Bijah*, Irving Bacon; *Sam Evans*, Spencer Charters; *Tall Conspirator*, John Marston; *King George III*, Henry Mowbray; *Lord Pitt*, Boyd Irwin; *General Sir Henry Clinton*, Holmes Herbert; *Aide to Sir Henry Clinton*, Colin Tapley; *Colonel Hoffer*, Bert Sprotte; *Aide to Colonel Hoffer*, Reginald Pasch; *A Peddler*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Recruiting Officer*, Harry Schultz; *Orderly*, Paul Kruger; *Uncle*, Winter Hall; *Corporal*, Hans Von Moorhart; *Little Boy*, George Billings; *Little Boy's Mother*, Ricca Allen.

"READY FOR LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Roy Flanagan. Screen play by J. P. McEvoy and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Marigold Tate*, Ida Lupino; *Julian Barrow*, Richard Arlen; *Golly Tate*, Marjorie Rameau; *Joey Burke*, Trent Durkin; *Mrs. Burke*, Beulah Bondi; *Judge Pickett*, Henry Travers; *Aunt Ida*, Esther Howard; *Mr. Chester Burke*, Ralph Remley; *Sam Gardner*, Charles E. Arnt; *Caleb Hooker*, Charles Sellon; *Milkman*, Irving Bacon; *Stage Doorman*, Burr Caruth; *Mrs. Thompson*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Black*, Eleanor Wesselhoft.

"REDHEAD"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Vera Brown. Adapted by Betty Burbridge. Directed by Melville Burton. The cast: *Ted Brown*, Bruce Cabot; *Dale Carter*, Grace Bradley; *Scoop*, Regis Toomey; *Mr. Brown*, Berton Churchill; *Pasquale*, George Humbert; *Mrs. Pasquale*, Rita Campagna; *Pretty Boy*, Leroy Mason; *Dontertini*, Monte Carter; *Collins*, Jack Mack; *Joe*, Ed Brady; *Landlady*, Bess Stafford; *Rogers*, Addison Page.

"6 DAY BIKE RIDER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Wilfred Simpson*, Joe E. Brown; *Phyllis Jenkins*, Maxine Doyle; *Clinton Hemmings*, Frank McHugh; *Harry St. Clair*, Gordon Westcott; *Col. Jenkins*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Pop O'Ilara*, Wm. Granger; *Mrs. Jenkins*, Lottie Williams; *Uncle Ezra*, Lloyd Neal; *St. Clair's wife*, Dorothy Christy; *Town marshal*, Ralph Remlay.

"STUDENT TOUR"—M-G-M.—From the story by George Seaton, Arthur Bloch and Samuel Marx. Screen play by Ralph Spence and Philip Dunne. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Hank*, Jimmy Durante; *Lippincott*, Charles Butterworth; *Ann*, Maxine Doyle; *Bobby*, Phil Regan; *Liliith*, Florine McKinney; *Mushy*, Douglas Fowley; *Jeff*, Monte Blue; *Cayenne*, Betty Grable; *Mary Lou*, Fay McKenzie; *Jakie*, Bobby Gordon; *Dolores*, Mary Loos; *Peggy*, Pauline Brooks; *Hercules*, Herman Brix; *Nelson Eddy*, by himself; *Dance Team*, Florence and Alvarez.

"SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Michael Kane. Adapted by Marian Orth. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The cast: *Ellery Cushing*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Cushing*, Lucille Gleason; *Phil*, Russell Hopton; *Ruth*, Gloria Shea; *Bob*, William Janney; *Geary*, Jameson Thomas; *Tommy*, George Breakston; *Blair*, Richard Tucker; *Flinley*, Clarence Wilson; *Radical Speaker*, Francis McDonald.

"365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD"—FOX.—Based on the book by James Starr. Screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Jimmie Dale*, James Dunn; *Alice Perkins*, Alice Faye; *Percy*, Frank Mitchell; *Clarence*, Jack Durant; *Adrian Almont*, John Bradford; *J. Walter Delmar*, Grant Mitchell; *Frank Young*, Frank Melton; *Professor Ellenbogen*, John Qualen.

"TOMORROW'S YOUTH"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Earl Snell. Directed by Charles LaMont. The cast: *Tom Hall*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Hall*, Martha Sleeper; *Jane Holzworth*, John Shea; *Junior Hall*, Dickie Moore; *Tutor*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mary*, Jane Darwell; *Miss Booth*, Barbara Bedford; *Principal*, Harry C. Bradley; *Attorney*, Niles Welch; *Judge*, Edward LeSaint; *Detective*, Paul Hurst.



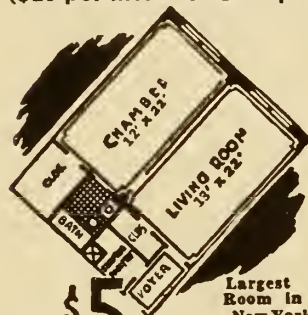
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"TRAIL BEYOND, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Wolf Hunters" by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *Rod Drew*, John Wayne; *George Newsome*, Noah Beery; *Wabi*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Felice*, Verna Hillie; *Marie*, Iris Lancaster; *LaRocque*, Robert Fraser; *Benoit*, Earl Dwire; *Ryan*, Ed Parker.

"WEDNESDAY'S CHILD"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Leopold Atlas. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Bobby Phillips*, Frankie Thomas; *Ray Phillips*, Edward Arnold; *Kathryn Phillips*, Karen Morley; *Howard*, Robert Shayne; *Louise*, Shirley Grey; *Georgie*, Howard Leeds; *Alfred*, Wesley Giraud; *Herbert*, Julius Molnar; *Lenny*, Richard Quine; *Joie*, John Roberts; *Martha*, Elsa Jannsen; *Dr. Sterling*,

Richard Barbee; *Miss Chapman*, Mona Bruns; *Chic*, David Durand; *Proctor*, Tom Franklin.

"WE LIVE AGAIN"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy. Adapted by Preston Sturges, Maxwell Anderson and Leonard Praskins. The cast: *Katusha Maslova*, Anna Sten; *Prince Dmitri Nekhlyudov*, Fredric March; *Missy Korichagin*, Jane Baxter; *Prince Korichagin*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Princess Korichagin*, Mary Forbes; *Aunt Marie*, Ethel Griffies; *Aunt Sophie*, Gwendolyn Logan; *Matrona Pavlova*, Jessie Ralph; *Simonson*, Sam Jaffe; *Theodosia*, Cecil Cunningham; *Koroblova*, Jessie Arnold; *The Red Head*, Fritz Ridgeway; *The Colonel*, Morgan Wallace; *Tikhon*, Davison Clark; *Kartinkin*, Leonid Kinsky; *Botchkova*, Dale Fuller; *Judge*, Michael Visaroff; *Judge*, Edgar Norton.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox

THIS story fails to live up to its glamorous locale. Jimmy Dunn is a has-been director who teaches acting in a phony dramatic school run by Grant Mitchell. Finding a backer, Jimmy turns producer, makes a wow of a picture (not this one) and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant, ice men with movie yearnings, are bright spots. Frank Melton, John Bradford, adequate.

THE LEMON DROP KID—Paramount

WHEN Lee Tracy talks fast in race-track lingo, you can understand him. But when he pulls the sob-stuff, he's out of line. Some Damon Runyon flavor has been retained in this film about a tout going straight for marriage and a baby—but it's somewhat melo in spots. Helen Mack is charming; William Frawley turns in a prize performance. Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE—Monogram

WITH the aid of his prospective son-in-law, meek William Collier becomes philosopher of the air, bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason as the befuddled wife and Russell Hopton as the son-in-law, superb. Gloria Shea, William Janney, splendid. A homey but worthwhile picture.

THE DUDE RANGER—Fox

THIS trite story is hindered by amateurish acting and unnatural dialogue. George O'Brien visits the Arizona ranch inherited from an uncle, discovers who has been stealing his cattle, and falls in love with Irene Hervey. If you enjoy hissing villains and cheering heroes, you may like this. Leroy Mason, Sid Saylor and Henry Hall.

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot

IF you want to see a war story, you'll like this one, for it is all action, with some good flying and air combat scenes. Two pals, dashing debonair Ben Lyon (an American) and idealistic James Bush (a German) join the air corps of the German army, and both fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. An earnest preaching against war.

THE MYSTIC HOUR—Progressive

FROM middle-aged Montagu Love as leading man to Charles Hutchison as the villainous guard-eeen who tries to gyp Lucille Powers, his

love-lee ward, out of her dough, it's a scream. There are the crookedest crooks 'n' the fight-iest fights 'n' people running under trains 'n' jumping off cliffs 'n', oh just about everything imaginable. Strange they forgot the custard pies, though.

THE LAST WILDERNESS— Jerry Fairbanks Prod.

UNCONCERNED with the sensational and melodramatic, this is one of the most effective animal pictures ever seen. It shows authentic, natural scenes of wild animal life typical of our country, and features Howard Hill, who uses a bow and arrow with deadly skill. A grand shot is where the party dug away the snow and photographed a hibernating bear, asleep, with her two cubs romping around in the warm cave.

REDHEAD—Monogram

GRACE BRADLEY doesn't believe in the old adage of never marrying a man to reform him, for she does just that and it works. When Bruce Cabot is disowned by his father, Grace marries him and signs an agreement with the father, Berton Churchill, to reform the boy in exchange for \$10,000 and a divorce. Grace then trades in her new husband's roadster for a hamburger wagon, Bruce gets a job, and she remains his wife.

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.

HERE is a crook melodrama, enlivened by the engaging presence of Robert Donat and the unusual beauty of Pearl Argyle. That it is not a top-hole production is due to the fact that the script holds little or no suspense. Everybody knows that when the young bank clerk steals the money to go to London and live, he will meet a beautiful maiden, be conked over the head with a revolver, and despite it all will come out the victor over everything.

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram

THE picture begins dully and then gets into the habit thoroughly, in spite of the valiant efforts of little Dickie Moore and the interesting performance of Martha Sleeper. John Miljan is the erring husband whose philandering with Gloria Shea results in separation from his wife, near tragedy for their son, and a final reconciliation after a fantastic courtroom scene.

THE TRAIL BEYOND—Monogram

SUPPOSEDLY a rough and ready Western, this isn't rough enough and it certainly isn't ready to meet the entertainment demands of any audience. Beautifully photographed, the scenery is simply gorgeous, and the actors out front are John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer and others.

THE BRIDE OF THE LAKE—
Amer-Anglo Prod.

A PLEASANT little romance set against a background of Irish country life. John Garrick gives a satisfactory performance as the nobleman in love with a peasant girl (Gina Malo). Stanley Holloway is a convincing *Father O'Flynn*, singing many an Irish ballad.

The World Is Yours, Mr. Donat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

which appears to combine a romantic spirit with virility of character.

"He has the quiet dignity of the gentleman with an intellectual turn of mind. Withal, he has sufficient of the ideal romantic personality of youth to prove a most colorful and admirable figure on the screen.

"As for his acting, I can only point to his performance as *Edmond Dantes*. He is a very capable actor, not yet thirty, backed by a foundation of splendid British stage experience. Besides, he is thoroughly conscientious in his work and properly ambitious."

Why and how was this player, unknown to Hollywood, ever selected for such an important rôle?

This was our next question to fire at the director.

"TWO years previously, in England, I had directed young Donat in a picture called 'That Night in London.' At that time he revealed such promising screen qualifications that I made up my mind to bring him to Hollywood at the first opportunity. As a matter of fact, I tried to persuade Bob to try his luck over here at that time, but his heart was really with the London stage, where he had won success. He felt, too, that he needed more experience."

(Donat also rejected a golden opportunity to come to Hollywood to play the leading rôle opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," the rôle in which Fredric March was to score one of his finest acting hits.)

Lee resumed: "But after we had tested nearly every available romantic actor for the Count, I suggested to Producer Edward Small that we study Donat's performance as *Thomas Culpepper*, who was *Henry the Eighth's* rival for *Katherine Howard's* affections. Anyone who saw his superb performance in that rôle, with Charles Laughton in that fine British picture, will understand why we immediately cabled him an offer, through Alexander Korda, in London."

The new screen idol stands six feet in height, weighs approximately one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and is slender but rugged in appearance.

He keeps himself fit, being somewhat of an athlete.

"WHILE we all worked hard making 'Monte Cristo,' we had our share of fun, too," said Lee. "Bob supplied most of it. Between scenes, particularly during a long and exhausting day, actors often relax by sleeping for a few minutes where best they can. But it remained for Bob to pull a new one. He simply plopped down on the floor of the stage, elevated his feet against a wall or rested them at a thirty degree angle on anything handy, and dozed peacefully. The posture affords complete relaxation. In fact, within a week Bob had the custom so well established that

the prop men were kept busy dusting off floors so the actors could relax his way between scenes.

"We never failed to get a laugh out of the funny pronunciations the various members of the working crew gave Bob's name. They called him everything from Do-nay to Doughnut. Finally, they all decided on Doughnut, and let it go at that. At the end of the picture the crew got a huge box from the actor. It was filled with freshly baked doughnuts. The card read:

"To my friends—I hope I'm as good acting as these are eating."

(For the benefit of picture-goers who may be puzzled over the proper pronunciation of his name, it is really pronounced Doan-at.)

The Donats began as Donatellos in Italy, Van Donats in Germany, and finally Donats in France and England. The paternal Donats have resided in England for only half a century.

Robert was born in Manchester, March 18, 1905, and made his stage début at the age of seven. In late years he has played on the London stage with such artists as Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel, Herbert Marshall and Hugh Williams.

Both Rowland Lee and Robert Donat got a great kick out of having one of the notable *Monte Cristos* of yesterday in a rôle in the new film. I speak of William Farnum.

While Farnum did not play *Edmond Dantes* in a motion picture, he was runner-up to James O'Neill, Eugene O'Neill's father, in the number of times he played the title rôle on the stage.

"BILL FARNUM and I were swapping reminiscences of the theater days," Lee said. "In the play, O'Neill as *Dantes* stood on a rock in the ocean after his escape, and shouted:

"The world is mine!"

"I can still recall the thrilling picture of Hobart Bosworth, some twenty-one years ago, standing on a rock in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Santa Monica, shouting before a silent film cameraman—probably to the deep awe and amazement of the few natives gathered around:

"The world is mine!"

"Twelve years ago, my old friend John Gilbert made his reputation in the second silent film version.

"In presenting the first talking picturization of 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' we do not picture *Edmond Dantes* on the rock, as the scene was conceived by O'Neill for stage effect.

"But, even though Robert Donat hasn't had the opportunity to stand upon the traditional rock and shout that glorious speech, I hope our picture audiences will shout across the sea:

"The world is yours—Bob."

"Come on back to Hollywood."

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**Cal York's Monthly
Broadcast from
Hollywood**

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NOBODY knows why there is a feud between Sir Guy Standing and his brother Wyndham. But, it seems that Wyndham is all hot and bothered over rumors that the feud is to be patched up!

OTTO KRUGER will look before he leaps in the future. In a hurry to attend a preview of one of his pictures, Otto parked his car next to the theater, in what he thought was a parking lot. But when Otto came out to get his car, the man in attendance informed him it had been sold. It seems Otto had mistaken a second-hand car lot for a parking station. After much quibbling and telephoning about, Otto secured a release on his car and in the future will remember the difference between a parking lot and a second-hand car place.

JIMMY CAGNEY stopped his car at a corner where two youngsters were battling. One of them was down. "Hey there," yelled Jimmy, "you can't hit him when he's down!" "What do you think I got him down for?" the winner hollered back.

WELL, we can't think what things are coming to when Ted Healy sends to London for three new stooges. Can it be that he has worn out all the domestic ones? Not only that, but the new trio actually gave a *command* performance for the crowned heads. Do you suppose the stooges realize they are the ones who will get crowned over here?

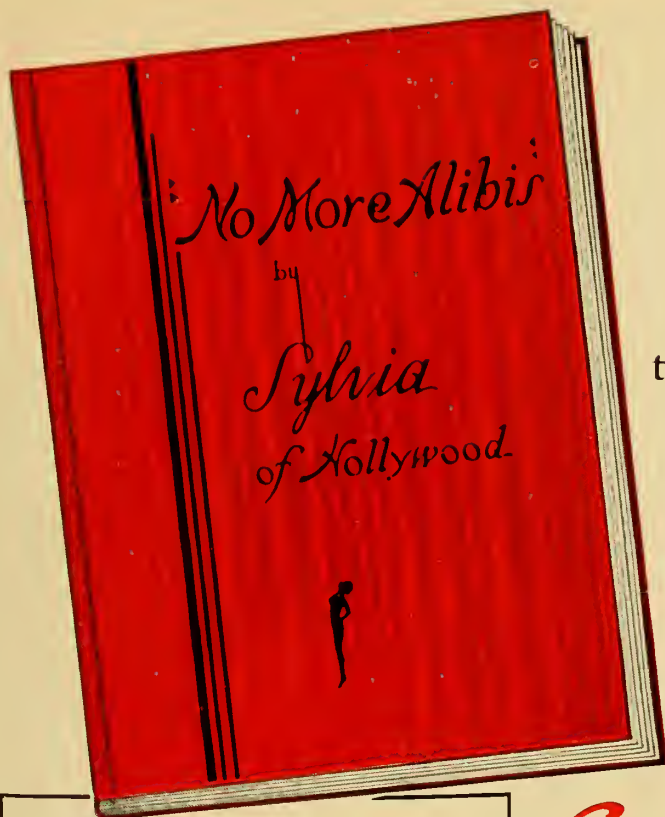
LET me warn you in advance if you have any screen aspirations, that the way you walk, sit down and take off your hat counts more than just having a lovely face.

In fact, the first thing Cecil B. DeMille asks of a newcomer applying for a rôle in a DeMille picture, is to take off her hat. In this manner he judges the poise of a girl, when she removes her bonnet. If she fusses too much with her hair, he is inclined to be prejudiced as to her poise. And a movie star without poise is not to be thought of. So try removing your hat with nonchalance before trying out for the movies, girls.

JOAN CRAWFORD was looking Jaround in a local gift shop. One of the saleswomen came up to her and said, "Miss Crawford, a lady is selecting something for a friend's sixth wedding anniversary. Do you know what it calls for?" "Anything over a year," replied Joan, with feeling, "calls for gold!"

JIMMY DURANTE arrived at the M-G-M studios the other day looking sad and dejected. "It's my new suit," he explained. "My wife made me buy it and I'm so uncomfortable I could die. If someone would just drop a cigarette on me or something so it wouldn't feel so new. Am I dejected?"

An hour or two later, Jimmy was beaming from ear to ear. "It's okay now," he cried. "I feel swell. I just tore my new suit on a nail. Boy, do I feel wonderful!"



Sylvia

Famous Beauty Expert
REVEALS
 the **BEAUTY SECRETS**
 of the Glamorous Stars
 of **Hollywood**
 AND
Broadway

Sylvia of Hollywood

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 THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

needs no introduction. This famous beauty expert, known from coast to coast for her remarkable beauty and health treatments, has now made it possible for you to secure all the beauty secrets for which the notables of the stage and screen have willingly paid fabulous sums.

A glance through the contents of this unusual book as listed in the panel to the left will quickly convince you that Madame Sylvia has left nothing unsaid in giving the women of America a most complete and thorough treatise on the subject of health and beauty.

The woman who wants to reduce will find a simple treatment for taking off five, ten or fifteen pounds while, on the other hand, the woman who considers herself too slender will learn how to add the additional pounds she so desires, and still maintain the proportions that will give her a very trim and attractive figure.

"No More Alibis" tells in detail every single one of Madame Sylvia's beauty secrets—it is written in frank, simple style—the instructions are so easy to follow that you can carry them out to the utmost detail right in the privacy of your own home. The exercises are fully explained with photographs, and the diets are accompanied by complete directions. In short, Madame Sylvia shows you how to overcome every physical defect, how to improve your figure, how to acquire grace, poise and charm, how to make your skin beautiful and your eyes sparkle.

PHOTOPLAY has made it possible for you to procure this amazing compact volume of priceless beauty and health secrets that have contributed so much to the success of the famous women of Hollywood and Broadway. It can be yours for the small amount of only one dollar. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail the coupon.

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"Keeping on the go is easy now"

says MISS MIMI RICHARDSON

Luncheons, teas, dinners, dances — through crowded days a débutante must be gay, vivacious, at her best all the time.

"I can dance all night long and never feel tired if I smoke a Camel now and then," says Miss Mimi Richardson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Courtlandt Richardson of New York, who was voted the most popular débutante of the season.

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Miss Richardson's Bergdorf-Goodman gown is golden beige satin; the quilted wrap is full-length







