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PHOTOPLAY

U.S.E.

JULY

25 CENTS

30 Cents in Canada



HELEN
HAYES

\$1500.00 in Cash Prizes IN THIS
ISSUE

BE "Mouth-Happy"



THE OFFICE? Who cares! Shopping to do? Who cares! Just lazing around on a stolen afternoon... and smoking Spuds. Spud's gentle menthol-coolness does to fragrant tobacco what a bit of a breeze does to the midsummer sun.

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What a **FOOL** She is!



Spends HOURS ON HER HAIR . . . BUT NEVER HAS A

MOMENT FOR HER TEETH AND GUMS . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

THIS young lady is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums? To pass inspection—you *must* have healthy gums and bright teeth.

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For "pink tooth brush" may lead to

serious troubles of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even the dread pyorrhea. And it is a constant threat to the *good-looks* of your teeth.

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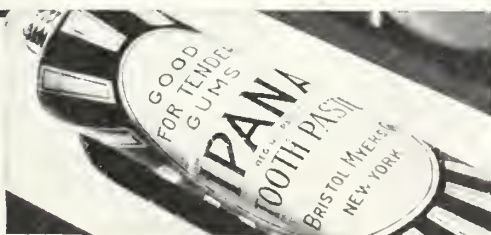
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Restore to your gums the stimulation

they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or tooth brush.

Buy a full-size tube of Ipana—today. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will be brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

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W. COTTON



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MARION DAVIES...

an absolutely bewitching creature in PEG O' MY HEART!

When J. Hartley Manners wrote the stage play he asked for a lot...a child of the sea and the sun whose natural charm was so great that sophisticated London society would fall down and worship her. In M-G-M-Cosmopolitan's screen version Marion Davies is the very elfin creature that Manners must have dreamed about..."Peg O' My Heart" is a sensitive and beautiful production by Robert Z. Leonard, from an adaptation by Francis Marion.

★ The reproduction above of an original pointing of Marion Davies by William Cotton is the third of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 2

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

July, 1933



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"



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On the cover—Helen Hayes—Painted by Earl Christy

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Bigger stars—more gorgeous girls—more song hits—more lavish spectacle. Of course you'll see it! With

**WARREN WILLIAM • ALINE MacMAHON
RUBY KEELER • JOAN BLONDELL
GINGER ROGERS • DICK POWELL
GUY KIBBEE and Many Others**

Directed by MERVYN LEROY



THE GLORIES OF "42nd STREET" WITH

DIGGERS OF 1933



The Audience Talks Back

THE \$25 LETTER

During these difficult times I found I had only one dollar a week to spend on amusements, travel, etc. As one dollar would not pay club fees, bridge teas, etc., I gave them up and decided to use the money for movies and traveling—yes traveling. I travel by my own power downtown to a show four times a week to an early matinee and see the best for twenty-five cents. A distance of eight miles. That multiplied by four makes a very good walk each week for a woman of fifty-nine.

The walk now is nothing to me. I come in as peppy as I go out.

MRS. B. H. BRUCE, Toronto, Ont., Can.

THE \$10 LETTER

AT BEST	AT WORST
	MARLENE DIETRICH
An angel with a past.	Form without substance.
	GRETA GARBO
A sunlit fjord.	Venus with neuralgia.
	MIRIAM HOPKINS
Scandal whispered in church.	A cocktail without ice.
	LESLIE HOWARD
A poet selling bonds.	A bond salesman writing poetry.
	GEORGE RAFT
Pimientos and olives.	An Eighth Avenue barber shop.
	ANNA MAY WONG
Buddha winking.	Sandalwood incense in Woolworth's.

CHARLES B. NELSON, New York, N. Y.

THE \$5 LETTER

Being the oldest sister of nine fatherless children I learned social etiquette mostly through the school of hard knocks, so I decided to help the younger members of the family. My mother and I planned to try movies. The children were thrilled with the idea being taught and entertained at the same time. It was delightfully surprising to see how fast they learned. Now they do and say easily and unconsciously the things that I learned through embarrassing situations.

R. F. SEAMOR, Tacoma, Wash.

RUBY'S STILL "WOWING 'EM"

After the recent releases featuring gigantic apes, lion men, waxen mummies and murder *a la carte*, "42nd Street" came as a great relief.

When you come down to brass tacks, there is one sure way to pep up a weary audience, a way that has pleased the tired business man—and others—for many years, and that is a group of pretty girls, some snappy music, good dancing and a few colorful scenes. Ruby Keeler demonstrates that Al Jolson has something to sing about besides his mammy.

HELEN M. WATSON, Concord, N. H.

Ruby Keeler is like a buoyant breath of spring air, after the exotic perfume of a Hepburn or Crawford. She conforms to no accepted formula for a heroine. Glamorous, sophisticated, beautiful, clever—it is evident that the usual glib adjectives do not apply. She is natural and individual.

If there ever was a time when the average American girl was the self-sufficient, artificial creature the movies made her out, Ruby Keeler has opened the way for a new era of individualism.

ESTHER M. SPORE, Oberlin, Ohio

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.



Not in years has a newcomer swept to such instant, widespread acclaim as did dainty Ruby Keeler with her "42nd Street." Perhaps this picture, showing her flashing humor and unspoiled sweetness, will help explain her swift rise to fame

NEW plays, new players, new favorites—how the kaleidoscopic scene shifts! But one favorite is still at high tide—dainty Ruby Keeler, who still dominates the mail.

"The White Sister" has provoked new encomiums for Helen Hayes, and revived the perennial *pro* and *anti* Gable debate. Joan Crawford's "Today We Live" will come in for universal attention, while, of course, "Cavalcade" is at peak. And how Baby LeRoy "wowed" them in Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story"!

But the most interesting fact of all, is seeing what discriminating audiences we have. Movies for idle enjoyment seem a thing of the past; our readers are thinking, studying what they want, more than ever before, and speaking their minds plainly about what they decide. With producers awake to this as they are, this is bound to give us the finest movies in years.

WHO CAN HELP?

I wish to get in touch with every movie Fan Club in the United States, but do not know where I can obtain a list. Is it possible for PHOTOPLAY to print this list in its next issue?

MAY REILLY, 424 E. 57th St., New York City

NOW THAT GARBO'S BACK—

In your April PHOTOPLAY, I read the story by Amelia Cummings about Garbo. It was extremely interesting, except—I disagree entirely on Miss Cummings' opinion of high school students and their preference for sweet girlish heroines. Heaven forbid!

We want Garbo as she is, as only she can be: "Glamorous!" She is our ideal. We love her and are waiting discontentedly till she returns to us.

Oh, please Mr. Producer, don't change our beloved into one of us. It is because she is unusual that we can escape from our uncolorful school surroundings.

JEANNE BENDELL, Norfolk, Nebr.

You can be sure I bought the April number of PHOTOPLAY with its two splendid articles, "Is the Garbo Rage Over?" and "What is This Thing Called 'X'?"

As far as I am concerned, the "Garbo rage" will never be over. Garbo has something that no other actress—not even Hepburn, Crawford or Dietrich, the other "X" girls—can ever possess.

I agree with the writer of this article that Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins are potential "X" girls; but Sylvia Sidney seems too sweet, too colorless, to have this quality. In her place, I'd substitute Constance Bennett, who is certainly slow-moving enough to qualify.

ROBIN MARSH, Syracuse, N. Y.

Your April issue asks what we suppose it thinks is a daring question: "Is the Garbo Rage Over?"

Here at last, we said, is someone who has courage to tell the truth.

But instead of a clear cut statement to the affirmative, there is paragraph after paragraph of evasion.

Garbo of the "silents" was really an illusion, mysterious, strange and fascinating. But then came the microphone. Garbo hurled her harsh, brittle tones at a surprised audience and the spell was broken.

If only she could realize that one must seek joy and accept sorrow to understand life, to acquire that mellow, rich personality that makes Marie Dressler great.

It takes more than cleverness to make an actress.

GENE MASTERSON, Bryn Mawr, Penna.

CANADA ON "CAVALCADE"

"Cavalcade"—what a marvelous picture! We, as British subjects, are obliged to take off our hats to the producers of "Cavalcade." Any company that is diplomatic enough to produce a picture revealing the history of another country, without a trace of sarcasm, ridicule or prejudice, deserves the salute of the nation represented.

Each member of the cast gave outstanding performances, but this only goes to signify that Britain produces the players, but it takes American companies to do them justice.

VICTORIA DONOVAN, Toronto, Can.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

**Meet Alma Mammy
and
Her Hotcha Pappy!**

Here's dear old "Whoosis" set to gay music!

Here's college... as a pink-kneed rhapsody of kissable co-eds know it... but dare not tell it!

Here's a picture with no long underwear, but plenty of campus life in the raw, raw, raw!



College Humor

A Paramount Picture with

**BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
MARY CARLISLE
JACK OAKIE
GEORGE GRACIE
BURNS & ALLEN**

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (March)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG GAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (March)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

★ **CAVALCADE**—Fox.—"Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (March)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (March)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COLENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Monogram.—Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (March)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

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will be shared with you for correct answers to **MOVIE MUDDLES**

Here's your big chance to take part in an absolutely new type of prize contest. More fascinating than jig saw puzzles ever were.

For "Muddles," directions, and rules, turn to pages 32 and 33, this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

And start to win right now!

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (March)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing run-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eye-ful. (April)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (March)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Outpoints all previous revues. Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. You must see this! (March)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (April)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (March)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (March)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

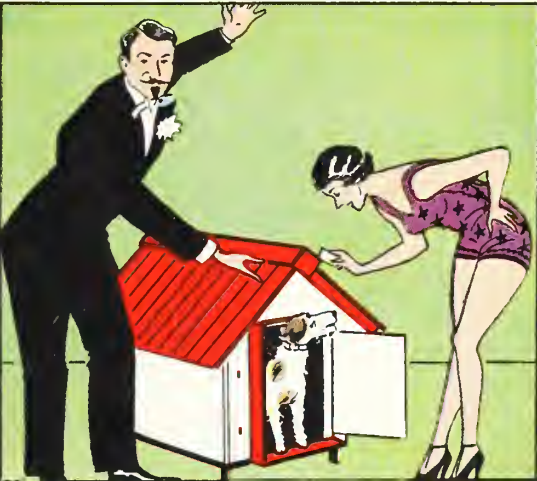
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

SPECIAL TODAY
Live Dog
from an Empty Kennel



I SAW A MAGICIAN BUILD A DOG KENNEL LAST NIGHT AND MAKE A REAL DOG JUMP OUT OF IT!

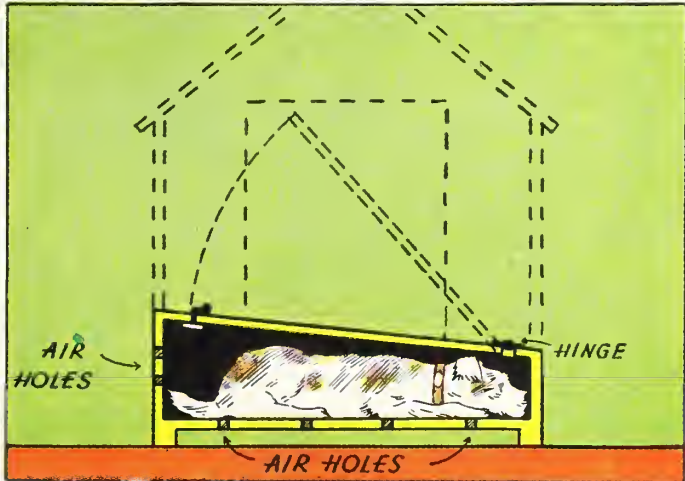
HERE'S WHAT HE SAW
 THE MAGICIAN ERECTED A KENNEL ON SMALL PLATFORM SHOWING THE AUDIENCE EVERY SECTION OF THE DOG HOUSE AS HE INSTALLED IT. MAGICIAN WHISTLED AND OUT POPPED A DOG.



WANT TO KNOW HOW HE DID IT?

YES — IF YOU KNOW.

THE DOG WAS INSIDE THE PLATFORM ALL THE TIME. WHEN THE KENNEL IS BUILT THE MAGICIAN PULLS A CATCH IN THE FLOOR AND THE DOG JUMPS OUT.



HAVE A CIGARETTE?

NO THANK YOU. MY THROAT DOESN'T LIKE THAT KIND.



WHY, I THOUGHT THESE WERE THE BEST KIND FOR THE THROAT.

LISTEN, YOU MAY KNOW DOG KENNEL TRICKS BUT YOU CERTAINLY ARE KIDDING YOURSELF ABOUT YOUR CIGARETTES. REAL THROAT-EASE COMES FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. HAVE A CAMEL!



THIS IS EASY ON MY THROAT. I GUESS I'VE BEEN FOOLING MYSELF ABOUT CIGARETTES.

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-IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

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worsted you've ever put your hand to; the subtle blending of Lastex with B.V.D.'s fine yarns; the new B.V.D. Tweed Knit—are but three fabrics in a realm of gorgeous materials. • Write us for the name of the smart shop in your town where you may see them. The B.V.D. Co. Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y. C.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

B.V.D.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SURF SUITS

LEFT: The Brassette—Swim and sun in perfect style in this smartest and least revealing of brassiere swim suits. The ingenious back strap prevents tugging at the waist and unties to assure an even suntan. ★

CENTER: The Cabana—Careful designing gives a beauty of cut and fit second to none in this Perl-Knit suit. The deeply rounded back points up to straps in contrasting color that tie jauntily on the shoulders. ★

RIGHT: The Bolero—A triangle of brightly harmonizing stripes is inserted vestee-fashion in this becomingly backless suit. And its many smart colors—whether gay and daring or subdued—flatter sun-bronzed skin.



LEFT: The Sun Tan—A high, fitted waist, and supple Ripple-Knit with Lostex, give this suit its slender silhouette. The contrasting adjustable strap slips through metal rings in back and ties piquantly on one shoulder. ★

RIGHT: The Sea Nymph—No wonder the simplest of unadorned lines are perennially smart in swim suits when B.V.D. does them so well. This low-back model comes in new and flattering colors.

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM—United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (March)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys." Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (March)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (March)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (March)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (March)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hokey. (April)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (March)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Brits unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (March)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (May)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (March)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 19]

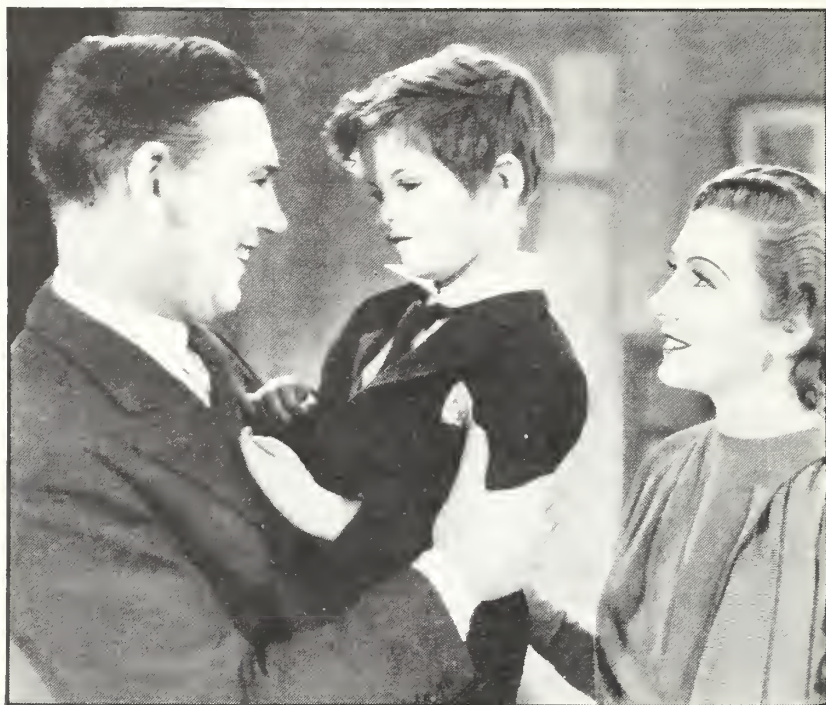
Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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What the Audience Thinks

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"Double rôles" always interest—and most of our readers say Walter Huston did splendidly with a variant of the idea in "Gabriel Over the White House." Here he is as the genial, back-slapping President, with Dickie Moore and Karen Morley. Later—but you might want to see

After having witnessed Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" on the screen, I feel that the movies will do more to bring about a better understanding between nations than anything else. When America undertook to produce thirty-three years of England's history, she did a great deed, proof of which can be seen from the manner in which "Cavalcade" has been received with enthusiasm in so many countries.

Although I am not an American citizen, I say "Thank you, Hollywood, for this magnificent spectacle which you have given the world."

ANTHONY GRAY, Montreal, Can.

HAIL, HELEN!

For ethereal beauty and sheer loveliness Helen Hayes' work in "The White Sister" is the finest seen since Minnie Maddern Fiske. Like the great Fiske, "La Hayes" by the shrug of a shoulder, the lift of a hand, even the arch of an eyebrow, conveys much that others must mouth in words.

True, one might decry the liberties taken with Marion Crawford's chronological sequence. Yet the creation of a vehicle for Helen Hayes' greatest achievement pleads its own exoneration. Not even producers' or directors' skill could have handled the religious scenes with such consummate restraint and emotional depth without an artist like Hayes. Her conceptions embrace all.

EDGAR MORE, Southbridge, Mass.

GABLEGRAMS—PRO AND CON

My hat is off to Clark Gable. Although my favorite for some time, I was rather upset when I heard he had been cast as *Giovanni* in "The White Sister." Just couldn't imagine

him in that rôle. But he more than came through—surpassing in my estimation the work of Ronald Colman, who proved a little too reserved. Clark made the character very sympathetic and I think deserves a rousing cheer for his fine work. Helen Hayes always turns in a splendid performance.

LENORE D. BRADLEY, Lonaconing, Md.

After reading the article or rather the statement of Clark Gable in your May issue, "I'd Do It Again," I can readily see why Clark Gable has made such a hit with the public. He is really in earnest about his pictures, and the way he relates this short sketch of his life's story, and how hard he struggled on to success, is wonderful.

L. E. McCUTCHIN, Quincy, Fla.

I may not get a prize for this letter—and probably many of the fairer sex will think I deserve to burn at the stake, but I am glad of the opportunity to express my candid opinion of that so-called "magnetic and irresistible lover" Clark Gable. I could resist his charms—yes, alone on a desert isle—those dimples on a big, rough he-man!

OLIVE B. PATY, Elizabethton, Tenn.

MABEL STARTED SOMETHING!

In your April issue, the winner of the twenty-five dollar prize states, in effect:

"Aren't we all types, butcher baker and candlestick maker? Then why complain of the typing of favorites?"

I beg to disagree. Admitted we are types, how quickly we can change when life gives us an opportunity to play a different rôle! I once saw a cook become a very passable Park Avenue matron through an advantageous marriage. Therefore, I like and want my

favorites to play a diversity of rôles. That proves they are actors and actresses, does it not?

HUGH J. MCCONVILLE, New York, N. Y.

Was Mabel Argo's winning letter in the April PHOTOPLAY meant to awaken the public's thinking?

I, for one, understand a star's aversion to being "typed." To be able completely to hide one's own type in the creation of an unfamiliar personality proves that the star can really act. If Janet Gaynor could play a dual rôle in one cinema, what paens of praise would be sung about her!

The great Garbo, because of her varied rôles, is a person of mystery. We wonder what type she really is in private life. We don't need much imagination to picture the real personality of the star who is paraded in feature after feature kindly to the star's type.

MYRTLE WARNER, Belmont, Calif.

Movie producers are too fond of "types." For example, Garbo in "As You Desire Me," or Crawford in "Rain." Two versatile and interesting players. But the little mannerisms, the tricks of speech and expression, were essentially Greta or Joan. In comparison take Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." While that picture lasted there was no Helen Hayes. You were watching the thrilling, tragic life of *Madelon* herself.

Garbo and Crawford are grand, but they need to get away from themselves for a while.

P. FRY, Toronto, Can.

A NEW STAR?

Yes, I have my favorites and many of them, too, but never before did I sing their praises to PHOTOPLAY. However, the stellar performance of Franchot Tone prompts this letter. What a splendid actor! His work in "Today We Live" ranks high above the others. Yes, I enjoyed Joan and Gary. Only Joan is a wee bit too tragic; her face a little too stark and startling.

But the friendship between Tone and his "pal" in "Today We Live"; I can never forget it. I think I shall always remember Franchot with his pipe between his teeth, his rare, illuminating smiles, his short, clipped speech, and, oh just everything about him!

PHYLLIS N. LATHAM, Pittsburgh, Penna.

READING THE RIDDLE OF HEPBURN

I have never had my opinion of a person change so suddenly as it did while watching Katharine Hepburn.

She had many qualities which I didn't like. She seemed awkward and had a terribly coarse voice. But after watching her for some time I was crazy about her.

She seems to be a person who is made attractive to other people by emphasizing all of her worst qualities.

MARY M. ROBINSON, Petersburg, Va.

What is this Hollywood influence? Katharine Hepburn is a perfectly normal, healthy girl on the stage, as mysterious as you or I. Then, Hollywood—and look at her—hollow cheeks, all bones, no flesh, staring eyes. Here is another lovely girl gone Garbo on us.

Miss Hepburn, please be natural on the screen as well as off. And please put on some weight. Otherwise, you are charming and very interesting.

YVONNE LASSUS, New York, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Need new shoes
again, eh?

Yes—and I've
saved the \$3
to buy them



This modern tooth paste polishes teeth to sparkling whiteness —but never scratches

Next time you look into a mirror, ask yourself if your teeth are as beautifully white as you'd like them to be . . . if that 40 or 50-cent tooth paste you're using is worth the money . . . if you wouldn't better pay 25 cents and polish away that dullness and yellowness with safe, pleasant-tasting Listerine Tooth Paste.

And next time "baby needs a new pair of shoes"—or a new pair of rompers or a new sweater or what-not—ask yourself if \$3 or so saved on tooth paste wouldn't come in handy!

It's a simple case of common sense and arithmetic. You couldn't get anything better for your teeth and gums, at *any* price, than Listerine Tooth Paste. The Listerine name is your guarantee of that! But luckily the price is 25 cents—or about \$3 less, in a year, than the cost of any dentifrice worthy of being mentioned in the same breath.

So why not try a tube? You'll like the taste. And the new cleansing and polishing agent contained in this superior dentifrice will brighten your teeth amazingly. Being *harder* than the tartar that clings to the teeth, this ingredient swiftly removes it, together with tobacco stain and all other discoloration. But since it is *softer* than the tooth enamel, it cannot scratch or harm the surface of the teeth in any way.

Note how your teeth glisten and sparkle after you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel. Note the pleasing, exhilarating sensation throughout your entire mouth. And buy yourself something you need with that three dollars you save! Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

25¢
For the
Big Tube



See what you
can buy with the
\$3 you save

Here are just a few of the things \$3 will buy. And you can save that much simply by changing to Listerine Tooth Paste!

HANDKERCHIEFS, HAT, or HOSE; SWEATER, GLOVES, or KNICKERS; PYJAMAS, or UNDERWEAR; BATHROBE, or RAINCOAT; COLLARS, or MUFFLER; SNEAKERS; MOCCASINS; HOUSE SLIPPERS, or SHOES; RUBBERS, or GALOSHES; BELT, SUSPENDERS, and GARTERS (all 3); OVERALLS or LUMBER JACKET; one or two DRESS SHIRTS; NECKTIES, SHIRTS, or CUFF LINKS; SPARK PLUGS, TIRE CHAINS, or JACK; SPOTLIGHT, or TAIL and STOP LIGHT; a HORN, or BRAKE BANDS; AUTO CLOCK, or INNER TUBE; 20 GALLONS OF GASOLINE.

AND IT MAKES THE BREATH SWEETER

Movie-Goers All Over the World



When two such players as Helen Hayes and Clark Gable are cast in a picture like "The White Sister," there's bound to be nation-wide comment. There was—with a wide variety of views, and most of the argument centering about Clark in the rôle

THAT PERFECT "MAEDCHEN"

I pronounce "Maedchen in Uniform" the most perfect motion picture that has yet graced the American screen.

Gentle Dorothea Wieck's classic beauty haunts one for months, and her unassuming grace and intensity make Garbo and Crawford seem rather gauche. Flaxen-haired, demure Hertha Thiele is incomparably lovely. By comparison the posturing winsomeness of a Gaynor or a Nixon appears quite absurd. The cast, from the domineering, heartless principal to the last giggling, hysterical school girl, is immeasurably splendid.

FRANKLIN H. KENNEDY, Chicago, Ill.

To me, one of the chief charms of "Maedchen in Uniform" was the naturalness of the girls. Each had her own individual personality, and like any group in real life, there were homely as well as good-looking girls.

Our producers would have assembled a cast of flawless beauties for this, and lost half the story's realness—also much of the sympathy.

D. H. CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

"GABRIEL" STIRS THEM

Walter Huston always comes through. It doesn't matter which kind of part he is asked to play, a hero or a villain, he is equally successful with either. In "Gabriel Over the White House" we enjoy him as a hero and a villain in the same picture.

Nobody could be more the genial politician than the *President Hammond* we despised before the auto accident, and nobody more the patriotic statesman than the same character after the transformation.

If there's a better actor in the business than Walter Huston, who is he?

MARSHALL MILLS, Boston, Mass.

The people of this nation are truly indebted to Walter Huston, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and the author for their work in putting "Gabriel Over the White House" before the public. It is the greatest and most dynamic bit of good propaganda ever put forth by any agency, including radio and newspapers.

Incidentally, after seeing "Gabriel Over the White House" I had occasion to walk past the Executive Mansion on my way home. And somehow it did seem quite plausible that the Angel of Revelation has made his presence known to the head of our country.

J. L. NORRIS, Washington, D. C.

After seeing "Gabriel Over the White House" I can truly say that it is the best picture I have seen in years. It not only shows the greatness of the actors and the director, but it gives the people of the United States a very good idea of the greatness of the man we have in our White House today.

I have never written to you before, but after seeing this picture I just couldn't help but let you know how I enjoyed it.

E. B. HARRISON, Lanett, Ala.

JACK VS. GEORGE

I have read "I'm Right, You're Wrong," PHOTOPLAY's story of why George Raft refused, and of how Jack LaRue accepted, the lead in "The Story of Temple Drake."

Raft said: "No woman would ever want to see me in any other rôle if I played it. They'd always remember me as *Trigger* and hate me."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

NO DOZING HERE!

"A Bedtime Story" is anything but—perhaps that is why we enjoyed it so much. Is there anything, anywhere, to equal Maurice's clowning? That swaggering walk when he takes LeRoy for an airing is inimitable and typically "Chevalian." No one else could get away with it—it would be too vulgar. But we only sit and grin at *him*.

Baby LeRoy is a darling and smart enough without their having to fake a "da, da, da," on him, though I'll admit it was cleverly done.

I could go on and rave about the others, but that would take too long and someone might accuse me of "pulling" the show. Come to think of it, I am. It was a darn good show.

LALLA R. LETZ, San Antonio, Texas

The closing of our theaters because of wage disputes almost coincided with the banking holiday declared by the President and subsequent banking restrictions. Thus, when people most needed relaxation and entertainment, the greatest modern source of entertainment and relaxation was taken from them.

This was brought sharply home to me by the troubles of one of my friends, who was frantic over endangered deposits which represented life-time savings. She herself cried, "If only I could go to a movie and forget myself for a few hours I'd feel better."

Cleveland's movie-goers missed their movies so much that many drove twenty-five and thirty miles to neighboring cities to enjoy their favorite recreation.

MARION KELLOGG, Cleveland, Ohio



Three musketeers who, with Gary Cooper, provide the romance, high adventure and pathos of "Today We Live." Joan and Robert Young, of course, you know; but Franchot Tone, at the left, may be new. He's displaying the pipe and smile mentioned in one of the letters we print

Speak Their Minds About Pictures

Now I believe Mr. Raft is wrong about that. I can't see why anyone could hate an actor—whether it be George Raft, Jack LaRue or any other—who to the best of his ability plays the part, even though it is the part of a killer and despicable character.

So I say, Jack LaRue is right.

LUCILE MANGAN, Eustace, Texas

"SCHOOL FOR SCENARISTS"

A play, a novel, a short story all require an attracting, almost startling, beginning to get the attention of the reader or onlooker. The film producers have been displaying excellent taste in the presentations of their pictures today.

An instance—I cannot forget the effects the introductions to two of last year's pictures—"24 Hours" and "Good Sport"—had on me.

Nowadays when one goes into a theater worrying about interest due on notes, the grocery bill, the security of his job, etcetera, he may not realize it, but the introduction does play an outstanding rôle in transferring him to a mood that will make him appreciate and enjoy the production.

MAY HASENFELU, Geneva, Ohio

Repression—the word of the hour!

Two lines with something between them, a suggested thought rather than a spoken one, and an after-theater feeling that here, at last, is a tid-bit to exercise the gray matter and go a long way toward raising the cinema from the level—a little above nadir—set for it by H. L. Mencken.

It's really a simple matter to make a good talkie. Just remember that repression is the motif—not *spression* or *depression*.

MAUD O'BRYAN, New Orleans, La.

TAKE A BOW, WESTERNS!

May I extend a "thank you" to a portion of the moving picture industry rarely mentioned in the pages of magazines by critics or by sophisticated movie-goers? I refer to the Westerns. What would we mothers of small boys do without them?

Parents really are in a difficult position. The productions which we enjoy ourselves are hardly suited to children, and yet we can't deprive the poor youngsters of such entertainment altogether.

And that's where the cowboys come dashing to our rescue!

Westerns may be crude, cheaply-made, naive, but they are clean, wholesome, amusing and exciting without being gruesome. As for ruining the children's taste for better things—nonsense.

Don't boys always go through an adventure story age and then grow up to appreciate Nobel prize winners? My husband admits that the Nick Carter books were his favorite works of art when he was growing up.

MRS. J. WITHERSPOON, Fort Worth, Texas

SCREEN SUCCESS HINT

Screen personalities don't have to have "It." It's "C" or "G" that gives them personality-plus. Will anyone dispute this? Young actors and actresses who wish to make a name for themselves should be sure to select a name beginning with either "C" or "G," and if possible both.

What made Clark Gable rise to sudden fame? His initials, are they not "C" and "G"? Greta Garbo has the strong combination of two "G's." Of the three Bennett sisters, who climbed to greatest heights?, Con-



As the arresting schoolteacher of "Maedchen in Uniform," Dorothea Wieck created a veritable sensation by the artistic perfection of her work. Now that she is in Hollywood, everyone seems agog for news of what she will do to maintain the pace

stance, of course, because her first name begins with "C." The sweethearts of the screen, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell form this combination of "C G." Would Edward G. Robinson have risen to stardom without his middle initial? I doubt it.

GILDA TUCCI, Peekskill, N. Y.

MOVIES WERE NEW TO HER

A hill-billy farm, no money, no radio, barely enough to eat many times, mail twice a month, and terrible loneliness and isolation always. That was my home until about six months ago.

I am twenty years old and until we left our hill and came to live in this city, I had not seen a half dozen picture shows in my whole life.

The last one I had seen was two years ago. I didn't really know how starved my soul was for entertainment and especially the kind of entertainment furnished by the movies, until I had an opportunity to go to see them regularly.

God bless the movies. I say it earnestly and reverently.

POLLY RAYMOND, Parkersburg, W. Va.

CASTS AT THE END

I went to a movie recently to see one of my favorite actresses.

In the picture I noticed two or three players that I have always liked to see play, but never knew their names.

It worried me all through the show, but to both my joy and surprise the names of the cast were shown again at the end of the picture.

Why don't they do this more often?

MRS. C. DOWNEY, Akron, Ohio



Maurice and Helen Twelvetrees seem all captivated by Baby LeRoy—but that's not a circumstance to the way he's capturing audiences. Some do say he steals the show—but then, that's just what the plot was. It's no family scene, either—Helen is just the nurse. But a mighty charming one



Having finished her chore of the moment, Fay Wray cheerfully puts the lid on this part of her day's activity

Modern Jelly Making

STRAWBERRY JAM

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit grind two quarts of ripe berries, or crush completely, one layer at a time, so that each berry is reduced to a pulp. Put sugar and prepared fruit into kettle, mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over very hot fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin and cover. Each recipe makes ten glasses.

Ten Simple Steps Toward Perfection

1. Follow recipe to the minutest detail.
2. Thoroughly wash the fruit.
3. Kettle should be not quite half full of mixture. Large enough to permit full rolling boil. See illus. below.
4. If only half a bottle fruit pectin needed, turn bottle upside down. Hold straight until liquid runs out to exactly half bottle mark. See illus. below.
5. Fire should be hottest possible, in order to reduce cooking time and preserve fruit flavor and color.
6. Remove film, stir and repeat if recipe requires it. It will be helpful to have a bowl of water at hand to rinse spoon.
7. Pour *jelly* directly from saucepan into glasses. *Jams*, however, should be poured from measuring cup so fruit will be evenly distributed. See illus. below.
8. Melt paraffin over hot water while batch is cooking. Use new paraffin for best results. To facilitate pouring, use old coffee or tea pot. See illus. below.
9. Wait until glasses are cool before applying covers.
10. Store in cool, dry place free from dust and mildew.

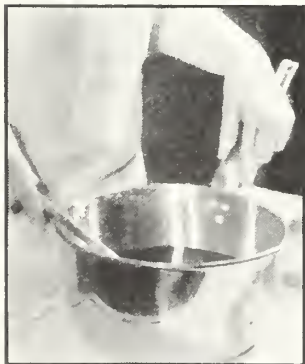
At one time jelly making might well have been considered a chore. But to the modern housewife it is indeed a pleasant and interesting task.

Jams and jellies are made a bit differently. Illustrated below are four important steps in their preparation. Later in this article we shall consider these and many more equally important and modern steps that should be followed if you will improve your jellies and jams.

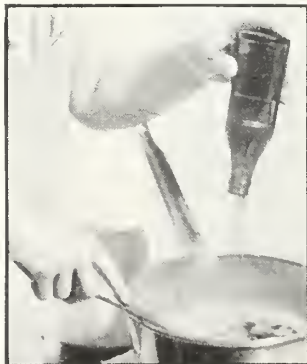
STRAWBERRY JELLY

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice
 $7\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind three quarts of ripe berries. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Put sugar and juice into saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hot fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin and cover.



Fill kettle less than half so as to permit proper boiling



Always use fruit pectin for perfection in jelly making



Proper way to pour jams for even distribution of fruit



Use an old coffee or tea pot for pouring the paraffin

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

"M"—Nerofilm —Based on the Duesseldorff child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M G-M —Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Palette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (March)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lione Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia —While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (March)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (March)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (March)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (March)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (March)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

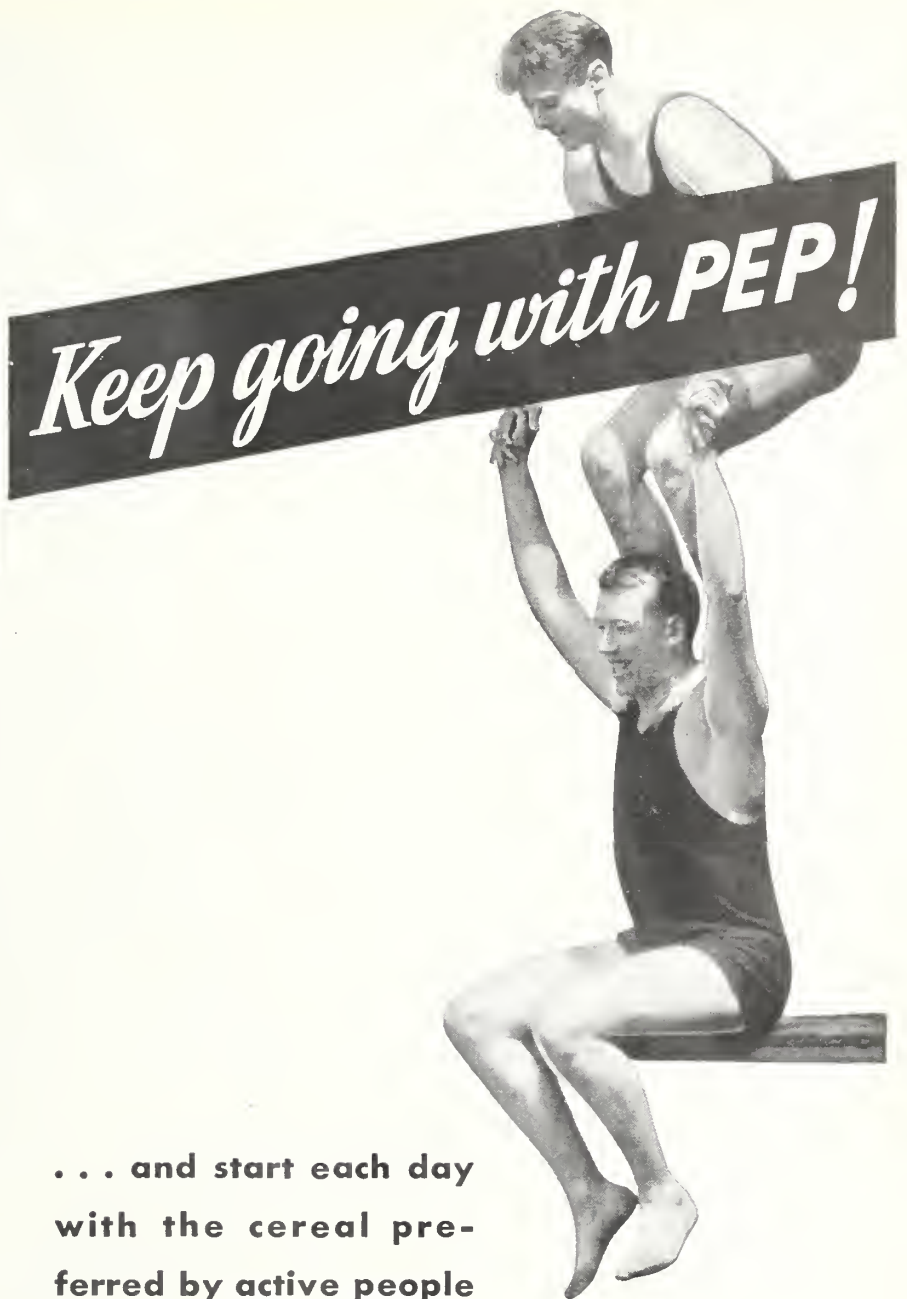
OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at acro-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (March)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked expecta star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



... and start each day
with the cereal pre-
ferred by active people

THERE'S a flavor — a hearty goodness about Kellogg's PEP. It appeals to all active people. It's wholesome wheat . . . flaked and toasted crisp. Delicious with whole milk or cream. Sliced fruit or honey adds wonderful variety.

Countless people enjoy PEP every day. Wheat adds energy to active bodies. Vitamin B. Proteins. Healthful minerals. All these — plus bran! Enough to be mildly laxative.

Enjoy PEP for breakfast, lunch or supper. Always good. Buy a package from your grocer — oven-crisp in the WAXTITE bag. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Remember *Her*?

How
could I forget
her!



Of course she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget. Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you*? Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are

going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be *sure*. For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the *cause* of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can't hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects *at once*. Clinical tests under

medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use *genuine* Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS



Otto Dyar

IF this is the way Janet Gaynor smiled at Henry Garat when she went to see him off at the train, we're not surprised that *Monsieur* left Hollywood raving about its beauties. Now Janet is intriguing Warner Baxter in their latest picture together, "Paddy, The Next Best Thing." Little Miss Gaynor certainly registers strongly with her leading men



Irving Lippman

“ONLY God can make a tree,” sing the radio crooners, but talkies surely made a star of Helen Twelvetrees. They developed her into one of our fairest feminine flowers. Maybe that’s why she spent so many sunny hours in her garden after finishing “A Bedtime Story.” Now Helen is doing “Disgraced,” and how she can play that kind o’ rôle!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WASN'T so long ago Nils Asther left Hollywood because of his speech. But he worked and studied to perfect his English and that's how he shed his heavy accent. Since his return and talkie success, Nils bought a hillside home overlooking the broad country. "Night Flight" is soon to be seen and he's working in "Strange Rhapsody"



Hurrell

LANGUOROUS lady; seductive, exotic—wouldn't you know we were trying to expose just a faint glimpse of what the lovely Jean Harlow can be like when she starts out to do some serious sirening? "Hold Your Man" is her latest production, and the story is as vivid as its intriguing title; Jean's going platinum in more ways than one

Beautifully
Waved
Hair



Set right with Sta-Rite Wave Set
kept right with Sta-Rite Hair Pins!

THE sweep of a wave . . . the wisp of a curl . . . how important they are to the evening's success . . . and pleasure. And how easy they are to have when you use STA-RITE Wave Set. Delicately fragrant, colorless and pure, it leaves your hair soft, lovely and "natural." Use it freely without fear of "wave set dandruff."* Buy it at your favorite store in convenient 15, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

New hair fashions require modern hair pins — common old-fashioned pins just won't do. STA-RITE'S individualized selection offers you three styles, each created to meet a definite hair dressing need. Trust them to keep your wave in place just as you arrange it and comfort yourself with the knowledge that "Sta-Rites won't fall out." At all stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. Shelbyville, Ill.
STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Toronto, Canada



STA-RITE
Dressing Table
Assortment

Contains the complete selection of Sta-Rite pins—Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half round) Bob Pins, Sta-Rite Regular Hair Pins and Sta-Rite Invisible Bobs. You'll want to keep this attractive cellophane wrapped vanity box on your dressing table. Takes care of your hair pin needs for weeks to come and costs only 25c.



* STA-RITE Wave Set will not leave flakes or scales in the hair.

STA-RITE

"Precious Little Aids to Beauty"

Be sure your Beauty Shop uses these Sta-Rite toilet requisites.

“Keeping slim...means keeping our contracts”
 explain **JOAN BLONDELL and WARREN WILLIAM**



Enjoying the “Hollywood Lunch” on the set between the scenes of “Goodbye Again”—the new Warner Brothers production.

How the famous “Hollywood Lunch” has helped stars “keep fit without fat!”

EXCESS WEIGHT carries a terrible price in Hollywood! It can mean not only loss of public popularity, but a cancelled contract, too. Is it any wonder screen stars become practical dieticians?

They know menus! And they eat the foods that build energy, and shun the dishes that add flesh.

Heavy lunches are out!

Visit any studio around noontime. You'll see few stars indulging in a heavy, fattening meal. Stars need pep—not pounds—for the afternoon grind. And they get it with what has become famous in moviedom as the “Hollywood Lunch!”

Here, for example, we see Warren William and Joan Blondell, catching a meal at the Warner-First National studio



between shots of their new picture “Goodbye Again.” What are they lurching on? Just this . . . a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Keep fit with “Hollywood Lunch”

If you want to keep fit, pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest tasting malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk!

Why Borden's is better

Borden's is better because it's richer.

Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And infinitely better-tasting, because every attendant at a soda fountain serving Borden's is instructed, by Borden, how to mix the perfect malted milk!

Have your first “Hollywood Lunch” tomorrow. Note how delicious it is—and how satisfying!

And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy glass jars for home use.

KEEP FIT with the “HOLLYWOOD LUNCH”

... A SANDWICH ... AND A GLASS OF

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

LILIAN HARVEY, wonder woman! No one believed, at first, that she could really do all that the publicity department claimed for her. But she does toe dance, tap dance, walk a tight rope, she competes in long distance swimming meets and fancy diving, rides horseback and stunts while bicycling.

A reporter said: "I believe all but the tight rope walking." So she led him to the music hall on the Fox lot where they had a tight rope and not only did she walk it but she *stunted* on it.

AND, devotees of dieting, what do you think of this? She eats seven meals a day! Yes, seven! The other day in the Fox commissary, she consumed a heavy soup, corn beef, cabbage and boiled potato, a full sized ehicken salad and two orders of apple pie *a la mode*.

At two thirty the same day, she returned between shots for tea, fruit salad and a double order of apple pie *a la mode*.

Gary Cooper says she's the *darndest* woman he ever met. We can't improve on that description.

WAS George Raft smart in refusing to play the rôle of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake"? *Trigger*, you will recall, is the despicable bad man of the picture, portrayed by Jack LaRue.

Undoubtedly, if such a long established actor as Gary Cooper, Clark Gable or Robert Montgomery had been cast for this rôle, there would have been a storm of protest from motion picture theatergoers.

The story, from William Faulkner's novel "Sanctuary," is morbidly sordid. Miss Hopkins' picture vitality is too robust to be seriously damaged by her part as *Temple Drake*. And Jack LaRue is not handicapped by a record of particularly pleasant rôles. He has always done his work well as a more or less sinister type and is a splendid actor. Nevertheless, there is always a line on which it might be wise to pause.

In any event, I doubt that anyone will insist that "The Story of Temple Drake" is entertainment in its best sense.

GRETA GARBO tried to creep into Hollywood via San Diego without being seen. Marlene Dietrich secretly tried to creep out of Hollywood by train and

likewise failed. The world has learned at last that this isn't press-agent stuff. Garbo is really timid of people.

And Dietrich fears America's racketeers. It is safe to prophesy that no screen woman will ever occupy a more exalted place in the eyes of the public than either of these.

Possibly never as high again.

Indeed the twilight of all screen goddesses may be at hand. For is it not possible to foresee in this changing world that the star system, whose downfall has so often been predicted, may come about within the next few years?

And yet Hollywood defies all prophecy.

ACCORDING to *Variety*, of every ten actors in Hollywood only one can find a part during the year.

Records show that of nearly ten thousand—and this included bit players—practically eleven hundred got jobs with the major companies.

And the army of seventeen thousand extras fared far worse.

Directors, too, are on Meager Street. Out of about four hundred recognized ones, a trifle over half actually were in action during the twelve months' period.

Obviously, today, Hollywood offers but a long shot gamble to the newcomer.

NEVER, in the history of motion pictures, has there been such a wholesale dropping of contract players.

Joan Bennett is out, after one more picture at Fox. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Marian Nixon, Nancy Carroll, John Gilbert, Bebe Daniels, and many others, including Tala Birell and Lew Ayres, who are out at Universal no longer have contracts.

It looks like every actor for himself in the future. No matter what you meant to the studio yesterday, it doesn't mean much tomorrow.

And yet, Hollywood's greatest economic pressure is the lack of leading men.

Women stars can't begin their pictures until the few men in demand have finished with the lady ahead of them!

Hollywood, the paradoxical!

WHEN Dorothea Wieck of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame arrived in Hollywood, an American friend said:

"Your English will be much better than ours, for we depend so much on slang."

"Oh, but I slang, too," Dorothea corrected. "Nuts. Ya. See? I told you!"

MOTION pictures are always in the wrong. Just like a child with a stepmother. Either they are too tough, unchaste, horrible, inartistic, or frivolous. Now they are accused of being too serious.

And most of this criticism has come from those people who maintain that picture making is only an industry, whereas they pretend to insist it should be an Art. And don't forget a capital A. They say what the world now needs is a few good laughs.

AS I have pointed out more than once before in these pages, the life represented on the screen is more often than not a reflection of current conditions. Consciously or unconsciously, the producers have followed public psychology—what the great majority are thinking about. And that is art at its best. It has always been so. Comedy is said to be the need of the day. But that is only a half truth, for comedy is the need of all times.

Let the critics go ahead and manufacture comedy if they can. You cannot make people laugh for two hours by waving a wand. That there are not more good comedies on the screen today is not because the producers do not know the great value and need of them. It is because they are so hard to create.

THE phone rang in the M-G-M publicity department. "Please give me Joan Crawford's phone number," said a child's voice.

"Sorry, sonny, but we're not permitted to give out Miss Crawford's number."

"But I gotta thank her for a gift she sent me," the voice persisted.

"We'll be very glad to do it for you."

"No, I wanna do it myself," the child answered.

"Well, we can't give out her number to strangers. That's final."

"Hey, you, I'll have you know me and Joan are good friends."

"Say, who is this, anyway?"

"Jackie Cooper."

THEY wrote the new Connie Bennett story, "Bed of Roses," "on the cuff."

A common Hollywood expression—meaning the company has no script but makes up the story, dialogue and all, as it goes along.

It takes a clever director and clever star to do that. Gregory La Cava did much of "Gabriel Over the White House" in that way. Also, "The Half-Naked

Truth." This time, he had Connie to help him. Luncheon on the set. Dialogue between bites. Working from eight in the morning until midnight. The picture completed, Connie sailed for Honolulu.

Incidentally, Connie always takes a hand in her own direction. Which sometimes sends directors home. Remember Fitzmaurice on "Rockabye"? But La Cava welcomed her help, for this director believes in using all the brains that happen to be around him.

JASCHA HEIFETZ, famous violinist and husband of Florence Vidor, was telling a group of interested listeners how hard he had worked and how long.

"I began supporting my family when I was five years old," he said impressively.

"And before that I suppose you were just a bum!" spoke up Harpo Marx.

THE executive office at Paramount might well be called "The House of Lost Hopes."

Bebe Daniels built it for a dressing-room. Paid for it herself, but because she built it on Paramount's property it didn't belong to her.

Four months after she moved in, she moved out of Paramount. Contract not renewed.

She left it to Richard Dix. He was that happy! He ran around saying, "Look what I have," and inviting every one in for a sandwich.

Four months later, he was gone.

Then Clara Bow. Three months later—

George Bancroft. Three weeks—

Naturally, no star would use it. Their superstitions are real to them.

As far as that goes, neither scenario writers nor executives have grown old in it. Perhaps there is some sense in these superstitions, after all.

LEE TRACY'S big scene in "Dinner At Eight" (in fact, his *only* one) consists of telling John Barrymore, playing an actor, that he is through.

"You're dead and you don't know it," Lee screamed during the first rehearsal.

Jack interrupted to scratch his head. "You know, Lee, those lines of yours sound faintly biographical."

LIKE their baths, stars must have their daily movie shot. Away from the studios—resting or vacationing—they carry their little "home" movie cameras with them. When they are not having their friends shoot them, they are shooting their friends.

One of the neatest tricks of the year—and it was a double play at that—was that of Clark Gable and Helen Hayes. Each surprised the other by presentation of a film secretly made of the other while waiting on the set.

It is just as hard to keep a movie actor away from the lens as it is a reporter from the smell of ink.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

This Soap . . . Camay . . . Can Help a Girl in All her Beauty Contests



How satisfying—to be the object of admiring eyes! This is but one reward of having a lovely skin.

Your friends see it—your husband sees it—the world at large sees your skin better than you do. And the impression others get of your beauty depends upon the care you give your skin.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Not on the word of some society lady or movie actress. But because Camay improves the skin of every girl who is smart enough to use it—because Camay is

milder, more luxuriant of lather, more delicate on the feminine complexion.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

In the past six months thousands and thousands of clever girls have changed their old soap habits. They've taken up Camay.

Camay should cost more than other soaps. It doesn't—it costs you less! Check that up and see what a surprise is in store for you!

Maybe you think it's going a bit far to say, "You, Madame, are competing in a Beauty Contest!" But so you are—every day you live. The curve of your lips, the contours of your cheeks, the very texture of your skin—all are visible to the searching, judging eyes of men and other women.



● *Camay is a mild beauty soap that gives abundant lather in both hard and soft water. Ideal for the complexion, and delightful in your bath. Try it today!*



● *Make a rich, creamy lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Apply it generously to your face and neck. Then rinse with cold water.*

Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Joan Looks Forward



"It is only an expression of weakness to blame others for our mistakes or bad luck," says Joan Crawford. "We alone are responsible for that"

THIS is an exclusive interview, given by Miss Crawford for PHOTOPLAY. In it she answers several questions her public have been asking, and tells, for the *first* time, the intimate details of her marriage to Doug, Jr. *Ed.*

"My marriage was *not* a failure," Joan Crawford said.

It was like a volley shot after the orgy of publicity attending the breaking up of Hollywood's famous love match—the marriage, just about four years ago, of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

"Some people may think our

jealous, suspicious nature, questioning her at length as to where she had been, with whom she had talked, with whom she had lunched, and various other activities.

This attitude, she said in those divorce papers, had become unreasonable during the past year.

Joan said in her complaint, "Mr. Fairbanks added a habit of arguing with me about the most trivial of objects. He talked loudly at these times and the arguments would continue far into the night."

These arguments kept her from getting necessary rest and made her so [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

What will she do with her future? How about that "new romance"?

marriage was a failure," Joan explained when she saw my puzzled expression. "I don't, personally. I don't think it was a failure, for both Douglas and myself gained something from it. I don't care what experience a person has, it is not a failure if he gains something from it.

"What did I gain from my marriage? I gained experience; I gained self-respect; I gained character; I gained insight—and I didn't lose anything.

"When I married I was self-conscious and super-sensitive. Things happened the first months of our marriage, things over which Douglas and I had no control. Thoughtless things were said by people, many people. I was hurt, many times. So was Douglas. But we minded our own business and did the best we could.

"Since then I've gained something else. I've gained self-sufficiency."

"Then you don't blame any outside influence, or anyone else, for the unfortunate ending of your marriage?" I asked her.

"Certainly not. If things didn't work out the way we wanted them to, it was because of us—not necessarily a fault of our own, but just the result of circumstances and conditions over which we had no control.

"It is only an expression of weakness to blame others for our mistakes, or for our bad luck. No one else can be responsible for what happens to us. We alone are responsible for that."

Somehow it is rather evident that a woman who thinks like Joan Crawford is able to take any hand life happens to deal her, and play it rather well.

It will be recalled that when Joan filed suit for divorce in Los Angeles recently, she charged Doug, Jr. with "mental cruelty." She told of his

By William F. French



Dietrich is really as happy as she looks here in "The Song of Songs." "I am free. Do you know what that means?"

WHEN you read this Marlene Dietrich will be in France.

When is she returning to the country that gave her international fame and to which she has, in turn, added a certain prestige?

I went to ask her this question a couple of days before she was to depart. And I was really a bit sorry I had sought her. She was so like a young girl beckoned by spring; so like the adventurer off to his first uncharted cruise of exploration.

"I am free. Free! Do you know what that means? I do not want plans.

"I do not want to know exactly what I will do.

"I am going to France and spend the summer with my husband. Is that not enough?"

She stretched her arms toward the great-beyond which lay, not in the luxurious little dressing-room in which we were talking, but in the great world into which she was going after nearly three years in American studio activity.

"This is the day I have waited for. Now, I can sit back and wait. I do not have to plan. If a beautiful story should come, I can do it. This is my new arrangement with Paramount. I have signed for only two pictures. Now, no one can say, 'We must have a Dietrich story. It must be finished by a certain date.'

Marlene Is Free At Last

"A company cannot be expected to let a star sit back and wait a year if she wishes. It cannot afford to let her wait until the right story comes. It has an investment.

"But, now, there is a new idea contract.

"Freedom means happiness. I have it.

"Why must I say what I will do when I do not want to even think about it?"

MARLENE'S fight culminated in her new freedom, after she had shown her dissatisfaction.

"I telephoned Mr. Von Sternberg in Berlin and he advised me to make 'The Song of Songs.'

Now I do my own way about

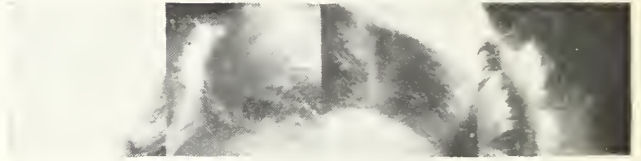
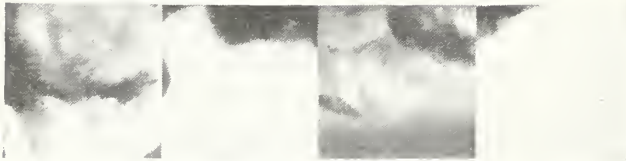
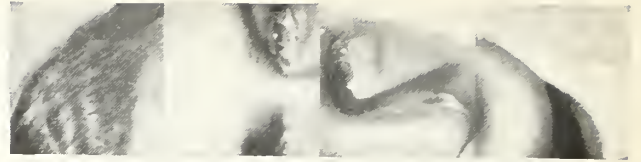
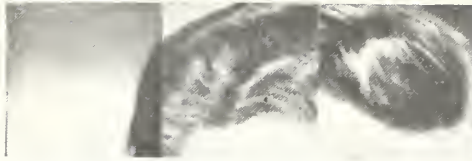
everything. No, I'll not sign another long contract. "Never!"

It is well known that Paramount offered her the proverbial world-with-a-fence. Price was no consideration. As for directors, they welcomed Von Sternberg with a home-week celebration. He is to do a Crawford-Gable picture while Marlene is away.

Whenever Marlene speaks of "we" and "our" she is referring to the team of Dietrich and Von Sternberg. "We can produce

our own, if we desire. When they make a picture in America, they have a hundred thousand [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

By Ruth Biery



\$1,50000 *in* Prizes

HEREWITH begins PHOTOPLAY'S new and fascinating "Movie Muddles" Contest—with handsome cash prizes totaling \$1,500 for those who prove most skillful in working puzzles that all of you will enjoy.

Puzzles that provide the fun of cut puzzle pictures, jig saw puzzles, and that test your knowledge of motion pictures and motion picture stars, all in one—yet are so planned as to be neither tedious nor time-consuming!

The prizes and rules are on the opposite page, and of course you'll want to understand them thoroughly.

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be rewoven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures, when all the solutions have been found. Another "Muddle" printed next month in

our August issue, and a third, printed in our September issue, will complete the contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the \$1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which

they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1

belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave" in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!

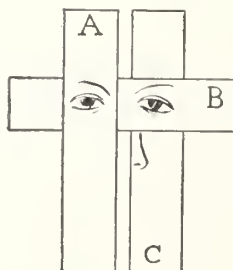


FIG. 1

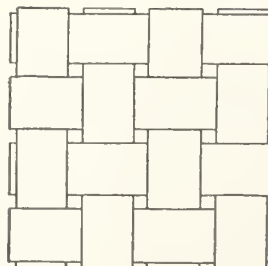
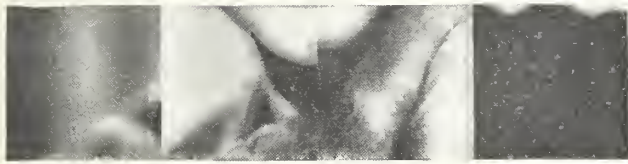
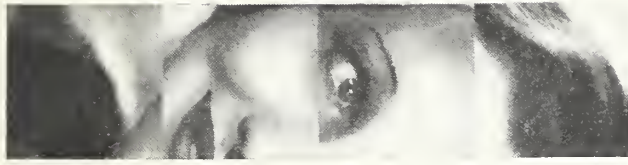
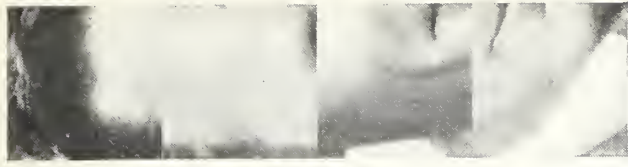


FIG. 2



for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	\$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	50.00
Forty Prizes of \$10 each	400.00
Forty Prizes of \$5 each	200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, with the parts arranged upon sixteen strips, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the

correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. \$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required

names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. 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.

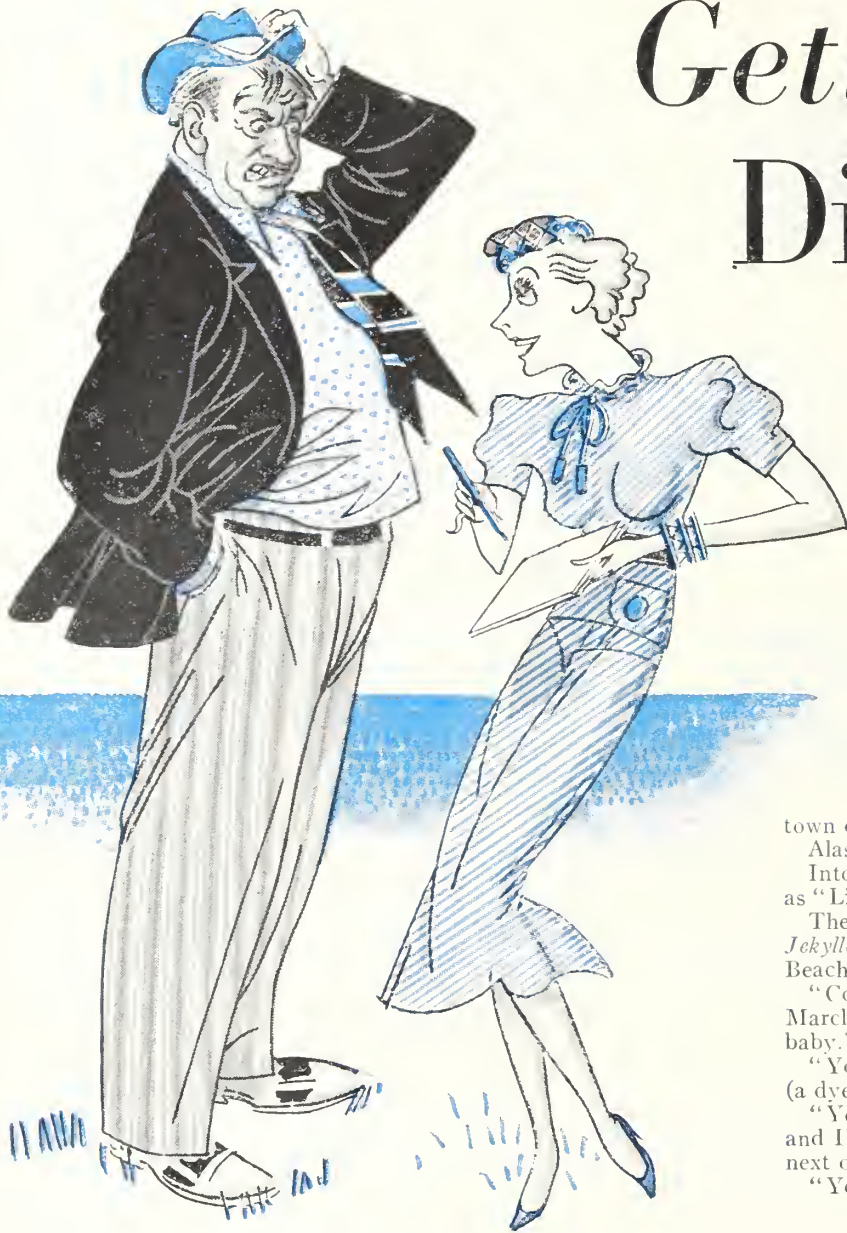
10. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

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

12. 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 prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

"Is It True You Are Not Getting A Divorce?"



Suddenly, Wally stopped, a look of suspicion in his eyes. "Say, what are you driving at, anyway?" he snarled.

"Ah hah," said Lilly. "It's true, then. It's true what all Hollywood is whispering. Isn't it true, you are *not* getting a divorce?"

"By heavens," screamed Wally, "I'll get you for this. You trapped me into this. Who do you think you are? Mae West? Well, go on and spread your scandal. Tell the world I defy them. Tell them all. If I never act in another movie, I'll not get a divorce to please anyone. Not if I lose every follower I ever had."

And with that, he leaped into his airplane, and for days he flew over Cahuenga Pass while down below the town of Hollywood seethed with the scandal.

Alas, poor Wally, when the gas runs out. Into the Fredric March home the woman now known as "Lilly, the Scandal Scooper," next found her way.

The handsome Freddie, as unsuspecting a lad as ever *Jekylled* into a *Hyde*, met Lilly at the door of his Laguna Beach home.

"Come in," he smiled. "Glad to see you. Mrs. March will be down in a moment. She's caring for the baby."

"You're between pictures, aren't you?" Lilly beamed (a dyed in the wool beamer, was Lilly).

"Yes, I've just finished 'The Eagle and the Hawk' and I'm getting a little rest and recreation before my next one."

"You're getting it here?" Lilly asked.

"Oh, Mr. Beery," gurgled Lilly, the magazine scandal snooper, "I hear you just dote on your baby, Carol Ann!"

"Oh, Mr. Beery," gurgled Lilly, the magazine snooper. Lilly was a gurgler of the vilest type, and a blonde to boot. But practically no one had the nerve to boot her), "I hear you just dote on your new baby, Carol Ann?"

That was, as near as Lilly remembers, about noon on Tuesday. On Thursday, at 3:30 p. m., Wally was still talking about Carol Ann.

"And you take her everywhere with you, don't you?" Lilly managed to interrupt.

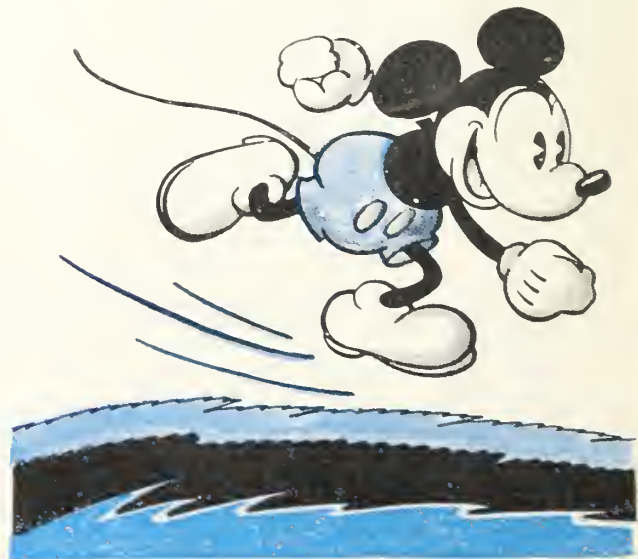
"Say," Wally boomed, "that kid is my life. I—"

"And you care for her yourself, don't you?" Lilly bubbled. (The hussy was a bubbler as well.) "Changing her little er—I mean—"

"I do," Wally cried. "And what's more, I buy all her clothes. Myself, personally. Why, when I'm away from that kid two hours I can't wait to get home."

"Oh, then you are happy to get home?" Lilly urged.

"I am," Wally went on. "Since those kids came, Mrs. Beery and I have everything we need to make us happy. We—"



Lilly, the snooper, claims it's hard to find couples that are going to remain in harness

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

"Why, yes," Freddie said. "Recreation? And fun? Here, with Mrs. March?" (What iron Lilly can put into her inquisitive voice.)

"Of course," Freddie smiled. "Mrs. March and I go in swimming every morning before breakfast. After breakfast, we play a swift game of tennis and take long rides with the baby every afternoon."

"You do all this together?" Lilly asked, incredulously.

"Certainly," Freddie said. "Of course, after we get the three more babies we're planning to adopt—"

"Stop, Freddie," Mrs. March called from the stairway. "She's leading you on."

"So," said Lilly, triumphantly—in the tone of "Aha, I've got you there!"—"is it true, then, you are *not* getting a divorce?"

Mrs. March swooned on the stairway. For just a fraction of a second Freddie hesitated and then dashed to her side.

"Yes, it is true," Freddie shouted, defiantly. "Let Hollywood say what it will. Let all my followers desert me. Mrs. March and I will bear this thing together. If my career is to be sacrificed, let it be sacrificed. Only don't let Gary Cooper get all my good parts," he added as an afterthought.

"Goodbye," he called dramatically. "I will hide away until this mess has blown over. I will not remain here and have reporters contaminating my home. Farewell. A fond farewell." And with that, he plunged into the sea and remained hidden beneath a wave.

Alas, poor Freddie, when the tide runs out, what will happen?

With practically every one of the other

Mickey got sore and chased her all the way to China; but, alas, when those awful Japs move in



Freddie March's wife swooned. He dashed to her. "Yes, it's true," he cried, "we are *not* getting a divorce!"

seven happy Hollywood homes closed tight, windows barred (*a la* Dietrich) against her, Lilly was hard put for more lives to wreck.

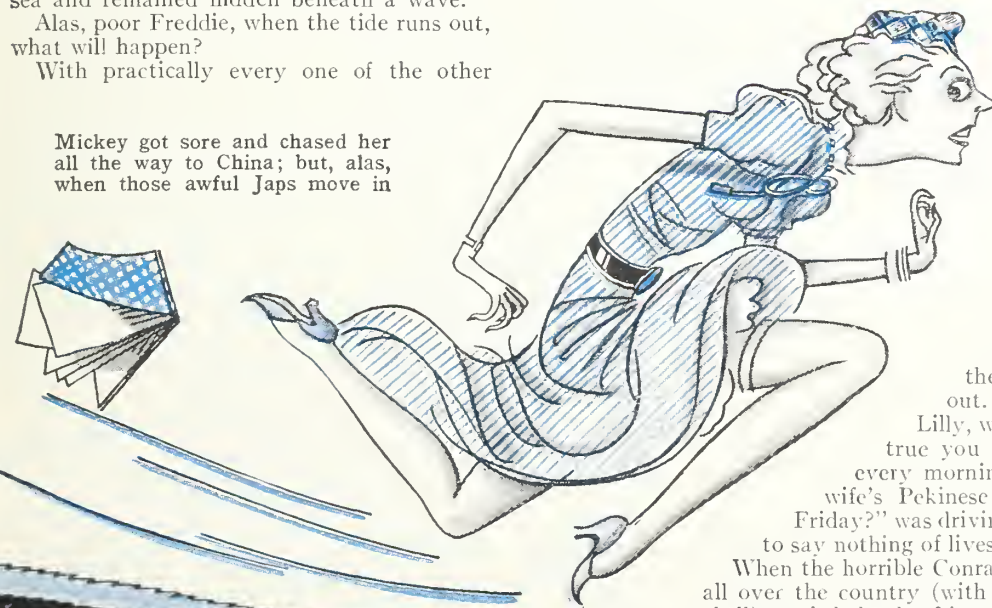
In his dark pit, beneath the trap door, sat Mr. Arliss, alone with Jenner, a cold in his head, and his tea. And, oh yes, his monocle. Afraid to come out. He had heard of this terrible Lilly.

High in the air, lonely, cold and hungry, flew Wally. Afraid to land.

Cold, wet and sneezing, hid Freddie beneath a watery wave. Daring hardly to breathe.

The picture business was practically at a standstill. The Richard Barthelmesses, the Warner Baxters, the Robert Montgomerys were locked within their various homes. Afraid to come out.

Lilly, with her accusing questions of "Is it true you curl your husband's hair for him every morning," and "Is it true you air your wife's Pekinese every Monday, Wednesday and Friday?" was driving the movie colony insane. Homes, to say nothing of lives and careers, were totally wrecked. When the horrible Conrad Nagel scandal broke, and papers all over the country (with three paragraphs by Walter Winchell) carried the damning news that the Nagels were not getting or even planning a divorce, Hollywood decided something must be done about Lilly. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]





A stage success, he high-hatted movies and thought them vulgar. After scorning contracts, he was intrigued by Dietrich and went to Hollywood to be her lover in Paramount's "Song of Songs"

THAT'S what Hollywood would like to know—who is Brian Aherne? And the reason Hollywood's curiosity is so piqued, why its appetite is so on edge for the *hors d'oeuvres* of information, is because Brian Aherne has just left Hollywood after playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"—and Hollywood *still* knows nothing about him.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Aherne thumbed his rather aristocratic nose at Hollywood for a long time, washing his hands of the movie *hoi polloi* from his superior height on the stage, and got away with it; more, he made Hollywood like it. Ever since he appeared with Katherine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" on the New York stage, Hollywood has been making him picture offers, and Mr. Aherne has been turning

Who Is Brian Aherne?

The British lad from the Broadway stage, who plays opposite Dietrich, is exposed

By
Reginald Tavinor

them down. He received, altogether, no less than ten offers to write his own ticket, and among the reasons he gave for declining all such offers were the following:

He regarded the movies as a rich but extremely vulgar offspring of the theater, and did not wish to associate with them.

He regarded his private life as private to himself, and did not wish to have it mauled by the sensational American press by becoming identified with pictures.

He regarded the stage as the only true medium of theatrical art and did not wish to soil his technique by contaminating it with such a mechanical contraption as a camera.

He regarded the plethora of movie money as both undesirable and unnecessary, especially insofar as he himself was concerned.

And be it said—at that time at least—Mr. Aherne was obviously sincere in his expressed sentiments anent the movies, especially as he was the pupil, protege, and leading man of Miss Cornell and she invariably expressed those same sentiments herself.

However, and not so long ago, Mr. Aherne was hired to play in "Lucrece," also opposite Miss Cornell, and he naturally expected the play to have a long and profitable run. But "Lucrece" did not have a long and profitable run; instead, it folded up incontinently within a month. Mr. Aherne, thus between engagements, no longer turned a deaf ear to Hollywood's luring.

Paramount offered him \$2,500 a week—which sum also he had previously been offered by M-G-M—and Mr. Aherne accepted. The only provision with which he sugared his capitulation was that he should not be bothered by the publicity department or by pestiferous newspaper and magazine interviewers. And, in return for this concession, he conceded Paramount options for future pictures if they should happen to want him, so that the bondage of Art into Egypt was made complete. Thus the male Garbo—in a publicity sense, at all events—came to Hollywood. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

GARBO'S Gamble

Is she taking one
with the kind of
clothes she will wear
in her next film?

By *Arline
Hodgekins*

THE name of Greta Garbo still holds magic. When she went home last summer on a vacation, Hollywood wondered if she would ever return. And if she did return, would she still hold first place in the line-up of stars—a pedestal from which she could have come toppling down as easily as not, perhaps more easily.

But Garbo is still the fascinating creature who intrigues her followers. They have been asking us what she is going to do now, what are her plans, how long will she remain here? And here are a few of the answers:

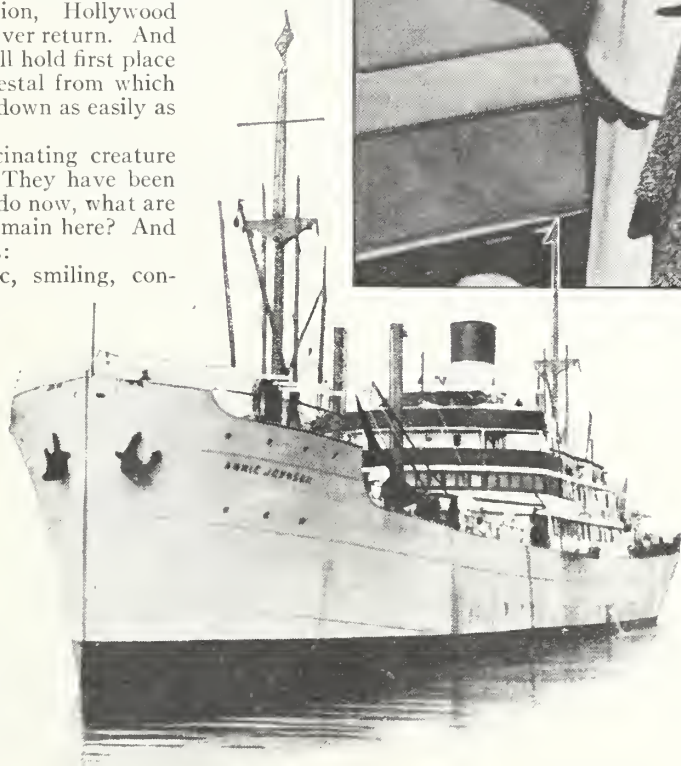
A new Garbo, enthusiastic, smiling, contented, she has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for but *two* pictures. The first one, already scheduled for production, is "Queen Christina," a story of the Swedish queen of that name who reigned in the Seventeenth Century. History shows that she should have lived in the Twentieth Century, so advanced were her ideas on many subjects, so tolerant was she on religious matters.

And here's one for Dietrich: fully half of Garbo's costumes will be *men's* attire, mostly uniforms.

When Adrian, the Metro designer, called on Garbo to show her his sketches of the costumes he had in mind, he says Garbo waxed most enthusiastic over the masculine attire and merely shrugged at the pretty pretties any girl might wear.

Garbo went immediately after arriving to the Santa Monica home of her close friend, Mrs. Salka Viertel, who worked on the development of Garbo's new story. Greta is going to live with her until she finds a satisfactory house, hedged in from peering eyes, where she can take her daily sun bath in comfort, and live precisely as she likes.

Walter Wanger, who produced "Gabriel Over the White



She came back smiling, confident that the American public would not so soon forget her. And Greta Garbo was right. Her sailing on the "Annie Johnson" heightened the intriguing mystery that seems part of her

House" called on Garbo a few days after she'd been made comfortable at the Viertel home. And he came away a little afraid that Garbo was still the "I tank I go home" star, who did go home exactly when she wanted to.

His visit was to talk over production plans on her new picture. They got along all right until Wanger suggested to Garbo that she report for work on the Metro lot on May 15. Garbo got up, walked to the door and literally put Wanger out into the cold, cold world, saying: "Anyone who wants to put me to work so soon couldn't possibly be my friend."

However, she called Wanger on the telephone when he arrived back at the studio to make sure he understood she was only joking and to reassure him she would be very, very happy to start work on the 15th. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Splashing

Johnny of the iron nerves,
gum-chewing Buster,
and Eleanor Holm, who
doesn't swim in pictures

By Mac Miller



Miss Holm, who mermaided to such fame that Hollywood called her. Still, she graciously gives our photographer this nice, cooling picture



Eleanor and Buster a-tilting it in the Ambassador pool! No wonder summer visitors are glad these two splashed their way into films!

Mac Miller, author of this article, has been, respectively, Southern California inter-scholastic sprint champion, captain of his college swimming team, and a member of several national championship swimming teams representing the Hollywood Athletic Club.

TIMERS and judges ready—swimmers ready—BANG!" These words quicken the pulse of any professional or amateur swimmer alive—be he Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Eleanor Holm, or just one of the fellows on the relay team.

If the national swimming championships of 1928, at San Francisco, could be re-enacted today, the swimming enthusiasts would be crowded out of the stands by movie devotees who do not know a back stroke from a back flip. Each would be ogling and craning for a glimpse of his favorite screen hero; for the big splash in Hollywood this year has been made by two young men who were the stars of that meet.

It was there that Buster Crabbe, who was to become Paramount's "King of the Jungle," made his American debut. He was a tall, quiet, bronzed, American youth from Hawaii, with a disarming grin as wide as his shoulders. Buster, however, startled the entire swimming world that week by walking, or rather paddling, off with all the distance events, and wresting the high-point crown from the famous Johnny Weissmuller.



Buster Crabbe, the "Lion Man," does a bit of the stuff that once topped Weissmuller in a race, and so led naturally to a panther skin and a lead in the pictures

Into Films

Both boys would have roared with laughter had anyone told them that, in 1933, they would be running around in panther skins and grease paint for the benefit of Hollywood cameras; but, quite unconsciously, they were acquiring just the knack which has made them so striking on the screen.

It isn't entirely magnificent muscular development, it isn't entirely their profiles, which make Weissmuller and Crabbe outstanding as film heroes.

It is the poise, the grace of motion, the complete naturalness, which came from appearing before thousands of people in nothing but a six ounce silk racing suit, and from forgetting everything but the determination to do a job—to win a race.

Certainly, Johnny Weissmuller proved in that meet that relaxation is one of the things a champion swimmer learns automatically.

How do I know? I was "one of the boys on the relay team" from the Hollywood Athletic Club.

THE swimmers were lined up for the finals of the hundred meter free style. On the edge of Fleishacker Pool stood the gentleman now generally known as *Tarzan of the Apes*. He was defending his National title against a most formidable array of sprinters, including George Kojac from New York, big Paul Samson from Michigan, and Alonzo Kimball from Hollywood.

The finalists had drawn their lane numbers from a hat, removed their sweat pants and shirts and loosened up in the water by loafing easily up and down the hundred meter straightaway.

The usual excited hush settled over the stands as the boys lined up for the starter's gun.

The swimmers crouched on their marks. Sunlight blazed on the pool. On a long green slope which stretched a mile away stood the famous San Francisco Presidio, well stocked with cannons, soldiers and barracks.

The starter pointed his gun heavenward and barked out, "Timers and judges ready—swimmers ready—"

And just at that moment, as if by some psychic message, one of the fort's biggest and loudest cannons went off with a reverberating "boom."

Seven men sprang from their starting marks.

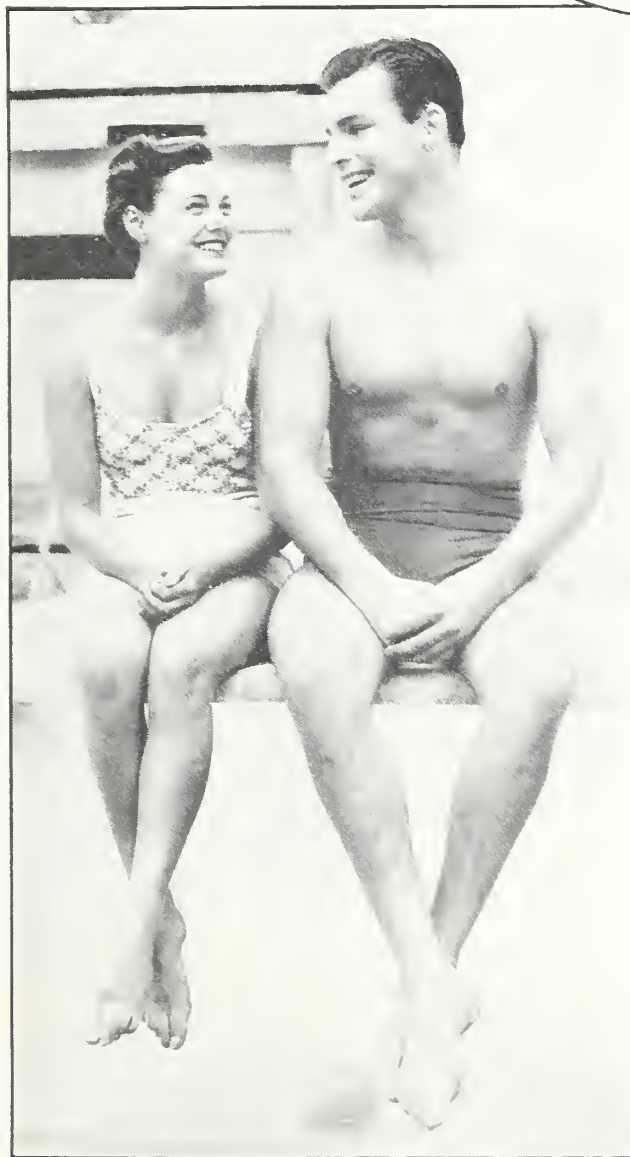
One stood still.

Seven men shot nearly a dozen feet through the air.

One stood still.

Those seven men smacked the water simultaneously.

But the eighth sat down nonchalantly and grinned.



Such form makes movie stars. Eleanor and Buster grace any film without even going near the water

Tarzan Weissmuller leading in the water, as he led others into films. He proved that swimmers have something pictures need

He was Johnny Weissmuller. He had learned from years of experience the secret of relaxation, so that his nerves did not betray him into a false start.

As the crowd quieted and the swimmers returned to their marks, Johnny chatted easily with the starter. At the finish of the race, which *Tarzan* won by passing Kojac in the last ten meters, the timers recorded a new world's mark.

False starts are the most disconcerting things which can happen.

"Once you get to worrying about it, you might as well quit," Johnny explained when I talked to him about his swimming and screen careers.

WE were at the Hollywood Athletic Club having lunch down in the locker room, where food is served to members who feel like eating in nothing more than a towel.

Tarzan was having some soup.

"Speaking of worrying," I asked, "what about that time you held up a race for ten minutes?"

"I thought I never would find a piece of wood," he grinned.

Knocking on wood was Johnny's one superstition. All through his swimming

career, Johnny's rotund coach, Bill Bachrach of the Illinois Athletic Club, had scoffed at it; and all through his career Johnny serenely had continued to find a bit of wood to knock on before he swam.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Can you name them?
Try; then see page
105. Photo by Stagg

Hollywood *at* Play

IT'S
Tuesday
night. The night
of nights. The stepping
out night of the movie village.

And Hollywood, the town of glitter and glamour, goes out to play. With the cares of the day behind, the burning Klieg lights, the grease paint, the difficult scenes, shattered hopes and broken dreams—all forgotten for the moment. Hollywood dons its best low-in-the-back frock, its immaculate dinner coat, and off it trots.

It's the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel.

Behind a waving stick, a steady smile and a



deep red carnation, stands Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, looking down. On Hollywood at play. The smile beams, the stick flutters and the keen blue eyes of Phil Harris spot the romances, the shattered ones and the budding ones, of the movie stars, while the strains of the lilting music float gently upward to the astonished little stuffed monkeys hanging tail downward in the coconut palms.

Lew Ayres sits alone at one of the tables. Across the room Lola Lane, his recently divorced spouse, makes merry with a group of people. And Phil Harris, sensing something, waves his baton and the orchestra plays, in its most appealing manner, "Maybe It's Because I Love You Too Much." ...

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli stroll in after a while. Charlie follows the head waiter to a little table reserved for them at one side. He glances around casually and his eyes suddenly light up. There's little Janet Gaynor at a table near the edge. Charlie gets up and asks Janet to dance; Janet's escort bows to Virginia Valli and they step out on the floor.

And again the ever-alert Phil Harris smiles his approval. Off in a corner, behind a stately palm, sit Clarence Brown and Alice Joyce, at dinner. Night after night. And why not? They've announced their marriage now.

An occasional glance from Phil reveals that all is well. The lights melt softly into an amber glow as the rhythm of the music changes.

Suddenly, at the top of the steps leading into the Grove, is a tiny flutter of excitement.

Joan Crawford comes trailing in with Franchot Tone. Immediately, Phil swings into Joan's favorite, "Melancholy Baby."

It's Joan who knows all the newest songs in advance. "Have you heard 'Night [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]"

By Sara Hamilton

A Pipe Is *His* Scepter



Merian C. Cooper shows Cameraman Schoedsack a new script. Facing death to make "Chang" and "Grass," they found "King Kong" soothing

By
Reginald
Taviner

YOU wouldn't guess who he is at all if you happened to bump into him on the street, and he'd be the last one on earth to tell.

In his elaborate paneled office, he can press little ivory buttons and bring stars and directors on the jump to obey him. But he's more likely to step up to someone's elbow, and with a quiet wave of a pipe stem, pass judgment on matters involving millions. One throne-like chair in the sanctum will bear his battered old felt hat; and in place of "college cut" clothes, you'll find him in a brown smoking jacket and gray pants.

But when it comes to results! Well, about the first gesture this new production chief made for RKO-Radio was to reach into that dilapidated old hat and pull out, not a white rabbit, but a fifty-foot ape which he turned into one of the year's biggest box-office sensations. Yes, *King Kong*.

In the same quiet way some years ago, utterly unknown and without blare of trumpets, he emerged from the wilds of Asia to wow the world with "Grass" and "Chang."

That was, is, and will be Merian C. Cooper's way. Other moguls can have throne rooms if they like. Good pictures are all he asks; swank can go hang. He hasn't time for it.

"King Kong" was actually conceived while the man who now captains RKO-Radio production was adventuring in the back stretches of Asia gathering that epic of a nomadic tribe which we saw some years ago as "Grass." *Kong's* terrifying, deep-chested roar was heard by him while he stood calmly behind his camera facing that horde of thundering, trumpeting elephants in "Chang." But the actual "King Kong" had yet not been formulated. It took Hollywood to crystallize it—by what, if you please, might be called a fluke.

"After Ernest B. Schoedsack and I had finished making 'Four Feathers,'" is the way Cooper explains it, "I came back to Hollywood with a gorilla picture in mind. I wanted to go to Africa and film it in the real gorilla country, but I couldn't find anyone willing to put up the money.

"However, when I saw all the prehistoric animals they had lying around this studio, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

There is no "movie mogul" swank about RKO's new boss of all its production



RED-HEADED baby face, with a will all her own! They looked around for just such a girl and suddenly thought of Ginger Rogers. She's a natural for the star rôle in RKO-Radio's "Careless," in which an overnight radio star goes temperamental following the success of her "Dish Rag" sponsor. Ginger was snappy in "Gold Diggers of 1933"



Harvey White

THE little Evans girl is growing up and going in for backless evening gowns 'n' everything. No wonder, when they cast her in such sensational vehicles as "The Mayor of Hell" and "Never Give a Sucker a Break." We'll see her soon in "Dinner at Eight." But where's that rumor about a romance? Will Miss Evans please speak up and confess?

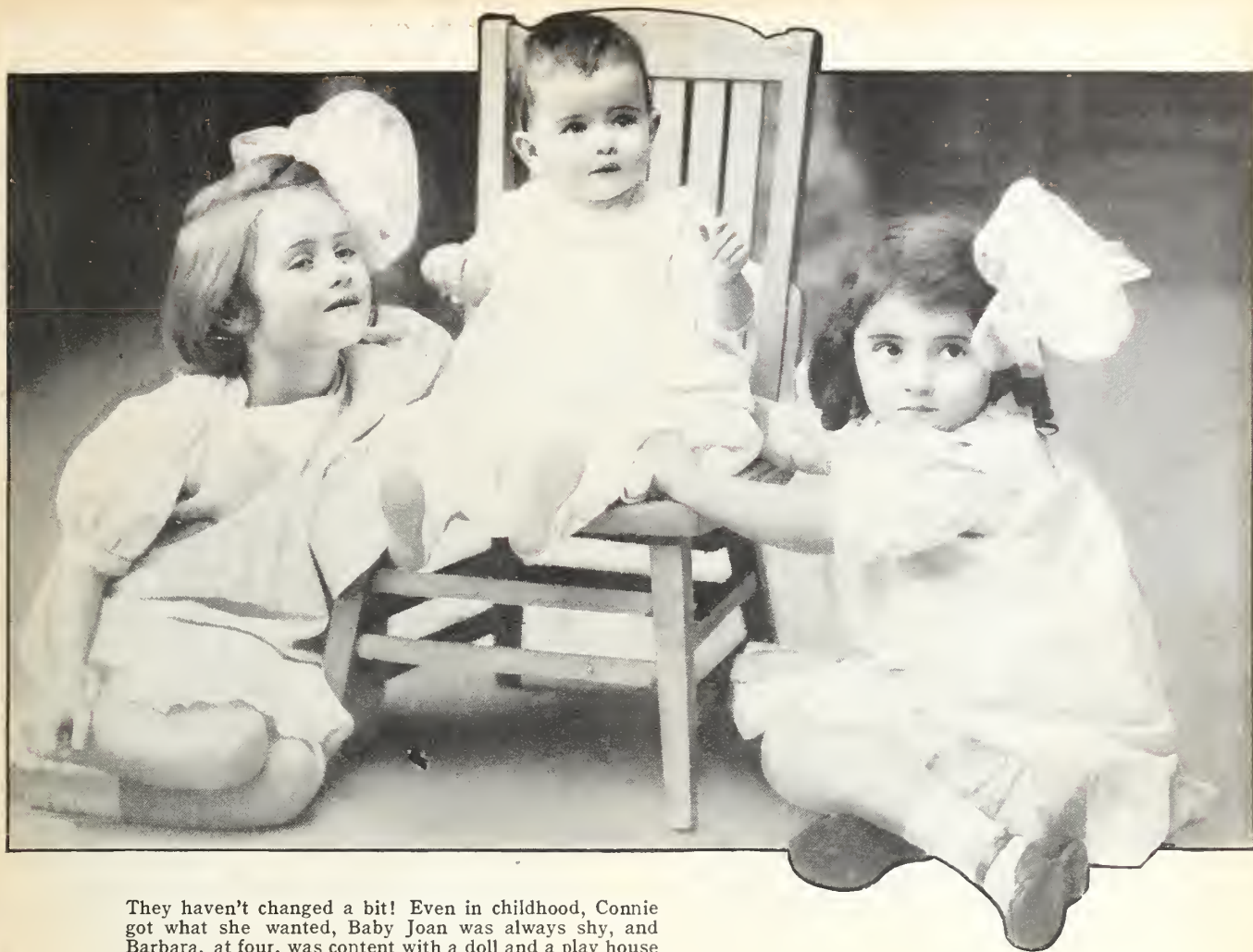


WELL, well, if it isn't dear old Andy Clyde taking a snooze after the day's nonsense. Little Shirley Temple has been cavorting with Andy all day long before the camera and they're both tuckered out from giving laughs to the movie-going world. "Now, folks," Andy would say, "don't get yourselves excited, I'll be ready in a jiffy if ye jes lemme be!"



Bert Longworth

LIFE is like that; only a few years ago Ruby Keeler stepped out of the Ziegfeld spotlight so hubby Al Jolson might enjoy his own unshadowed glory. Now that Al has quit pictures, Ruby is having her break. She did so well in "42nd Street," she rated a choice spot with Dick Powell in "Gold Diggers of 1933." Ruby was a Texas Guman girl



They haven't changed a bit! Even in childhood, Connie got what she wanted, Baby Joan was always shy, and Barbara, at four, was content with a doll and a play house

Barbara Bennett Talks

EVERYONE who doesn't know us really well has asked one question from time to time.

They want to know who was the most popular sister in our family. Whether it was Constance or Joan or myself. Who had the most dates, who received the most invitations. And then they always ask us why.

So I'm going to tell some of the little intimate things about the Bennett family, little family occurrences—bits from our life—how Daddy Richard became Constance's best friend—perhaps a little closer to Connie than to Joan or myself—reasons why Constance married first and why Joan married when she did, and why I, who really loved domesticity with a keener sense than either of my two sisters, married last; to a professional singer, Morton Downey, with whom I have less domestic existence than my movie star sisters enjoy with their husbands in Hollywood.

When I look back at our early girlhood from my present vantage point of maturity, I often smile at the memory of our life together under the Bennett roof. We rarely lived long enough in one house to have the memories most children do of home and fireside and pantries at Thanksgiving time. We were a gypsy family, moving constantly from place to place, living at hotels or on steamers—sometimes in Europe, in New York, in California, in Greenwich Village, and on Park Avenue—necessitated by the ever-changing fortunes and itineraries of an actor father, Richard Bennett.

My earliest memory of us three girls together is when we lived

Family secrets of three children who grew up to be famous women

*As Told To
Virginia Maxwell*

in Greenwich Village, on the North side of Washington Square in one of those big, old, comfy, red brick houses now inhabited by waning aristocrats and struggling artists.

There was a basement, windows which faced the pavement level and behind it a huge kitchen with a coal range in which the most delectable things were baked by our family cook. You see, mother was in the theater, too. Her stage name was Adrienne Morrison, and with father

also spending most of his time in the theaters uptown, we children were left to the care of servants from whom we gathered many of our early impressions.

I can recall one Christmas morning when we scrambled down the old stairs to the parlor floor where a huge Christmas tree had been dressed the night before. Santa had come—but he had lingered. And we caught a fleeting glimpse of a rotund Santa Claus hiding in the back of the hall.

JOAN and I were terribly frightened by sight of him. But Constance, true to the courage which has stood by her in later years, walked right up to Mr. Claus and demanded an explanation.

"You should have been on your way taking care of all the other children, Santa," she scolded him gently. "Why have you stayed here all night?"

Santa Claus was nonplussed. But Connie was adamant. He became so baffled by Connie's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Cal York

Announcing-



Maybe you never heard Pete go tweet, tweet, tweet on his piccolo, but you'll have the chance to hear Buddy Rogers trill a few notes on his soprano saxophone in "Five Cents a Glass," his latest. Buddy gave us a musical sample on the radio for some time, and now he's to be seen as well as heard in pictures



Keystone

"Beaver," they were calling 'im in dear ole Lunnon as Charles (Nero) Laughton went about in this wilderness of whiskers. He's bearded for his part in "The Fourth Wife of Henry VIII," in which he stars. We shall be seeing him here again soon, however

FEARING kidnapers, Marlene Dietrich slipped quietly out of Hollywood on her way to Europe. Her little seven-year-old daughter, Maria, was the cause of her solicitude. You will recall that at the time of the Lindbergh baby kidnaping, picture stars also received threats, and that as a consequence Marlene's child is always attended by an armed guard.

Miss Dietrich said goodbye to her friends at Paramount, and then did her best to keep the time and place of her departure secret. She will join her husband on the French Riviera. Her return is scheduled for October, when she will make two more pictures for Paramount under Josef Von Sternberg's direction.

Well, *bon voyage*, Marlene.

SO different was Gloria Swanson's last home-coming in comparison with the ovation she received on another occasion when she returned to Hollywood after a prolonged absence. Most of the motion picture colony, led by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, gathered on that first occasion to welcome Gloria home.

With her were her two children, Joseph and



Acme

Gloria, and her husband at the moment, the Marquis de la Falaise.

But when she arrived this time the crowd was small.

With her Miss Swanson had her husband, Michael Farmer, and two dogs.

Her three children are in Switzerland.

WHAT do you suppose the great Clark Gable does just before one of those fervent love scenes of his in "Hold Your Man?" He gazes down at the blonde Jean Harlow, makes a funny snoot, tweaks her nose and then begins, "Darling, I love you." Sorry to spoil your fun, girls, but that's the great Gable in action.

She's all wet and knows it. While the Marquis is away, Connie can play in the El Mirador pool, Palm Springs' coolest spot in the heart of the desert. Just a little marital vacation for Connie and Henry

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



He wants his sugar—and Lionel is sure to get it in more ways than one 'cause that's an old Barrymore custom. With those tart remarks Lionel can make in pictures, we'd never suspect he had such a sweet tooth but look at Liny at this garden tea party!

PINK saved Ann Harding's life. When the boat in which she was sailing with Alexander Kirkland and her secretary, Marie Lombard, capsized three miles off Havana, Ann removed her bright pink dress. It was that bright pink in the tropical sky that attracted the attention of a passing boat, and the three were rescued. Their boatman who attempted to swim ashore to bring help went down after a few yards. Sharks! Ann says she is making a money settlement on the boatman's widow and her fatherless seven children.

DID you know that Mae West was once the strong lady in the show? The shoulders on which dumb-bells and acrobats, etcetera,

Ducking for cover! That's Katharine Hepburn doing a Garbo, as the naughty cameraman spots her on the lot. Strictly Russian, my dears, those blue denim trousers and the Russian blouse



Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson have been friends since those days long ago when both were movie beginners. Meeting at a tea party recently, they went in for a good old-fashioned confab on who's who and why, and if not why not. Mary is bedecked in ermine and Gloria in fine lace—something to envy, girls!

rested? Some times old timers' memories are too long, aren't they?

DICK ARLEN has a weakness for Spanish food — but he encountered an enchilada socially the other night that practically started a bonfire. "Boy!" yelled the Arlen, reaching for his beer, "that's hotter than a kiss from a girl making a screen test!"

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone! This begins to look serious.

Every Sunday night at the Beverly Wilshire dancing, and once a week at the Coconut Grove.

Reminds me of the days when Joan first came to Hollywood. She became famous as a frequenter of the places-to-dine and dance before she became famous as an actress.

But what a different Joan who returns today to her first-places-of-fame! The dancing kid has metamorphosed into the great star. I wonder if memories ever crowd upon her as she dances with dignity, poise and assured success around those familiar floors.

Filmdom Musters Its Infantry, for



Wide World

Bebe and Ben are off to Europe for a semi-vacation with their little daughter Barbara Bebe Lyon. After her good work in Warners' "42nd Street," Bebe Daniels signed to do two British pictures and the family are to have a jolly time this summer combining work and play. Their first trip abroad

RICHARD BENNETT was entertaining. He is the perfect host—always thinking up amusements for his guests. So he removed his shoes and stockings and exhibited his famous perfectly groomed and highly-colored (artificially) toe-nails!

THEY called Lilian Harvey by phone in her dressing room. "I am still asleep," she answered and hung up.

JANET GAYNOR has been a friend of Charlie Farrell's a long time. Neither her marriage to Lydell Peck or Charlie's to Virginia Valli has interrupted their liking for each other.

As long as both parties were married, gossips left them more or less alone. But now that Janet is free—it is natural that Hollywood gossip should start to "free" Charlie.

It is difficult to break an intimacy established through such an experience as they had in making "7th Heaven"—creating fame together. But it is also difficult to make such

an intimacy culminate in true romance and "happiness ever after" when it has once passed white heat of romance and cooled into the solid embers of friendship.

But, still, Hollywood persists in wondering.

"WELL," a friend said to the director, William Wellman, "I see by the papers you gave your fiancée a car."

"That's not so," the director shouted. "I don't know where such stories start. It was just a Chevrolet."

WELL, well, the romantic contest's over, girls. And the girl who won Buster Crabbe, that handsome Apollo of movies, is Miss Adah Held of Beverly Hills.

Ever since Buster's breaking into movies after the Olympic games in which he participated, the Hollywood beauties have given him a fair chase for his name. But it was a society girl who captured him and they honeymooned at Del Monte.

IN that story of Jackie Cooper's mother marrying Charles Bigelow there is a heart-ache for Bob Golden.

For years Bob was assistant director for Harold Lloyd. Then he went to M-G-M and met Jackie Cooper, and, of course, Jackie's mother.

Jackie's affection for Bob was one of the



To arms, to arms, yells Daddy Frank Woody, and his infant son Jack regards him with amazement—or does he?—while Mama Helen Twelvetrees looks on. If beauty, like races, is won by a nose, Helen Twelvetrees cops the purse. And look at Jackie's retrousse. He'll be an actor sure

Doesn't Everyone Love a Parade?

finest things in the motion picture business and the three of them soon found more than just business to talk about.

Bob and Jackie won't be separated now, of course, for after all, Jackie is still appearing in pictures and Bob will still help direct them.

But it won't be quite the same.

SYLVIA SIDNEY tells this one on herself!

She was in her "old woman" make-up for "Jennie Gerhardt." She turned toward a friend. "How do I look?"

"Oh, you don't look much older. About thirty-seven."

REMEMBER the little "Our Gang" sweetheart, Mary Kornman? Well, Mary has grown up into a full-fledged ingenue, and Dick Arlen himself says she will hand everybody a big surprise in "College Humor."

Now that musicals are in vogue again, this one is going all of them one better. They have one scene on the campus, a "rhythm" scene, in which everything is syncopated—and we mean everything . . . the cars, the trees, the buildings. And it isn't an earthquake, either!

WITH one little touch of superstition, to which every bride is entitled, Billie Dove remarked anent her nuptials with Robert



Jackie picked his own new Dad, saying, "If Mom likes him, that's 'nuff for me." And here's the happy family at home, the former Mrs. Mabel Cooper with her new husband Charles Bigelow, and his famous new son, Jackie Cooper. Jackie's Ma and Mr. Bigelow were married at Yuma, Arizona, April 30



Kenaston: "I don't want to get married when the minute hand of the clock is going downward." So, when she and her Santa Monica sportsman were united in Yuma, Arizona, the time was 5:57 P. M. Recall how Producer Howard Hughes and she were once almost inseparable? Well, there has been many an ardent swain after Billie's fair hand. And you know that the artist Willy Pogany said she has almost perfect features.

MAYBE the other star who told us is slightly disgruntled, but she remarked that a Dietrich picture was accomplished by making five hundred close-ups of Marlene, and selecting the best ones. And that any girl would be good who had that many chances at a scene!

CLARENCE BROWN gave up his honeymoon with the lovely Alice Joyce, to direct "Night Flight."

That's what *he* thinks of the story.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Iglou, bugaboo—or words to that effect were used by John Barrymore to lull little Upik into studio slumber. He's the Eskimo kiddie M-G-M brought to Hollywood for their picture "Eskimo," a story of the arctic. Barrymore took a fancy to Upik and they have since become bosom pals

Footing Jimmy's Bill



Durante: I spy, I spy, a lady crying. Tell me, little lady, why do you cry?

- GARBO: Oh, I am blue.
- DURANTE: No, no, lady! Violets are blue.
- GARBO: You are truly my friend?
- DURANTE: Sure! I'd be anybody's friend. Even Walter Winchell's.
- GARBO: Then I will tell you why I cry. I cry because I am all alone. All the world knows the Garbo is always in solitude. And now, I will tell you my secret sorrow, why I am all alone.
- DURANTE: Why the Garbo is all alone? Why don't you take lessons in how to be popular?
- GARBO: Oh, it is much worse than that. I am ashamed to be seen in the world. I am afraid they will laugh at me.

How Garbo and Durante became soul mates

Marionettes and dialogue
By Meyer Levin

Photos by Geoffrey Gilbert

Scene: A couch.
On the couch, weeping, lies Greta Garbo.

Enter, Jimmy Durante, nose first.

DURANTE: I spy, I spy,
A lady crying.
Tell me, little lady,
Why do you cry?

GARBO: Oh, I have big suffering.

DURANTE: It'sher! It'sher!
Little Greta Garble. What has a Gargo got to gargle about? Why do you weep?



Garbo: I am ashamed to be seen in the world. I am afraid they will laugh

DURANTE: Laugh at the Garbo? Unpossible! The trouble with you is you got an interiority complex. Why don't you stand on your feet and face the world?

GARBO: That is it. I cannot face the world with those feet.

DURANTE: Whatsamatter with those feet?

GARBO: Look! (She shows him a foot.) Number eleven.

DURANTE: That's nothing! (He points to the schnozzle.) Look! Number one hundred eleven!

GARBO: Ah, no!

DURANTE: Ah nose!

GARBO: Even so—

DURANTE: Put your woes behind you, what do you care? (He sings.)

You got big toes—I got a big nose—We make a nifty pair!

GARBO: No, my feet, they are much bigger than your nose.

DURANTE: What! What are you incineratin'? Who said they got a bigger anything than my schnozzole!



Durante: They're mates. Soul mates. Sole mates! Greta Garbo and Jimmy Durante!

GARBO: All right. Measure! Measuuuure! (She lifts her foot to his nose.)

DURANTE: You mean, put it there?

GARBO: Measseere!

DURANTE: (Puts his nose to her foot.) Okay, baby. Measere!

GARBO: They fit! They are one size!

DURANTE: They're mates. Hah, soul mates. Sole mates! Greta Garbo and Jimmy Durante. (He sings.)

You and me, baby, what do you say,

We hitch up and make a team! Okay!

GARBO: Jimmy, okay! You got big nose, I got big feet—

DURANTE: Put them together and ain't life sweet! Stand on your feet and face the world, baby! (He sings.)

With my nose and your feet

We've got the whole world beat!

GARBO: Jimmy!

(They clinch.)

CURTAIN



Garbo: Jimmy, okay. You got big nose, I got big feet. Durante: Ain't life sweet!

How Sylvia Made Joan

I HAD been treating Connie Bennett for some time when I got a call from sister Joan asking me to take her as a patient. At the time, she was living way up in the Hollywood hills back of Ronnie Colman's secluded house. I found the house at last, but it was miles from the road, and the only way to get to it was to walk up flights and flights of stairs.

I walked and walked and climbed and climbed. I was nearer heaven than I had ever been when I rang her doorbell. Somebody let me in and told me to go upstairs—yes, honestly, more stairs!—to her bedroom. I climbed again, and at last there was Joan in her lovely modernistic boudoir. It was all in light purple and silver, but I wasn't in any mood to admire interior decoration.

I took one look at Joan's legs and exclaimed, "Good Lord! No wonder your calves are fat and you're hippy when you've got to climb those stairs every day."

She gave me one of those wide, innocent looks of hers. "But I thought climbing stairs was good for reducing," she said.

"Good for reducing your resistance," I said. "I can see that if you don't need me for anything else, you need me to get some common sense into your head. How do you feel?"

"Tired," said Joan, "and weak."

"No wonder!"

And that was my introduction to Joan Bennett. And lots of women seem to think that walking up and down stairs is good exercise. It will put weight on—it will never take it off. Dancing is wonderful for reducing, but not climbing stairs.

WELL, I asked Joan to walk back and forth across the room a couple of times to see if she were balanced properly on her feet, because bad posture and carriage can wear you down and give you that fagged out feeling faster than anything else. Joan slumped. So I stood behind her and gave her a good rousing whack between the shoulder blades.

She straightened up then—and did it plenty fast, too. And I want all you girls to listen to me. No matter how young and beautiful you may be, unless you carry yourself well, you won't have a nice personality. Good posture is the foundation of charm. And don't you forget it!

After I treated Joan I gave her exercises to make her hold her shoulders up. She paid me for it—and paid me well. I'm giving it to you girls for nothing, so pay attention. This isn't massage. It's a special treatment of my own and now all you girls who go around looking like the letter S, hop to this treatment.

With your left hand grab hold of the muscle just over your right shoulder blade. Then with your thumb dig under the shoulder blade as if you wanted to gouge it out of your back.



Graceful bows, a slant as of respectful attention—these have their screen place. But done with a hint of the débutante slouch—not so good. That's why Joan Bennett enlisted Sylvia's help

Weight, body irregularities, whatever the problem, for years Hollywood's first thought was "Get Sylvia to fix it." Joan Bennett's story, told this month, is only one in the hundreds of cases which made Sylvia America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist.

Now Sylvia's expert advice is yours to use, free of charge, through PHOTOPLAY Magazine. On page 84 you'll read how others are being helped, and how easily you can take advantage of this splendid new service. Turn there now—read about it—then let Sylvia help with your problems!

Don't be afraid to dig in deep and hard. You're not so delicate, and it won't hurt you. While you're doing it keep your right hand just above your hip and a little toward the back. Now repeat this on the left shoulder blade, digging in with your right thumb.

The reason Joan slumped—and the reason most people do—is because the nerves were starved and there was a lack of circulation. But, believe me, when you get through digging into those old shoulder blades, there'll be plenty of circulation. Don't tell me you can't get your arms around at your back. I know you can!

The stars had me to do it for them. You have to do it yourself. I know it's not easy—but is anything that is worthwhile easy?

WHILE Joan was resting after her treatment I showed her an exercise for correct posture that she had to do daily. Here it is: In your stocking feet place your feet pointing straight to the front. Now put two or three books on top of your head. Put your arms behind your back, with the elbow of your left arm resting in the palm of your right hand, and the right elbow in the left hand. Walk back and forth across the floor ten or fifteen times. You think that's childish and old-fashioned? Let me tell you lots of those old-fashioned methods are grand. In this way you train the muscles of your neck to support your head properly. It makes you hold your head up. It keeps you from throwing your chin forward and looking foolish.

Joan Bennett always slumped in her chair when she sat down, but I made her stop that at once by telling her always to choose a straight, high-backed chair and sit well back in it, with her back and head resting against the back of the chair. Here's a don't for you. Don't cross your legs. It stops circulation.

Bennett "Straighten Up"

Read Sylvia's many helpful answers, girls, on page 84!

Then I gave her one more exercise for posture. Dancing and dancing and dancing with her arms above her head. That draws up the muscles and it makes you feel great!

And believe me, the folks around Joan's studio were grateful for what I did for her, because she had always been impossible in the fitting-room. That girl couldn't stand still for two minutes—much less the hours and hours that dress fittings require. She was always fidgeting and having to go sit down for a few minutes. Honestly, she used to send the wardrobe people into hysterics.

And do you know why she did that? Simply because she didn't know how to stand properly, because she didn't have good balance. If you girls who have jobs that keep you on your feet all day will just take those posture exercises and distribute your weight equally on your two feet, you'll be amazed at how much better you feel.

YOU know, it's a funny thing about Joan. She had a reputation for being temperamental around the studios. They called her a "real Bennett"—not just "Connie's little sister." She would fly off the handle at anything and when they didn't do things to suit her, she'd raise a row.

Once she was making a picture in which she was supposed to wear orchids. Now artificial flowers look much better photographically than real ones. But Joan wanted real ones. Would she take the studio artificials? She would not! They argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't budge, and it wound up by her getting real orchids.

I say that's the way she was around the studio, but with me she was entirely different. She was like a meek little kid and never complained once. When I'd tell her to do something she'd say, "Yes, darling." And do it. When I told her she had to be home by nine o'clock every evening, she was. She only kept me waiting once—and that was when she had an important studio conference with her boss (and at that time her sweetheart) John Considine.

Now the point is that Joan trusted me. She knew I was working for her good and if you



With her full winsome charm carried by a straight figure—behold the Joan that Sylvia produced! There's a grand lesson in it for all who are prone to indulge in careless carriage

girls do what I tell you, you'll have the same results Joan had. And one of the reasons she was temperamental was because she was run down [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Sylvia

Clara "Once Overs"

THEY say England is a man's country. From what I saw my first day in London, I'll say it's so. The men you see strolling down the streets sure have class. But the women . . .! Big feet, big hands, no make-up to speak of, and the frumpiest clothes!

Even in the restaurants you see some of the funniest ruins not listed in the guide book. Had lunch at a place where the waiter staggers up to you carrying a whole side of beef, mutton, or lamb on a platter, and you pick out the cut you want. Chefs in white caps and aprons keep the meat hot by turning it on a spit and right out in full view. Saw an old lady who looked like a mid-Victorian duchess. She was wearing a dress of that vintage that my wash-woman on the ranch would have turned up her nose at.

They make fun of American men in England. Say they spoil their wives and are terribly hen-pecked. Maybe they mean they let them buy too many good-looking clothes. An Englishman's motto seems to be—"Treat your women rough and keep 'em badly dressed. And don't let 'em talk too much."

Gee, London is big and old. Everywhere you turn you're bumping into history and monuments. It's so different from American cities.

I almost had hysterics when I saw the London cabs. Are they relics? They rattle along at about one mile every three hours. You go practically crazy waiting to get places. But you can't hurry anybody in London. They think we Americans are silly for rushing around so. It's all like a slow-motion camera compared with life in the U. S. A.

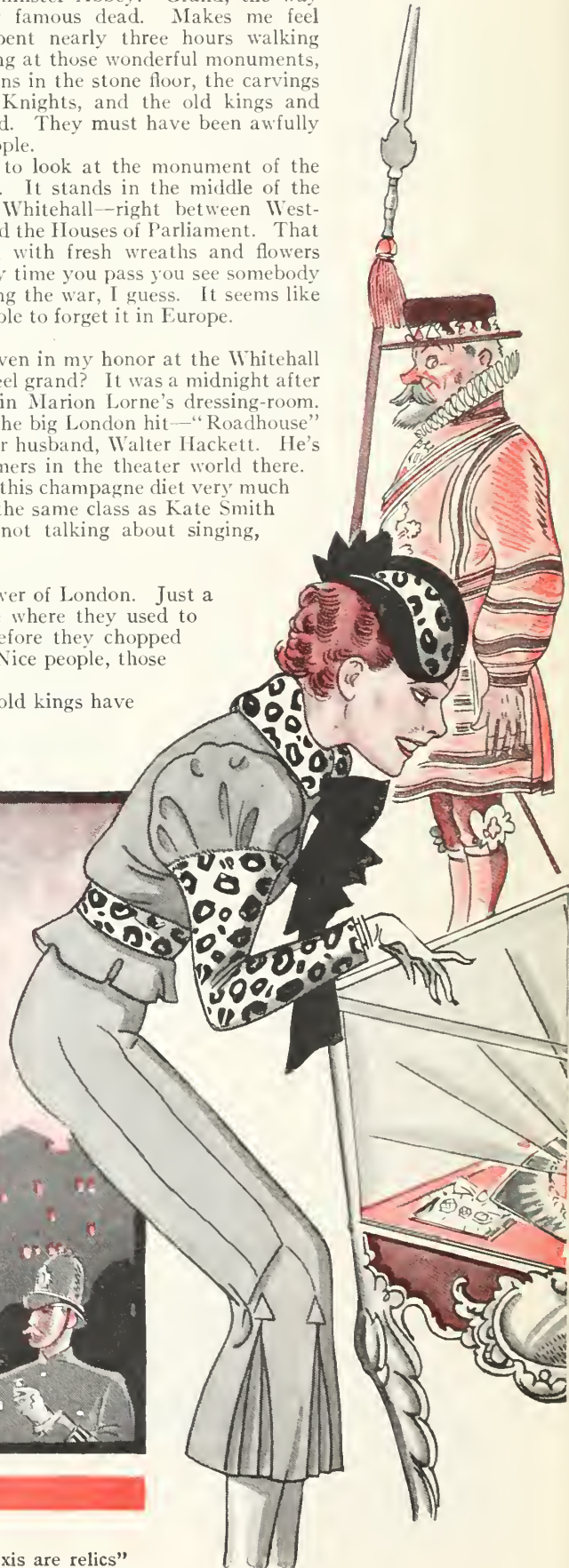
Went to Westminster Abbey. Grand, the way they honor their famous dead. Makes me feel religious. We spent nearly three hours walking around and looking at those wonderful monuments, and the inscriptions in the stone floor, the carvings of the Crusader Knights, and the old kings and queens of England. They must have been awfully funny-looking people.

Then we went to look at the monument of the Unknown Soldier. It stands in the middle of the street they call Whitehall—right between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. That cenotaph is piled with fresh wreaths and flowers every day. Every time you pass you see somebody there, remembering the war, I guess. It seems like they'll never be able to forget it in Europe.

A party was given in my honor at the Whitehall Theater. Did I feel grand? It was a midnight after the show supper in Marion Lorne's dressing-room. She's the star of the big London hit—"Roadhouse"—produced by her husband, Walter Hackett. He's one of the big-timers in the theater world there. . . . If I keep up this champagne diet very much longer, I'll be in the same class as Kate Smith soon. And I'm not talking about singing, either!

Visited the Tower of London. Just a cozy, damp place where they used to lock up people before they chopped their heads off. Nice people, those old English!

And did those old kings have

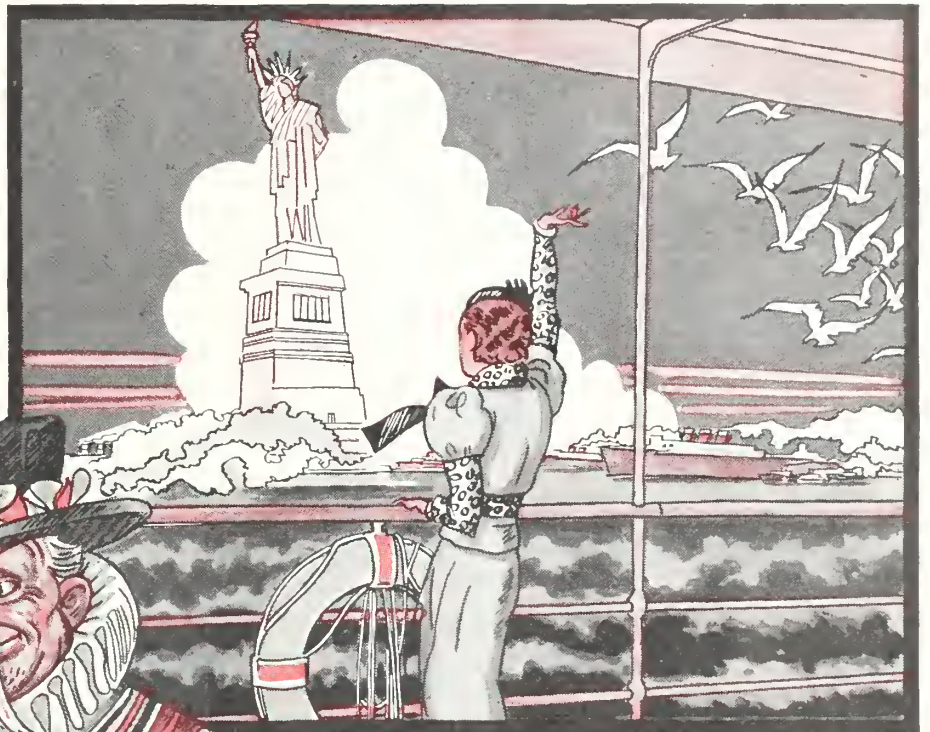


"Gee, London is old. You're always bumping into history. Even the taxis are relics"

London and Berlin

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

"I wouldn't mind having a few diamonds and emeralds from the Crown jewels. Fat chance of getting them, though, with those big beef eaters standing guard



"The Statue of Liberty and li'l ole New York. So that ends that! Wonder when I'll be going again?"

tempers? I'll tell the world. And could they think up nice little tricks for torturing their wives and other relations and the people they wanted to have out of the way! Gives me the creeps to think of it.

I don't care much for jewelry, but I wouldn't mind having a couple of those diamonds and emeralds from the Crown jewels. Might come in handy in the next depression. Fat chance of getting them, though. They keep them locked up in a glass case with a couple of guys called "beef eaters" standing on guard all day long. "Beef eaters" wear the funniest looking hats and short pants I've ever seen. Their cheeks are very red and their stomachs very fat. I never knew eating beef made you that way.

Another funny thing about the English is they never seem to feel the cold. It's always damp and wet and horrible in London - but in the private houses they haven't any central heating. Only fireplaces. Usually the head of the family (England is a man's country) keeps the heat out of the rest of the room by standing with his back to the fireplace and warming his "whats-is." So the women have to get used to the cold. Maybe that's why their hands are so red—and their cheeks, too. They wear "woolies" here—ugh! Well, I'll take mine with steam heat and silk step-ins!

Oh, the squire's life is the life for me! I learned that word the other day when we went down to Tom Wall's estate near London. It's what they call the landowners in Merrie England. Tom's an English actor and a swell fellow, who spends his time breeding horses and dogs between making pictures and starring in plays. His famous horse, April V, won the 1932 Derby. And was Tom impressed "by the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK—M-G-M

A HOWLING, smashing, screaming success. Lee Tracy out-Tracies anything to date as the go-getting, ambulance chasing, shyster lawyer.

Right on the dot at every accident, even before it gets through happening, Lee reaps clients like a farmer reaps wheat, and by hook or crook (mostly crook) outwits the big corporations at every turn. And are they burned? But he's finally tripped by no less a tripper than the fair Madge Evans. And does he fall?

Second to that of Lee stands the marvelous performance of Frank Morgan as the drunken doctor accomplice. Madge Evans comes through in a big way as the little "stool pigeon" who falls for Lee, while Charles Butterworth as *Floppy*, the professional accident case, brings many a howl.



★ THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND—Fox

A VAST army of magnificent Amazons is ruled by Marjorie Rambeau as the head I-Am, and all are agog because the Greeks are invading. The men, however, stay home to curl their beards, while the stalwart women go forth to war, led by the resplendent Elissa Landi.

But there is a villain—Ernest Truex, charming husband of Marjorie. While the Greeks, in between fights, are trying to sell the Amazons on matrimony—David Manners being particularly strong for Elissa—naughty Ernest lets the Greeks get the magic girdle which gives the Amazons their martial spirit. They are captured—and do they like it!

Fast and furious laughs, both subtle and rowdy, and excellent, lavish setting. It's a distinct triumph for Director Walter Lang and the cast, and a grand treat for you.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ REUNION IN VIENNA—M-G-M

AS sparkling a bit of Viennese charm as ever twinkled across a movie screen. Adhering strictly to the Robert Sherwood play with lavish sets, this bit of exquisite entertainment dealing with the faded glory of the Hapsburgs, simply must not be missed.

It comes about because the remnants of Austrian nobility plan a celebration on Emperor Francis Joseph's birthday, and there are rumors that the madcap *Archduke Rudolf*, now a taxi-driver in Nice, will attempt to slip past the Austrian police and join the party. This causes restiveness in the home of a former princess-sweetheart of his, now married to a stern but understanding doctor and psychiatrist, who figures that the way to lay the ghost of this old romance is to let his wife try to recapture it, minus court glamour.

The part of *Rudolf* is right down the romantic John Barrymore alley, and what he does with it! Diana Wynyard, if not the princess of the play, is splendidly acceptable; Frank Morgan adds a grand husband, while Frank's papa (Henry Travers)—well, just wait till you see papa!

May Robson, Una Merkel, and others are in the cast; and it all goes with zestful swing and dash. It catches, too, the pathetic futility of the Hapsburgs; and if the underlying character conflict in the princess is not quite as well set forth as it was in the play, the Wynyard charm makes up amply for the lack of subtle characterization.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

REUNION IN VIENNA
NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK
BONDAGE
PEG O' MY HEART

PILGRIMAGE
THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND
THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK
"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna"
Henry Travers in "Reunion in Vienna"
Henrietta Crosman in "Pilgrimage"
Lee Tracy in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"
Frank Morgan in "Never Give a Sucker a Break"
Elissa Landi in "The Warrior's Husband"
Ernest Truex in "The Warrior's Husband"
Dorothy Jordan in "Bondage"
Fredric March in "The Eagle and the Hawk"
Claudette Colbert in "I Cover the Waterfront"
Ben Lyon in "I Cover the Waterfront"
Laura Hope Crews in "The Silver Cord"
Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ PILGRIMAGE—Fox

THE sheer excellence of this poignant story about a Gold Star mother's sorrow unquestionably entitles it to premier rank among the film offerings of the month.

Henrietta Crosman, as the mother, unwittingly prepares her own sorrow when, to break up a match between her son, Norman Foster, and Marian Nixon, she has him drafted. He is killed; and to add to her bitterness, Marian has a child, which the mother refuses to recognize.

Then comes the pilgrimage which resolves the heartbreak. Going to France with other Gold Star mothers, she finds herself too torn by her hatreds and her feeling that she is her son's murderer to stand the prospect of visiting his grave. While in this mood, she encounters a couple in Paris undergoing the trial through which her son and his sweetheart went, thanks to her—and from there the story works out to its moving ending.

As might be expected of one with her stellar stage record, Henrietta Crosman gives a sterling performance, while both Norman and Marian do all that might be expected. They are well supported by Lucille LaVerne, Maurice Murphy, Heather Angel, Jay Ward, Hedda Hopper and Charles Grapewin, while the production and direction are excellent. Don't hesitate about this one—subject to the qualification that those who lost loved ones in the World War might find it distressing.



★ BONDAGE—Fox

A COMPELLING indictment of a certain type of reform institution and a truly magnificent performance are yours to see in this offering.

Dorothy Jordan, as *Judy Peters*, is led into "the fatal error" and committed to an institution to have her child. It is her misfortune and society's crime that the matron, Rafaela Ottiano, delights in torturing her charges in the name of reform. Her mistreatment finally drives Dorothy to the streets, and arrest and trial brings out the miserable story.

Dorothy, whom we thought a pleasing little ingénue, turns in a performance that will compare with the best of any star in pictures, and the others in the cast likewise stand out—particularly Merle Tottenham, Dorothy Libaire, Alexander Kirkland and Eddie Woods.



★ THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK—Paramount

A GRIPPING portrayal of the friendship, even unto death, of two aviators, Fredric March and Cary Grant, in the World War.

Fredric, a renowned ace, nevertheless feels a growing aversion for the horror and senselessness of it all—and through all the stirring adventures of the pair, you can see this growing on him. At last he cracks under the strain, commits suicide—and faithful Cary, strapping him into the airplane, takes off at dawn for the enemy lines. Together they go down, March to eternal glory, and Cary to a life of suffering.

Beautifully told, with an epic performance by Fredric March, its one fault may lie in our overfamiliarity with the subject matter and theme. Carole Lombard has effective bits, while Jack Oakie contributes notable, broad humor.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures



PEG O' MY HEART—
M-G-M



THE old *Peg*, well ornamented with nice musical numbers and splendid voices. Marion Davies, as the little Irish girl who suddenly becomes an heiress, gives us a rich brogue and a performance replete with sentiment. J. Farrell MacDonald is an authentic *Pat*, and the charming performance of Onslow Stevens should place him well up among popular leading men. Robert Greig contributes his usual good butler.

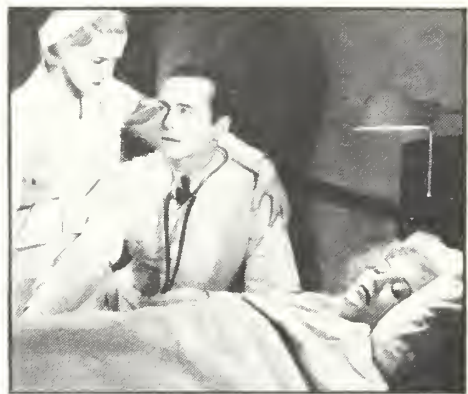


"I COVER THE WATER-FRONT"—
United Artists



DIFFICULT to appraise beyond reporting that there's nothing of Max Miller's book in it except the title. The difficulty lies in the fact that the story is a concoction of hokum melodrama about a fisherman (Ernest Torrence) who smuggles Chinamen, and gets caught when newspaper reporter Ben Lyon works on his daughter (Claudette Colbert); yet the actors turn this material into a grand show. Our guess is you'll like it.

THE GIRL IN 419—
Paramount



HOSPITAL life and romance come in for another whirl when Gloria Stuart, unconscious from a gangster beating, catches the eye of philandering chief surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence her, and there is great adventure, some fine pathos (contributed by David Manners and Vince Barnett), and a rousing climax. Kiddies, though, might sleep better for not seeing it.

THE SILVER CORD—
RKO-Radio



LAURA HOPE CREWS as a mother whose possessive love all but wrecks the lives of her two sons (Joel McCrea and Eric Linden). The day is saved when Eric's fiancée (Frances Dee) and Joel's wife (Irene Dunne) rebel. You'll never see finer playing than these three women give, especially Frances; but they followed the stage play rigidly, and the result proves that fine "theater" does not necessarily make good "movie."

THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER—
Columbia



A NEW adventure of dashing detective *Thatcher Colt* (Adolphe Menjou). This time he unravels the mystery when rivalry between husband Dwight Frye and lover Donald Cook leads to the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen in the midst of her act. Excellent circus atmosphere and a wow finish make this an extremely palatable dish for lovers of mystery and adventure fare.

LUCKY DOG—
Universal



YOU never saw a more sincere performance on any screen than Buster gives in this film—and if Buster happens to be only a dog, this gives the humans just that much more to live up to. Buster's troubles come when his master, Chic Sale, hits the gutter; and the way the tyke goes to your heart is nobody's business. Astonishingly enough, Chic is cast as a young man; so don't expect to see your old friend.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**DIPLO-
MANIACS—
RKO-Radio**



BARBERS Wheeler and Woolsey are such nuts, the American Indians decide to send them to the Peace Conference in Geneva. Villain Louis Calhern, a bullet manufacturer, sets siren Marjorie White to stop them; and that's about all the sense there is to it. The nonsense sometimes is good and sometimes awful; this is not the best Wheeler and Woolsey we've seen. Pretty girls, though, help the eye appeal.

**I LOVE
THAT MAN
—Paramount**



EDDIE LOWE, a fast-working "con" man, wins the love of mission-girl Nancy Carroll, and she follows him through fair weather and foul—mostly foul. She plugs away, however, at his reform, and seems to have won the day, when Eddie gets double-crossed and also killed. Well acted by these principals and Bob Armstrong, Warren Hymer, Lew Cody, Grant Mitchell, Luis Alberni, Dorothy Burgess; not extraordinary.

**LILLY
TURNER—
First National**



ONE man goes insane and is committed to an asylum because of her; another takes to drink; a third loses his great opportunity in life—and no one gets anywhere. Including Ruth Chatterton, who causes the desolation. There is simply no excuse for the picture having been made. George Brent, Frank McHugh and Guy Kibbee suffer for her through endless reels. You'll suffer, too, if you sit it out!

**THE STORY
OF TEMPLE
DRAKE—
Paramount**



SEX in the raw—all about a "fine old Southern family" girl (Miriam Hopkins) who leads men on only to let them down, until she encounters the gangster *Trigger* (Jack LaRue). Finally she shoots him and confesses all, to save a man on trial for killing one of *Trigger's* victims. Like good soldiers, the players do well, thus adding quinine to the already bitter draught provided by plot. Not for children.

**TOMORROW
AT SEVEN—
RKO-Radio**



A MYSTERY thriller that starts quickly and keeps up the pace from murder to murder, with the sinister *Black Ace* at the bottom of the gory doings. Banker Grant Mitchell takes an airplane to escape death, promised for "tomorrow at seven," but his fate strikes on time to the minute. Thereupon writer Chester Morris uncovers the villain, and two rousing fights end the villainy.

**PRIVATE
DETECTIVE
62—
Warners**



DISMISSED from the diplomatic service, William Powell turns private detective, in a crooked agency run by Arthur Hohl. One of his jobs is to frame Margaret Lindsay; but he marries her instead and shows up the crooks. Margaret's work is fine; but Bill Powell's smooth playing merely emphasizes the mediocrity of plot and direction.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 93]

A Rebel Against Life



A Southern girl who refused to remain homely; who refused to conform to the traditions of her birthplace. Miriam Hopkins in the name rôle of "The Story of Temple Drake" no longer surprises her fellow townsmen

YOU can't pigeon-hole the Hopkins person. She fits no mold. Just when you think you've analyzed her, got her typed, she throws everything into reverse with all the dynamic force of that old rebel leader himself, Major Cutter, who is one of her ancestors.

To this day, Miriam's mother expects only the unexpected from her offspring.

Take the matter of beauty, for instance.

Years ago, Mrs. Hopkins used to look wistfully at her second daughter as she grew long-legged, freckled faced and flat-

But Miriam Hopkins has no quarrel with life itself. She drinks its full measure

By May Allison
Quirk

ched. She had been one of the great belles of the South herself. No doubt, she hoped her two daughters would inherit her charm and flair for social matters.

But here was Miriam, the youngest, growing up without a trace of looks, other than that mop of pale gold hair. She needn't have worried about the lack of beauty in the younger Hopkins, however.

While Miriam was passing through that awkward, chrysalis she managed to make quite a career for herself. Her path of progress took her swiftly from school to the chorus of a Broadway show, through that to small parts in other musical comedies, and finally into the ingénue lead of a dramatic production.

IF her physical graces were not exceptional, she made up for it in mental courage. She tackled anything.

Many Broadway casts bore her name without leaving any greater impression on the New York public other than that of an acceptable ingénue.

Then almost overnight, it seemed, something happened to the Hopkins girl. She budded and blossomed. New York became conscious of the physical charm of Miriam Hopkins.

From being a good little ingénue, with a mop of pale gold hair and rather bad carriage, she turned into an actress of such physical allure as to set the bald heads wagging and the pulses tingling.

Another apple cart capsized.

In "Lysistrata," that Greek comedy of war and sex, Miriam came to full bloom as one of the most luscious eye-fuls behind the footlights.

I hadn't known her personally before that time, but I had wondered

many times how she had come so far. I met her shortly after the "Lysistrata" triumph and her success was no longer a mystery to me.

I encountered a devastating candor of thought and speech and a mind as sensitive as a hair trigger. With every move of her expressive, nervous hands and her crisp way of talking she belied her Southern birth. Expect only the unexpected from Miriam.

When Paramount made her an offer for pictures, she wasn't at all enthusiastic. People [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]



Hurrell

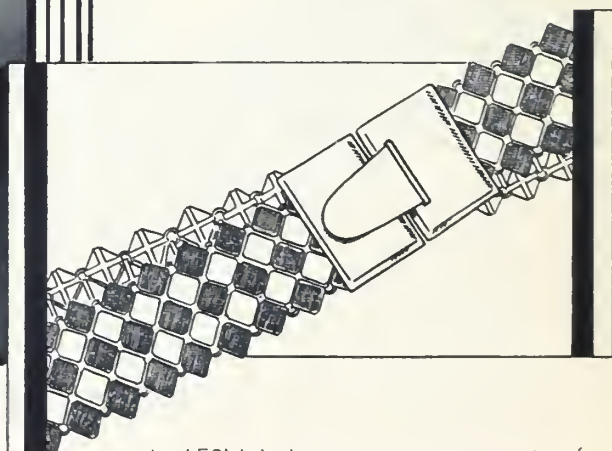
ENIGMATIC, this lad Gene Raymond, the appealing boy of "Zoo in Budapest," who's really a strapping athlete. He eats heartily, yet stays slim; dislikes being called a platinum blond, though he is. But he's most sphinxlike when someone asks which lady has engaged his affections. We'll see him soon in Columbia's "Ann Carver's Profession"



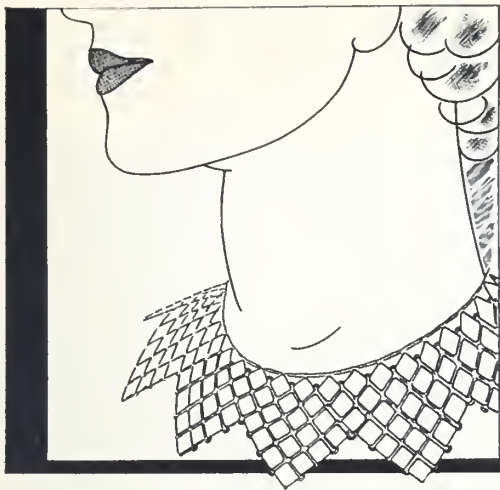
Cotton— Hollywood Picks It For Smart Costumes

—*Seymour*—

EVERYONE is picking cotton this summer—especially Hollywood! Gloria Stuart wears this delightful red and white gingham in her new picture called "It's Great to Be Alive." It's youthful and cool looking with a high collar of white organdie ruffles, tying in a bow at front. An undersleeve of white organdie is edged with gingham and topped by three organdie ruffles. Gloria's belt is organdie with a white buckle—shoes to match her dress.



MESH belts are smart accessories for your summer dresses. One of the newest designs is sketched above. The mesh is formed by alternating squares of pastel enamel and silver, the clever buckle is silver. You will be charmed with the variety of costume colors to be had in these—blue, green, white, and others



SOME would call this a necklace, but it is really more like a collar that fits snugly about the neck. The mesh is the same as that in the belt except in solid colors without the silver. It comes in matching colors so that you may form a very smart ensemble with the two pieces. Grand with higher necklines.



MARIAN NIXON wears this attractive blue piqué hat with the dress shown at the right. It is a sailor with the brim turned up at back. Ric-rac braid and blue tassel make the interesting trimming.

MARIAN'S dress is another type of cotton which you should have in your wardrobe this summer. The blue piqué skirt is topped by a sleeveless jacket of the same. Blue and white polka dotted sleeves and collar on the organdie blouse add a crisp accent. The frill down the front of the blouse and the under collar are piped in blue. Rita Kaufman designed this for "Five Cents a Glass."





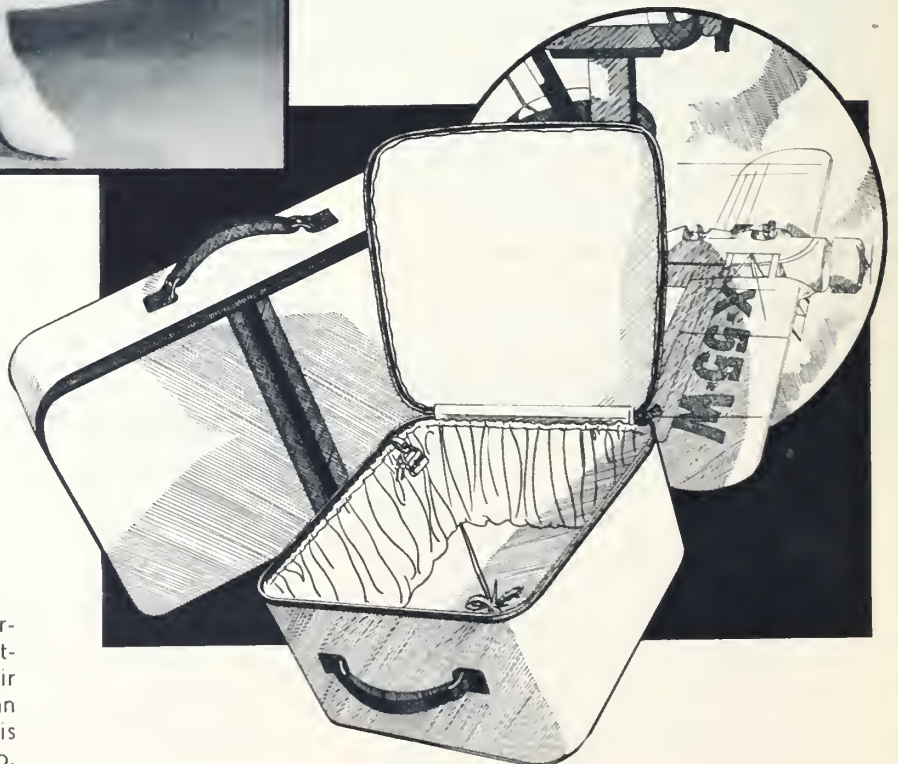
White For Your Coat And Suits

HOLLYWOOD 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 those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 110.

BEBE DANIELS is a blithe young poster artist in "Cocktail Hour" and this is one of the good looking costumes she wears. It's a white coat, designed by Kalloch to look coachman-like. The sleeves puff out to give that "tray" shoulder effect. A pert overseas cap! Bebe's brunette hair and the dark scarf contrast perfectly with her smart white outfit.

YOU'LL have no packing worries if you use this new lightweight luggage designed for air travel. Each case weighs less than three pounds, yet the capacity is marvelous. Fabric with zip top.



Two Favorite Summer Styles



— Seymour



THE wide T-strap sandal is a great favorite this season. This one in white Artillery calf is a perfect complement for tailored or sports clothes. Perforated detail.

WHAT could be cooler or more useful than this trim white suit worn by Lilian Bond? A navy blue and white printed blouse gives the smart dark-with-white accent. Lilian's jacket buttons down the front and has two clever "reefer-like" pockets on either side. A Nancy of Hollywood model.



ANOTHER grand summer suit is this one in a new silk linen which Ruth Hall will wear in "I'll Be Hanged if I Do." The jacket, slightly fitted, fastens tuxedo-fashion in front. The bright plaid blouse has a jaunty scarf collar. Another design by Nancy of Hollywood.



HERE'S what Gloria Stuart wears on a summer evening in her rôle of a wealthy young New Yorker in "It's Great to Be Alive." And isn't it just the perfect thing for your dancing evenings? Pale green striped organdie with puff sleeves and demure sailor collar of white taffeta. The bodice has a high waist-line.



BLUE and white cord mesh makes this T-strap sandal both a smart and a practical choice for resort wear. You will find that you need several pairs to match your costumes. A versatile shoe for beach, sports and general uses—and quite within the budget!



THIS is Travis Banton's idea of what a gay young co-ed may wear for late afternoon and early evening campus activities! Lona Andre wears it in "College Humor." Pale pink satin with graceful sleeves of pleated chiffon edged with satin. Almost tailored is the blouse with its pep-lum of pleated satin. That wide belt is rose crepe—charming!

Hollywood's New Beach Ideas

IN "Cocktail Hour" Bebe Daniels wears this stunning toweling robe which I think will make an ideal beach and bath robe for you. It has interestingly tucked sleeves and a gay conceit is the name of the wearer embroidered on it. Robe in string color.



AN answer to feminine prayers is this new bathing cap that gives a soft contour to the face. Haven't you wished for a cap design that would give your face a break when the hair was tucked in? Crepe rubber with a beguiling dip over one eye!

HOLLYWOOD is favoring either patterned or ribbed weaves in bathing suits. Thus this clever suit is typical of the stars' choice. A brassiere uplift in front and the back has a new adjustable sunback achieved by ties.



Hurrell

FROM the day she broke home ties at York, England, to play in London, Dorothy Mackaill has done as she liked. Now she's happy being Mrs. Neil Miller; so long term studio contracts just don't interest her. But she did do one film with Clark Gable—just to study at first hand that he-man technique everyone was raving about. She approved

Lemon Coconut Cake . . .



O-LA-LA, such a time, after such a three months! No wonder Henry Garat sighed a huge sigh of relief as he sank into his chair on the "Europa," vacation bound to France after three months opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."

Last minute retakes had parted him from his baggage in Hollywood, forcing a week's living in one suit. When he changed his American money for French, the gold situation nicked him for several hundred dollars. At the last minute, he found the "Europa" would get him home quicker—but all the special food for the dog was on the "Leviathan." The French consul and a motorcycle police squad were needed to retrieve it.

But it was worth it! Again, oo-la-la—from the man who'd been so afraid of Hollywood, afraid of the beautiful vamps, the terrible cruelty he'd read about.

"Eet was wanderfool," he said. "Everybody so vary nice. But everything that could happen, happen to me there."

"That day we go to Caliente. Just as we come out to get into my car, poof . . . something had gone wrong with the ignition and she caught fires . . . so big fires. The firemans come, but my car is too bad. We go weeth friends to Caliente. But I was sorry. They all gamble—I try. First I win \$70. Then I play again and I lose \$150. My wife had stored away \$20 or we could not eat next day."

"When we got back to Hollywood," added Betty, Henry's charming English wife, aged twenty-three, "we were terribly tired. So Henry lay down to rest before going that night for retakes. I was just coming upstairs when everything began to rock. Henry jumped up and rushed into the hall. 'I am sick,' he called. 'Everything go round.'"

Hours later they heard it was a quake.

Then Betty told her unforgettable Hollywood experience.

"Henry's birthday was always *our* day together," she said, "and I always prepared a coconut lemon layer cake for him—that's his favorite, you know. So I made one. For the last touch I wrote with lemon icing, 'To Henry from Betty—Happy Birthday.' At seven o'clock he rang the front doorbell, and set down a package on the hall table—a coconut lemon layer cake inscribed 'To Henry from Janet!'"

"It took the edge completely off my cake. But I understood. Miss Gaynor was just being nice to her leading man. And she knew he liked lemon coconut better than any other cake. So I became in that moment a Hollywood wife."

"Yes," Henry laughed. "Little Janet she want to make me feel at home. She is so vary sweet, so vary leetle, such a tiny leetle voice, too. . . ."

They'll be back in August for another romantic rôle with little Janet Gaynor—Janet of the lemon coconut birthday cake. By the way—the name's pronounced Gar'-rah.



A "New Deal" in Actors . .

YOU can take a long lingering look (and you will, don't worry) at this Franchot Tone person, who acted in "Today We Live" and "Gabriel Over the White House," and realize that here he is at last. The type of "new deal" actor Hollywood has needed so long.

He isn't overwhelmed in the least by Hollywood. Franchot's been places, knows real people, and isn't impressed by Hollywood's blondes.

You'll seldom read his name in cheap gossip columns. He's here to work. The answer to the producers' cry when they discovered that motion picture audiences did rate higher than twelve years old in mentality.

Franchot Tone is a young lad of good family and means. He needn't have acted for a living.

But he chose acting because he liked it. And went seriously about mastering it. Acted in college plays at Cornell University. Became president of the drama league. Finished Cornell in three and one-half years and won a Phi Beta Kappa pin.

After school, it was stock in Buffalo. After stock, New York. Not Broadway. Into a little theater in Greenwich Village, Franchot went and worked. Hard.

At last, he was ready for Broadway. He appeared in "The Age of Innocence" as a middle-aged man and played it so expertly, few people ever realized that a mere youth was behind that rôle. Then on to "Red Dust," "Hotel Universe," "Green Grow the Lilacs," "Pagan Lady," Theatre Guild, Group Theatre, and with all this behind him—Hollywood.

Franchot lives at the beach with Tommy Thompson, his friend. Having had luxuries all his life, hysterical mansions with hysterical swimming pools fail to impress him. A Korean boy tends to the housework. Franchot actually shipped his old Ford on from New York.

Simply because he liked it.

He goes out very little. Would rather play checkers with Tommy. Has two dogs—"Mata Hari," the dachshund, and scottie "Yoo Hoo," a present from Joan Crawford.

He's not especially good looking, as the artists portray movie actors. He has plain brown hair, brown eyes, and a grand voice. But he gives that feeling of assurance some doctors do when the tummy aches.

"We've got to learn, in movies," Franchot said one day, "to take it easy. It's too tense. Every scene is played exactly as if it were the grand climax of the play. Everyone is tied up in knots. We'll learn to relax and then we'll be all right."

And somehow, the way he said it, not egotistically but just assuringly, one knew everything would be right.

And he's normal. Except for two things. His name, pronounced Fran-show; and he'll never go honeymooning to Niagara Falls. He was born there.

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood



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

THE extreme sophistication of Carole Lombard's latest coiffure created for "The Eagle and the Hawk" convinces us that one need not be bobbed to look very chic. That engaging bang contrasts charmingly with the braid at the neck. Significant, these long screen coiffures.



PERHAPS an attic or forgotten drawer may yield a braid with which to disguise your short locks in this regal manner for evening. Perfect with a sheer dance frock. That bang, which lengthens the head, shortens the face, is suggested only if your eyes are large, features delicate.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



THE severity of the back is tempered by oblique tiers of ringlets. A harmonious touch is the swirl of the bang repeated at the back. This is a lovely arrangement for hair rich in color or texture; those wide swirls give it full play.



THE left side has full benefit of curl. The modern coiffeur places his curls with discretion. The day of the over-curling head is done. A sweep, somewhere, of smooth uncurled hair seems necessary to every lovely head today.



WYNNE GIBSON finds a light wave set lotion helpful in arranging her hair. She stresses the desirability of a thin lotion to be sprayed on. Her preparation comes with attached spray. Islightly scented.

ANOTHER version of the bang designed for Genevieve Tobin in "Pleasure Cruise" by Denis Phillips, and an ideal summer coiffure. It is cool, becoming with and without a hat, requires only a handful of curls, easily obtainable by permanent or finger-wave. The piece de resistance, that bang, is very obliging, for you can both comb and curl it a number of ways. Up-keep is very small.



WHAT can approach the allure of fragrant hair? Kathleen Burke illustrates one of the newest Hollywood fads. While hair is damp from shampoo, a perfume lotion is applied by the operator. Perfume clings.



Modern Studio Make-Up Tricks

PATRICIA ELLIS shows you a real studio make-up trick—that of using a Chinese brush to apply lip paste. Outline the mouth carefully, then fill in with the rouge. If the color is too heavy, blot gently with tissue. This is especially recommended for evening.



MIRIAM shows the second step to lovely lashes that defy detection—trimming them to the right length. Many Hollywood stars apply them only to the outer corner. This creates a glamorous sweep in the Garbo manner.

HOW art may aid nature in luxuriant lashes is depicted by Miriam Jordan. An infinitesimal globule of paste is touched to the natural lash, the artificial lash attached to the real one.

A BEAUTY practice almost as old as beauty, itself, and one undoubtedly followed by our great-grandmothers. Patricia Ellis uses a towel to gently mould back her cuticle whenever she washes her hands. Every girl may well do this.

Poetic Values In Powder And Rouge



IF you use a flat powder puff, try folding it as Una does hers. This prevents scattering of your powder and presses the powder more permanently on your skin. Many of us need to change our powder at this season, possibly to one or two shades darker.



THE same rouging principles apply to cream rouge, as illustrated by Una Merkel. As a rule, cream rouge is advisable for the initial application, dry rouge is suggested for a touch-up now and then. For lasting make-up.

UNA MERKEL'S rouge puff is carefully poised at the vital color area for the average young face. The advisability of applying rouge high on the full part of the cheeks, blending toward the temples, cannot be over-stressed for a natural and soft appearance.



DOROTHY JORDAN is using one of those new one-hand lipsticks. A flip of the thumb and it opens. Dorothy's skin is fair, so she chooses a flamingo or blush shade, both with rose tone.



Hurrell

GLORIA SWANSON back in Hollywood sunshine after a sojourn in foggy England making "Perfect Understanding." When the curious ask her if she has come to stay, she mentions vaguely a farm in France and reminds them that she and Michael left the children in Switzerland. Nor will Mr. Farmer tell. Says he, "No definite plans"

Why risk a single washing failure —it costs DOLLARS!



A BARGAIN? YES—
but one wrong washing may
wipe out ALL you save! Keep
it like new all season long
this simple way



"IN TIMES LIKE THESE," women say, "every dollar counts! We can't afford to have a single dress or sweater spoiled in washing. We simply have to keep things looking new.

"That's why, nowadays, we are insisting on safe Lux."

CAN YOU afford to risk a single precious dollar? You needn't! Lux is made to protect every kind of washable fabric . . . all the brilliant beauty of color, too. Through

one washing . . . through scores. All season long!

Gentle Lux draws out the soil and perspiration safely. There's no harmful alkali as there often is in ordinary soaps to fade and shrink things. There's no cake-soap rubbing to streak color, ruin texture. If it's safe in water alone, it's safe in Lux.

Many things you thought had to be cleaned can be Luxed. It's so easy . . . and because Lux keeps your pre-

cious things new looking so much longer, you'll find clothes money goes twice as far. A worth-while saving!

FOR DISHES, TOO: Inexpensive beauty care—Lux in the dishpan. Keeps hands white for 1¢ a day.



Save colors—save fabrics with Safe LUX

"I followed
Marian Nixon's
advice—



Recent portrait of
MARIAN NIXON,
fascinating screen star.
Read how
this lovely star's advice
brought happiness to
Miss Autumn Sims,
of Cincinnati



and
Now—

⚡ "So I started right away to
use Lux Toilet Soap regularly,
as Marian Nixon says she does.
Then I watched my skin very
carefully."



1 "I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to *like* me well enough, but something was lacking, and I couldn't help knowing it. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."



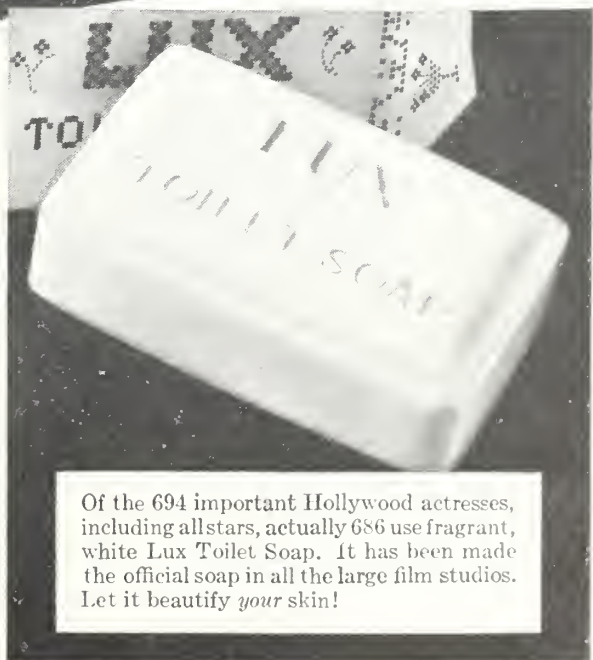
2 "Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."

Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

Marian Nixon



4 "I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"



Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including allstars, actually 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify *your* skin!

Perc Westmore Talks On Make-Up

By Carolyn Van Wyck



MR. WESTMORE is making-up Gloria Mossman. Gloria's left brow is too high, heavy. Right brow shows correct line but her own brow interferes. Right eye is good; left, bad.

IRENE WARE shows the use of honey as a skin beautifier. It is stimulating, astringent, in cream, lotion or pure form. Use on a creamed skin.

I WISH every reader of this department could have been with me recently when Perc Westmore, one of the famous make-up twins, Perc and Ern, gave a demonstration of screen make-up at the Warner Brothers' studio. A player from the lot, Gloria Mossman, was chosen. Her make-up was strictly professional for the screen, but Mr. Westmore mentioned many vital points that apply to us all personally.

Gloria first cleansed her face thoroughly with cream, then washed it with soap and water. Then Mr. Westmore patted on a number twenty-seven grease paint. He admonished us never to rub anything on our faces, always to pat it gently. Rubbing can break down tissue and injure it; patting will never harm. Remember this when you apply your creams and especially rouge and powder. Never try to grind make-up into your skin; rather put it on your skin.

The most interesting work began with Gloria's eyes. She made up one in her accustomed fashion; Mr. Westmore made up the other, according to his artistic make-up theories. Let us consider this eye. He thinks the brow should follow the bony ledge above the eye. This is an infallible rule for attractive and flattering brows. Let this idea, then, serve as a guide for you who want to shape your brows. The distance, then, from the brow to the eye will usually be the same as the width of the opened eye. Mr. Westmore advocates a curved or arched line; he considers straight lines masculine and points to Garbo and Dietrich as two stars made masculine by straight lines. The brow should be about as long as the eye and tapered at the end. Here is where a

deft touch of your eye-brow pencil comes in.

The actual eye make-up is especially interesting. With a lining pencil, Mr. Westmore drew a line on the upper lid, perhaps a sixteenth of an inch from the lash-line. He explained that if this line is too close to the lashes it gives a blurred, uncertain effect. Perhaps you've noticed this in photographs at times. A light line is now drawn from the inner corner outward, perhaps a quarter of an inch, depending upon size of the eye. A similar line is drawn from slightly beyond the outer corner inward, so that the center of the eye is unlined. This frames, enlarges, accents the eye yet does not

detract from the expression which must register through the pupil itself. A light application of mascara finishes this procedure.

If you use shadow, Mr. Westmore thinks it should extend from the brow to the lash-line, the color concentrated at the latter and fading toward the brow. Brown fulfils most shadow needs except for the very fair-skinned, when a blue-gray is suggested. Never, never use shadow beneath the eye.

You can do almost anything with a mouth through the medium of rouge. For pictures, rouge is often applied with a Chinese brush and if your own rouge is fairly soft you will find this a grand dressing-table trick. The ideal mouth extends as far as the eye pupil and has a slight upward tilt at the corners. Mr. Westmore decried the "depression mouth" as he calls it and said that every girl with a drooping mouth should give the upper lip a slight touch of rouge at the corners to lift it. When your upper lip is perfected, draw it lightly over the lower one. This will show you exactly where to place the rouge there.

Powder should be pressed on gently and generously, then dusted off with a brush that comes for this purpose. If you have lines in your skin be sure to smooth them out before powdering, either by relaxing the face or smoothing the skin between the fingers. Otherwise, the powder will cover merely the top skin, leaving the lines more pronounced than ever.

The average young face should rouge the full part of the cheeks blending it lightly toward the temples. If your eyes are tired or shadowed, bring the rouge lightly almost to the lash-line. This does wonders for a weary face.

"SUNBURN, Freckles and Tan" is the title of the new leaflet we have prepared for you. It tells you how to prevent and to cure, and is yours for the usual self-addressed, stamped envelope, as well as our acne and blackhead leaflet and our list of new perfumes. All letters answered personally. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

★ BETTE DAVIS, Star in Warner Bros.
Feature Picture "Ex-Lady"



"My Make-Up Secret"

... Bette Davis

"The secret of perfect make-up I learned from Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor... that my powder, rouge and lipstick must be in color harmony to blend with my own complexion colorings. You know that for years Max Factor has

created make-up for the stars and the studios of Hollywood, so it is only natural that I follow his advice for both screen and street make-up. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to find new beauty with make-up."



1. "For my colorings... blonde hair, blue eyes and fair skin... I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony tone is perfect for me... and it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours, which every screen star depends upon. And here's a hint about powdering... always pat it on, removing surplus with the face powder brush."

2. "Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone... and then soften the edges by blending with the finger tips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge... its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft coloring."

3. "Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day... three good reasons why I use it."

P. S.—"Of course, in my new picture, "Ex-Lady" I use Max Factor's Make-Up exclusively, too. In fact, in every picture from every studio you can actually see how perfect Max Factor's Make-Up is."

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 leading stores.
For your own personal make-up color harmony chart, mail coupon to Max Factor.

© 1933 Max Factor

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

★Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

NAME _____	COMPLEXIONS	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	EYES	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	HAIR	BLONDES
	ADDRESS _____	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY _____		Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	STATE _____	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
		Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Only <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>

Ask The Answer Man

BUSTER CRABBE again springs to the foreground, but this time as a movie star instead of a champion swimmer. Letters came from every corner of the globe asking about him.

Sports enthusiasts, who are acquainted with his swimming records, want to know about his private life. Movie-goers want to know about both. And here they are.

Buster was born about 25 years ago in Oakland, Calif. His boyhood days were spent in Hawaii. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 188 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He attributes his fine physique to swimming. Learned it from the natives of Honolulu. He left the University of Hawaii after his first year and entered the University of Southern California, graduating from there in 1932.

Twice represented the United States in the Olympic Games, once in Amsterdam and last year in Los Angeles, where he captured the 400-meter championship. He holds five world swimming records, and thirty-five national championships.

Is also credited with having saved twenty-two persons from drowning, while he was a life-guard during his summer vacations. He and Johnny Weissmuller are bosom pals. Prior to winning the rôle of the *Lion Man* in "King of the Jungle" Buster appeared in a small part in "That's My Boy" for Columbia.

His real name is Clarence Linden Crabbe (pronounced Crab). He speaks the Hawaiian language like a native. Show him a ukulele, guitar or piano, and he'll show you some expert playing on any of them. If he hasn't made good in pictures at the end of a year, he plans to study law.

On April 13 of this year, Buster and Adah Virginia Held eloped to Yuma, Ariz. Their friendship began two years ago when he was a student at the University of Southern California.

RUTH A. IMHOFF, FULLERTON, MD.—Yes'm, those long luxurious eyelashes of Garbo's are her very own. And her shoes—well, she asks for a 5½ AAA when she goes shopping. Helen Hayes won the Academy Award for the best acting last year. So what—your Garbomania's!

FRANK DILLARD, WESTON, W. VA.—Cecilia Parker uses her own name in pictures. She was born in Fort William, Ont., Canada, on April 26, 1914. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 110 and has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Received her education in Hollywood. Had no stage experience prior to her movie debut. She is an accomplished pianist and had her voice cultured for opera. Her nationality? Well, you figure it out. She says she is English, Irish, Welsh, German and Swiss. Her latest picture is "Unknown Valley" with Buck Jones.

SALLY AKINS, BOULDER, COLO.—Hope this settles the argument. John Gilbert is not related to the Barrymores. Who started that rumor, anyway?

J. NADEL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Twenty years ago Paramount made "The Count of Monte Cristo" with James O'Neill in the rôle of *Edmond Dantes, the Count*. O'Neill made this character famous on the stage for many years. In 1922 Fox made another version of this famous Dumas tale with John Gilbert in the rôle of *Dantes*.

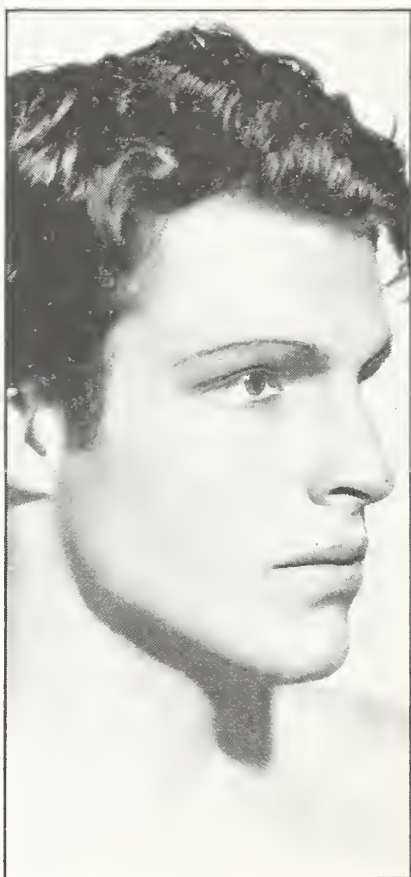
IRENE ROBERTS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Irene, here's what I know about Rafaela Ottiano, the lady who played the part of *Russian Rita* in

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. 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.



Buster Crabbe, champion swimmer and star of "King of the Jungle" whom the readers have acclaimed. His next film will be "Stairs of Sand"

"She Done Him Wrong." Rafaela was born in Venice, Italy, on March 4, 1896. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 130 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. She was associated with the stage for twenty years, appearing in "The Great Lover," "Sherlock Holmes," "Diamond Lil," "Grand Hotel," and other well-known productions. Made her movie debut in "Grand Hotel." This was followed by "As You Desire Me," "The Washington Masquerade," and "Bondage." Watch for her in the new Lillian Harvey-John Boles musical romance, "My Lips Betray."

Mac West is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., born there on August 17, 1900. She has blonde

hair and violet eyes. Her new picture is titled "I'm No Angel."

SUSAN DEAN, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Greta Garbo returned to California, via the Swedish freighter, *Annie Christie*, I mean *Annie Johnson*, April 30. Her contract calls for two pictures a year, the first of which will be "Queen Christina."

DANNIE COSTIGANO, CLEVELAND, O.—Why all the interest in red-heads, Dannie? Here are a few of the popular brick-tops—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, James Cagney, Ginger Rogers, Charles Bickford, Peggy Shannon and William Gargan. I am sure if you will visit the drug or department stores of Cleveland, you can get the cosmetics you inquired about. If not, you will find an advertisement in this issue which will tell you how to obtain the articles you want.

MARGARETTA MANSEL, CARMARTHENSHIRE, ENG.—John Barrymore is 5 feet, 10 inches tall. Lionel tops him by two inches. In "Grand Hotel" Lionel appeared shorter because his rôle called for him to look "stooped." Carlotta King was the beautiful leading lady in "The Desert Song."

DONALD STAHL, BUCYRUS, OHIO.—Shake, feller! Your kind words cheered me up. Richard Cromwell recently signed a new contract with Columbia and his name now appears on our address page.

MISS ARAH G. MCARM, HAMLET, N. C.—You didn't tell me the name of the director you wanted to reach at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. However, the address of that company is Culver City, Calif.

MRS. H. G. GIBLIN, ALBANY, CALIF.—Gloria Swanson's infant daughter was christened Michele. Gloria has two other children, a daughter by her second marriage and a son by adoption.

RALPH MARTINEZ, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mex.; Rosita Moreno, in Pachuca, Mex. and Conchita Montenegro in San Sebastian, Spain. Ramon is 34 years old; Rosita 23, and Conchita 22. Ricardo Cortez was born in New York City on Sept. 19, 1899. His real name is Jacob Kranz.

MURIEL CARTER, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Fredric March was born on August 31, 1898, and christened Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Some of his more recent pictures are "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Smilin' Through," "The Sign of the Cross," and "Tonight Is Ours." His latest is "The Eagle and the Hawk."

LAURE KAYNE, SUMMIT, N. J.—Another March follower. Fredric has been doing picture work since 1928. Before that he was on the stage. Among the plays he appeared in were "Shavings," "Tarnish" and "Devil in the Cheese." He was married to Florence Eldridge, well-known stage and screen actress, on May 30, 1927. Last October they adopted a baby girl and christened her Penelope.

A FRIEND, YONKERS, N. Y.—Mustn't fight, Rosie. Haven't you heard about the Armistice? Now to settle the bet. The players in "Our Dancing Daughters" were Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Kathlyn Williams, Nils Asther and Edward Nugent.

Now! Hollywood's Smartest Fashions for July, 1933

THE STYLES OF THE STARS AT WORK AND AT PLAY!

From the Style Show of the Studios come "Hollywood Fashions" . . . a monthly pageant of all that is new and smart in latest motion picture wardrobes! Now you may choose the styles you most admire from costumes of favorite stars!



Faithful copies of the smartest styles worn by the most fashionable actresses at work and at play (see Pages 64-69) are selected by Seymour, PHOTOPLAY'S stylist, and sold at modest prices by prominent stores (See Page 110).

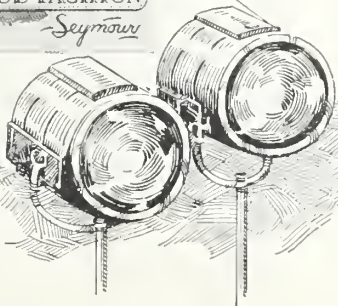
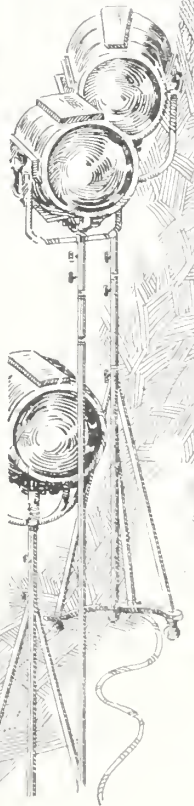


PHOTOPLAY Magazine

919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc



A "Hollywood Fashion" for July is this charming suit of washable silk, only one of the colorful styles shown in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion section this month and reproduced through the courtesy of Lilian Bond! Its charming original was chosen for her personal wardrobe by Miss Bond herself; see her in Columbia's smartly costumed picture play, "When Strangers Marry."



If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City

SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW

How Sylvia Made Joan Bennett Straighten Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

and nervous. You should have seen the change in her after a few weeks of my treatments.

Now here's something you might not believe, but I swear it's true.

WHEN I first went to Joan Bennett, her complexion was not so good.

Don't ask me about make-up and proper powders and things like that—that's somebody else's job—but what I did for Joan was to work on her complexion from the inside out. I put her on my complexion diet. Remember that she wasn't too fat—except in the calves of her legs and her hips and this I took off with massage and exercise. But I didn't need to give her a reducing diet. What she needed was to get herself in a good condition so that her skin would clear up.

And here's the diet:

First thing in the morning take a half glass of mineral water. That's to clear out the intestinal tract.

BREAKFAST

Any fresh fruit in season with cream (if strawberries and blackberries are too sour use a little sugar)

One coddled egg (and don't tell me you've forgotten how to cook a coddled egg—I told you in the April issue).

Two or three slices of rye crisp (don't faint at that amount. I told you it wasn't a reducing diet) with butter and honey

Clear coffee

At eleven o'clock a glass of orange juice

LUNCHEON

Two heaping tablespoons of cottage cheese
Two lettuce leaves
One whole sliced tomato
(These three foods taken together are wonderful for the complexion)
Lemon juice dressing
Small baked potato with butter (and eat the skin!)

Glass of skimmed milk or buttermilk

At four a glass of tomato juice

DINNER

Celery (and eat the leaves, too)
Jellied consommé or clear soup
Any grilled, broiled, boiled or baked meat that isn't greasy
Three vegetables (one starchy and two non-starchy. Starch is needed in this diet)
Green salad (lettuce, endive or watercress)
Small ice cream, gelatin or fresh fruit
Small piece of angel food cake
Demi-tasse

Before going to bed at night, glass of grapefruit juice.

Now I promise you that this diet won't put on excess weight.

It's well balanced and not heavy. It gives you plenty of nourishment.

But remember this, it won't do your complexion a bit of good if you slump when you walk and sit, because when you slump you

cramp your liver, and a sluggish liver will cause all sorts of complexion difficulties.

I wish you could have seen Joan when I first took her and then again after I had had her under my care for a few weeks. At first her complexion was sallow and her skin was bad from irregular diet. But, believe me, I stirred up her circulation and got her system working correctly.

You must take care of your skin from the outside, too.

Use good creams and powders; but you've got to be well and healthy before you can really have a marvelous skin.

JOAN never varied from my treatment. She took it all like a little soldier. Oh, she's independent, like every Bennett. She's no gentle Julia. She knows her own mind and she speaks her little piece, but she knows her own mind well enough to realize that she wanted to be as lovely as she could be. She was smart as a whip—like every Bennett—and that's why she said, "Yes, darling," when I told her what to do.

Because she knew what I could do for her.

So there, girls, learn a lesson from a Bennett. Take your exercises daily. Clear up your skin with that diet.

Hold your head up. Throw those shoulders back. Walk as if you owned the world, instead of as if you were ashamed to be seen on the street.

Why, look—you feel better and look better already.

And don't let your Aunt Sylvia catch you slumping again!

Answers by Sylvia

NERVOUS BLOTCHING

Dear Sylvia:

Maybe you'll think I'm silly but whenever I get nervous, red splotches come out on my face and hands. I wish you'd tell me what to do about it.

M. L., Portland, Me.

Well, that's an easy one. Don't get nervous. Honestly, that's just what I mean. You can cure and control your nerves. Go on a good, sensible diet. The one I've given this month—the one I gave Joan Bennett for her complexion—would be fine.

Drink plenty of grapefruit juice before going to bed. That will relax you. Take good brisk exercises every morning. Don't take hot baths—warm showers instead.

And stop thinking about yourself! Nine times out of ten nervous people are selfish people.

Get outside interests, and you'll find you're not half so nervous.

REDUCING

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I've followed your reducing diet and have lost fifteen pounds.

Thanks and three cheers! But I still want to take off a lump of fat over each hip and diet doesn't seem to do that.

Mrs. R. L. T., Omaha, Neb.

Diet will reduce you all over but you've got to work on those lumps of fat with the two

MY, you girls are flooding me with letters—but the more there are, the happier Aunt Sylvia is. I know, you see, what these treatments will do—and the more you girls ask me what to do, the more happy, attractive girls there will be. So don't hesitate. Just write me what your trouble is, addressing Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. No obligation, of course—it's my pleasure to help.

SYLVIA

hands God gave you. Squeeze that fat off. You can if you have the courage. Just dig in with your hands and squeeze and break down that fatty tissue. Then, with a Turkish towel over the lumps, pound and pound and pound with the palms of your hands. If you had enough will power to stay on the diet, you've got enough will power to do that!

My Dear Sylvia:

I'm only twenty-three years old. Don't you think it's terrible that I'm getting a "spare tire" around my middle? Do you know anything I can do about it?

W. H. L., Baton Rouge, La.

You bet I think it's terrible. And I certainly know what you can do about it. Here's the exercise. Stand with your hands on your hips and your feet straight to the front. Now move

your torso in a large circle, bending over so that you can feel the upper part of your body smashing down on that spare tire. Do this twenty or thirty times a day. Just break down those fat tissues. As you're doing this knead your waistline with your hands as if you were kneading dough.

Go to it, you're too young to be getting fat. But, for that matter, there's no woman old enough to be fat.

ANEMIA AND REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I'd love to get thin but I'm slightly anemic and feel that I shouldn't go on a diet. But I do want to get thin.

P. E. C., Montgomery, Ala.

I love to get hold of you "slightly anemic" girls. You can get thin just like the rest of the girls by curing the slight anemia with simple remedies. Here they are: Eat plenty of liver. Have it every day. Then boil turnip tops in water, letting them simmer slowly until all the juice is cooked out. Squeeze off this juice and drink as much of it as you can—three or four glasses a day. I'll admit it isn't the best drink in the world, but it's not so bad. When you're doing that, you can take my reducing diets.

"LATE DINNER" TROUBLE

Dear Sylvia:

I think your diet is marvelous and a doctor told me that there was plenty of well-balanced nourishment on it, but my job makes it im-

possible for me to have my dinner until about eight o'clock at night. With the light luncheon I eat, I get weak before I have my dinner. Please advise.

F. H., St. Paul, Minn.

About two o'clock in the afternoon take a glass of tomato juice. At four a glass of orange juice or a cup of tea with lemon. At six you can have another glass of orange juice. That will give you plenty of strength.

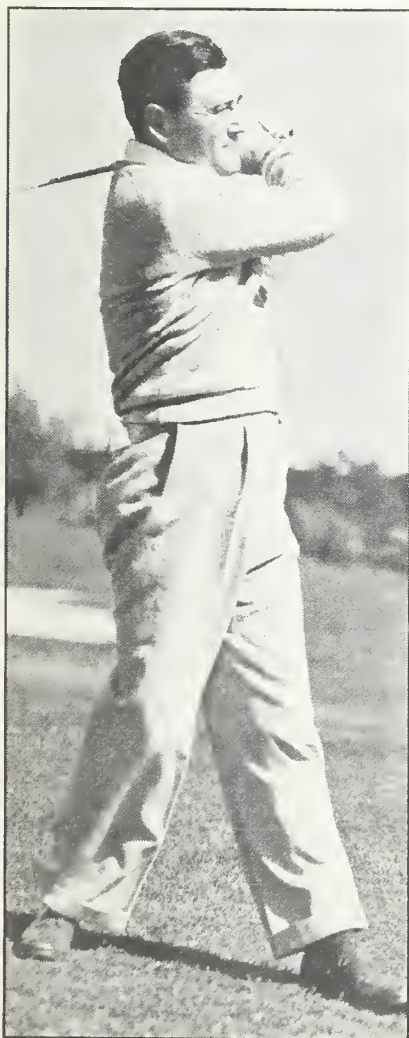
DROOPING MOUTH

Dear Sylvia:

The corners of my mouth droop and it gives me such a sullen look. What can I do about it?

B. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Did you ever try smiling? That turns up the corners of your mouth. Simple, isn't it? Then every night and morning, gently massage the corners of your mouth with a rotary movement to stimulate the muscles. Also, with the tips of your fingers work hard just under the cheek bones near the ear. Also, work above the cheek bones, just under the temples. Can you feel the muscles around your mouth pulling upwards? You've got to stimulate those muscles and make them hold up the corners of your mouth.



So he whacked at the ball and did it in seventy. Oh, no, pardon us, we've got our sports mixed; that was a fish story. Richard Dix doesn't mind how many times he misses, it's the walking he's interested in—to get dat ole davil waistline down a few notches on the belt. Hard work, eh, Dick?



**"A life-saver
for your skin,
sister"**

**If you want a baby's smooth, clear
skin, use the baby's beauty treatment**

Quick! There's no time to lose if you're going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies' delicate peach-bloom complexions.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . *It's smart to be a baby about your soap!*

Your skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as a baby's. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to

keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory's creamy foam—splash, rinse—no taut "dried-out" feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That's what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of *his* favorite scent.

And be mum when *he* murmurs that you're growing lovelier every day. It's *your* secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99-11/100% pure • It floats

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



Scotty Welbourne

Life is a serious matter for these two young prisoners held in a German war camp. In the war-time drama, "Captured," Leslie Howard is a British officer whose courage and hard work change the filthy prison into a habitable place. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., an ace, is his buddy

THERE'S only one time when Connie Bennett does not rank among Hollywood's leaders of fashions.

She is forced to retire to the ranks during the summer.

She can't tan. And a girl who isn't tanned in Hollywood might just as well be wearing busties.

DOROTHEA WIECK has upset all of Hollywood's preconceived notions of European actresses.

How she's upset them!

Pose, mystery, aloofness were expected. Garbo and Dietrich stuff.

And then this girl, brought here because of her sensational success in "Maedchen in Uniform" upsets all precedents.

On the train, while crossing the California desert, all the passengers congregated in the air-cooled dining car and entertained each other with tricks.

When it came Dorothea's turn, she pulled back her hair and wiggled her ears.

And she does it for anyone who asks her—including producers.

GEORGE RAFT is going Garbo-ish. He got off the train sixty-eight miles outside of Los Angeles to avoid the crowds waiting to

peep at him. But the joke of it was there wasn't anyone there to see him anyway.

A GOOD friend of his tells us that big Gary Cooper's greatest weakness is his soft heart.

He gets himself involved in romantic attachments—romantic on one side, at least—and hasn't the heart to hurt anyone, so they go on and on and on.

Suggests that Gary take a correspondence course in "How to get out of jams," and practise saying a good firm "no" in front of his mirror for ten minutes every morning.

"WANTED," the sign in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's casting office read, "one small boy with Jean Harlow's platinum hair and Clark Gable's smile."

And they're still trying to find the lad.

THE news that Jack Holt and his wife are divorced will come as a surprise to many people. But the fact that they have been living apart for a year will startle even Hollywood. Jack has always been very quiet and inconspicuous in his private life, and managed to keep it pretty much out of the public eye.

Jack is living at his mother's house. The two children, Timmy and Peggy, are with their mother, but Jack sees them often.

THERE was a big tough-looking extra man on the set over at RKO-Radio who looked like the veteran of many a hard-fought ring battle.

Joel McCrea asked, "How did you get those cauliflower ears?"

"From calling up the Central Casting Office," answered the tough guy.

YOU remember that boy friend of Marilyn Miller?

The one she hitch-hiked to Europe with? Don Alvarado! That's right!



We thought she was going around with Producer Howard Hughes but here is Ginger Rogers out with Lew Ayres. We simply can't keep up with Ginger. She and Lew had a grand time at the closing of the Little Club's social season at the Ambassador

Well, what Don and Martha Sleeper were doing to the beer and the pretzels and the dance floor of the Beverly-Wilshire the other night was just like nothing at all!

JOAN MARSH is covering territory these days, driving the big Cadillac that belongs to Tommy Lee, son of Don Lee, Hollywood dealer.

If it isn't a romance when a lad hands over his car to a girl, we don't know what is.

NOW, sex appeal hasn't been what we've all been accrediting to Lionel Barrymore, but just listen to this!

In a scene in "Dinner at Eight" Billie Burke and Lionel, as husband and wife, kiss each other. And immediately after the kiss, Billie blew up in her lines. Couldn't remember a word. She turned to Director Cukor.

"I'm sorry, but you can't expect anyone to get over Lionel that quickly."

CLARA BOW didn't want to take the cut requested by Fox.

But signing meant ten thousand dollars cash at once.

She signed. For one more picture.

Of course, Clara always has that \$125,000 trust fund but the interest from that, these days, doesn't go far when you count the dependents she supports.

I'm told—on good authority, too—that Clara and Rex had a little difference. Clara didn't feel she could afford to take a mortgage on Rex's mother's house. When will they do away with money so girls like Clara don't have to worry?

She's the kind who'd like to sing and play and ride horseback and forget.

She's gone up to Rex's ranch to do just that until her next picture is ready.

But she can't forget entirely because producer Sam Rork has gone right along to see that she loses those extra pounds she annexed in Europe.

MIRIAM JORDAN has a Pom-eranian called "Pretty" from whom she is never separated.

The other evening, Miriam and "Pretty" were watching a movie. The picture got wild. Loud talking. "Pretty" barked.

An usher leaned over to Miriam. "Here's your sixty-five cents, madame. Please leave at once."

Now, we wonder if the usher had known who Miriam was, what would have happened?

IT'S Hollywood!

Dancing at the Beverly-Wilshire were Colleen Moore and her husband, Al Scott. Gazing at them from a nearby table, sat John McCormick, Colleen's former husband.

Dining at Sardi's were the glorious Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer. Alone at a nearby table and stealing sly glances at the two, sat Wally Beery, Gloria's former husband.

Lunching at the Brown Derby, Norma Talmadge, radiant in a red outfit and with her was George Jessel.

Alone at a corner table, gazing at them, sat Joseph Schenck, Norma's estranged husband. Yes, it's Hollywood!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

It does away with hosiery troubles common to 9 out of 10 women!

PHOENIX HOSIERY *with* CUSTOM-FIT TOP

ARE you among the lucky ones who aren't afflicted? . . .
More likely—you belong to the 90% who do experience

one of these common hosiery troubles—gagged thighs, too loose, too long or too short stocking tops. Now—goodbye to all that! You can have perfect comfort in *Phoenix Custom-Fit Tops*, which fit any size leg. They stretch both ways; up and down, round and round. And they can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. Wear *Phoenix Hosiery with Custom-Fit Top*, priced from 75c to \$1.95.

NEW! . . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES, smartest hosiery colors for Summer. Featuring FIESTA, the all-occasion shade.

SEE PHOENIX HOSIERY BEING MADE AT A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, CHICAGO

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

A CERTAIN neighborhood in Beverly Hills is a-buzz with gossip. It seems Wally Ford's little six-year-old girl has been visiting among the neighbors, telling them the astonishing news that she isn't really Mr. and Mrs. Ford's little girl. She was really born in Paris, she fabricates and, if they promise not to tell anyone, why, Ginger Rogers is her real mother.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, whose contract with Warner Brothers for \$300,000 for two pictures, entailing approximately ten weeks work, made her the highest priced actress in the history of the screen, may be without a job at this summer.

Her contract with RKO-Radio is about to expire and probably will not be renewed.

And theoretically, RKO not renewing the contract, Connie will be put on the auction block of the newly organized Artists' Service Bureau to be sold to the highest bidder among motion picture companies.

IT was on the "Jennie Gerhardt" set and Sylvia Sidney, Don Cook and little Cora Sue Collins sat at the breakfast table with cameras and lights turned on them.

Five times Sylvia blew up in her lines with Cora Sue never missing a line or a cue.

During the next scene, Don Cook made the errors and again Cora Sue never missed a word.

"Well," Cora Sue finally said, "I'll just get down and play 'til you two learn your lines."

And you should have seen the look on their faces.

THE next "biggest social event of the season" probably will be the wedding of Eleanor Boardman, recently divorced from King Vidor, to Harry D'Arrast, motion picture director. Such is the latest Hollywood gossip.

At the same time, D'Arrast, Vidor and two or three others are considering forming a company to produce pictures.

SELDOM does an actor have a chance to stand before an audience and have them applaud him hours on end.

This was Lucien Littlefield's unique experience when he played the radio announcer in "Careless." They took all the applause takes at once!

THE cameraman was puzzled. The electricians were stumped. No matter at what angle they turned the camera or the lights during the making of "Dinner At Eight," a dark smudge on Madge Evans' chin still stood out. They worried and fretted and fumed.

At last, Madge, her eyes twinkling, stepped in with the explanation. Perhaps if Mr. Barrymore would shave a bit closer, it might help. "You see, every time he kisses me, his whiskers rub off a tiny bit of my make-up. That's why the dark smudge shows."

GEORGIE RAFT had scarcely completed his personal appearance tour and headed back towards Hollywood before Marjorie

King, his chief interest in life, flew in by airplane.

She, too, is going to try a motion picture career, she says.

JOAN CRAWFORD takes her sun-tan with salad dressing—equal parts of olive oil and vinegar applied generously, then two hours' sunning in her own back yard.

Madge Evans, another sun-tan success, likes her vinegar straight—no oil, thank you!

WHEN Anita Louise left for New York, Tom Brown looked heart-broken. But a couple of days later, the blues were but a memory.

"What's happened, Tom? Get a special delivery letter?"

"No. I'm doing a routine with Patricia Ellis."

HIS old friends heard with a distinct pang that Ernest Torrence had passed away in New York.

Torrence was going to England on the Empress of Britain, but two hours before the ship sailed he decided not to attempt the voyage.

He had muscular rheumatism, he thought.

Two weeks later he underwent an operation for "an intestinal ailment and gall stones."

LATEST on the Blessed Event list—John Considine and Carmen Pantages Considine.

GEORGE RAFT has a weakness for microscopes.

The other afternoon he strolled in the prop department—and there was a microscope. George adjusted things and was busily looking, when up came a prop man.

"Looking for microbes?" asked the friendly p. m.

"Nope," answered Raft. "William Faulkner!" (author)

MARIE DRESSLER looks better than she has for years.

Every precaution was taken to protect her during the making of "Dinner At Eight." A boy placed a chair behind her wherever she was—except in the actual set. Nine times out of ten Marie kicked it out of her way and stood!

What the world needs is just some of that Marie Dressler spirit!



J. P. Graham

Here they are, girls, honeymooning at Del Monte, California. Miss Adah Held, Beverly Hills society girl, and Buster Crabbe, considered the Adonis of the movies. He got his break in films right after the Olympic games in which he took part. You saw him in "King of the Jungle"

IT looks as if all those who called it a divorce for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart may be wrong.

Sue and Nick are starting out on another personal appearance tour, and although Sue is quoted as having made an impulsive declaration to friends—it may be just an "impulsive declaration," marriage being full of things like that.

Sue wants to return to pictures, although a substantial independent income does not render it imperative. She looks prettier than ever, and we can think of no good reason why she shouldn't regain her once tremendous screen following if she wants to.

FREDDIE and Florence March were holding a dinner table discussion about a certain man. "He's a bore," dismissed Freddie.

"No fair," defended Florence, "until you amplify it. Just what is a bore. If he's a bore why is he one?"

"Well, it's like this. When you ask him how he is, he tells you!"

Freddie won, hands down.

THE stork is hovering over Hollywood again and this time the chimney he has picked on is that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vidor. Mrs. Vidor is Karen Morley to you. The new arrival is expected about October or November—the beauteous secretary of "Gabriel Over the White House" will retire from the screen until after the stranger shows up, and Hollywood, of course, is hoping that it will be another Karen.

PICTURE, if you can, Jack Oakie dressed to the nines in a brand-new brown suit, fouldar tie (Spring-ish) tan shirt and starched collar.

In all this sartorial splendor, he strolled into one of the night-spots—to be met with the sight of Peggy Hopkins Joyce ensconced at a table with Rowland Brown (director).

Exercising admirable restraint, Oakie said not a word. He merely strolled up to their table, ripped off his hard collar and hot tie, flung them with a dramatic gesture at Peggy's feet—and marched out!

THE vows that made Margaret Ettinger and Ross Shattuck man and wife had just been taken when one of the guests sneaked to the cloak room to wipe away the proverbial tears.

And in that cloak room were Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. They weren't talking. They were cuddling.

Yet, Sally Eilers has gone to Europe with a final statement that the separation is final.

MITCHELL, ten year old son of scenario-writer Agnes Christine Johnston, wanted to see "King Kong." Aggie hesitated. "I am afraid you will dream, dear." But she capitulated.

A week later, the boy asked to see it again. "I want to go because I don't dream when I see 'King Kong.' I don't have to."

"I'M taking my baby to Europe with me," Bebe Daniels said. "I may be selfish in taking her, but I wouldn't know a moment's peace without her. Either she goes or those two pictures for British International go unmade." Incidentally, this is Bebe's first trip across the sea.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

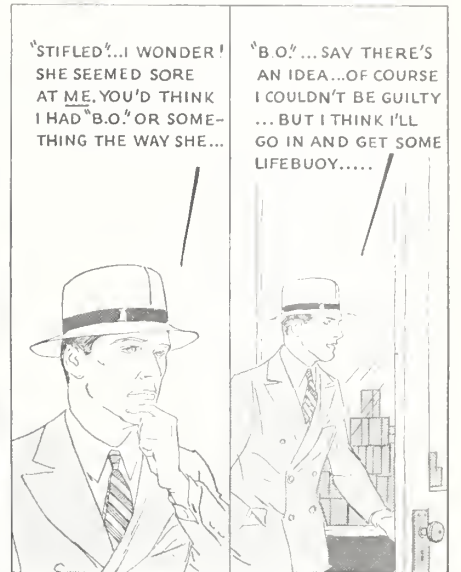
THEN A BIG IDEA HIT HIM

IDEA by Timmins



YOU HAVEN'T ACTED A BIT LIKE YOURSELF TONIGHT, MARY LOU. ANYTHING I'VE DONE ?

OH, NO.....NO, OF COURSE NOT ! ...ONLY IT'S SO HOT...NO AIR — I'M STIFLED



'STIFLED?...I WONDER! SHE SEEMED SORE AT ME, YOU'D THINK I HAD "B.O." OR SOMETHING THE WAY SHE...

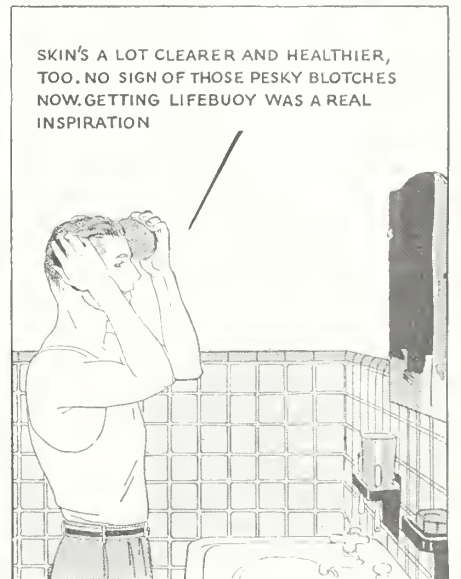
'B.O.'...SAY THERE'S AN IDEA...OF COURSE I COULDN'T BE GUILTY ... BUT I THINK I'LL GO IN AND GET SOME LIFEBOUY.....



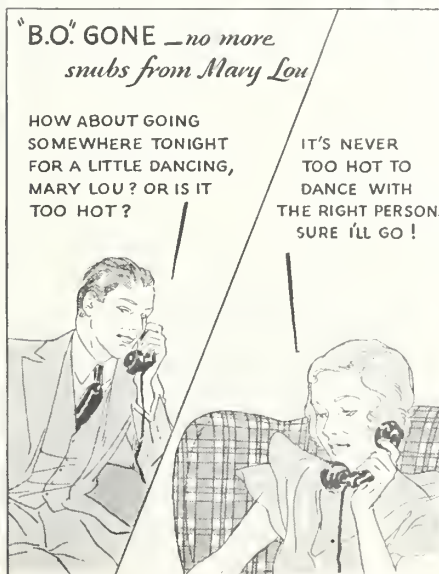
A WEEK LATER

WOULDN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY SHOWER FOR ANYTHING. NEVER HAD ANOTHER SOAP FRESHEN AND PEP ME UP SO

BET THERE'S NO 'B.O.' LEFT AFTER THAT GRAND LATHER



SKIN'S A LOT CLEARER AND HEALTHIER, TOO. NO SIGN OF THOSE PESKY BLOTCHES NOW. GETTING LIFEBOUY WAS A REAL INSPIRATION



'B.O.' GONE —no more snubs from Mary Lou

HOW ABOUT GOING SOMEWHERE TONIGHT FOR A LITTLE DANCING, MARY LOU? OR IS IT TOO HOT ?

IT'S NEVER TOO HOT TO DANCE WITH THE RIGHT PERSON SURE I'LL GO !

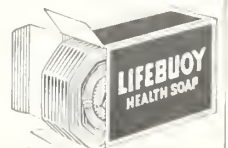
Hot, sticky weather but no "B.O." if—

(body odor)

BATHE regularly with Lifebuoy. Make it your safeguard against offending. See how much cleaner you feel than with ordinary toilet soaps. For Lifebuoy's rich, hygienic lather penetrates and purifies pores—stops "B.O." (body odor). Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection.

Tones up "tired" skins

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather gently frees pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens complexions to healthy radiance.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]



Two twinkling German girls talk things over during afternoon coffee and cake. Oh, pardon us, may we introduce Marlene Dietrich's guest Dorothea Wieck, who has come from Germany to play in pictures here. She was *Fraulein von Bernburg* in "Maedchen in Uniform." Remember?

GLENDA FARRELL found a different gangster type to admire.

After going around so steadily with Allen Jenkins that we unofficial observers were thinking how nice it was for a boy and a girl, specializing in tough rôles on the screen, falling for each other in real life, Glenda crosses us up and begins going places with Jack LaRue.

And is Allen burnt up!

A CAMERAMAN was trying to get some "stills" of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in close embrace. "Hold her in your arms," he shouted.

Clark seized Jean in a fervent embrace.

"Not so tight in your arms, or so close," the cameraman yelled.

"Listen, mister," Clark twinkled, "this is the way I work. Take it this way or not at all."

The cameraman took it.

DON'T tell me these Hollywood movie actresses can't take it.

Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster were making a rough and tumble scene. Norman was to sock Miss Rogers squarely on the jaw.

The first take, Norman let go a wallop which sent Miss Rogers off in a corner, out cold.

A few minutes later she rose to her feet and, swaying groggily, said to the director.

"Was that all right or shall we do it over?"

A LOT of fancy shopping usually precedes a movie star's vacation in Europe. But the first thing Ruth Chatterton bought for her European jaunt was neither a fancy frock nor a hat.

It was ten cartons of good old chewing gum. Ruth, you know, is a confirmed chewing gum addict.

AT the beginning of "The White Sister," Helen Hayes' mail increased by leaps and bounds. Helen was elated until she began opening the letters.

"And believe it or not," said Helen with a sigh, "They, every single one, began:

"So glad you're going to play with our marvelous Clark Gable."

JANET GAYNOR is going to pass up Honolulu this summer, preferring Europe.

During the past several years Janet has made repeated trips to Honolulu, finally buying a place there.

Her record for journeys there and back was

equalled only by that of Dorothy Mackaill.

However, Dorothy met Neil Miller over there and married him—and quit.

HURRAY! Lilian Harvey has joined the "no hat" club of Hollywood and goes swinging about town with her blonde curls flying free.

Karen Morley is credited with the "no hat" fad as Karen never wears a hat except in movies.

Connie Cummings is another young woman who refuses to be bothered with a hat.

One thing about it, girls, it does save the wave and helps the pocket book along.

THOSE four dogs Alice Brady brought to Hollywood with her know when the whistle blows it is time to quit work and go home.

But the signal is a peculiar one they have learned from long experience in the theater.

Miss Brady may go in and out of her dressing-room a dozen times a day, but as long as she has grease paint on the dogs lie quietly without making any disturbance.

But, when she removes the grease paint they begin to yelp and jump about, scarcely able to contain themselves, for they know it's time to go home.

EVERYBODY knows that Katharine Hepburn takes her shoes off before playing an emotional scene.

But did you know she has been scowling all over the lot because Lowell Sherman, director, swiped her overalls, had them pressed and put into a picture frame?

Patched and bibless, the overalls had been Hepburn's every working outfit since she hit Hollywood.

SYLVIA SIDNEY has twenty-five new costumes for "Jennie Gerhardt," but eighteen of them are calico!

CLARA BOW has never destroyed a fan letter. She keeps them in an especially constructed vault in her Beverly Hills home, so Clara says.

Genevieve Tobin never wears a green dress because the only unsuccessful play in which she ever appeared called for her to wear three outfits. Each one green.

Lilian Harvey, Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon are three of the tiniest girls in pictures. Lilian weighs 92 pounds, Janet 98, and Marian just 94.

CARY GRANT has been in the hospital twice since the making of "She Done Him Wrong." It may be because Mae West, in order to appear taller in that picture, wore six inch heels which threw all her weight on Cary in the love scenes and practically wore him out. But Cary's willing to stay in a hospital forever, for another chance in a Mae West picture.

PHIL ("So This Is") Harris is part Indian, which must account for the pow-wows he can stir up in some of our best dancing places.

IF there is any lingering doubt in your mind as to whether *la* Harlow is endowed with These, Them and Those—not to mention Which and Whereas—you should watch the prop boys and electricians on her pictures. They are the toughest audience in the world, because, like the bath-tub, they've seen *everything*. And yet, when Jean's maid came over to her on the set to change her slippers, and Jean, in the meanest white satin gown seen in these parts recently, pulled her long trailing skirt half way up to her knee, a prop man sitting well back on the set in a canvas chair leaned over so far to look, that he fell right off on the floor! And was his pan pink!

MARIE DRESSLER is telling this one: A friend of many years induced her to go one afternoon to a meeting of a little literary group where the poems of Robert Browning were to be read and discussed.

With them was the friend's daughter—one of those "sweet young things."

The hours dragged on interminably while one member after the other read or attempted to read Browning's stuff.

On their way home, the mother said to the daughter:

"Well, dear, what did you think of it?"

"I don't blame Peaches for leaving him," the daughter replied.

A CERTAIN *very* fine actor from one of our *very* first acting families, has his own unique method of getting things pretty much under his own control, during any scene with another actor. He plays very close in the other actor's face, and as he talks, his adversary is liberally sprayed with a fine moisture, highly scented with good whiskey and garlic.

A trifle disconcerting, you will have to admit—for the other actor can't help wondering if he will have any make-up left, aside from the general annoyance. No indeed, we will not tell you who he is, because in all probability he is your favorite romantic screen idol, and you wouldn't sleep a wink tonight after such a disillusionment.

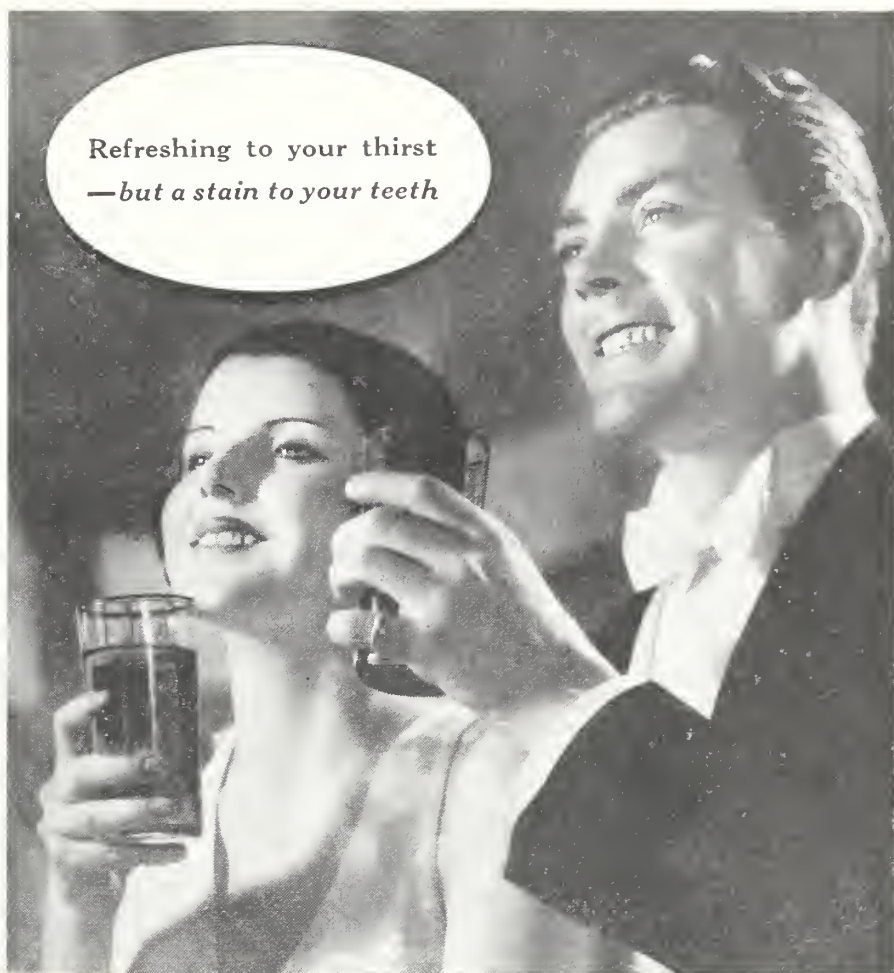
FOUR and a half hours in a swimming pool with wet clothes hanging around her. One scene which Connie Bennett made for "Bed of Roses."

And Joel McCrea, her leading man, had to stop to take a rub down so he wouldn't catch cold, while Connie never left the water.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

IMPORTANT To Subscribers

IF you wish to avoid delay in receiving your copy of PHOTOPLAY notify the Circulation Department of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., DIRECT when you move, giving your old address as well as the new.



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put *seven kinds* of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary toothpastes *will not remove all seven*. That Colgate's will.

For Colgate's, unlike ordinary toothpastes, does not rely on *one way* of cleansing—it has *two* actions.

Some food stains yield to polishing action, some only to *emulsive* action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist frequently.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| Group No. 1—Starchy foods | Group No. 6— |
| Group No. 2—Sugar foods | Fruits |
| Group No. 3—Protein foods | Group No. 7— |
| Group No. 4—Fatty foods | Beverages— |
| Group No. 5—Mineral foods | and tobacco. |



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



New Beauty Secret ...changed her whole Appearance!

NICE. From a fine family. Yet men were puzzled by the appearance of her lips. *So artificial...so conspicuous.* Reason enough why she switched to a lipstick that flatters the lips with rich, natural color... banishing that painted look!

Lips naturally rose-colored!

The trouble is, you never suspect yourself of a cheap appearance. Yet any ordinary lipstick hardens your mouth with a painted look. Tangee, however, *cannot make your lips look painted!*

Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, Tangee is orange. Does that mean orange lips, you say? Absolutely no! Put it on. Watch it change color instantly to the one shade of blush rose perfect for you!

Use Tangee—for alluring lips...fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters. See special triple offer below.



Tangee Creme Rouge

Use Tangee Creme Rouge for perfect summer make-up! Cheeks glow all day with natural looking color... even in swimming. For Tangee is waterproof. Greaseless... cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* your skin.

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. P 7
417 Fifth Ave., New York
Rush Tangee Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Creme Rouge. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Marlene Is Free At Last

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

dollars of costs before they start. We would have no such burden if we should ever operate on our own."

Marlene paused. Her eyes were on the trees in the Paramount yard beyond the open door. I wondered if she were picturing them as trees of France or Italy or perhaps some tiny island in the Mediterranean.

"Do I understand that you will make pictures only with Mr. Von Sternberg?" I asked.
"Of course. Why must people forget that I came to the United States only because he asked me. I was pushed into being a *film* actress. I am not one in the usual sense, you know. I will act in his pictures or I will be his cutter or his assistant director. When he wants me to work with him, I will do so. And it does not make any difference whether it is in Hollywood or Australia.

"They have said we have separated. That is ridiculous. On the contrary, this last month has made me more certain than ever that I have always been right. If he wants me to, I will make pictures only with Mr. Von Sternberg! No, I will not make personal appearances in Europe. I will not make films for foreign companies."

MR. VON STERNBERG has not announced his entire plans. Contrary to reports from Europe, he did not confer with European producers about work for himself or Marlene. He refused to grant interviews and all reports of his activities over there were hearsay.

He did make an agreement with the editor of a Netherlands magazine that he would talk to him about American pictures but *not* for publication. The day following the two hour conference, this editor wrote requesting Mr. Von Sternberg to release him from his promise because, as an editor, he felt he owed the people of Holland the Von Sternberg view of American pictures. The director replied:

"You must not be angry with me if I prefer to continue to remain silent. It's a matter of absolute indifference to me whether I am praised or censured. Nothing I can say would ever be important. My screen work alone might be of consequence and I am not too certain about that."

Despite this international silence, Josef Von Sternberg will have his office in Hollywood. And the business of that office will be the making of pictures.

He needs little financing from even himself. I haven't a doubt that he will be able to repeat with his fair partner helping to edit, direct and cut—in addition to acting. For she spoke the truth when she said, "I am not a film actress in the usual sense, you know."

MARLENE DIETRICH is the most interesting and the most baffling of them all. I know her better than many; I understand her less. Even Garbo is easier of interpretation.

I did not believe at one time that Marlene was sincere in what may seem to us an almost fanatical devotion to Von Sternberg's work. I questioned whether she would refuse the huge sums which I knew American companies would offer. But I believe, now. Fact proves that she has been constant to her statement, "I only came to this country to make pictures for him; I will return for the same reason." German conditions have made only one change.

She will vacation in France.

As I sat watching her on this afternoon so soon before she would leave us, my mind reverted to the first time I had seen her. She was the honor-guest at a luncheon. She had just arrived; this was her initiation.

No woman could have looked more feminine. A blue chiffon gown trailed about the toes of her slippers; a large, floppy hat of the old garden variety hid everything except that translucent complexion and those intense eyes. Yet she appeared stolid, even Frau-ish, as Americans interpret the term. She looked more matron than actress. The betting odds among writers were six to one against her.

She was there to be bet upon; to be viewed and written about as a prospective celebrity.

But when we left I had an odd feeling. I had the unprecedented sensation that I was not just one of an audience watching the monkey in its cage, but that I was, indeed, the monkey. I wondered what her description of us would be, even as I was leaving to describe her. She still does that to me. I retreat from an interview with her feeling the exhaustion which rightfully belongs to the one-being-interviewed.

I REMINDED her of that first personal appearance. I told her she had looked stolid. "It was the *dress* that day," she explained. "But I had on this suit, this same suit I am wearing today, when I *came* to America."

That suit is a perfectly-padded and tailored man's gray, smooth serge. She was wearing a reddish-tinged, strictly masculine shirt and red tie with it. Man's shoes. Even the shirt was the one she had planned to wear when she landed in New York.

She had come onto deck in it, ready for her first step on American soil. A Paramount official took one glance and said, "But you can't. You can't see the reporters in that—"
When she finally saw them, she was in dainty gown, elaborate fur coat. The same official had pinned coquettish orchids upon her shoulder.

The next day she prepared to call upon New York friends. Another male suit, shirt, tie, hat. "But you can't. You can't. They wouldn't let you walk through the streets of New York. In Hollywood, maybe—"

SO she looked to Hollywood with the same longing of freedom with which she is now looking to Europe.

But when she appeared here in the attire which had been her customary garb in Europe (except for teas and evening), the world claimed she was imitating Garbo.

"You *can't* be said to be imitating Garbo," they protested.

It was then that she became the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Her ultra-feminine costumes out-styled those of either Tashman or Kay Francis. And there was always a corsage on her shoulder. Flowers had become synonymous with feminine apparel to her!

She was miserable. "I was *so* fed up. I could not stand them."

There were other "you can't's and you mustn't's." She had come to the land of *freedom* to find less freedom than at any moment since she left school.

Only one understood her. His understanding had induced her to come to this country; it kept her here. She and Von Sternberg became partners, co-workers fighting for freedom—freedom to express themselves through pictures. It was the American public that gave her the initial courage to return to the clothes to which she was accustomed. She wore a dress suit in "Morocco." The public adored it. The white male suit in "Blonde Venus" reiterated this approval.

But it was during her first return to Europe that she recaptured almost complete independence. She returned with Maria, the seven-year-old daughter who is more important to her than countries or careers. She brought trunks filled with newly tailored male

suits. She wore them. She took a home. She refused to talk to the press and refused to read what they had written about her. She led her own life according to her innate desires.

There was only one restraint. Her contract. She could insist upon freedom in her work to only a certain point. "They blamed Mr. Von Sternberg for me. In fact, I hid behind him. He was blamed for what I thought and I let him be blamed."

She once told me, "I forget everything that is unpleasant so easily. I remember only the happiness and there has been much happiness, too. Maria adores it here."

And today she added, "I have become used to my home. There is a little sadness in taking the dear things from their regular resting places. But in a week, I will forget. I will be free—"

And she will return free. She will return to work again with the man who discovered her exactly as she came to work with him in the first place.

Marlene Dietrich is the only woman I know who has spent nearly three years in this country without having some stamp of our "melting pot" branded upon her. Including Garbo. Garbo has received, at least, our bureau - of - engraving - greenback impression. She has learned the American value of money. Dietrich still considers it completely unimportant in relation to happiness. And has proved this by refusing heretofore the most astonishing offers ever tendered an actress.

She wants only the European freedom to do as she pleases.

And, at last, she has it! Until October, when she will return.



Palmolive green

... the signal of safety

it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

HELLO SISTER—Fox

COMEDY situations by the inimitable ZaSu Pitts help this considerably. The age-old plot where the boy, having temporarily broken off with her because of false accusations by a smart-aleck pal, rescues his sweetheart from a burning building. The romance of two lonesome kids in a big city—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory. Fair entertainment.

SAMARANG—B. F. Zeidman Prod.

AN unusually good study of Malaysian life, with a native male lead who outpoints Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe on all scores. The lady, too, is excellent to look upon—and since the camera kept on grinding after she lost the brassiere she had fashioned for the occasion, "Goona Goona" takes a back seat in its specialty. Thrilling pearl diving, and shark and octopus fights; finely done, utterly sincere and charming.

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.

PERFECTLY acceptable entertainment; a lot worse pictures have been made by major studios at greater cost. Not exactly a new story about the boy mayor (Preston Foster) who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town, but this version is capably handled and the mysterious murder twist is a peach. You'll get plenty of action and an excellent performance by Evalyn Knapp.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount

SOMEBODY sure spilled the whole bag of nuts this time. Representatives of all nations gather in China to buy *Dr. Wong's* invention, and everybody goes crazy, including

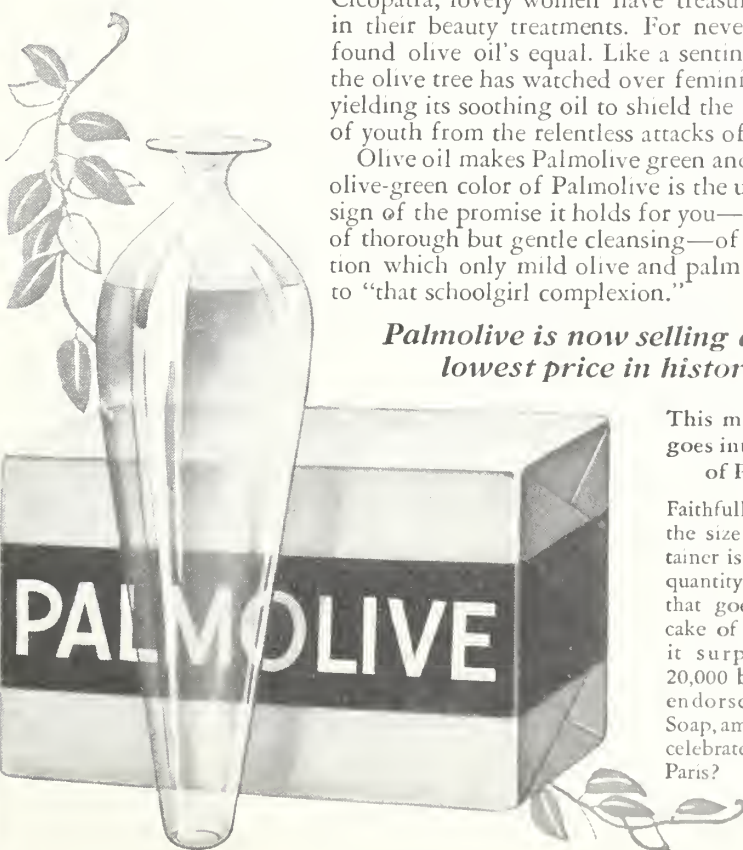
THOUSANDS of beauty fads and fancies have come and gone. But ever since the days of Cleopatra, lovely women have treasured olive oil in their beauty treatments. For never have they found olive oil's equal. Like a sentinel on guard, the olive tree has watched over feminine beauty—yielding its soothing oil to shield the radiant skin of youth from the relentless attacks of age.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green and the natural olive-green color of Palmolive is the unmistakable sign of the promise it holds for you—an assurance of thorough but gentle cleansing—of skin protection which only mild olive and palm oil can give to "that schoolgirl complexion."

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history

This much olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. Is it surprising that 20,000 beauty experts endorse Palmolive Soap, among them the celebrated Vincent, of Paris?



"She's pretty—
"She's lively—
"She's a good
dancer—"



why on earth doesn't she...?

CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click"!

And the pity of it is, it's *her own fault, her own carelessness.*

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.

the audience. Rapid fire stuff with gags a la machine gun—the Four Marx Brothers not even missed. Movie stars, radio stars—and, oh yes, the matrimonial star, Peggy Hopkins Joyce—take part.

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal

A WELL constructed story interspersed with pep and action brings this Western up among the top notchers. Ken Maynard, a feature rider with a Western show, turns detective, runs down a band of criminals and scares up no end of excitement. The picture keeps up the interest throughout and has plenty of good riding and beautiful scenery as well. Adults will enjoy this one as well as kids.

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount

TO translate this bizarre title, let it be said that the eagle is the American one, and the song is the saga of an honest old brewer (Jean Hersholt) who accepts prohibition only to be murdered by gangsters when 3.2 becomes legal. Thereupon his wife (Louise Dresser) and his son (Richard Arlen), with aid from the son's A. E. F. buddies, mop up on the villains. Spotty handling keeps it from being a "Cavalcade" of beer.

THE MAN FROM MONTEREY—Warners

A WESTERN action dish, with Spanish sauce; John Wayne defeats crooked efforts to do a Spanish Don out of his land in the days when Uncle Sam was taking over California. He has a good "Mark of Zorro" scene with a sword, and of course he snaffles the Don's daughter (Ruth Hall). Luis Alberni adds excellent laughs. Aimed largely at the kiddie trade; and they'll love it.

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio

BILL BOYD, a hospital house surgeon, outwits the gangsters but loses his buddy Bill Gargan, an ambulance driver; while Wynne Gibson contributes a lovely nurse. Would stack up in the current epidemic of hospital pictures, with more even action and some operations on the dialogue. And what would happen to hospital pictures if the customers ever discover that doctors do not visit nurses in their rooms?

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio

A COMBINATION travelogue and thriller, with Richard Halliburton at the microphone. Hindoo religious customs, some of them horrible to Occidental minds, and shots of the Himalayas, with an expedition to rescue a white girl from Buddhist fanatics, and a fight between a lion (yes, in India!) and a tiger thrown in to enliven proceedings. We're doubtful.

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount

CAROLE LOMBARD goes spooky, under Halperin direction; but the results do not cry for a repeat effort. It seems that, thanks to some psycho-medical hocus-pocus, worked by H. B. Warner, the soul of fiendish Vivienne Osborne, executed for murder, gets into Carole. She then has a yen to murder Alan Dinehart, who's meantime been trying to crook her with fake medium stuff. Unconvincing.

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures

THEY certainly weren't kind to Helen Chandler, when they put her into this limping exposé of alimony as a racket. What makes it worse is the fact that the situation is entirely authentic, and deserves ripping up; but this attempt to do a needed job simply fizzles out through a variety of faults.

THE WORLD GONE MAD—
Majestic Pictures

A MIXED-UP melodrama, with crooked bankers as the villains behind the gangsters, for a change. To avoid exposure they have the district attorney murdered; whereupon reporter Pat O'Brien works on gun moll Evelyn Brent to get at the truth, and new district attorney Neil Hamilton finds himself torn between love for Mary Brian and his duty of prosecuting her papa, chief banker-crook John Sainpolis. Too scrambled to be good.

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.

DRAMATIC bits borrowed from successful films of the year and thrown together in a hodge-podge, about a racing driver accused of being yellow. Even the work of James Murray, Joan Marsh and Jackie Searl couldn't redeem it.

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures

THIS exposé of the spiritualist racket is an exposé of bad picture making. A vicious swami uses seances and crystal readings to fleece wealthy dupes. But if his victims are naïve, he's doubly so; he carelessly employs an unknown young man who happens to be a reporter. Before justice is done, though, the story creaks through an hypnosis and two murders.

A Rebel Against Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

wondered what on earth the girl could be thinking of. No actress in her right mind was supposed to turn a deaf ear to Hollywood's song of Lorelei.

But the Hopkins girl wasn't thinking of Hollywood. She was thinking of New York.

She was madly in love with the place. Her own ebullient youth was stimulated by the magnificence of its buildings, shops, art galleries, libraries and every kind of human being. Humanity has always fascinated Miriam. In New York there were hundreds of opportunities for study of it.

Hollywood wasn't used to being refused. They raised the ante.

Miriam went West—protesting—but she went.

Again the unexpected happened. Her screen debut was far from auspicious. She got off to a slow start in a bad picture.

FOR quite a while she tottered perilously on the brink between hit and failure; too interesting a personality to be a flop and not good enough material to be a sensational success.

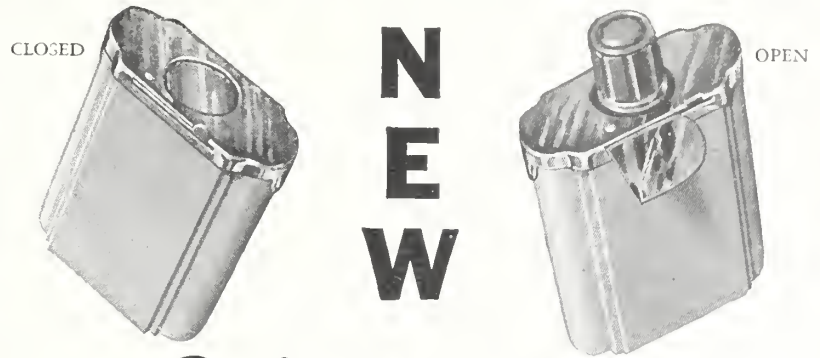
It took "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to make the picture-going public realize that here was a girl who could not only sketch the periphery of life but the core and center as well.

Paramount began calling her their next big star. PHOTOPLAY called her the screen's most bewitching siren.

But Hollywood itself never got used to Miriam Hopkins. They tried to fit her into one of its many grooves. It was no use.

They couldn't understand that she had achieved that state of blessedness in which she simply did not do anything she didn't want to do.

When the homesickness for New York became unbearable, she just hopped a plane for the East. No fuss, no explanation, no publicity!



Perfume Container

[A SENSATIONAL OFFER]

A neat, non-leakable perfume container to carry in your handbag—always ready for immediate use.

These exquisite perfume containers come in six popular colors and make ideal gifts for your friends. Write for yours *now!*

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

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SOFT AS VELVET

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you!



Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.



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Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

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Immediately gossip said that she had had a row with the studio, that she was returning to the stage, that she had a sweetheart in New York.

None of these things was true.

More recently, she threw the whole studio into a panic over her refusal to make "No Man of Her Own" with Clark Gable.

Shades of Hollywood! Gable was the world's great lover of the moment, and most feminine stars would have bartered their birthright for the chance of playing opposite him.

For Hollywood, and its hard working men and women, are just as susceptible to any personality that comes up over the horizon as are the inhabitants of the country's most obscure village.

Miriam's reasons for refusing to make "No Man of Her Own" were definite and sensible, according to her light. She felt the part was utterly unsuited to her, and voluntarily went off salary for many weeks while the studio engaged Carole Lombard for the part.

But ugly rumor again reared its head and declared that Miriam's real complaint was based on a couple of scene-stealing episodes which would fall to the lot of Dorothy Mackaill in the picture.

MIRIAM never took the trouble to deny it, or anything else that was said. She never makes explanations. "Your friends do not need them and your enemies do not believe them," she says.

It was the same with her marriage and divorce from Austin Parker, and subsequent adoption of a small baby boy. These things kept Hollywood guessing for months.

Recently we talked of this.

"I have to lead my life as it seems right for me, not how it will please others," she said. "I want to live actively, not passively. Happiness is one phase of life. We do not know where we shall find it; in marriage, or friendship, or motherhood. Only through joy and

sorrow can we develop. I am willing to experience life, to feel, in order that I may think clearly. Life is exalting, however, under any circumstances."

HUNGER is a great driving force, whether it be for food to nourish the body, or for the soul's stimulation. I feel that Miriam Hopkins is hungry for the things in life which come through the development of the finer sensibilities.

It is slightly ironical that this should be so, when there is no one on the screen more capable of portraying voluptuous chastity, or voluptuousness not so chaste, as Miriam Hopkins.

More apple carts to the four winds.

We strolled out into the garden where the baby was basking in the sun with his nurse. Michael is adorable beyond description. Brown as a chestnut, with broad shoulders and sturdy legs, just beginning to pull himself up with the aid of a chair. That day, only an infinitesimal pair of green knitted trunks covered his small person. Miriam has had him since he was ten days old. She denies, laughingly, that she has any great maternal instinct, but the way she holds him and looks at him speaks her adoration of him more forcibly than any words could do.

"There are several advantages in having an adopted child," she answered to a question of mine. "In the first place, I couldn't possibly have had one of my own as perfect as the precious one I found. Furthermore, it gives me an advantage over real mothers. Not being part of me, it's perfectly proper for me to rave over the beauty of him all I want to. And have you ever seen anything so lovely?"

I looked at Miriam bending over the baby and realized that despite the fresh looking youth of her, the twinkling eyes and tumbled hair, that here was a woman capable of living life right down to its palpitating depths; and that she would so live it.



International

They'll probably be married when you read this—Doris Kenyon Sills, widow of Milton Sills, and Arthur Hopkins of Syracuse, N. Y., where both used to live. Doris is resuming screen work after a short retirement. Here you see them holding one of their congratulatory telegrams

She'll never conform. But her superb sense of humor will save her from carrying the rebellion too far. One is conscious of it in everything she says or does.

Even her screen vamping is done with humor and a sense of grace, an impudent vulgarity that makes her misbehaviors seem well behaved.

At that time, Miriam was getting ready to begin work on "Sanctuary." William Faulkner's book on the South. It has been released to the public as "The Story of Temple Drake."

As one Southerner to another, I was curious to get Miriam's reactions to the story. It had produced such a revulsion of feeling within me I could not finish reading the book.

REMEMBERING her mother's admonition, "Miriam always does the unexpected," I should have been prepared for her answer, but I wasn't. I wasn't prepared for the tolerance, the kindness of her thought.

"I do not agree with many people that Faulkner writes of the characters that he does just to be—shall we say—off color. The incidents around which the story of 'Sanctuary' was written actually occurred. Faulkner is a fine writer, and as such, realism in all forms appeal to him. There are conditions of life today, and individuals, who do not fit into our civilization, but they are a part of this world we live in. We should know about them."

"But, Miriam," I protested, "sewage makes just as deep a cut in the ground as pure water, and aren't we better off not knowing certain things which must leave their imprint upon us?"

Her answer was that infectious giggle which is so typically her own.

"You've been talking to my mother," she laughed. "She was terribly upset to learn that I was to play in 'Sanctuary.' She thinks it a very bad book indeed. But the picture will not be offensive. Certain situations will be handled with great delicacy. And if we can present characters who are 'misfits' according to our standards, and present them sympathetically, doesn't that help all of us to a better understanding of our fellow creatures?"

Someone once said that life betrays the revel. But I have a distinct feeling that Miriam Hopkins, no matter what destiny is hers, will not be defeated.

Splashing Into Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

This is not as simple as it sounds, for the fixtures in most indoor pools are mainly tile and steel. On the occasion when swimmers waited ten minutes for Johnny to go through his ritual, the race might never have started had it not been for a resourceful bystander.

He held out a match. Johnny solemnly knocked on it, and the meet continued.

As a swimmer, Johnny was the result of calculated experiment.

BACHRACH combined the arm action of Norman Ross, the high-riding arch of Duke Kahanamoku, Hebner's speedy under water turn with a fast flutter kick, and developed them all in Weissmuller, then a long, gangly, ambitious youngster.

"Bach" was well rewarded, for in 1921 his protégé began to make the record book look like a stock market ticker tape in 1929.

In the next few years, Johnny smashed all the free style marks, and most of the back stroke marks on the list, became to swimming what Nurmi was to running, and set up a new method of swimming known as the American Crawl.

But he took his coach's advice of "don't

YES! There's a trick to washing matelassé fabrics

WOOL

COTTON

RAYON

COTTON

I'll take you into the secret!

So many women ask me, "Will the matelassé fabrics wash? Will they lose their crinkle? Will they shrink? Will they stretch?" My answer is—"they'll wash nicely if you wash them correctly!" Here is my simple recipe.

Watch the soap!

Don't use harsh soap. Don't use soap that is hard to rinse—that sticks to the crinkles and has to be *rubbed* out. Don't use hot water. Don't use soap that needs hot water to dissolve it—you might not cool the suds enough!

USE IVORY SNOW. This fluffy form of pure, mild Ivory Soap is ideal for matelassés. It is not cut into hard, flat flakes, but **BLOWN** into swiftly dissolving soft, *round* bits. No danger of too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow, because it melts *completely* in water that is just **LUKEWARM!**

Watch the rinse!

No soap spots to be rubbed out in the rinse when you use Ivory Snow! Ivory Snow has no flat pieces that can cling to fabrics and make soap spots. Keep the rinse water the same temperature as the wash water—just **LUKEWARM.**

Press up-and-down and crossways!

Roll garment in a thick towel to press out loose water. Then shake it out and pull it into shape. While still damp, place on a softly padded ironing board and press on the *wrong* side of the material with a moderately hot iron. Press both up-and-down and crossways until thoroughly dry.

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Washability Expert

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99 1/100% PURE

IVORY SNOW
for silks and woolsens dissolves instantly



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TASTE BLINDNESS!

Let's talk sense, literally. Seeing, smelling, feeling—important to be sure. But how about your sense of taste? Science now calls attention to taste-blindness, a most unfortunate human ailment.

If you're taste-blind, you can't hope to know the joys of flavor, taste and zest in what you eat. Such a person will accept an ordinary, watery tomato juice without comment.

But most of us, reveling in the full enjoyment of our faculties, are *not* taste-blind. We know the advantages of the tasty, tangy flavor of College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Demand that product from the grocer man—the College Inn label is our promise of perfection, and your protection from tasteless, mediocre tomato juices.

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worry" so thoroughly that on one occasion, at least, "Bach" nearly tore out what little hair he had.

It happened in 1927 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Johnny was scheduled to meet the inter-collegiate champion, Paul Samson, in two match races, the 100 and 220.

Although he trained religiously, Weissmuller had gotten into the habit of doing anything and everything to take his mind off an important race; so that morning he sneaked off to play a round of golf with some friends who knew better than to talk about swimming. They wound up by playing twenty-seven holes—enough to retire anyone for the day.

BY the time Johnny got back to the hotel, his coach could never be recognized as the man who had invented the "Don't worry" slogan. "Bach's" eyes were wild. He was pacing the floor.

"Good grief, Johnny!" he yelled. "Where have you been? You've only got twenty minutes to get over to the pool and into a suit!"

Johnny grinned. "Once you get to worrying—" he admonished his frantic coach, as he pulled on his silk racing suit.

He arrived at the starting mark just in time to reel off the hundred in record time.

After an early dinner, Johnny slipped off to a movie and that evening in the 220 he hung up a new world's mark of two minutes, eight seconds; and to my knowledge, no one has come within four seconds of it since.

This carefree attitude was certainly a boon to Johnny when he made his screen debut. Imagine stepping in front of a camera for the first time, clothed in nothing but a loin cloth and a big grin, and being at ease!

"I got the idea of going into the movies right here in the club," Johnny said. "You know Carl Johnson?" He pointed upward at the gym.

Carl Johnson, one time Olympic champion, now wrestling instructor at the club, has traded head-locks for toe-holds with most of the male stars in Hollywood for years.

"I was working out when Carl came up and said, 'Say, Johnny, why don't you get a screen test? They're looking for somebody to play *Tarzan*.'"

Cyril Hume, working on the screen adaptation, was in the club at the time, so Johnny was introduced to the novelist then and there; and when Weissmuller stripped to the waist before the director, that settled it. He was a movie actor.

Tarzan, the movie actor, is still Johnny, the swimmer, to his old friends.

He still wears a jersey and muffler instead of a shirt.

He still refrains from smoking.

He still runs around hatless.

About the only change a year on top of Hollywood has made visible to the naked eye is a couple of extra inches of hair—and that is for his next picture.

ELEANOR HOLM, Warners contract player—and Olympic backstroke champion, bobbed up from a long, clean dive into Ambassador Hotel pool and shook the water out of her short brown hair.

"Are you working out for a part in a picture?" I asked her from the diving board.

"No. My contract calls for a double in any swimming scenes," she called as she slithered through the water on her back.

"What!" I almost fell off the board with astonishment.

Eleanor Holm, the Olympic champion, using a double for swimming scenes! I sprinted down the pool in nothing flat to catch her.

"What do you mean, double?" I asked.

As we plowed lazily back to deep water, she explained.

"I had offers from four major studios during the Olympic games, but they all wanted me to swim. I wanted to keep my amateur standing, so I turned them down. Then Warner Bros. came around with a contract, and said that they didn't care about me as a swimmer, anyway.

They thought I was screen material in other clothes besides bathing suits. So I signed with them."

I first met Eleanor at the 1929 Nationals in San Francisco.

At fifteen, she was an Olympic games veteran, the defending champion in the backstroke and medley, and an attractive little number.

Various comment swept the grandstand when Eleanor graced the salty waters of Fleishacker pool.

"Charlie, wot a pip she'll be in a couple years!"

"Naw, Gawge, them muscle molls are all alike. She'll look just like Jim Londres. You can have 'em."

Whether or not Gawge is interested, Eleanor does *not* look like Jim Londres. Swimming develops long, smooth muscles, anyway, not the knobby knots which come from weight-lifting, wrestling or, for that matter, toe dancing.

THE breath-taking Miss Holm has everything: Looks, personality, a great sense of humor. And she can lash out a song in a most entrancing fashion.

This I learned by accident recently.

During a lull in conversation while we were sun-bathing on the edge of a pool, I began to hum the chorus of a tuneful ditty, "Shuffle Off to Buffalo."

Eleanor sat up abruptly and directed upon me the prettiest frown I have ever stopped.

"Hey, lay off that tune!"

"What's the matter?" I asked. "It's a good tune, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but you see I sang 'Shuffle Off to Buffalo' in every town from Hollywood to New York on the '42nd Street' Special. I like it, but I'm ready to leave it alone.

Eleanor likes everything about Hollywood—with one exception: The reports which go flying around about her love life. Dame Rumor has had her engaged to, or in love with, any number of young men. "Including a wrestler whose name I have never even heard," she said, laughing. "The truth of the matter is, I am not engaged and not in love. I'm too busy with a couple of careers."

FOR the past five years I have had plenty of chance to watch Buster Crabbe's meteoric rise closely. I've trailed him across the Silver Gate in San Diego bay, up and down a pool at Manhattan beach, and through the surf in a mile race at Santa Monica. I have had some good close-ups of Buster's feet in action.

Crabbe has been in training since he was two years old, when his family left Oakland, California, for Hawaii. Later, when he was in grammar school, he spent all his afternoons and vacations in the water, playing with the gay beach crowd, and instructing tourists in the art of riding the long, rolling breakers with a surf-board.

It was swimming that taught Buster relaxation, but it was handling a surf-board that gave him his powerful shoulders and perfect sense of balance.

While attending Punahou High School, Buster began to take swimming really seriously. Dad Center, veteran coach of the Outrigger Canoe Club, told him to swim a mile every day in the big memorial pool. Buster's home, however, was situated a mile up the coast from the club, and Buster did not like that mile hike. So, each day after school, he hopped off into the breakers, swam the mile down the coast to the pool, took his workout and polished the day off by swimming another mile back home. Three miles—and they say swimmers are lazy!

While thus preparing to follow in the footsteps of the renowned Duke Kahanamoku, Buster was unconsciously training himself for the screen.

All his life, Buster has denied himself things which would interfere with his swimming. He didn't smoke, he didn't drink.

But he did have one dissipation. Chewing gum.

One amusing incident in regard to that gum

sticks in my mind. It was before a big race. Buster was in the water. This is a common practice. Swimmers loaf around in the water to loosen up, cool off, and relax in general before swimming an event.

All during these preliminaries, Buster calmly chewed his gum, but he had to do something with it during the race, for it would have hindered his breathing.

Plop it went down on the edge of his starting mark.

Bang went the gun. Off Buster sped.

EIGHT laps later his hand slapped the finish mark. Then his other hand reached over, picked up the gum, and he was chewing calmly while the others were still thrashing down the straightaway.

So, if you want to be a movie star, relax, stick your gum on the side of the pool, move to Hawaii at the age of two, and knock regularly on matches!

Garbo's Gamble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

In return for the complete long breath Wanger then was able to draw, he promised Garbo all her old crew back on the job for the picture. Garbo thanked him profusely.

As usual, Garbo is seen every morning walking briskly along unfrequented roads, but she is combining her morning exercise with house hunting, for she has stopped and looked over several places in her daily hike. At this moment, she cannot make up her mind which of three possible homes in Brentwood she likes best.

But despite the remarkable ovation Garbo received when she recently stepped from the "Annie Johnson" at San Diego—a reception dramatically contrasting to that of seven years ago when she first arrived, an unknown, frightened immigrant—crowds now milling about for hours hoping to catch a glimpse of the hard-to-see famous star—there was one thorn to mar the beauty of the glory she knew still was hers.

IT was the news that her hairdresser, the one woman in the whole world who could change Garbo's entire facial expression by her clever arrangement of the Garbo coiffure, was gone. Gone beyond recalling. For Ruby Neely had been killed in an automobile accident last winter while Garbo was in Sweden.

And Greta knew nothing of the accident until someone broke the news to her the day she came back. Garbo wept, openly, frankly, unashamed of the emotion which the news had stirred within her.

It was a tribute which Ruby Neely's friends say the departed hairdresser, the girl who loved the Garbo tresses with a personal devotion, would never have forgotten.

Who will direct Garbo's next picture? Maybe Lubitsch will be borrowed from Paramount. Maybe Josef Von Sternberg, who should know everything now about movie stars wearing men's clothes.

For it wasn't so long ago that Marlene Dietrich was going places on the arm of Josef Von Sternberg, all triggered out in a man's tuxedo. Remember?

It is interesting to look forward with Garbo from this point. No one knows what her future will be. It is as much her own gamble as everyone's concerned. No one knows, not even her bosses, how long she plans to remain in America.

And not a few people are speculating with the idea that when the public sees Garbo in masculine attire in "Queen Christina" a new vogue will spring up—a vogue more sweeping than that which Dietrich inspired.

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KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Clara "Once Overs" London and Berlin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]



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Just spread ZIP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZIP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair... GIANT TUBE 50¢.

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magnitude of it!" Hot cha cha—cha cha cha haaa!

Now I can't decide if I want to live in a wild place like our ranch, or on a country estate like Tom's, near Epsom Downs. Such beautiful gardens and ponds. Makes you think England is just one big park when you drive through the country. And such very green grass!

Spent the morning seeing the stables and kennels. Spent lunch time eating oysters and drinking champagne! Who said country life was simple? Country life in England is about as simple as a De Mille set. But the nicest part of it is that the landowners really don't have to do anything but go in for sports or bridge, or drink tea—which they do more than anything else.

And such tea! Strong as Johnny Weissmuller's biceps. Their servants do everything for them and give them the sort of devotion that the *massa* and the *missy* got down South before the Civil War.

Spent an afternoon on Epsom Downs having my picture taken with April V, and giving reporters the low-down on England. Imagine me being photographed with a race horse!

ENGLISHMEN may be good-looking—but German girls are divine!

I never saw such a city for beautiful women as Berlin. Take it from me, none of them wear hats that make them look like old-time duchesses, or clothes that make them look like their grandmothers. *Chic* is the word—and *how!* I don't know how anyone ever got the idea that German girls were fat and looked like housekeepers.

If they used to be that way, somebody like Madame Sylvia must have started a beauty course and cleaned up.

How they get the money to buy the *chic* clothes they wear, when conditions are so terrible, I don't know.

The Fox people gave an elegant party for me. A whole crew of German film celebrities were there. Lilian Harvey, who was the darling of the movies in Europe, and who is now in Hollywood; her boy friend, Willy Fritsch; Eric Pommer, who produces pictures like Lubitsch does; and Eric Charell, who directed "Congress Dances"; and lots of others.

Lilian helped to show us the night life of

Berlin, which kept us on the go all the time. It's much gayer than London or New York—and everybody said it is much more exciting than Paris.

Judging by what we saw, I should say it was! A regular riot!

Oh—is Berlin sophisticated? We Hollywooders are just babes in the woods compared to them!

The waiters and shopkeepers and people like that kept on calling me "Gnadige Frau." In German that means *high-born lady*. I felt like saying to them, "Come on, be yourselves!"

I WENT to the "Tiergarten," which is German for zoo, and means *animal garden*. I can't make up my mind whether it is better than the Bronx Zoo or not.

It's quite a problem, because I consider myself an authority on zoos—never miss one wherever we are.

I simply went crazy over two baby lions they had there, and over a sea horse, of all things. I had quite a crush on the sea horse and visited him often. I scared Rex to death by insisting on feeding the baby lions. But I waited till the keeper took mama and papa out into another cage.

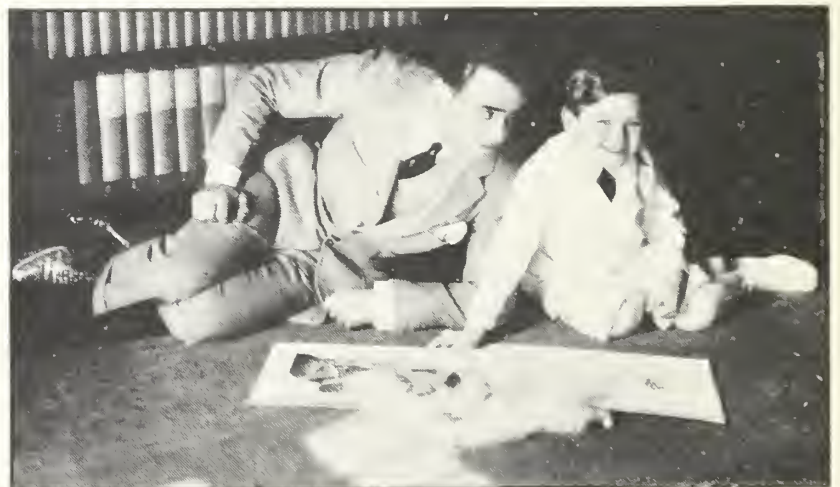
"Safety first" isn't always my motto—but I guess you have to draw the line at being reckless somewhere!

They try to make all the animals feel perfectly at home by fixing up the cages, or tanks, or whatever they live in, to look exactly like the places where the animals lived. So one minute you're looking at a scene in the tropical jungles, and the next, you're shivering in the Arctic.

It's very interesting to study the habits of the animals, too. I think it improves your mind, and makes you understand human beings better. It's a regular education to watch the way the males treat their females, and *vice versa*. It gave me some real, deep ideas about life.

WE were on the move from the time we left St. Moritz. The Riviera was a whirl, and although we had a grand time there, and won some money at Monte Carlo, I was all worn out and glad when we were on the ship. Fun is fun, but enough is enough.

I was beginning to worry about how I would take off some of the extra padding that



Keystone

No, you'd never guess it if you kept on trying till doomsday! So we won't keep you in suspense any longer, so here goes—the handsome chap is none other than Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. some years back, and the smiling youngster is Doug, Jr., when he was eight years old—really not so long ago

sneaked up on me, what with champagne cocktails and German "apfel strudel" and French cream puffs. If the foods on the "Rex" weren't so easy to take, I wouldn't have had such a hard time.

They serve ices that taste like real fruit. American ices are so insipid! I ordered tangerine and apricot ice. It tasted just like chilled California tangerines and apricots. Marvelous!

So to get even with my appetite, I'd swim in the open-air pool every day.

The passengers thought I was stark mad—but I loved it. Anyway, I'm naturally warm-blooded.

Nobody else would dare it—because it was pretty cold.

AFTER my plunge, I'd put on a white bathrobe and lay on deck for a couple of hours.

The other passengers were very chummy, and the stewards were the most courteous I'd ever met.

We spent a lot of time with Harry Harper. He was once the pitcher of the New York Giants, and is worth oodles of money now. Retired.

Well, finally we saw the Statue of Liberty and li'l ole New York. One of the thrills of my life.

So that ended that—a glorious trip, and a glorious experience. Wonder when I'll be going again?

Anyway, the next time it's going to be 'way off the beaten track. Me and Richard Halliburton—we don't believe in laid out tours. We like taking our travel without any schedule or rubberneck buses.

I suppose I'm just a vagabond at heart. But why not be natural?

Joan Looks Forward

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

nervous she could not do her motion picture work well, she charged.

Once, because of this nervousness, the complaint said, she was forced to take a three weeks' vacation alone.

Fairbanks, Jr., continued to show an unreasonable objection to her friends, some of whom had been in the habit of visiting her for a long time, she said.

During the interview I suddenly recalled the gossip rumor about her reported romance with Franchot Tone. Folks everywhere were asking about this. I ventured to broach the subject to Joan herself. I asked her about her future "prospects."

SHE didn't look startled. She didn't flare up. She merely looked at me with those great, piercing round eyes of hers and said:

"I don't want any future 'prospects' if that's what you mean. Of course, if something happens to me, it happens, that's all. I'll try to take advantage of it. Anyway, it will mean a new experience—and I'll play it fair and make the most of it."

Two years ago I had a talk with Joan Crawford when her emotions and thoughts were overflowing with plans of what she and Doug were going to do.

Then she had no dream that was not built around her young husband. And it was with almost childish pride that she autographed a photo "Joan Fairbanks."

At that time, Hollywood, and all America for that matter, recognized that Joan had won what she wanted, that her cup of happiness was brimming, that she was on the verge of her greatest ambition.

For, make no mistake about it, Joan did not regard her marriage as an exciting adventure on the sea of matrimony, but rather took it as a final anchorage in the snugest

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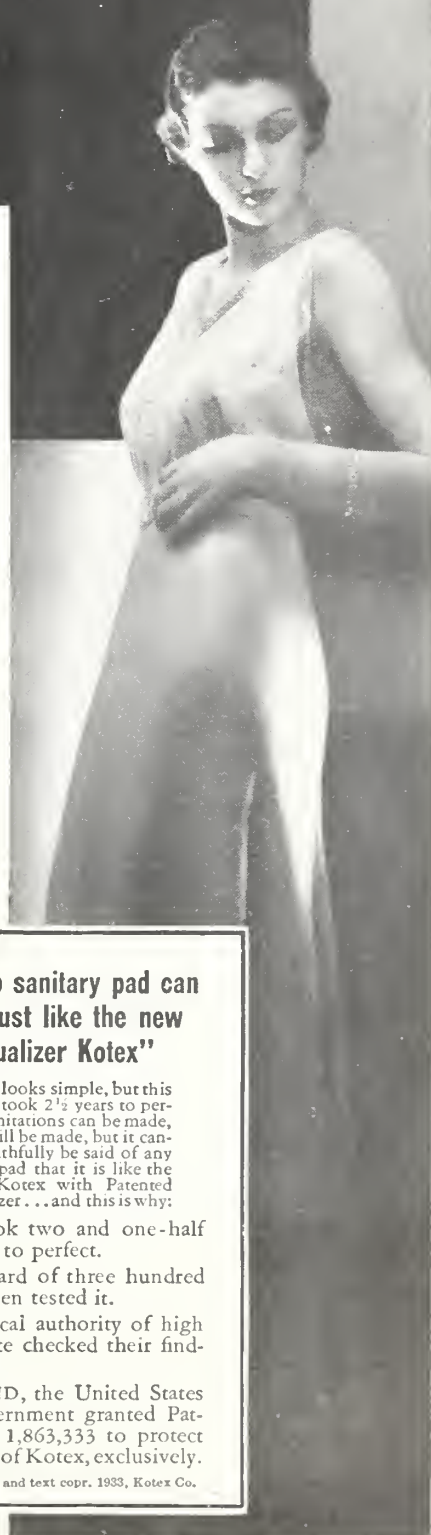
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- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

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Lots of stars wear swimming suits but few stars wear them as well—or as often—as Joan Blondell. She swims for fun, swims for health, swims at every opportunity. She is wearing the new Jantzen Molded-Fit Formal. It is really three suits in one because it has three distinct back designs: the square back, the cross strap and the necklace tie for sun-bathing

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harbor of all filmdom. Joan wanted a home, the security of marriage and an assured place in the magic circle of Hollywood.

She had already sailed all the adventurous seas she cared to sail—and she valued fully this thing she had worked so hard to win.

Joan Crawford did not regard hers as the typical Hollywood romance—fast and furious while luck held out—something to be regarded as just another rôle, to be thoroughly enjoyed while it endured and lightly forgotten when it ended. No, Joan had the man she wanted and she wanted the man she had—and everything he represented.

Proudly she brought him to her white home she loves so well, with its cool white rooms and its sunny white garden. So far as Joan was concerned, the goose was hanging high.

No, she was not deaf, either, to the gossip and predictions, nor blind in knowing looks and head wags. She knew that if ever a marriage was publicly booked for the rocks, hers was. In fact, the wise ones about Hollywood said it wouldn't live to a six months' anniversary, and as for lasting more than a year—well, that was actually funny.

In other words, this girl knew that her marriage was considered the most brittle in all Hollywood's collection of thin romances, and that the smart ones along the well-known Boulevard de Bunk would prick the balloon themselves, should the opportunity afford itself, just to prove the truth of their predictions.

Joan knows all these things. She has thought of them often in the past few months since her divorce action from Doug. I asked her how she felt about it and she said:

HOW do I feel toward those who wished me bad luck? Well, I don't know that anyone really did that. I think I wished myself less luck because of my habit of exaggerating things. Because some people predicted my marriage would be a failure, I exaggerated it to the extent of thinking everybody wished that. That was silly—and it hurt me. It held me back from making many friendships I should have enjoyed. And we all need friendships to help us forget our little problems and to help us develop so that we can create something worthwhile. Now I want to really create something.

"Worrying about what people think of us will beat anyone. We can go through very trying experiences if we do not worry about

them. So, from now on, I'm going to give no thought to what other people think. I'm just going to do what I feel is right, and let it go at that."

The day we talked of these things Joan was sitting in her sunny garden, soaking up old Sol's rays and trying to add a little more tan to her already mahogany coloring. She was reading stories, conferring with a supervisor and planning for a comedy. If she is pining away, she is doing it in a very husky manner—and if she is living in the glories of yesterday's romance, she has a very peculiar way of showing it, as all she talks about is *tomorrow*.

Previously Joan Crawford insisted upon dramas for her pictures. Now she wants to do a comedy. I asked her why.

"SOMETHING a little gay wouldn't hurt me right now," she answered, "and I seriously think at this time America needs light and happy films. In these days of depression and—"

Is Joan bitter? If she is, she hides it remarkably well. Her manner and attitude are free from rancor. If she feels she has a grievance against those who predicted so broadly and freely the collapse of her marriage, she in no way expresses it, either in words or action. Instead, she seems to feel that whatever is, is for the best.

We were speaking of another actress, a woman whose romance has recently gone on the rocks, and Joan expressing, no doubt, her own innermost feelings remarked:

"She needs other interests and I've tried to make her get them, tried to make her share herself a little with us. Other interests would take her mind off her misfortune. It is a shame this thing had to happen to her, and it hurts us to see her suffering silently over it.

"She knew all about it, long before it happened. But any woman hates to admit a thing like that. She hates to admit the man she loves is unfaithful to her—she hates to admit she has failed. What my friend needs now is a little fighting spirit—and other interests," Joan told me.

Joan is very game. She's taking all the comment, the ugly insinuations, the cut-backs and the predictions with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. But deep down, buried beneath the gaiety and the carefree spirit she displays since her broken romance, there is an intensity which Crawford is actress enough to hide—and hide well.

Barbara Bennett Talks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

clever arguments that in self defense and desperation, he unmasked and lo—it was none other than our own dear daddy, Richard Bennett.

Then I recall those days when we lived on Eighty-second Street and Park Avenue, rather far uptown from the noise and clamor which had begun to creep in around us in Greenwich Village. Constance was a tomboy. She had run with urchins down there and made mud pies in back yards, getting herself generally mussed up every day with youngsters in those neighboring streets where Judy O'Grady's children play on an equal footing with the children of Fifth Avenue aristocrats.

WHEN we moved to the uptown house, Constance sulked for days for the children down there. She refused to stay dressed up. Her sashes and laces simply wouldn't stay put. But Joan, quite the opposite, was a model little girl with her ruffles and pinking and curls, always like a child in a picture book. Joan always loved clothes. It is amusing sometimes when I think how "grand lady" Constance became when she was sixteen and boys began to

tell her she was pretty. Joan had always been a nice little girl, very feminine, very demure, very retiring. And she is that same way today. But Connie had a complete turn-about of personality when she outgrew her childhood.

IF Joan were hurt, even to bruising her little finger or scratching her face, she would go quietly off in a corner and wait until the pain subsided. If Constance were hurt, she'd let you know about it quickly and she'd insist upon having the very *best* doctor at once.

Now I don't mean this as a slam at Connie. I mean it was part of her make-up; an entirely different sort of person from Joan, as different and as interesting as sunlight compared to moonlight.

Then came those trips to Europe—to Paris, London, to the gay watering spots of the Continent when we girls felt our first adolescent pride in popularity.

I admit that Constance was by far the most popular of any of us. She had a way of reaching out, figuratively, and catching from life whatever it was she wanted at the moment. Maybe it was only a new sweater or a new

place to stop or a new boy friend or a brand-new set of ritzy mannerisms. Anyway, there always was something about Constance which forced life to give her what she wanted. Joan and I, though very fortunate in getting what we desired, were the sort of girls who sat quietly back and let life drop its gifts into our laps.

I recall the first time Constance had to admit that she was wrong—and had to take a punishment for her error.

There had been a football game at Princeton and Constance had been invited to go with one of the local swains. She was about sixteen years old at the time and Mother had kept her in very simple, girlish clothes.

CONNIE wanted a fur stole—they were the fashion rage then. Mother was horrified. And refused to allow it. But Connie wanted a fur stole with all her heart and she was miserable because she couldn't have it.

So what do you suppose happened? Maybe Dad understood that longing; maybe Connie had inherited the adornment trait from him. But in any event, Dad saw that Mother's wardrobe was left ajar that day and that no maid was about, just about the time Connie was ready to start for the game. Needless to say, Connie breezed out wearing Mother's pet neckpiece—ridiculous, of course, for a girl of her age. She flung it with a grand gesture about her slender shoulders and strode out of the house with the air of a duchess on parade.

Everything might have been all right if Connie, in her excitement of cheering on the football players, had not dropped the fur through the crevice of the grandstand. It could not be retrieved.

For days she telephoned that stadium office trying to locate the neckpiece. And Mother, unaware that it had even been "borrowed," never missed it until one night she was going to the theater in a hurry.

There was a terrible to do about it. Connie walked the floor alone in her bedroom for hours, wondering what to do. But, just like Connie, who has always faced life's issues squarely, she voted in favor of making a clean breast of it. It was this spirit which made Dad and Connie kindred souls from that day forth.

And she took her punishment like a soldier, later remarking that the punishment was worth the thrill she had had that day with the beloved fur stole about her shoulders. She's been like that ever since, asking nothing from life but what she's willing to pay for, regardless of the price in personal sacrifice. She has given up most of her young life to long hours of work in the studio because Connie enjoys her film fame. She has given up many other of life's gifts because she has a keen sense of values and knows how to balance the budget of her happiness.

IT was in this spirit that Constance eloped with that same boy from Princeton, Chester Morehead, because she thought marriage was one of the things she wanted at the time. Mother had the marriage promptly annulled.

Then, at a Park Avenue tea she found Phil Plant being presented. And she knew at once she was going to marry Phil some time. He made love to her, as she had expected. And it wasn't long after Constance became Mrs. Phil Plant. Now, of course, Connie is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray!

As for Joan, when the telephone wasn't ringing for Constance, Joan's boy friends managed to sandwich in a few calls for her. She was popular, in the delicate, retiring sort of way. That she has developed the spark of intensity which came to her later in Hollywood has always been utterly amazing to me. Little Joan, the youngest of us three, had always been very flower-like and babyish.

Once, when she was sailing for Europe to meet Mother, living then in Paris, I went down to see her off. A college boy I'd met in Seattle on a visit, was on the boat. I introduced him to little sister Joan, admonishing him to take



Remove film . . . safeguard the beauty of your smile

FILM is the sticky *mucin* in saliva. It forms in coats and patches. Bits of food stick to it. Some cause stain—others can't be seen.

In this moist, warm film live millions of tiny, rod-shaped germs called *Lactobacilli*. They multiply. They decompose food particles. They produce strong acids that dissolve enamel and then destroy the part beneath. Soon the tooth is too far gone to save—and that's the result of tooth decay.

Other germs found in film are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incubated in the coating dentists know as *mucin plaque*—and we call film.

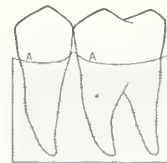
"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because the true value of a tooth paste is determined by its polishing material.

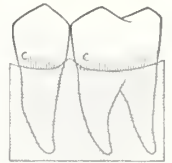
The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

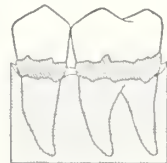
How Film leads to bleeding gums!



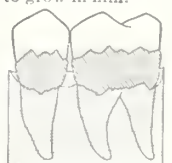
1 Normal clean teeth. (A) is gum line.



2 Film (C) begins to form near gum line. Bacteria begin to grow in film.



3 Film combines with minerals in saliva and hardens into tartar which produces irritation, causing gums to recede.



4 Tartar continues to form. Gum tissue is further destroyed. Gums bleed and the way is opened for serious infection.

Pepsodent— is the special film-removing tooth paste



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good care of her. He did, all right. For before the boat docked at Cherbourg, he had asked Joan to marry him and she had consented.

But Mother had something to say again. Joan was still in school, in fact that's why she was sailing, to finish her education in France. When Mother heard the news, she didn't try to cross the youngsters. She had tried that with Constance, only to have her elope.

MOTIER used different tactics then with Joan. Believing it only a passing infatuation, she bargained with them to wait a year until Joan had finished school. They agreed. Mother was amazed when, at the end of the year, the children stood before her and announced they would be married that very day—graduation day!

It was of this marriage Joan became the mother of her adorable little girl, Adrienne, now called Diana, and five years old. The marriage was not successful and both the youngsters were miserable before long. So it ended in divorce. Since then, of course, Joan has become Mrs. Gene Markey and from what I know, having just returned from a visit to her in Hollywood, I am sure she is entirely happy.

I was always the home-loving type of girl. I still am. I don't care anything about a career and I never have. I'm satisfied just being Morton's wife. And now that I have become the mother of my adorable baby son—not even a year old yet and the image of his handsome radio star daddy—I am entirely contented.

Life seems to have given me everything I ever wanted and I am happy.

Yes, there was a time when I liked to play around picture studios. I was making a film called "Syncopation" up at the old Cosmopolitan Studios in Harlem, New York, when I met Morton Downey. We knew each other just three weeks when we married. It was a case of mutual understanding from the start—that sort of electric spark which runs like a dotted line from eye to eye—when we were first introduced. Morton asked me to lunch with him that day. There was something awfully nice about him, I couldn't tell you even now just what it was. Perhaps it was his inner self which I had glimpsed. He says he saw clear through me, too, knowing that I would turn out to be just the type of girl he discovered as those weeks went on.

There seemed no reason in the world to wait for a longer time when we both knew each other that way from the start. So we stepped gaily out one day and were quietly married and have lived happily ever since, just like the story book romances.

PERHAPS it's well we never know what the future has in store for us. But I'd be willing to wager this about it: Constance will always get from life what she desires because she always has; Joan will get her heart's desires, too, because she inspires sympathy and protection. As for myself, I believe I'll always be happy because I'm just plain lucky!

Who Is Brian Aherne?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

There is another angle in the story of how Brian Aherne came to Hollywood, too, and far more interesting from the human point of view. It had nothing whatever to do with movies, money or publicity, but had to do exclusively with Marlene Dietrich, opposite whom he was to play.

It seems that during her strike interlude on "The Song of Songs," *Frau* Dietrich had gone to see "Lucrece," and had been greatly impressed with the artistic possibilities of Mr. Aherne. For his part, he subsequently told *Frau* Dietrich that he was "intrigued" by her art on the screen; and there you are.

WHEN Mr. Aherne did let down the bars of his theatrical conscience and consented to debase his ability for the edification of the movies, both of them apparently intrigued the other more than ever. For, during the filming of "The Song of Songs," *Frau* Dietrich and Mr. Aherne were everywhere in each other's company; at the Brown Derby, the Coconut Grove, The Beverly Wilshire, Sardi's, and where have you.

Furthermore, although Mr. Aherne held himself distinctly aloof from the whole studio and all that was in it, lurching by himself in solitary state for the first couple of days, thereafter he lunched with *Frau* Dietrich and it was her habit to prepare breakfast for him, at seven A. M., in her studio bungalow. Also, there soon appeared upon *Frau* Dietrich's dressing-table, alongside Maurice Chevalier's picture and crowding it a bit, another picture—this of Mr. Aherne; and in response thereto, on Mr. Aherne's dressing-table there appeared a photograph solitary in its single glory—and this photograph, *mes amis*, was of *Frau* Dietrich.

It did not take Mr. Aherne at all long—especially for a Briton of rather more than traditional reserve—to catch on to Hollywood's rather intimate ways.

Mr. Aherne, during his entire stay in Hollywood, was true to his protest against the press. He would have nothing to do with interviewers—nor, as far as that goes, and excepting only a

couple of English writers, both old friends, with anyone else; always excepting, of course, *Frau* Dietrich. So, when he recently left Hollywood to do a play in England, Hollywood knew no more about him than when he came.

Frau Dietrich, incidentally, has also taken a European trip. She expects to visit her colorful Paris while Mr. Aherne is playing in London.

Hollywood accepts Mr. Aherne—as though he gave a darn—as an Englishman, although his ancestry on both sides, not to mention his photographs, is Irish. He went on the stage at the age of three in some amateur productions of his mother's, and showed such promise that he was sent to the famous Italia Conti school in London. But he tired of the stage and became a clerk in a mercantile house; tired of that and went back to the stage.

It is interesting to note in passing that in his own biography he said that he went back to the stage only because he was down to his last five shillings and had to find a "temporary way of keeping going" until he could find something else to do. But obviously, since he subsequently became something of a matinee idol, he could not have been down to his last five shillings when he consented to act for the screen.

HE first came to America in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and scored such a distinct success over here that movie offers, as aforesaid turned down, deluged him. His only concession to the movies at that time was the neck scarf, almost a ringer for the one worn by the broken-down movie actor in "Once In A Lifetime," which he constantly wears.

In appearance he is very much of a younger edition of Percy Marmont, whom, as a screen idol of a few years back, everybody remembers well. Hollywood considers him, probably rightly, not so much ritzy as reserved; and on the Paramount lot, while he was shooting, the other moonstruck girls went so far as to say that he was reserved—for "The Song of Songs" and *Frau* Marlene Dietrich.

Hollywood At Play

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

THE STARS IN COCOANUT GROVE

(Shown in the photograph on pages 40 and 41)

THE extreme left-hand couple on the floor is Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow. Next, Viola Dana and Sidney Lanfield, and third from the left, Hoot Gibson smiles at his partner. Behind Hoot, Dick and Mrs. Arlen, and in the lower right hand corner of the page, Marie Prevost and Buster Collier.

On the right-hand page in the foreground are (left) Helen Vinson with Al Hall, and (right) Skeets and Mrs. Gallagher. Behind these couples we see, left to right, Zeppo and Mrs. Marx, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, Clive and Mrs. Brook, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell.

On the steps at the left, Ruth, Tom and Mrs. Mix are being shown in, while to the right on the stairs a similar service is being performed for Adolphe and Mrs. Menjou (Kathryn Carver).

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Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

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and Day?" she asked Phil several weeks before it was heard in Hollywood. "Get it." And he got it. Somehow, Joan's prophecies concerning song hits always come true.

And then there's Joan dancing around rather dreamily with Ricardo Cortez or Gary Cooper or Clark Gable, often to the strains of "Waltzing In a Dream," and holding a creamy white gardenia between her teeth.

You should have seen Mr. Sight-Seeer Tourist the first night he beheld that. And a visiting Elk leaned out of the balcony so far he lost his balance, clutched a palm tree and swung on the same limb with a petrified monkey until help came.

But, by gosh, he was goin' to make sure he saw what he thought he saw, and tell the folks back home the latest way to sport a corsage.

DIGNIFIED little Joan Bennett moves gracefully about the floor with hubby, Gene Markey. Joan has a very stately way of holding her aristocratic head and she carries herself straight as an arrow when gliding around. She looks up and sees sister Constance with the Marquis coming down the stairway. Joan smiles . . . then she sees Gilbert Roland just behind Connie and knows that it is to be his tango instead of Hank's.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., moves from table to table for a little chat with friends. His quick eye takes in the panorama and stops for a brief moment on a table across the floor. It is Joan, smiling dreamily into the handsome face of Franchot Tone.

Doug moves on. The next moment he is gliding beautifully across the dance floor with—Katharine Hepburn. Glamorous, interesting, unusual Katharine who keeps Hollywood puzzled as much as Doug does. There should be something in common, at least, between these two personalities when they begin chatting. It's Harris, night after night, behind the waving baton, who instantly senses the stars' moods. Knows, almost, what these world-famous people are thinking.

There was something about the way little Alice White smiled, something big and hurt about her eyes, as she sat at her table near the dance floor, which told Phil the story of what was to come. The parting of the ways with her fiancé, Cy Bartlett. The baton waved a bit slower that night, the music beat and throbbed in sympathy.

It happened the next day, that break. And it was Phil who knew again instantly when Cy and Alice made up. That evening he played "Say It Isn't So," and Alice smiled.

Above the softly lighted floor are balconies. It's interesting to watch the progress of a shy



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and blooming new romance. They sit at their balcony table, far in the background. At a glance, Phil takes it in, and knows. Gradually, with carefully selected music, he brings them out. A waltz, a tango or a love song and, sure enough, they're smiling over the rail for all the world to see.

THE romance of Dick Powell and Mary Brian bloomed in the Coconut Grove. A balcony bloom. Cary Grant first saw the lovely Virginia Cherrill from behind a palm tree in the Grove.

There was the night a few years back when the lovely Jean Harlow sat at a ringside table and Howard Hughes sat directly across. Howard and Jean hadn't known each other. But that waving, fluttering baton, that steady smile and, finally, the music to "Can't We Be Friends," did the trick. Jean and Howard were dancing. This was long before tragedy stalked into Jean's life—before her first break in Hughes' picture, "Hell's Angels."

The red carnation, the very dark, crimson flower in the button hole of Phil's dinner jacket, had all the up and coming movie boys on the jump. Hollywood florists were almost hysterical trying to find the same flower. But the nearest they could come to it was an anemic light red. While Doug Jr., who knew the secret, smiled and said nothing. As a matter of fact, the flower is especially dyed each day for the orchestra leader. And, is that an idea?

It's to the strains of the Argentine tango that Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard do their fanciest stepping. The dips, the glides, the twirls of Charlie and Paulette, are something to write long letters home about.

It was in the midst of the dreamiest waltz, one Tuesday, that a commotion was heard at one end of the orchestra platform. The door to "The Little Club," just adjoining, had opened and, in a body, out stepped the Four Marx Brothers. Phil immediately sensed danger, took a firmer hold on the baton and "Take Me In Your Arms" floated out over the Grove.

Without a word or a minute's planning, the four Marxes stepped to the front of the platform and immediately began singing "Dinah." Which had absolutely no connection with the music being played.

"Dinah, is there anything finer," they yelped, while the waltz went on. "In the state of Carolina," they quartetted while the drummer hesitated and missed two beats and a bang. The saxophonist was playing half "Dinah" and half waltz. The piano player was feebly wiping his brow. "Dinah" kept right on going. The dancers, after trying to "Dinah" and waltz at the same time, stopped in utter astonishment.

With a big-bang of the baton, the orchestra immediately swung into "Dinah" just as the Marx Brothers decided that "Take Me In Your Arms" was a better tune anyway, and, heaven help us, here was the orchestra on "Dinah" and the Marx Brothers on "Take Me In Your Arms," and half the audience rolling on the floor and the other half up the palm trees with the coconuts.

At the sad, very sad, conclusion, the Marxes took a bow and announced that, really, all they were looking for anyhow, was the check room.

And twenty-seven gentlemen, including Joel McCrea, Richard Arlen and Gene Raymond, rushed them to the check room, while "Take Me In Your Arms" got off to another start.

FROM Harris' bandstand, it's interesting to note how the different stars dance. He can give you the low-down on them all. Gloria Stuart and her husband, both beautiful dancers, glide quickly and swiftly across the floor. Gloria with her eyes closed. Joan Crawford and her partner are rather slow, dreamy dancers. Joan always with her head thrown back, as if listening to far off music, and the everlasting gardenia between her teeth or resting fragrantly in the palm of her hand.

Dorothy Mackaill, the jolliest dancer on the floor, calling to this one, or chatting with that one. Mae Murray, once a professional, is a smooth, perfect tangoer.

Carole Lombard is in perfect rhythm with Bill Powell. Joan Blondell and Georgie Barnes step lively.

When a certain player wishes to publicly announce that all, alas, is over, he attends the Grove with a new heart interest. And the world accepts it as a public announcement. Los Angeles newspapers recently carried the



"As artist to artist" in the Ambassador's gay Coconut Grove. When Thelma Todd and husband Pasquale De Cicco were still good friends, shown in a momentary aside with Phil Harris, who waves the baton for his famous orchestra. Phil has a prominent rôle also in "Melody Cruise"

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**PHOTOPLAY'S
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CONTEST**

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announcement that a certain actor and his wife had parted. "Couldn't be." Hollywood shrugged. But when the star appeared at the Grove the very next Tuesday night with another lady, Hollywood knew that he wanted to tell them it was true. The same thing happened to Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello. To Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. "The Declaration of Independence," the Grove has been dubbed.

Here, among the palms and lights, come motion picture executives and officials. Searching for talent. More casting is done in the Coconut Grove than is really done at the studios.

For instance, there were those two RKO-Radio scouts who sat night after night, at a table near the orchestra. With one eye cocked downward, Phil went through his program. Wondering. Glancing over the floor to see who might be spotted for what was, evidently, a big rôle. Thinking perhaps that by certain selections he might bring out their good points. And then, at the end of two weeks' watching, the men arose and walked over to Phil. "Like to see you," they said. So, behind sheltering palms, they told him. Carefully they'd been watching him, that grin, that red, oh so red, carnation, and would he make a picture for them?

For once, the baton wouldn't wave. It merely fluttered. And so Phil Harris came to the movies in that grand three reeler, "So This Is Harris." With more pictures to come.

In fact, they wanted only a two reel short, but the thing turned out so well, the powers that be decided not an inch of those three reels could be cut.

NO wonder the boy friends of those lady stars watch with a jealous eye when Phil steps up to the edge of the platform and begins his song. And Phil, standing there with the lights pouring down upon him, knows what's going on.

"When It's Darkness on the Delta" he sings, while all the time to himself he thinks, "Look at that bozo. Trying to edge that blonde cutie away. Doesn't want her to listen, eh? Well, she'll listen and he'll like it." And on the song goes, and she listens and the boy friend does like it. Never dreaming, of course, that behind those twinkling blue eyes of Phil's and those deep, full teasing notes, a comedy all his own is going on.

There are always certain people of the movie colony who make spectacular entrances. With the music swelling a little louder or growing a little softer.

Mary Pickford, for instance, always draws a grand sweep from the orchestra, and Mary usually has more than one escort.

Claudette Colbert, with her own husband, Norman Foster, also draws a special serenade. Here is an occasion.

But it's Maurice Chevalier, zat gay Maurice, with the lovely Lilian Harvey, who makes ze one grand splash. Zowie.

Down the steps they come, the Frenchman and the English star. Every eye fastened upon them. The trumpets trump, the flute flutters, the drums roll and Phil's grin grows wider.

While right behind them, always, comes the tall, French secretary of Maurice's. It's always a threesome, never a twosome, for Chevalier.

And can he dance? *Mon Dieu* and a hot cha-cha. Ask Phil.

OCASIONALLY, an erring husband comes tripping blithely in with a cutie on his arm. Immediately, Phil seizes the large, ebony baton and makes a sweeping no-no-no across instead of the usual up and down gesture. The gentleman knows to take to his heels. Wife is probably present.

But the climax of climaxes was reached recently. The beauteous Peggy Hopkins Joyce had arrived in town. The Grove was abuzz with excitement. Everyone knew the lovely Peggy would certainly be at the Grove

VITA-TONIC WAVES



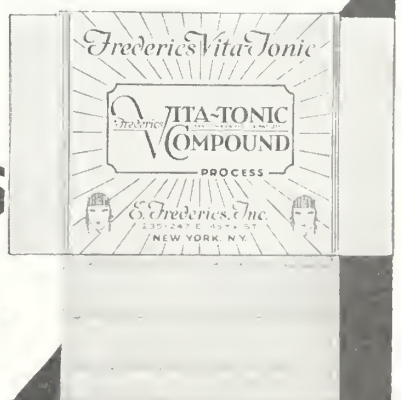
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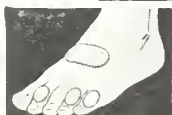
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in a blazing mass of diamonds that would have even the stuffed monkeys throwing coconuts at the customers.

And then, Tuesday night arrived. Ten o'clock came. No Peggy. No diamonds. No handsome prince of an escort. Eleven o'clock came. Twelve o'clock. And then, suddenly, even the orchestra let out a sour, surprised note.

There, at the top of the stairs, stood Peggy.

Without a single piece of jewelry and clutching the arm of Jack Oakie in a white sweat shirt. Only Phil's quick action in snapping the orchestra into "Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town," saved the day.

Oh, it's a place of comedy. Of tragedy. Of heartaches. Of heart throbs. Of romance. This Cocoanut Grove of Hollywood. While above it all stands Phil Harris, looking down. Waving a gay baton. Seeing. Understanding.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (March)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (March)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (March)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (March)

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (March)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (March)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)



Keystone

The French—they think of everything. The good-hearted souls began to feel sorry for all the people who waited for French trains without anything to do, so they have opened up a picture theater at the railroad station in Paris, or the Gare St.-Lazare, if you want to be ritzy. The cinema house features news reels and shorts and who cares if the trains aren't on time?



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SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (March)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norinan Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (March)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (March)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (March)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (March)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

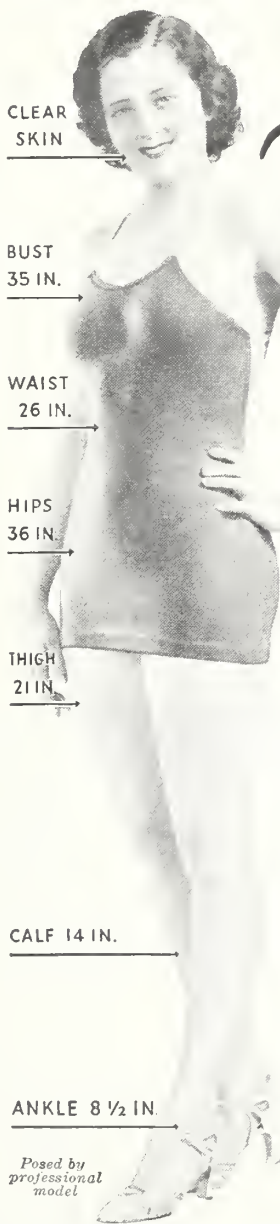
WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (March)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

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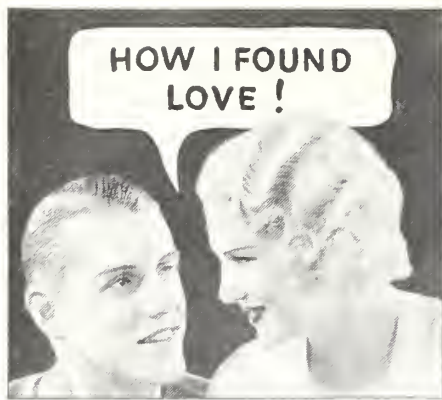
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Wilma Tesar, Houston, Tex.

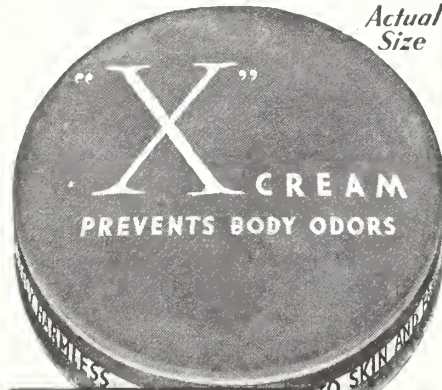


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“Is It True You Are Not Getting a Divorce?”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Meetings of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences were called. Mass meetings were held at Pickfair.

It was finally voted, after the Four Marx Brothers had been thrown out for the third time, that Jimmy Cagney should land Lilly a sock on the jaw that would end her scandal snooping forever.

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Alas, poor Lilly, when the Japs move in.



Spooks and ghosts and weird sounds in the dead of night. Can't you just hear those movie plots rattling 'round, punctuated by the monotonous voice of Alice Howell? Now she's chilling 'em in "Tomorrow at Seven." Even black cats will run



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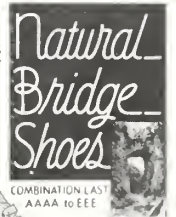
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Brian Aberne
Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Mari Colman
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Marlene Dietrich
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
William Harrigan
Verna Hillie

Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Echel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes

Jean Howard
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Anthony Jowitt
Muriel Kirkland
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Bow
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi
Wm. Lawrence

Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mudd
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Raul Roulien
Harvey Stephens
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
June Vlake
Harry Woods

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Buck Jones
Karloff

June Knight
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bette Daniels
Betty Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Harold Huber

Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shaddock
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Arline Judge

Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Helen Mack
Mary Mason
Joel McCrea
Gregory Ratoff
Ginger Rogers
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks

Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

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Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy

Adolphe Menjou
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Dorothy Tree
Fay Wray

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Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Phillipe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

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Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore
Our Gang
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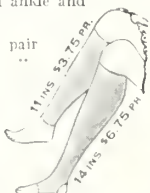


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A Pipe Is His Scepter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

I decided I'd make my gorilla picture anyway—and make it right here. After Edgar Wallace and I got together a few times, the gorilla outgrew even the rest of those monsters and became *Kong*."

That's how the most thrilling freak that ever came out of Hollywood reached the screen.

Cooper remains as unlike the typical studio big shot as chalk is unlike cheese.

THE "I" so conspicuous in the conversations of many others is absent from Cooper's vocabulary. In everything he has ever done he gives the bulk of the credit to somebody else.

He does not visualize himself as a movie Mussolini.

"I don't know why they picked on me to run things," is the way he puts it. "I guess they were just hard up for somebody and had to take a chance on me. But it's fun to be in the spot where you make the wheels go 'round."

Cooper, even though he never talks about it, has always made the wheels go 'round. He will tell you how Schoedsack, his partner on their jungle pictures, stood in a pit in Siam and ground away at his camera while that avalanche of elephants charged over his head; but he won't tell you that he himself ground away at another camera, smack in front of those pounding pachyderms, without the protection of a pit.

"Schoedsack was by far the better cameraman of the two of us," he said, "so usually he worked the camera while I worked the gun." He doesn't add that it would have been just too bad for the both of them if the man with the gun had ever failed.

He speaks of all his adventures, of all his pictures—including "King Kong"—much as a schoolboy recounts his escapades. There is no boasting or bombast; just a shy grin on his bronzed face as though he was still wondering how he ever got away with it. Particularly is this true of "Chang," where the charge of those elephants had an amusing, if embarrassing aftermath.

It seems that after he and Schoedsack had built the corral, they gathered up all the huge beasts they could find, interspersing tame ones among the captured wild ones, and then, for the purposes of the picture, turned the whole horde loose.

"WHEN we got through there were elephants scattered all over Siam," he grinned, "and what they did to the countryside was plenty. It took the natives weeks to round them up again—and they were plenty mad at us."

Throughout all their expeditions, Cooper and Schoedsack never suffered any hurt and rarely lost a man. Their preparations were made with the infinite care which alone insured safety and success. Of course, Cooper explains accidents will happen. Such as the time when a part of their safari got it the way of an ordinarily peaceable hippo; or when some of the wandering tribesmen in "Grass," swimming their horses across the river with inflated goat skins for water-wings, were swept away and drowned.

"Grass" was not in any sense a staged picture," Cooper remarked. "The migration of the tribes in search of food occurs every year, and we were able to photograph it. While we were doing so, Schoedsack and I always slept on the bare ground with only a couple of blankets and a piece of canvas to cover us. We were always in the best possible physical trim.

"But now," he added disgustedly, "every time I get in a draft in this office I get the 'flu.'"



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Which shows you pretty accurately Mr. Cooper's unique viewpoint about Hollywood in general and about himself as a studio big shot in particular.

Except as a means of making pictures Merian C. Cooper cares nothing about money.

The accumulation of wealth, as typified by Hollywood's golden bathtubs, is in his opinion just as futile as going to Hollywood parties. He wastes no effort on either.

HIS motion picture career actually began when his naval career ended, although some years passed before he got his hands on a camera or enough money to carry out the idea. In his graduating year at Annapolis, while on his last foreign cruise as a midshipman, he went ashore skylarking.

On the one leave he gathered enough demerits to set him down.

Thus the United States Navy deprived itself of an outstanding admiral. Somehow you feel, though, that even as an admiral he would prefer that old brown hat and coat to the usual cargo of gold braid.

After leaving Annapolis by request, he wandered among the cities of America as an itinerant newspaperman, and finally drifted down to North Carolina to try writing. A travel magazine then told him he could accompany a private movie expedition if he wanted to act as the magazine's correspondent and was willing to work his way. He did, and was.

It is quite characteristic of Cooper that while sketching this phase of his life, he quite "forgot" to mention that during the war he was commander of an air squadron and an American ace.

The expedition with which he went out took off aboard an old sailing yacht for Singapore, the East Indies, Suez and the East coast of Africa.

Shortly after their arrival at Nairobi, the lion-hunting base, the cameraman quit. Schoedsack was sent out to replace him, and that is how he and Cooper first met.

While on this expedition the things they saw being done wrong gave them an idea of things they could do right.

When their current job was washed up, they started out together with a camera, a gun and two blankets apiece—wandering over the greater part of Asia looking for something to shoot. The immediate result was "Grass," which took audiences all over the world by storm.

"JUST the same," said Cooper, "I have never yet done anything I've been satisfied with. Somehow, I always felt fed up with what I was doing, and when I had finished I knew I had missed.

"That goes even for 'King Kong,' which was like doing laboratory work compared with making pictures in the field; and I hope that I always feel that way. Whenever I come to the place where I'm satisfied with what I've done, I'll know automatically that I'm through."

Beside his desk stands a plain geography globe. To him that globe is the crystal ball of his existence, the focusing point of all his thoughts.

Put your finger anywhere on it and the odds are that he has been there. More, the odds are that he will go back.

"Yes, I hope to start out again some day," he will say quietly, dreamily, that far-away look accentuated in his eyes. "I should hate to think that the fun's all over."

And he will. It's in the cards that sooner or later he will get out his pith helmet and spine pad, squint down the barrel of his rifle, wipe off the lens of his camera, and be on his way.

And his voice will be jubilant again as he cries the magic word:

"Hei!"

Which, in the language of those who remain behind, means safari, outfit, caravan.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

WARTIME grimness did not prevent us, in July, 1918, from showing how Charlie Chaplin could fill the gap caused by the death of his "villain." Eric Campbell, in an automobile accident. Someone had suggested William Jennings Bryan as substitute—so with a retoucher's aid, we showed how this would work.



Charlie Chaplin

Charlie, meantime, had just gone speechless, while he, Mary Pickford and Doug, Sr. were touring the country selling liberty bonds. And to complete our record on Charlie for the month we reviewed "A Dog's Life" and said, "Mr. Chaplin is the one buffoon in pictures who imparts into his most hilarious moments recognizable human emotions." Was that recognition of genius, or what?

Wartime psychology had trapped Wally Reid into a funny one. During a Red Cross benefit, he auctioned off a fine dog snatched from the audience—only to find that he had

sold his own birthday present to Mrs. Reid! For a sadder note, we recorded the death of Mary Maurice, long famous as Vitagraph's "screen mother."

Among newcomers, we told an eager world that Mary Miles Minter was "sweet sixteen" on April Fool's Day last, while Paramount was promising a new star, not yet sixteen: Lila Lee, known as "Cuddles." Tallulah Bankhead was a candidate for screen stardom, and Texas Guinan, erstwhile of Westerns, was

doing a Broadway girl in "The Love Brokers." Polly Moran, Mack Sennett "sheriff girl," had obtained a divorce, and for lighter reading we explained Bill Hart's tricky way of lighting matches. The perennial "best dressed woman" argument lay between Elsie Ferguson and Alla Nazimova at the time.

Of stars at the peak, we had stories on Sessue Hayakawa, Lovise Glauam, Alice Brady, Louise Huff, Pauline Starke. Cover: Doris Kenyon.

10 Years Ago

SOME handy milestones of movie history found their way into our issue of July, 1923. In speaking of Mary Pickford, we said it was then fourteen years since she had entered movies—and her entrance came just fifteen years after the movie had been invented. To complete the parallel, Mary was born in the same year that Edison invented the first successful projecting device, the peephole kinoscope.



J. Warren Kerrigan

Although a spring release, "The Covered Wagon" was still commanding national attention. In this issue we told why J. Warren Kerrigan made his "comeback" in it, after a long absence from the screen. He had been away, to be with his invalid mother; and she had died. Lois Wilson of the same film was, we took pleasure in reporting, one woman to whom all Hollywood pointed proudly in refutation of claims that movie people couldn't live normal, fine lives.

Another current sensation was Harold

Lloyd's "Safety Last"—and we told how those hair-raising skyscraper shots had been obtained. Harold had built part of a skyscraper on the roof of a real one—and if he had fallen, he would have hit the roof two stories down, instead of the far distant street. Camera angles did the rest.

After seeing Griffith's "The White Rose" we hailed a screen newcomer—Neil Hamilton, who got his first chance to show his real ability in that film. Another "arrival" was Colleen Moore—just signed to a long term contract by First National. Of the established stars, Doug, Sr. was working on "The Thief of Bagdad," Mary on "Rosita," and First National had just bought the rights to Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie." The title rôle was given to Blanche Sweet (this was two years before Garbo had been heard of in America, and five before she played the rôle.) Cover: Pauline Garon.

5 Years Ago

IN July, 1928, the "sex appeal" business had been bruited sufficiently so that our plain duty seemed to lie in throwing scientific light upon the matter. Dr. Louis Bisch, therefore, gave us the psychological "lowdown," while Elinor Glyn laid out complete courses of action under the intriguing title, "How to Get a Man and How to Hold Him."



Joan Crawford

Jack Gilbert was warming up in the second installment of his life story, dwelling with his start in pictures—as an extra in Inceville Westerns. His first day's job was being a dead miner in a burning mine—and he ruined the take by getting up when the flames had half-consumed his shoes. His first part was a bit with Bill Hart—which led to a real part a year later.

The "news of the month" in casting circles was provided by Samuel Goldwyn. His Ronald Colman-Vilma Banky team was fine, but too expensive; so he was importing Lili Damita for

Ronald and Walter Byron for Vilma. Lili averred that gold would not lure her from France, but to play with M. Colman—ah, *zat was something!*

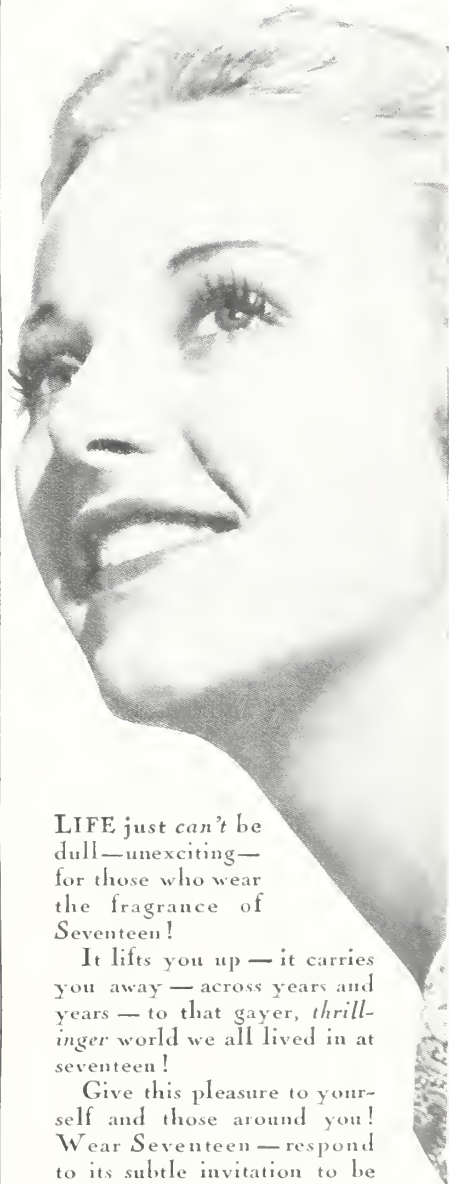
A young lady attracting considerable attention these days was ornamental Joan Crawford, of whom fine things were predicted once she got a chance. Of course, the many rumors of a Fairbanks marriage didn't lessen public interest in Joan a bit. Hollywood was interested likewise in Philippe de Lacy, an adopted war orphan called "the screen's handsomest boy." He lived in the house occupied by Barbara La Marr before her death, and this was considered something of a jinx.

Richard Dix had just pulled through an attack of appendicitis that all but killed him, and he told us how it felt to expect death. George Currie, head of a noted dramatic school, told at length about training Marion Davies and others. Ruth Taylor had the cover.

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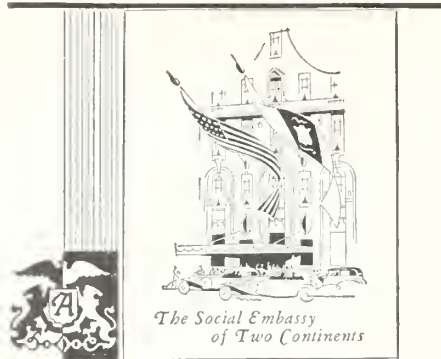
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALIMONY MADNESS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Breezy Eason. The cast: *Jean Armstrong*, Helen Chandler; *John Thurman*, Leon Waycoff; *Joel Mason*, Edward Earle; *Eloise Thurman*, Charlotte Merriam; *Mrs. Van*, Blanche Friderici; *Mary*, Alberta Vaughn.

"BONDAGE"—FOX.—From the novel by Grace Southcoate Leake. Screen play by Arthur Kober and Doris Malloy. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Judy Peters*, Dorothy Jordan; *Dr. Nelson*, Alexander Kirkland; *Ruth*, Merle Tottenham; *Irma*, Nydia Westman; *Mrs. Wharton*, Jane Darwell; *Earl Crawford*, Eddie Woods; *Brulah*, Isabel Jewel; *Mazie*, Dorothy Libaire; *Miss Triggs*, Rafaela Ottiano.

"CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Anthony Abbott. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Thatcher Colt*, Adolphe Menjou; *Josie La Tour*, Greta Nissen; *Kelly*, Rutelma Stevens; *Flandrin*, Dwight Frye; *Sebastian*, Donald Cook; *Dugan*, Harry Holman; *Rainey*, George Rosener.

"CORRUPTION"—WM. BERKE PROD.—From the story by C. Edward Roberts. Directed by C. Edward Roberts. The cast: *Ellen Manning*, Evalyn Knapp; *Tim Butler*, Preston Foster; *Charlie Jasper*, Charles Delaney; *German*, Tully Marshall; *District Attorney*, Huntly Gordon; *Asst. District Attorney*, Lane Chandler; *Regan*, Warner Richmond; *Vaikon*, Mischa Auer; *Coroner*, Sidney Bracy; *Police Commissioner*, Jason Robards; *Mae*, Gwen Lee; *Pat*, Kit Guard; *Bud*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Tony*, Nick Thompson.

"DIPLOMANIACS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Willie Willy*, Bert Wheeler; *Hercules Club*, Robert Woolsey; *Dolores*, Marjorie White; *Fifi*, Phyllis Barry; *Winkler*, Louis Calhern; *Chinaman*, Hugh Herbert; *Schmerzchenpuppen*, William Irving; *Puppenscherzen*, Neely Edwards; *Schmerzchenpuppen*, Billy Bletcher; *Puppensuppen*, Teddy Hart; *The Captain*, Richard Carle; *The Butler*, Charles Coleman; *Indian Chief*, Edward Cooper; *Peter the Great*, Dewey Robinson.

"EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by Bogart Rogers and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Jeremiah Young*, Fredric March; *Henry Crocker*, Cary Grant; *Mike Richards*, Jack Oakie; *The Beautiful Lady*, Carole Lombard; *Major Dunham*, Sir Guy Standing; *Hogan*, Forrester Harvey; *John Stevens*, Kenneth Howell; *Kingsford*, Leyland Hodgson; *Lady Eyskine*, Virginia Hammond; *General Crauford Kent*, Tommy Douglas Scott; *Major Kruppman*, Robert Manning; *Fanny*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *French General's Aide*, Jacques Jou-Jerville; *Flight Sergeant*, Russell Scott; *French General*, Paul Cremonesi; *Taxi Driver*, Yorke Sherwood.

"EMERGENCY CALL"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by John B. Clymer and James Ewens. Screen play by Houston Branch and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: *Joe Bradley*, Bill Boyd; *Mabel W'eenie*, Wynne Gibson; *Stene Brennan*, William Gargan; *Alice Averill*, Betty Furness; *Sammie Jacobs*, George E. Stone; *Dr. Averill*, Reginald Mason; *Tom Rourke*, Edwin Maxwell; *File Clerk*, Merna Kennedy; *Phone Operators*, Alberta Vaughn, Helen Lynch; *Dr. Mason*, Paul Fix; *Dr. Lenahan*, Cyril Ring; *Night Operator*, Gertrude Sutton; *Dr. Schwartz*, Oscar Apfel; *Dr. Wilson*, Larry Schoebel; *Mildred*, Ruth Fallows; *Head Nurse*, Jane Darwell; *Secretary*, Arthur Hoyt.

"GIRL IN 419, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jules Furthman. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson, Allen Rivkin and Manuel Seff. Directed by George Somnes and Alexander Hall. The cast: *Dr. Daniel French*, James Dunn; *Mary Dolan*, Gloria Stuart; *Dr. Martin Nichols*, David Manners; *Peter Lawton*, William Harrigan; *Nurse Irene Blaine*, Shirley Grey; *Stug*, Johnny Hines; *Sammy*, Jack LaRue; *Otto Binglehoffer*, Vince Barnett; *Detective Jackson*, James Burke; *Patrolman Rankin*, Hal Price; *Mr. Horton*, Clarence Wilson; *Telephone Operator*, Kitty Kelly; *Lucy*, Gertrude Short; *Mrs. Young*, Effie Ellsler; *Lieut. Riley*, Edward Gargan.

"HELLO SISTER"—FOX.—From the play by Dawn Powell. Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass. The cast: *Jimmy*, James Dunn; *Peggy*, Boots Mallory; *Millie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mac*, Terrence Ray; *Mona*, Minna Gombell.

"HIGH GEAR"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the screen play by Rex Taylor, Leigh Jason and Charles Saxton. Directed by Leigh Jason. The cast: *"High Gear"* Sherrard, James Murray; *Anne Merritt*, Joan Marsh; *Jimmy Evans*, Jackie Searl; *Jake Cohen*, Eddie Lambert; *Larry Winston*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mrs. Cohen*, Ann Brody; *Ed Evans*, Mike Denlin; *Howard*, Lee Moran; *Mamie*, Marion Sayers; *Mrs. Willoughby*, Winifred Drew; *Mulligan*, John Sinclair; *Major Edwards*, Gordon DeMain; *Dr. Spalding*, Alvan Cavan; *Smitty*, Wesley Girard; *Percy*, Douglas Haig.

"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Max Miller. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Julie Kirk*, Claudette Colbert; *Joseph Miller*,

Ben Lyon; *Eli Kirk*, Ernest Torrence; *McCoy*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Ortega*, Maurice Black; *Old Chris*, Harry Beresford; *John Phelps*, Purnell Pratt; *Silva*, George Humbert; *Mrs. Silva*, Rosita Marstini; *Mother Morgan*, Claudia Coleman; *Randall*, Wilfred Lucas.

"I LOVE THAT MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *"Brains"* Stanley, Edmund Lowe; *Grace Clark*, Nancy Carroll; *Labels*, Lew Cody; *Driller*, Robert Armstrong; *Mousey*, Warren Hymer; *Ethel*, Dorothy Burgess; *Stenographer*, Susan Fleming; *Publisher*, Walter Walker; *Public Stenographer*, Inez Courtney; *Harper*, Harvey Clark; *Dentist*, Grant Mitchell; *Maria*, Belle Mitchell; *Angelo*, Luis Alberni; *Cohen*, Lee Kohlmar; *Abe*, Leon Holmes; *Babe*, Esther Muir.

"INDIA SPEAKS"—RKO-RADIO.—Produced by Walter Futter. Narrative by Richard Halliburton.

"INTERNATIONAL HOUSE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lou Heifetz and Neil Brant. Screen play by Francis Martin and Walter DeLeon. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Peggy Hopkins Joyce*, Peggy Hopkins Joyce; *Professor Quail*, W. C. Fields; *Tommy Nash*, Stuart Erwin; *Carol Fortesque*, Sari Maritza; *Doctor Burns*, George Burns; *Nurse Allen*, Gracie Allen; *General Petronovich*, Bela Lugosi; *Docto. Wong*, Edmund Breese; *Sir Mortimer Fortesque*, Lumsden Hare; *Hotel Manager*, Franklin Pangborn; *Herr von Baden*, Harrison Greene; *Serge Borsky*, Henry Sedley; *Inspector Sun*, James Wang; *Newsreel Reporter*, Ernest Wood; *Mr. Rollins*, Edwin Stanley; *Cameraman*, Clem Beauchamp; *Ticket Agent*, Norman Ainslie; *Hotel Clerk*, Louis Vincent; *Chinese Girl—Cigar Counter*, Bo-Ling; *Peggy's Maid*, Etta Lee; *Chorus Queen*, Lona Andre; *Chorus King*, Sterling Holloway. Also Rudy Vallee, Colonel Stoopagle and Budd, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, Baby Rose Marie.

"KING OF THE ARENA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harold Berger and Ray Bouk. Adapted by Alan James. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Firebrand Kenton*, Ken Maynard; *Mary Hiller*, Lucile Browne; *Governor*, John Sainpolis; *Bargoff*, Bob Kortman; *Baron Petroff*, Michael Visaroff; *Colonel Hiller*, James Marcus; *Saunders*, Jack Rockwell; *Tin Star*, Frank Rice; *Jimmy Hiller*, Bobby Nelson; *Rodriguez*, Jack Mower.

"LILLY TURNER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Lilly Turner*, Ruth Chatterton; *George Brent*, George Brent; *Dace*, Frank McHugh; *Edna*, Ruth Donnelly; *Doc McGill*, Guy Kibbee; *Rev. Gordon Westcott*, Mrs. McGill; *Marjorie Gateson*, Sam, Arthur Vinton; *Frits*, Robert Barrat; *Dr. Hawley*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Turner*, Margaret Seddon; *Earle*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mrs. Durkee*, Mayo Methot; *Mrs. Flint*, Katherine Claire Ward; *Mother*, Lucille Ward; *Hazel*, Mae Busch.

"LUCKY DOG"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Zion Myers. Directed by Zion Myers. The cast: *Wilson*, Charles (Chic) Sale; *Buster*, Himself; *Detective*, Tom O'Brien; *Mr. Burke*, Harry Holman; *Mr. Rogers*, Frank Beal; *Knife-grinder*, Hector Sarno; *The New Owner*, Isabelle Carlisle; *Butler*, Jack Fowler; *Cook*, Mary Gordon; *Cafe Owner*, Monte Montague; *Physician*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Lesley Mason. Directed by Mack V. Wright. The cast: *Capt. John Holmes*, John Wayne; *Duke*, Duke; *Dolores*, Ruth Hall; *Felipe*, Luis Alberni; *Don Pablo*, Francis Ford; *Anita Garcia*, Nena Quintero; *Don Jose*, Lafe McKee; *Don Luis Gonzales*, Donald Reed; *Juanita*, Lillian Leighton; *Jake Morgan*, Charles Whittaker.

"NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK"—M-G-M.—From the story by Chandler Spague and Howard Emmett Rogers. Adapted by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Joe Stevens*, Lee Tracy; *Dorothy*, Madge Evans; *Dr. Prescott*, Frank Morgan; *Floppy*, Charles Butterworth; *Caboun*, John Miljan; *Miss Rutherford*, Virginia Cherrill; *Kelly*, David Landau; *Mrs. Mannheimer*, Greta Meyer; *Willy*, Herman Bing; *Beaumont*, Samuel Hinds; *Fred*, Sid Saylor.

"PEG O' MY HEART"—M-G-M.—From the play by J. Hartley Manners. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Screen play by Frank R. Adams. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Peg*, Marion Davies; *Jerry*, Onslow Stevens; *Pat*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Ethel*, Juliette Compton; *Mrs. Chichester*, Irene Browne; *Alaric*, Tyrrell Davis; *Brent*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Brent*, Doris Lloyd; *Innkeeper*, Billy Bevan.

"PILGRIMAGE"—FOX.—From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. Screen play by Philip Klein and Barry Conners. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Hannah Jessop*, Henrietta Crossman; *Suzanne*, Heather Angel; *Jim Jessop*, Norman Foster; *Mary Saunders*, Marian Nixon; *Mayor*, Francis Ford; *Dad Saunders*, Charlie Grapewin; *Janet Prescott*, Betty Blythe; *Mrs. Rogers*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Simms*, Adele Watson; *Jim Saunders*, Jay Ward; *Nurse*, Frances Rich; *Major Albertson*, Robert Warwick; *Mrs. Worth*,

Hedda Hopper; Gary Worth, Maurice Murphy; Mrs. Haifeld, Lucille LaVerne.

"PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62"—WARNERS.—From the story by Raoul Whitfield. Screen play by Rian James. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Donald Free*, William Powell; *Janet*, Margaret Lindsay; *Amy*, Ruth Donnelly; *Bandor*, Gordon Westcott; *Whitley*, James Bell; *Tracey*, Arthur Byron; *Mrs. Burns*, Natalie Moorhead; *The Girl*, Sheila Terry; *Maid*, Theresa Harris; *Alice*, Renee Whitney; *Rose*, Ann Hovey; *Cab Driver*, Irving Bacon; *Hogan*, Arthur Holl; *Burns*, Hobart Cavanaugh.

"REUNION IN VIENNA"—M-G-M.—From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Rudolf*, John Barrymore; *Elena*, Diana Wynyard; *Anton*, Frank Morgan; *Father Krug*, Henry Travers; *Frau Lucher*, May Robson; *Poffy*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Ilse*, Una Merkel; *Kathie*, Bodil Rosing; *Musician*, Bela Loblov; *Musician*, Morris Nussbaum; *Countess Von Sainz*, Nella Walker; *Count Von Sainz*, Herbert Evans.

"SAMARANG"—B. F. ZEIDMAN PROD.—From the story by Lori Bara. Directed by Ward Wing. The cast: *The Mother*, Mamounah; *Her Elder Son*, Ahmang; *Her Younger Son*, Ko-Hai; *The Girl*, Sai-Yu; *Captain of Pearling Schooner*, Ariff; *The Ourang-Outang*, Kimbu.

"SILVER CORD, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the stage play by Sidney Howard. Screen play by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Christina Phelps*, Irene Dunne; *David Phelps*, Joel McCrea; *Hester*, Frances Dee; *Robert Phelps*, Eric Linden; *Mrs. Phelps*, Laura Hope Crews; *Delia (the Maid)*, Helen Cromwell.

"SONG OF THE EAGLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Casey Robinson and Willard Mack. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *"Nails" Anderson*, Charles Bickford; *Bill Hoffman*, Richard Arlen; *Otto Hoffman*, Jean Hersholt; *Elsa Krenzmeyer*, Mary Brian; *Emma Hoffman*, Louise Dresser; *Mud*, Andy Devine; *Gus*, George E. Stone; *Charlie*, Gene Morgan.

"STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by William Faulkner. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Temple Drake*, Miriam Hopkins; *Trigger*, Jack LaRue; *Stephen Benbow*, William Gargan; *Toddy Gowen*, William Collier, Jr.; *Lee Goodwin*, Irving Pichel; *Judge Drake*, Sir Guy Standing; *Aunt Jennie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Ruby*, Florence Eldridge; *Tommy*, the *Feeb*, James Eagles; *Pap*, Harlan E. Knight; *Van*, James Mason; *Miss Reba*, Jobyna Howland; *First Judge*, Henry Hall; *Lunch Wagon Proprietor*, Clarence Sherwood; *District Attorney*, Oscar Apfel; *First Jellybean*, Kent Taylor; *Second Jellybean*, Harold Goodwin; *Third Jellybean*, Clem Beauchamp; *Wharton*, Arthur Belasco; *Bob*, Grady Sutton; *Doctor*, George Pearce; *Minnie*, Louise Beavers.

"SUCKER MONEY"—HOLLYWOOD PICTURES.—From the story by Willis Kent. Directed by Mrs. Wallace Reid and Melville Shyer. The cast: *Swami Yomurda*, Mischa Auer; *Clare Walton*, Phyllis Barrington; *John Walton*, Ralph Lewis; *Jimmy Reeves*, Earl McCarthy; *Lukis*, Fletcher Norton; *Hunter*, Al Priddy; *Mame*, Mae Busch; *Ada*, Anita Faye; *Mr. Mechan*, J. Frank Glendon; *Princess Karami*, Mona Lisa; *Harry*, Harry Todd; *Janitor*, Kit Guard.

"SUPERNATURAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Garnett Weston. Screen play by Harvey Thew and Brian Marlow. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: *Roma Courtney*, Carole Lombard; *Paul Bavian*, Alan Dinehart; *Ruth Rogan*, Vivienne Osborne; *Grant Wilson*, Randolph Scott; *Dr. Houston*, H. B. Warner; *Robert Hammond*, William Farnum; *Londlady*, Beryl Mercer; *Warden*, Willard Robertson; *Max*, George Burr McAnnan; *John Courtney*, Lyman Williams.

"TOMORROW AT SEVEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Ralph Spence. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Neil Broderick*, Chester Morris; *Martha Winters*, Vivienne Osborne; *Clancy*, Frank McHugh; *Dugan*, Allen Jenkins; *Drake*, Henry Stephenson; *Winters*, Grant Mitchell; *Simons*, Charles Middleton; *Marsden*, Oscar Apfel; *Mrs. Quincy*, Virginia Howell; *Henderson*, Cornelius Keefe; *Coroner*, Edward LeSaint; *Pompey*, Gus Robinson.

"WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Julian Thompson. Adapted by Ralph Spence. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Antiope*, Elissa Landi; *Hippolyta*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Sapiens*, Ernest Truex; *Theseus*, David Manners; *Pomposia*, Helen Ware; *Burta*, Maude Eburne; *Heroica*, Claudia Coleman; *Sapien's Major*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Pokus*, John Sheehan; *Homer*, Lionel Belmore; *Sergeant of the Guards*, Helene Madison.

"WORLD GONE MAD, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Andy Terrell*, Pat O'Brien; *Carlotta*, Evelyn Brent; *Lionel Houston*, Neil Hamilton; *Diane Cromwell*, Mary Brian; *Christopher Bruno*, Louis Calhern; *Ramon Saladore*, J. Carroll Naish; *Ralph Henderson*, Buster Phelps; *Graham Gaines*, Richard Tucker; *Grover Cromwell*, John Sainpolis; *Evelyn Henderson*, Geneva Mitchell; *Avery Henderson*, Wallis Clark; *Osborne*, Huntly Gordon; *Cohen*, Max Davidson; *Nichols*, Joseph Girard; *Baird*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Susan Bibens*, Inez Courtney.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]



Lola Lane, recently divorced from Lew Ayres, steps out with Herb Sornborn, one of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands of the dear, dim past. Herb and Lola were snapped at the Coconut Grove, where Gloria and Lew may sometimes be seen—but not together, of course. Lola is all smiles

IRENE DUNNE has solved that injuries-from-bicycling problem. After taking five serious spills, she ordered herself a tricycle.

WHEN Dolores Del Rio built her new home several years ago, she included a swimming pool.

She's never been in it, but wears her colorful swimming suits for *sun*-bathing.

JOAN BLONDELL is running right down the chromatic scale, when it comes to hair shades. Has gone from platinum to strawberry pink.

The irrepressible Blondell says she is going to try a lovely plaid effect next, working gradually into a Japanese sunset with curled-noodle bangs.

WHEN Irene Dunne left for her vacation at La Quinta (rival desert resort for Palm Springs), she was wearing a little wash dress which looked like linen and which had cost her exactly \$3.50.

NOW that Loretta Young has transferred her affections to Bruce Cabot and Lew Ayres has allowed his option on Lola Lane to lapse, Herbert Sornborn, former husband of Gloria Swanson, and Lola are consoling each other.

JOAN CRAWFORD apparently has given up the thought of disposing of the house in Brentwood that was her home and Douglas'

for practically all of the years they were married.

Probably because the real estate market is so low at the moment she has decided to keep it and continue to live in it.

And although she had it completely redone inside only a short time ago, she again is having it redecorated, this time outside as well as in.

Which is a natural sort of thing to do, no doubt, because, as it was, it suggested too many memories.

Douglas is expected to go on the stage.

KATHARINE HEPBURN was approached by a magazine-writer, who asked for a description of the traveling dress she wore when she arrived back in Hollywood. The m. w. waited, pencil poised, for a full, detailed description.

"Well," elucidated *la* Hepburn, "It's a sort of a gray flannel or something, with long sleeves and nickel plated gadgets to hold it together. Oh yes. And it has a skirt."

GAIL PATRICK, one of the "Panther Women" prize winners, is a Southern girl.

She electrified the set a few days ago by announcing seriously that she had been invited to run for Governor of Alabama.

And Dick Arlen, the old Paramount George Bernard Shaw, remarked, "You're equipped o. k. physically, Gail—but how are you mentally?"

SALLY EILERS went to Europe without hubby Hoot Gibson. They want to think things over during the separation and decide whether their marriage will continue.

And when she boarded the train, she found that some wag had placed an owl in her drawing room. In hope, I suppose, it would "hoot."

LIONEL BARRYMORE had been wanting a certain painting for years. It was recently offered to him at the extremely low price of \$250. He shook his head. "Too much. And if you don't think \$250 is a lot of money today, just try to borrow it."

MAYBE Janet Gaynor is lonely now that she and Lydell Peck are divorced, but people who sit up late at the dance places are already beginning to remark how Janet, Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, are frequently in the same party.

While she and Lydell were married Janet was rarely seen at night clubs.



Bert Longworth

Oh, grandmother, what big curls you have! But it isn't grandmother, children, nor the wolf. It's George Arliss as *Voltaire*—a serious rôle in a serious drama. When "*Voltaire*" was recently completed, Arliss called it the best movie he had made

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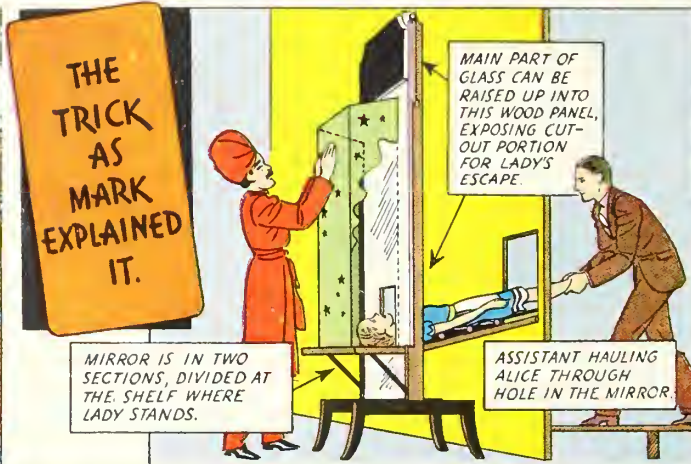
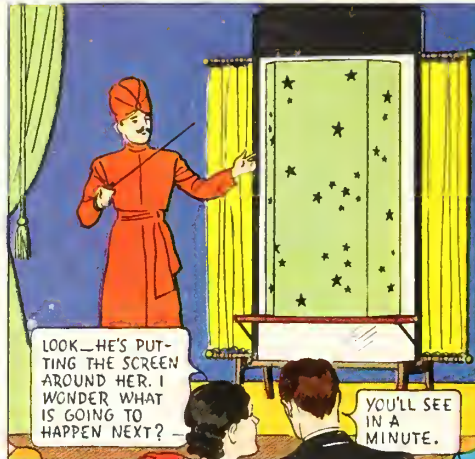
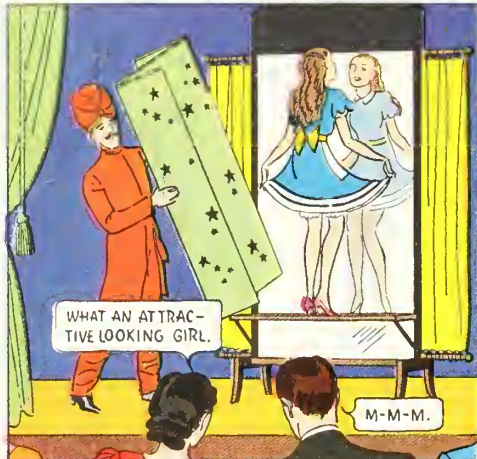
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He thought he was tough and so did she. But the tougher they are the harder they fall. And how they fall for each other in "HOLD YOUR MAN!" He thought he could let her suffer for his sake...she knew she could do it and smile! And what a climax! To the thousands who were thrilled by "Red Dust" it's great news that Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together again. M-G-M believes it is their greatest picture. You will, too! Directed by Sam Wood.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow by Symeon Shimin, is one of a series of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars

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Vol. XLIV No. 3

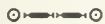
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August, 1933



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- 1929
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On the cover—Katharine Hepburn—Painted by Earl Christy

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"The Old Car Comes

A Mobiloil
Movie with **ADOLPHE MENJOU***, **DOROTHY MACKAILL**



1 HUSBAND: "I wish we hadn't been roped into going to the Lake with the Chases this week-end. Our car will look so shabby beside their grand new car."



2 WIFE: "I know, but Mrs. Chase says their car is laid up for repairs—even if it is new. Unless we all go in our car, we can't go. And I don't want to disappoint Jimmy."



4 HUSBAND: "I found that good oil makes most any car last longer and run better and cost less. I stick to Mobiloil and never use anything else."



5 MRS. CHASE: "My husband certainly seemed impressed with the way your car runs."

*Now appearing in
Columbia's "The
Circus Queen Murder"

On your vacation trip, make sure
your car gets Double-Range

Through!"

and THE GLEASONS



3 CHASE: "Say, this old bus of yours certainly runs well.—Four years old?—How in the world do you do it!"



6 HUSBAND: "The Chases were nice, weren't they? And Mr. Chase certainly couldn't get over the way our car runs. He seemed tickled about that Mobiloil tip I gave him."

Save oil costs
Save car costs

Today's speeds give oils double the wallop they took 3 years ago. That is why—today—you need Mobiloil. It can take punishment—because it is *double-range*. Drive slow... you get no gum or carbon. Drive fast... Mobiloil does not thin out dangerously. You save expensive repairs. You lengthen car life. And because Mobiloil lasts longer, your yearly oil bill is actually *less*. That is why—at 30¢ a quart—Mobiloil is the largest-selling oil in the world. Change to Mobiloil today!

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C O R P O R A T I O N

MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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The Audience Talks Back



It seems certain that Dorothy Jordan's performance of the abused unmarried mother in "Bondage" will bring her to high favor with moviegoers. Here is one reason—a scene in which her friend, Alexander Kirkland, battles it out with the reform school matron, Rafaela Ottiano

Dorothy Jordan gives one of the best performances of the year in it. Let's see her in more pictures like "Bondage"—and let's wipe the smug conventionalists off the map!
ROBERT P. SAALBACH, Pittsburgh, Penna.

HOW ABOUT IT, MAURICE?

I've just seen "A Bedtime Story." It's great. You were great, Mr. Chevalier, and so was *Monsieur Le Baby*. But, just for fun, tell us who really cried for the baby?

Once or twice, yes, I'll admit he did cry. We not only heard him, we saw him.

But, more than once, his crying could be heard, but the glimpses of the baby showed him happy and placid.

MARION FAY, Pittsburgh, Penna.

A NICE ONE FOR NEIL

Overnight sensations may be necessary to keep up public interest, but the others who stick represent the true Hollywood. I would say that Neil Hamilton heads this class of player. Close at his heels would be Conrad Nagel.

Surely it must be nearly ten years since I saw Neil Hamilton in D. W. Griffith's "America." And yet he is one you think of today. How is that done? My solution would be—a personality of perennial appeal, and the ability to act in an even, careful manner.

ARTHUR F. JONES, New York, N. Y.

LOOKING INTO "LOOKING FORWARD"

I have just seen the new picture entitled "Looking Forward" and without hesitation recommend it as one of the finest the motion

\$25 LETTER

While triumphant Americans are draining their 3.2 beer in the open once again, with the handwriting on the wall pointing toward repeal, I wonder how many people stop between steins to think what part the movies played in this?

Their convincing pictures have done more than any one single agency to show the evils of the "speakeasy" era. Their gangster pictures have shown that the racketeer was spawn of prohibition. That disrespect for one law was breeding contempt for all laws, particularly among the younger generation.

And when the thirty-sixth state ratifies the Repeal Amendment, don't forget to drink a toast to Hollywood, who helped to pave the way to wetter days.

MRS. JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

\$10 LETTER

What first strikes Australians about American films, perhaps more than anything else, is their air of candid impudence!

Hollywood has certainly never been reticent or diffident about the celluloid pillorying of American institutions. It has taken a crack at political grafters . . . run up the shades on newspaperdom and "gentlemen (?) of the press" (God help me! I'm one myself) . . . disclosed the bullying, browbeating, inhuman "third degree" methods used by police departments . . . handled obstetrical story situations concerning nice young *femmes* in a manner that makes most Australian audiences furtively snigger or blush while shifting in their seats.

You may, at times, be a brutal, brazen lussy, Hollywood, but in your more creative

moments we Australians hail you for the wealth of wonderful entertainment you have unreeled for us.

LAWRENCE MONTFORT, New South Wales, Australia

\$5 LETTER

Every month of the year reminds me of some movie star.

January, baby month, Baby LeRoy.

February, cool month, Diana Wynyard.

March, month that came in like a lion and went out like a lamb, Clara Bow.

April, month when one doesn't know what to expect next, Katharine Hepburn.

May, month of blooming flowers and springtime, sweet little Janet Gaynor.

June, beginning of summer, Bette Davis.

July, month of swimming, Eleanor Holm.

August, hot month, Lupe Velez.

September, beginning of autumn, Myrna Loy.

October, month of brilliance and color, Kay Francis.

November, month of mystery, Greta Garbo.

December, coldest month, Constance Bennett.

BETTY HEINEMAN, Baltimore, Md.

LET "BONDAGE" FREE THEM!

All hail to "Bondage"! It is certainly a relief in the midst of so much stupid and sentimentalized romance to get a picture which drives so well into a human problem, and knocks the smug conventionalists off their feet. Here's to the brave little girls who want to keep their babies regardless of how they were born. And here's to "Bondage"—which will help them if anything can.



There is a noticeable onset of queries this month on the theme, "Why not better parts for Neil Hamilton?" And all say that while he is not a flashy player, they like him because he is dependable and has always been so during all his years in films

With Brickbats & Bouquets

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

CAREFUL, careful—if we argue too much, it will be too heating, here in the middle of the summer! But there's no argument about some things—the supreme charm of Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," and that rollicking, "knock-em-over" Lee Tracy! (One group wants to start a "Tracy for Mayor" movement up in staid old Boston right now. Wouldn't that make "The Hub" turn faster?)

Among personalities, an outstanding hit of the month is Ramon Novarro, and together with earning the customary praise for Joan, Gary and Robert Young, "Today We Live" has won Franchot Tone a considerable niche in the affections of movie-goers. "Looking Forward," which has been called a critic's picture, drew keenly discerning comment. Janet Gaynor's "Adorable," of course, is starting to be a letter-magnet, and it's plain that Henry Garat is highly popular.

In general comment, the chorus of demand for happy endings is growing ever stronger. Not that the others aren't recognized as good—but the times, they say, provide grief enough. And many a writer protests against "panning" stars, because one doesn't happen to like them. Why not, they ask, just stay away?



Lee Tracy, of course, remains a high favorite—and it's on the cards that "The Nuisance" will cause his star to shine even more brightly. It's not hard to understand why, when you see him at work, as here with Madge Evans in the accident scene, persuading her to sue the car company

picture industry has turned out in many years. But—what has affected the studio to such a sad extent that they star Lionel Barrymore in electric lights, while Lewis Stone is grudgingly granted a half-inch of small type in the bills and advertisements?

Lewis Stone was the star of the picture, in fact he *was* the picture itself. With any other actor in his rôle, the film would have been a flop, regardless if all the brood of Barrymores were starred and co-starred in it. FRANK E. RANDLE, JR., Clinton, Miss.

Apropos of "Looking Forward," I'd like to applaud that perfect bit done by the washer-woman when she is informed by *Mrs. Benton* that she "needn't come Monday!"

That bit was the high spot in the play for me. In that half minute the near-hopeless struggle of the character's dreary life was portrayed—the crippled child, the wretched, burdened home to which she was returning. I hope that actress gets some truly good parts. She deserves them.

ELLIOTT BRALEY, Tom's River, N. J.

OH, THESE TYPES!

I am so sick of reading of "types" of movie actresses! The Garbo type! The Bow type! The Hepburn type!

I went to see "Christopher Strong" the other night and here was Katharine Hepburn, already set hard in the mold of her "type." Galvanized and crystallized into an entirely different being from the girl in "Bill of Divorcement," far more of a female robot than anything else to me.

Thank heaven, there is one woman that cannot be typed, and that is Marie Dressler! M. LOTT, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARY'S "SECRETS"

Yesterday I saw Mary Pickford in "Secrets." A more beautifully drawn picture of a real woman I believe I have never seen.

Mary gave us the "secret" of true marital happiness, when she said, "In every marriage there are secrets which only one man and one woman know, and they can't be shared."

Give us a nation of Mary's for our wives and mothers, and our country is secure!

R. L. HARRIS, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Nothing but "Secrets" could have persuaded me that I was wrong in immediately starting suit for divorce when the "other woman" entered our married life some weeks ago. As I watched Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard go through life together on the silver screen, overcoming obstacle after obstacle, till the happy ending, I decided to take a tip from Mary's "secrets"—and hold my husband, too!

And thanks to Mary Pickford's grand picture, I still have my husband, his undivided love and a rosy future ahead instead of a broken-up home, unhappiness and regrets.

H. D. M., Detroit, Mich.

Do we want the characters in our movies true to life, or don't we?

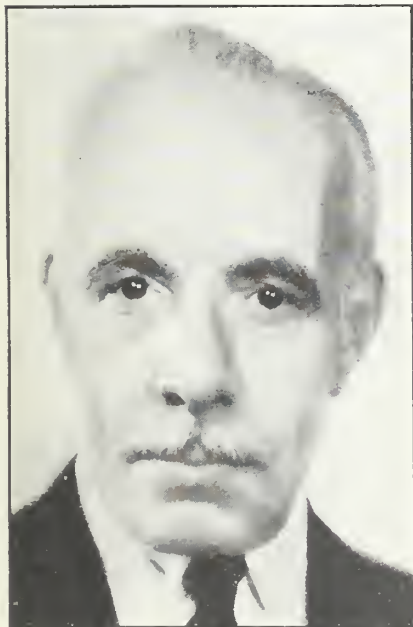
We do. Then why have a woman of forty play the part of a debutante? Yes, I mean Mary Pickford.

This is the day of Joan Crawford, Bette Davis and Kay Francis.

Why not allow Mary Pickford to retire from the screen gracefully, so Mother and Dad can remember "that beautiful Mary Pickford" of their day?

ROBIN PAULMAN, Wellsville, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Another player for whom many want, not better parts, but more generous recognition, is Lewis Stone. One writer waxed vitriolic over billing Lionel Barrymore as the star in "Looking Forward." Without Lewis, he said, it would have flopped

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



It does seem that Ramon Novarro admirers—and they are legion—can't see him enough. Certainly the letters evoked by his appearance as an Egyptian dragoman in "The Barbarian" go far to prove it. So to help meet the demand, here is a fine dressing-room shot of Ramon as *Jamil*

"ADORABLE" HENRY!

Janet Gaynor and Henry Garat in "Adorable" take all the prizes. Words fail to express the exquisiteness, charm, loveliness and perfection of this new captivating "team."

G. M. SILVER, Portsmouth, Ohio

Last night I saw what I consider the most entertaining and delightful film of the year. "Adorable" with Henry Garat. You will notice I say "with Henry Garat." The reason is he steals the picture, despite the fact that in it Janet Gaynor attained her long deserved break, and was allowed to wear some nice clothes for a change.

That Garat fellow sure has all the personality it takes to get across, plus a pleasing voice and charming smile.

M. E. BARBER, Detroit, Mich.

HURRAH FOR MAYOR TRACY!

There are forty-six girls in my office. We voted on the favorite male stars a few weeks ago and Lee Tracy was the winner, and the girls stated that if he would come to Boston and throw his hat in the "ring," he could be Mayor of Boston any time. Please send this message to Lee, as he may tire of movie life.

46 BOSTON GIRLS, Boston, Mass.

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE"

I came away awed by the magnificence of the thing, with nothing but admiration for the minds who can conceive such a vehicle and put it before the public in an entertaining enough manner to drive home the thought back of it all.

The love interest was some of the most exquisite I have seen since "Lady Frederick." Lacking as it did all those "passionate scenes" that seem to be considered essential. Yet how vibrant and alive they were and so convincing. The true spirit shone out like a halo.

IDA G. BILLINGS, Albert Lea, Minn.

I didn't particularly care for Franchot Tone the first time I saw him in "Gabriel Over the White House." But he reached my heart in "Today We Live."

May we see him as a lover? Women like that light behind a curtain; that smouldering fire waiting for the flame. Nothing requires more subtlety than a well-done love scene. We have so few of them.

Franchot Tone belongs to a select company of nine members. The others are: George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, Paul Lukas, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Morgan and Irving Pichel. These nine possess that rare faculty of letting us read their thoughts. They live their parts.

KALFUS KURTZ, Louisville, Ky.

PLENTY AGREE WITH THIS!

A nurse has to have some pretty steady nerves and plenty of patience. If she didn't go to a theater one or twice a week—where she can sit in peace and relax and enjoy a good picture—why, she wouldn't last long. "Today We Live," with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and others, served humanity with tears, laughs, thrills and love. What more could humanity ask? Give us more like them, and give us more wonderful acting of Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Gary's pal, Mack.

OLGA MILLER, San Francisco, Calif.

HELEN SCORES—THEY DIVIDE ON CLARK

Another Helen Hayes triumph! That means I've seen "The White Sister." No other actress could have played this rôle half so beautifully. You leave the theater raving about the Hayes histrionics rather than the picture.

And here's the trouble in a nutshell; nobody likes a sad ending. We go to the movies for entertainment—not to break our hearts. We have our own troubles.

Now while Clark Gable is God's gift to neglected wives, I still feel he is miscast in serious rôles. He is better fitted for devil-may-care pictures like "Red Dust."

VIOLET LANE, Charlotte, N. C.

Once in a while a superior movie comes along that deserves a word of praise. "The White Sister" to my mind is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. Every member in the cast was superb, but Clark Gable was the big surprise of the picture. I enjoyed his work equally well (no, I think he was even better!) as Ronald Colman.

A. J. MASON, Toronto, Ont., Can.

HATS OFF TO RAMON!

If your critic chooses to relegate those who appreciated and enjoyed "The Barbarian" to a "romance starved" group, I shall be most happy as one of them.

'T would be as easy to divorce romance from love as it would be to eliminate the lovely fragrance from the rose or the melodious harmony from "Love Song of the Nile."

I wish that I knew Ramon Novarro, that I might thank him for his superb performance.

ESTERRE O'NEEL, Portland, Ore.

Hail to "The Barbarian" and the superb acting of Ramon Novarro! Having seen "The Sheik" with Valentino three times, I think "The Barbarian" was a far more fascinating and beautiful story. Novarro has always been my ideal screen hero. He is "romance" itself, so handsome in face and figure, with that sparkle of fun and mischief shining from his eyes, and with a voice so sweet and appealing.

GRACE LAMOINE, Spokane, Wash.

"MOVIES AND MORALS"

I can't see through all this talk of the movies being responsible for the "downfall" (if it is downfall) of the younger generation. I am eighteen years old and have been attending movies all my life, which gives me the right to talk, being a movie-goer of the younger generation. I would like someone to try to tell me that I am demoralized.

DOROTHY BUNCH, Los Angeles, Calif.

At least once a year Mr. and Mrs. Movie Public wake up, stretch—yawn—and decide to ask and demand "bigger and better" cinemas. They claim they are sick of sex dramas, gangster shooting and horror films. They cry for something uplifting. Now, every once in a while an unwise producer heeds their cry. He puts out a nice, clean, clever comedy as "A Lady's Profession"—a cinema that has everything Mr. and Mrs. Movie Public asked for. Do they flock to the show to see it? Sure, they hurry to the show, but the one next door, where that nice clean, different picture "The Story of Temple Drake" is to be seen. They come out satisfied—stretch—yawn, and retire until ready to make their annual kick.

MILDRED SCHMIDT, Chicago, Ill.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

"This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous..



*yet I pay only
25¢ a tube"*

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill "the-next-to-nothing-house" because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about \$3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

Helen

At last! Bristles can't come out!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH

with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFTER THE BALL—Gaugmont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaugmont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafacla Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—(Sleut!) Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oake, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (April)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oake's in it. (April)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston, Karen Morley, Franchoe Tone in fine support. (June)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRLIN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jinnie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

Next Month— The Best Picture of 1932!

Again the motion picture audience has spoken—and has awarded the famous PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture released last year.

This award, the thirteenth to be made since the annual Gold Medal vote was established by PHOTOPLAY in 1920, will add a notable picture to the already distinguished list printed on the Table of Contents page. Announcement of the winner will be made in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HERTHIA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

IIIRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (April)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Brits unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (May)

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE



GRANDMA'S A DEAR — BUT DADDY... IF SHE COMES I'LL NEVER GET IN WITH THE CROWD HERE. AS IT IS, THEY...

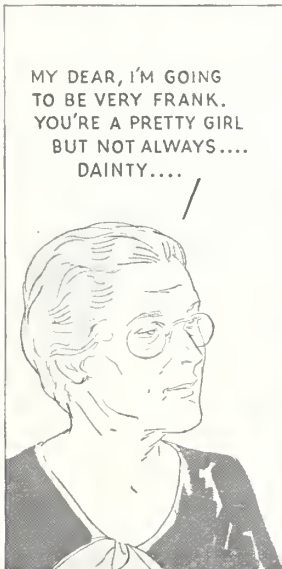
HONEY, I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER AND I WON'T LEAVE YOU AT A HOTEL ALONE



NEXT WEEK

NOT GOING TO THE DANCE... WHY, CHILD, WHAT'S WRONG?

TIRED OF BEING A WALL-FLOWER, GRANDMA — THAT'S ALL



MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY FRANK. YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL BUT NOT ALWAYS.... DAINTY....



THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I'VE NOTICED....

GRANDMA, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." I'LL GET LIFEBOUY RIGHT AWAY



WHAT A WONDERFUL TOILET SOAP LIFEBOUY IS! I FEEL SO CLEAN — NO "B.O." NOW. GRANDMA'S COMING WAS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE



"B.O." GONE — most popular girl at the hotel!

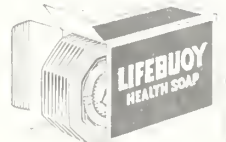
GRANDMA AND I WANT TO STAY ANOTHER WEEK, DADDY! WE'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME

WE ALL PERSPIRE... A QUART DAILY...	... EVEN MORE ON HOT DAYS ...	DON'T RISK "B.O." — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBOUY

Its purifying lather keeps complexions lovely, too

LIFEBOUY lather gets you extra-clean from head to toe! It guards your personal daintiness—guards your skin beauty, too. That's because it purifies the pores. Wash with it daily—see your complexion grow clearer, fresher, younger!

Lifebuoy's hygienic, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of real "B.O." (body odor) protection.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Dusseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in an historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds with Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break." Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mac Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAHOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeitman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

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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★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother, and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)



ZIP
IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

With ZIP Epilator available, how foolish it is to worry about embarrassing hair growths. More important than makeup; more vital than innumerable beauty treatments, the *permanent* elimination of superfluous hair should have your first attention. And it's so simple. After the first application, not a hair is visible. And remember, ZIP Epilator gets at the *cause* and destroys the growth on face, arms, legs and body. Generous package \$1.00. Sold everywhere. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon.

ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

is an ideal product, a smooth mild white cream for removing hair from the arms, legs and body. You will be surprised how quickly it works. And it's perfumed! Giant tube only 50c.

ZIP DEODORANT PENCIL

Banishes every suggestion of perspiration. Be immaculate with this modern swivel pencil. Convenient. Efficient. Smart. 50c. Good stores or by mail.



562 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

Tempting
Salads
And
Sandwiches



Prepared
With
A Minimum
Of Effort

Leila Hyams demonstrates how she "tosses together" a light but healthy and delicious mid-summer lunch in but twenty minutes

Summer Menu Delights

LIKE Leila, you too can have more play time during the warm weather, by serving meals that require a minimum of time and effort for the making. We may completely forget the word *skill* in the preparation of summer lunches, for the most delightful things just "go together" somehow.

After all, it is best for our health's sake to eat light in summer. Besides, it affords us the opportunity of a vacation from the kitchen a good part of the time.

You can order cold cuts from your butcher; fix up a salad in a very few minutes; slice some white, rye, or whole-wheat bread, or perhaps you prefer one of the many varieties of dainty rolls or biscuits; add olives, pickles and potato chips, and there you have it. A luncheon quite to order for any hungry adult. Beer, iced tea or coffee would serve as a very appropriate complement.

Here is a salad I feel sure you will want to try.

AVOCADO AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Peel an avocado and cut in small pieces. Dice two slices of pineapple into cubes. Arrange on crisp bed of lettuce, and pour this dressing over it. Four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon lemon juice and one of lime juice, one-half teaspoon of salt, a dash of paprika, pepper and a pinch of sugar. This is one of Leila Hyams' favorite salad recipes. Serves two.

WE all have our personal preferences, and Phyllis Fraser's is fruit salad with a cream cheese dressing.

Peel and dice the fruit. This must be done just before the salad is served, for best results. Apples, oranges, grapefruit, pears, dates, pineapple and grapes make up the body of the salad. Cherries and nuts may be added, if desired. When the fruit is diced, instead of mixing the various kinds together, Phyllis makes the individual salads by placing portions of each fruit on each salad plate.

Some time before you plan to serve your salad, mix three egg yolks with one tablespoon of sugar, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoons butter and a dash of salt and pepper, and cook in a double boiler. Stir the mixture constantly. When cooked to creamy consistency, cool and pour into mixing bowl and set in refrigerator for a few hours.

After arranging the fruit on plates, blend one-half package of cream cheese into the dressing. When mixture is smooth and creamy, fold three beaten egg whites into it. This dressing is ideal for almost any fruit salad.

SANDWICHES are always a boon on a hot day. This one is called the "Humidity." Peel and chop one cold cucumber. Add one-fourth cup shredded cocoanut, and two tablespoons mayonnaise. Drain for a minute. Spread on thin buttered slices of white bread.

Another very appetizing sandwich is the "Russian." It is best to use cold brown bread, sliced very thin, or Russian rye. For the filling, use flaked cold salmon seasoned with lemon juice, salt and a dash of pepper. Place a leaf of lettuce on the bread, then the filling. The mayonnaise should be spread on the other slice.

One of Leila Hyams' specials, she makes by combining one cup of chopped celery, six ripe olives, chopped, and a heaping tablespoon of chopped English walnut meats. Mix with a little mayonnaise and spread on thin buttered white bread. Allow these sandwiches to stand in the refrigerator for a short time before serving.

HERE is a simple and very delicious salad. Stuff large, raw prunes with cottage cheese and pecan meats. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise, if desired. Dainty sandwiches of plain brown bread are a very tasty accompaniment.

One is so much more capable of handling the problems of the day—whether at the office, in sports, or in the home—if one abides by proper diet at this time of year.

The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

A "GARBO RAGE" THOUGHT

Is the Garbo "rage" over? Let us hope so, for when it is Garbo will go right on making good pictures, and the true Garbo admirers, and those who can appreciate fine acting, will continue to see them.

L. C. MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

FIRST RETURNS ON "PEG"

Thank heaven for an occasional picture like "Peg o' My Heart." We've had so much blood and thunder in our screen fare for the past few years that onewould think the Great American Public had entirely forgotten that life may have its lighter moments. We've learned so much from seeing gangsters portrayed on the screen that it is surprising that we have the nerve to go out on the public streets for fear of facing a bullet, and suddenly we realize that these realistic stories have been done to death.

So we are glad that whimsy is returning once more to the screen and that we may again behold a heroine unbelievably innocent and charming.

LEONARD EURY, Boone, N. C.

WHILE SHE'S "OFFA HER"

Someone ought to tell Mary a secret:—that she is no longer America's sweetheart. "Secrets" was inane. There's a touch of wild West stuff, there's some of the "East Lynne" variety, there's some "Covered Wagon" scenes, and a dash of "Silver Dollar."

Mary, you'd better rest on your laurels and let America remember you as its good old-fashioned sweetheart.

FRANCES CLARK, Ocala, Fla.

ON TO PERFECTION!

The public surely expect a great many impossible things of the movie industry, don't they? Here are a vast army of actors, actresses, directors, stage hands, electricians, oh, numerous others, working untiringly to produce something pleasing and good for us . . . and yet the public always want them to go one better.

What do they expect? The impossible? Or perfection? I can't think of any other one thing on this earth that offers a wider or more marvelous pastime. To think that for an unbelievably small sum we can enter a lovely theater and sit enthralled over Ann Harding's grand convincing voice and manner—Leslie Howard's cultural influence—Irene Dunne's sincere characterizations—Janet Gaynor's wistfulness—Norma Shearer's versatility . . . and yet complain of minor defects!

ANN KATHLEEN BAKER, Syracuse, N. Y.

SLANTS AND ODDMENTS

Here's how collegians at a strictly boys' college—St. Mary's of California—regard the cinema. Nearly every room in my dormitory is decorated somewhat unoriginally with anywhere from one to one hundred pictures, with scarce an exception, all women. Some decorators go in for "specialty" pictures, filling the walls with pictures of only one actress. Marie Dressler, Loretta Young and Sylvia Sydney are the three I noted as being singled out for this special honor.

Few rooms are without at least one picture of Harlow. And, strange to say, few rooms contain Garbo.

RAND HUNT, St. Mary's College, Calif.



and enjoy the tempting taste of
KELLOGG'S PEP



ACTIVE people everywhere enjoy Kellogg's PEP. The famous Kellogg flavor pleases them. Golden wheat. Flaked. Toasted. Delicious with milk or cream.

And there is *more* than flavor! Kellogg's PEP is packed with the goodness of wheat. The energy. The nourishment. *Plus* enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Enjoy PEP often. Popular with the whole family. Always fresh at your grocer's in the heat-sealed WAXTITE bag. Always handy in the Easy-Open package. Both are exclusive Kellogg features. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

For a long time it looked as though Kenneth and Mary were going to break up. But evidently Mary read one of those halitosis ads and took the hint. They'll be married in the fall.

Sweethearts now!
... because they dared to ask themselves ...

“How's my breath today?”

ask yourself the same question . . . then use *Listerine*

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, halitosis is a constant threat, because its causes are common and of every-day occurrence.

Most cases of halitosis are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food left clinging to teeth and gums even after careful tooth brushing. A decaying tooth, a leaky filling, improperly-fitting bridge-work, also cause it. And of course excesses of eating and drinking, and minor infections of the oral tract.

Recognizing this risk, why take the chance of offending others? Why not make sure your breath is sweet and agreeable today and every day? You can do it by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine on arising and before retiring—and if you wish to be particularly careful, before all social engagements.

Listerine halts fermentation, arrests decay, and checks infection, the major causes of breath odors—and then overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth

feels clean, fresh, and invigorated. Your breath becomes sweet and agreeable.

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. When you want to be sure that your breath does not offend, use Listerine and Listerine only.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS



LISTERINE

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS



Otto Dyar

HE'S Jimmie's buddy and you can't hurt one of 'em without hurting the other. That's the way that Dunn boy plays, whether it's dames or just dogs. And the square shootin' kid has worked through terrific desert heat to finish "Arizona to Broadway" with Joan Bennett, on schedule. Now he plans to hit out for a fine vacation in the hills



Ray Jones

THE blue-blooded lady o' the films has walked out cold and many of her followers will surely miss her. Elissa Landi hopped a high-powered private airplane, whisking skyward and Eastward—far from the maddening din of Hollywood. It's said she prefers the stage and peacefully won literary laurels to all the silent applause of studio work



Irving Lippman

GEORGIE RAFT wants to be a gentleman in his pictures—not because he's tired of gangster rôles, but because gentlemen still prefer blondes. And how the blondes go for Georgie; Marjorie King is his best girl right now and she may become the Missus, though George once renounced wedding bells. "Midnight Club" is his latest



John Meikle

DOROTHY JORDAN would rather work all day than go shopping. She doesn't like to buy clothes. One look at Dorothy in that white wool bathing suit and many would say that her wardrobe is complete. The little girl from sunny Tennessee is being teamed with Joel McCrea for romantic rôles. They will be seen together very soon

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

THE influence of motion pictures has, on the whole, not only made women more selective in their wearing apparel and manners, but more robust mentally.

There is only one logical cause for the widespread feminine interest today in prize-fights, and that is the screen. Likable young actors, cast as heroes of the ring, upset the tradition that prize-fighting was engaged in only by human gorillas and washed away the stigma that has clung both to the participants and to the sport itself.

A long day has passed since the good, prim ladies of the land tshed, tshed over the newspaper accounts of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons at the ringside shouting at her husband, "Soak him in the slats, Bob. Soak him in the slats!"

FAY WRAY, who has gone "gay '90" in the picture "One Sunday Afternoon," with many flounces, willow plumes and tight corsets, says, "You know, I've just made a discovery. The maidens of the nineties were no more frail and modest with their fainting all over the place than we are today. The only trouble was they were so crowded together between steel frames they just naturally lost consciousness every once in a while and everyone imagined they were dainty."

SINCE Garbo, probably no actress has appealed to the popular imagination like Katharine Hepburn. As great in her acting as any other feminine star on the screen today, she triumphs over indifferent parts in indifferent pictures. It is not altogether her histrionic ability that accounts for her success. She has that unaccountable quality that makes her a natural star. Dietrich had it from the beginning, as had Valentino.

Artists like George Arliss and Norma Shearer attain their eminence more by the subtlety of their technique perfected by unusual intelligence, rather than by innate magnetism.

Incidentally, stardom so hardly won is likely to be of long endurance.

FAME is as relative as the taste for it. Mahatma Gandhi is a big name to you, but he may be outdone in fame by the local pie-eating champion.

Out in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, a well set up

chap wanted to buy a license to hunt bears. Suspiciously the game warden asked, "Are you one of these reforestation army guys?" Satisfied after a little conversation that the applicant was not trying to pass himself off as a resident of the state and hence get his license at a cheaper rate, the warden warmed up to the genial personality of the man. After the stranger's departure, the warden's assistant said, "That guy looks like Clark Gable."

"Yep," said the warden, "that's the name he gave me, all right. Seems like I've seen him somewhere before. But who the —— is Clark Gable?"

HOW long will the star system last? As long as there are actors and actresses of outstanding popularity to bring the public in. Now and again some producer, discouraged in his attempts to force some merely capable actor to stardom, wonders if, after all, the starring system pays. It does if he has a real star.

Whether it is right or not that it should be so, big names usually outrank big plays.

There is an elusive thing called personality, which cannot be analyzed but which is recognized at sight. And all real stars have that elusive something.

BUT some of the big names are passing out. Their death rate is greater than their birth rate. It is a rare personality that can endure the blinding glare of publicity for several years without the public tiring of him. Screen actors today have a more skillful technique than ever. But that doesn't seem enough. Perhaps the constant parade of new faces bewilders movie patrons. And no one individuality has time to stamp himself upon their consciousness. The test is, how long will the new, suddenly risen star shine.

YOU'RE likely to hear a lot about Pert Kelton from now on. Pert is the young lady who did so well in "Bed of Roses." Perhaps the version that comes to your local playhouse will have been cut, for technical reasons, but in the preview Pert's performance was grand.

She evidently heard someone say, "Go 'West' young woman"—only Pert didn't go too far West.

She takes a Mae West character and drapes it on

Pert Kelton until it fits—especially around the hips. Pert has been doing the same type of character in vaudeville for several seasons—also did a knockout impersonation of Chaplin.

Keep your eye peeled for Pert—she's got what it takes.

AND then there is the case of Margaret Sullavan—the young lady of twenty-two summers, from Virginia, who is going to have her name misspelled frequently, because she does not use the traditional Irish spelling.

Margaret was playing the ingenue rôle in "Dinner at Eight" on the New York stage and was snapped up by Universal. She is now playing the lead in what that company regards as its most important production of the year. Two fistfuls of some of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood support her. And John Boles is the lucky lad who makes love to her.

As soon as Margaret reached Los Angeles, she attended a performance of the stage version of "Dinner at Eight." "You see," she remarked, "I never saw it. I only played in it."

HOW much do the people of the United States pay annually in admissions to motion picture theaters?

The estimate, according to the Motion Picture Almanac, issued yearly by the Martin Quigley Publications, is \$1,100,000,000. The capital investment is \$2,000,000,000. The number of persons employed 290,000.

During 1932 admission prices dropped twenty-five per cent under those of 1931.

For every dollar that goes into the cashier's cage, only four and one-half cents of it go into the actor's pockets.

Last year between fifty-five and seventy millions of us attended the motion picture theaters. And seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of us entered for the evening performance between seven-thirty and eight-thirty.

AMERICA may have left far behind its pioneer-farming days, but the wild west he-man hero will always be with us. Buck Jones, cowboy movie star, is said to be the "fan" champion of Hollywood. His admirers have an organized club, The Buck Jones Rangers.

And the total number of members is so large it would make almost any leader of a political organization green with envy.

In one community in California the local branch numbers three thousand seven hundred boys, with a thirty-six piece band.

It is hardly a coincidence that some years ago another cowboy actor, Tom Mix, was rated a leader in screen popularity. Box-office returns of the smaller communities rolled upward in impressive pluralities.

One cannot always tell the national popularity of an actor by his standing on Broadway.

IT looks as though, before many months are over, Hollywood studios will be as busy as steel plants filling wartime orders.

Warners-First National, for example, has a heavier production schedule than at any time during the past eight years.

Maybe by this time next year we will all be wondering whether the big depression was anything but a dream.

FAKE jungle films are under the ban of Uncle Sam himself. The Federal Trade Commission is against them.

Some of them have been pretty crude, like that of the African native woman, shown consorting with gorillas. But others have been entertaining and exciting.

Some "nature" films that have never been questioned as to authenticity, and were completely accepted for fact by the public, had, nevertheless, for the practiced eye, some fake shots in them.

And again, many of the animal films have been genuine, down to the last frame of the last reel.

Sometimes the imitation seems better than the genuine, as in the case of a can of Mexican battle film, some years ago, when a studio disgustedly rejected a most conscientious cameraman's shooting as spurious.

CLARA BOW pops in and out of life like a flaming comet. A dash from Rancho Clarita, which she shares with her husband, Rex Bell, into a picture; then a high-powered tour abroad, returning to America with an alarming *avoirdupois*; next into retirement once more on the sandy deserts of Nevada where, gunning for jack rabbits with a rifle and tumbling them on the run, she's taking off the extra poundage.

By mid-summer she is expected to have reduced to 118, when she will be ready to make another picture. You can't slow Clara down. Her flame bursts out brighter each time.

EITHER the Prince of Wales has gone democratic or pictures have gone aristocratic. It is hard to say which. At any rate, for the price of a shilling (equivalent to two bits) the English are going to see the Prince of Wales doing about everything except fall off a horse.

They have assembled a film of His Royal Highness, said to be made up of all the motion pictures ever taken of him in England or abroad. The proceeds will go to English charities. No doubt they will let us Americans have a look in, too, at our local theaters.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

How Jane changed from "PLAIN" to "PRETTY"



Jane, **THEN** . . . Men never noticed Jane in this dull, dark dress. How silly she was — this season's new gay clothes wash beautifully with gentle Ivory Flakes.



Jane, **NOW** . . . Same girl, dressed inexpensively but smartly. *All* this tricky outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes—pique hat, red-white-and-blue linen suit, pique gloves, handbag!

*S*uit from Lord & Taylor, New York. This entire outfit has been washed with Ivory Flakes . . . just as salespeople in fine stores advise.

Don't resist the new colorful clothes. Just be sensible and ask the salesgirl if they will wash. Follow her advice when she says, "Yes, *but to be safe*, wash them with Ivory."

Salespeople are that way about Ivory Flakes — awfully partial, because they know that Ivory Flakes are made from pure Ivory Soap, the soap that's safe for a baby's skin — hence it's *safest* for your saucy silk prints and pastel cotton frocks and fuzzy-wuzzy sweaters!

Ivory Flakes are made for lazy girls who want

instant suds. Does that mean *you*? Try those tiny *curls* of soap — see how fast they twinkle into thick suds in lukewarm water. Keep away from *flat* clinging flakes — *they* cause soap spots!

Remember what Vogue says, "The girl with a lot of uncared-for dresses is dowdy. The girl with a few dresses, in immaculate condition, looks smart." Something to think about, girls. Better buy one of those bargain boxes of Ivory Flakes today, and start dipping your pretties through Ivory suds every night!

IVORY FLAKES

Salespeople everywhere say:
"Wash it with Ivory!" 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

The Photo That Made Garbo



This is the picture which, under amazing circumstances, won the new Swedish girl her first Hollywood chance

THE great Swedish director, Stiller, was in Hollywood, and all filmland was wondering what miracles would be seen, when his initial efforts should come to view. With him was one of those "necessary bargains"—a young Swedish girl, named Greta Gustafsson, whom he had insisted must come if he did; but nobody paid much attention to her.

Stiller was a great director, of course, and this girl might have a lot in her—for Sweden. But for Hollywood—ho-hum! Of course, Stiller would learn in due time—

In a sumptuous directors' room, highly-placed movie executives sat around a table, listening to their chief. A messenger entered and handed the chief a flat envelope. Automatically, as he talked, he opened the envelope, glanced at the picture enclosed—then glanced once again.

Here was no studio portrait, no elaborate presentation, employing every artifice of

make-up and lighting. Instead, a simple, natural picture, taken in New York—a picture with a slim, firm hand, the hand of a great actress, lightly touching the throat with an eloquent gesture. Conversation died while the chief studied the eyes, noted the strong, blonde hair—

"Who is this?" the chief demanded.

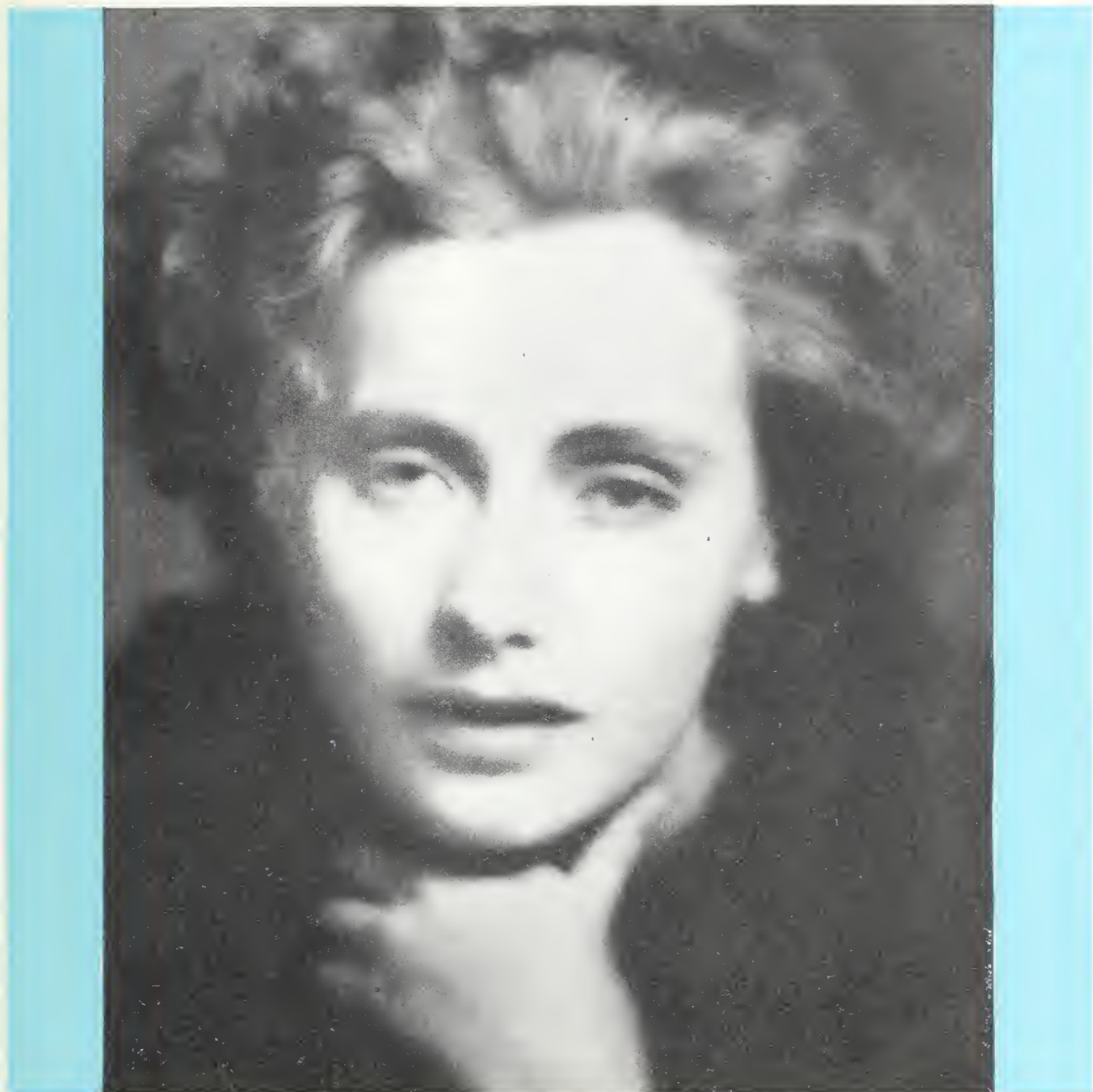
"Why, this is the Gustafsson girl from Sweden. You know, Stiller wouldn't come without her, so we—"

"My God!" the executive shouted. "Don't tell me this is that Swede that's been hanging around here for the last couple of weeks! What's ready now—'The Torrent'? Put her in that. There's stuff in that girl—or I don't know values—"

"The 'Torrent' appeared, with 'that Swede'—now named Greta Garbo—as the feminine lead; and the rest of the story is part of movie history.

By Hal Wren

Now It's \$12,500 A Week



Photos by Arnold Genthe

And here is another early studio study of the "screen Garbo" who instantly made good on her hard-won chance

THE offer stood at two and one quarter million dollars for the term of the contract—and real money. And coolly, levelly, without argument, Garbo said, "No!" She actually was turning down that fabulous sum—was putting it to one side in order to have what she said she wanted! Independence—

This was the devastating shock of last year's negotiations, which led to the now famous decision—"I tank I go home to Sweden." Two and one quarter million dollars, turned down like that. For a whim, a fancy—

M-G-M had known that "new contract time" would be ticklish—for contrary to what many think, M-G-M had been enjoying an enormous bargain in its Swedish star. In contrast to Connie Bennett's thirty thousand a week, and Gloria Swanson's twenty thousand,

when working, M-G-M had been obtaining the world's greatest motion picture attraction for thirty-five hundred dollars a week. That was to be remembered, now that the contract was expiring—

Not that Garbo had complained—and M-G-M had ample reason to believe that she had been happy on their lot. Also that she gave them credit for setting her feet on the ladder that had led to world fame. But now their purpose was to forestall any doubts, any hangings back, by hanging up an offer so dazzling that human nature simply could not refuse.

And they had done it, long before expiration of the existing contract, by offering to replace it with one offering eight thousand dollars a week for three years, with additional options.

And Garbo had refused!

Instantly a torrent of argument [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

By Rilla Page Palmborg

Jack LaRue's Big Secret



His life swings on
his love for—yes,
Mae West's the lady

By Ruth Biery
and
Eleanor Packer

He sought chances to show his love when he was not paid to do so. Such chances were refused him.

The situation continued for a year and a half. It could not continue forever. Love, even though it is one-sided, must have its eventual climax.

Jack brought his own climax. He realized that his emotions were a mire into which he was sinking more and more deeply. If he did not use the last strength which was in him to pull himself free, he would be lost to himself forever.

Mae was taking "Diamond Lil" onto the road. Chicago, Detroit and other by-way theater cities. Jack refused to go with her.

It was a turmoil-born decision. Were not those fifteen moments of heaven, even though they were commercial moments, better than none? Jack had learned long ago that the eyes of the multitude meant nothing. He never thought about them.

"I grabbed her to me; put my lips against hers—it is the most kissable mouth in the world—and forgot everything except that great, unconquerable feeling within me," he said years later. "Once in a while, I would imagine she was my wife and that I was holding her in the home [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Now we hear that Jack is storming Hollywood—for love of a woman. But you'd expect that, after noting the deeply emotional nature behind the fighting jaw

FOR a year and a half, Jack LaRue struggled with his unrequited love for Mae West.

During those eighteen months, they played together in "Diamond Lil" on the New York stage. He lived only for the one scene in which he gathered her into his arms and gave expression to his unconquerable yearning.

That one brief period in each day was the bubbling spring which kept life within him. The twenty-three hours and forty-five moments between these ecstatic times were interminable stretches of dry, barren sands lying between lush oases.

Yet these moments were lived before the eyes of thousands. He was the Spanish lover of *Lil* in the play which was bringing Mae wealth and fame. To *her*, he was just one of the many men who attempted to win her in the play. To *him*, she was the one woman—the answer to manhood's tenderest, yet wildest, dreams. He fought for an opportunity to find such moments when the eyes of the world were not upon them.



The only rôle Hollywood could offer that Jack wanted. He lost it to Gilbert Roland—so now he's out to make such a mark that Hollywood simply cannot deny him



Wonder What Old Man Gossip Will Say to This?

HERE'S the subject Hollywood has been buzzing about ever since blonde and pretty Lilian Harvey set her tiny foot on the Fox lot. They realized that Janet Gaynor was the reigning queen. She was red-headed, also pretty and very demure. And Janet had heretofore the undivided attention of every studio employee when she was in sight.

Every time Janet came on the set, electricians stopped electrifying and sent their sparks of admiration in Gaynor's direction; prop boys stood on boxes to get just a glimpse of the diminutive star; script girls eyed her enviously. It was *La Gaynor*. And no one had ever encroached upon her limelight as the reigning queen of Fox studio.

Not until Lilian Harvey appeared. Then the prop boys began setting up higher boxes to

get a glimpse of this new movie beauty; directors listened attentively to Lilian's every suggestion; script girls wondered if there were any more at home like her over in London.

Hollywood buzzed. Would they have a scrap? Would Janet resent Lilian's popularity? Would the old bugbear of professional jealousy start the battle of the beauties? And if so, who would win out?

Somewhere, as gossip flies in the film town, Janet Gaynor heard what was being said. Someone had insinuated that the gossips were waiting for that imminent scrap. So Janet, with her characteristic directness, made up her mind. The next day she startled the whole studio by coming across the lot, stepping over ropes and cables, electric equipment, boxes, barrels, old scenery and folded camp chairs—

she came directly to the set where Lilian Harvey was working in "*My Lips Betray*."

Director John Blystone got up from his chair and came toward Janet, a puzzled expression in his eyes.

"I want to see Lilian," Janet told him simply. Miss Harvey stepped out of rehearsal and came over.

"I've been wanting to know you better," Janet said, in her ladylike way, "I think we ought to be friends. So I've come over to pay you a little call."

Lilian Harvey was delighted. Director Blystone gave Janet his chair and propped himself on a stool. The two beauties got along with each other beautifully. And knocked old man gossip for a goal when they flashed their famous smiles at each other.

How 12

Here are the twelve, then. Let's see how they react to *the great experience* before the camera. What tactics the men use to get their women—what wiles the women use, if any, to hold their men. Let's discover whether these specimen screen lovers can make the grade as ideal dream lovers for the men and women, the boys and girls in their audiences.

MAURICE CHEVALIER

To him love is a game. Something gay, charming, debonair. Something to sing about, not to agonize over. Maurice doesn't indulge in passionate embraces and long drawn out, close-up kisses. Ladies do not swoon in his arms. Maurice woos them with the piquancy of his personality—not by the stormy depths of his ardor. He caresses with his eyes, with delicious little facial grimaces—and overcomes his willing victims by the insinuating delight and force of his charm.

Watching him on the screen one gets the impression that just *being in love* is the important thing to Maurice. Whether she happens to be Fifi, Mimi, Nanette, Violette, Mitzi or Louise isn't vital, so long as she's young and pert and fair. Given the stimulus of a pretty face, falling in love is almost automatic with the gay Parisian. His is the attitude of the completely unself-conscious, confident, questing male. He takes love lightly, in his stride. And being a Frenchman, he finds it an amusing, lilted musical comedy affair, with couples forever making love and laughter under the chestnut trees in the Bois!

LESLIE HOWARD

With him, the spiritual element of love always dominates. In his caresses there



Chevalier, the piquant Parisian! Here he is with Jeanette MacDonald, as we saw them in "Love Me Tonight." What side of love does Maurice typify? How does he play the most interesting of games?

LET'S play truth. Aren't these the things we remember most vividly about our screen favorites? The lift of *her* throat when she kisses him. The dark caress in his voice when he speaks her name. The way *she* strokes his hand. *His* habit of lightly touching her eyes. Their way of being silly during an intense emotional episode.

Let's admit that we pick our screen favorites not only for their beauty, their talent, their mind, their behavior—but also, and most often, because of the way they make love!

After all, love is the most significant of human emotions. And by recognizing and analyzing the expression of this emotion, one comes to understand the depth and quality behind it.

We've picked a dozen screen stars, six men and six women, to see what different kinds of love expression they bring to us.

Remember, of course, we're only analyzing them as *screen lovers*. Yet, since imaginary situations are interpreted, to some extent, by the stars' personal reactions—what we discover may give us a clue to their true personalities.



None who saw Leslie Howard with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through" need be told he is pre-eminent in one kind of love-making. But can you tell what may be his type of charm?

Mae West is in a class by herself, as those who saw her with Gilbert Roland in "She Done Him Wrong" know. Her style has its points as well as curves. Yes, Mae is unique



Stars Make LOVE

Some sweep them away, some just lift an eyebrow. Which are which?

By Hilary Lynn

is much more of frail tenderness, of worshipful adoration, than of engulfing passion.

One recollects the quiet way he has of looking at his beloved, as if he wished to photograph her image on his mind and heart and carry it about with him forever. One imagines him brushing a woman's hair with his lips—delicately caressing her fingertips. In his love making there are so many gracious nuances, so many tiny tokens of affection and respect that women want, but so seldom get, from less subtle lovers. Half shy, half impulsive, Leslie Howard's screen wooing indicates clearly that it's the woman herself who matters to him—not the fact of being in love, nor the fleeting pleasure of making love.

MAE WEST

To her sex is love, and love is sex. She makes no bones about it. She exploits her superabundant sex-appeal without the slightest hesitation.

Mae makes love to men—and how! She calls a spade a spade in no uncertain accents. She knows what she wants and goes after it with zest. Men are her game—but, in pursuing them, she plays a man's game. Because Mae really has the same attitude towards this man-woman business as has any healthy, uncomplicated male. Sex is no tragedy. Nor should there be any sense of



George Raft devastates many ladies in his audiences as well as leading ladies in his films (as with Nancy Carroll in "Under-Cover Man"). Perhaps you can tell what strange power does it



In "Letty Lynton" with Nils Asther, Joan Crawford was a type of lover celebrated in song and story for centuries. Here you see it—but don't think it is an easy type to analyze!



Not only plot, but sameness in love temperament, made Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper such perfect soul-mates in "A Farewell to Arms"

guilt attached to it. Sex is something to enjoy, something to laugh about. Certainly not a harmful, sinful thing.

In Mae's pictures (she writes her own dialogue) the characters are never the slaves of love. Queen Mae emerges at the climax, a conqueror—both of so-called wicked man and the iron law. And, needless to say, sporting several more diamond bracelets.

And so her less fortunate sisters—those who are sometimes broken by love—watch with envy while Mae swivels her lush hips, rotates her heavy-lidded eyes and drawls in that husky voice: "Any man can be had!"

Wherewith lies the miracle of her power, they ask themselves. In the fact that Queen Mae never allows herself to feel too deeply. Never lets it "get her."

And never, never gives a man the whip hand by letting him know he can be sure of

HELEN HAYES

To her, love is the ultimate justification of life. And although in her love, she has that frail quality of virginity, she has also the grim determination of a tigress to stick to her mate through thick and thin.

There is something tragic in her sweet trust, and something consecrated. Nothing can shake her faith in her man. With the first shy kiss she gives her lover, you know that she's doomed to love, not wisely, but too well.

One can almost chart her reactions. Perhaps she is walking in a moonlit garden with her young man. Swept away by the loveliness of the night, he stoops to kiss her. She is innocent. This is probably her first kiss of love. She recoils ever so slightly. He kisses her again. Her face lights with pure ecstasy, and with a movement, strangely eager for one with so many inhibitions, she covers his face with little kisses. That look of joy, that one gesture, tells the story of a soul. You know that the vague dreams of her love-starved, ascetic girlhood have been realized. That she is already even willing to die for this man who has given her a glorious awakening.

JOAN CRAWFORD

To her love is a vital urge—something she can't do without. There's a challenge in the way she looks at a man. In the droop of her lids—in the full, scarlet streak of her wide, voluptuous mouth.

Try as she will to discipline her emotions, her pulse seems to throb to quicker measure than that of most women. She must release that terrific spring of energy, and she does so by continually involving herself emotionally.

Unlike Mae West, Joan has, in her screen rôles, a very active conscience. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Few love teams won world affection as did Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. The reason is simple; it lay in a perfect affinity, everyone sensed, joining them as lover types

her. Yet ask any man if she isn't the most completely feminine personality on the screen today!

GARY COOPER

To him love is an emotion that gets you completely, and makes you suffer.

Gary is always slightly indifferent, sometimes even defiant, in his attitude to his women on the screen. He's wary, he's fearful. Because he knows, if he lets himself go, it's a body-and-soul affair. No half-way measures.

For Gary is essentially romantic and essentially monogamous. You feel that he's saving himself for the *one* woman. And when *that* woman comes along, he gives himself up to her with adoration and worship.

But he's remote and aloof. Actually waits for the woman to take the first steps. Remember "Morocco" and "Today We Live"? In these pictures, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford were the aggressors. He was the passive recipient of their caresses until he *believed* in them.

Despite all his dominating physical personality, despite all his defiance to women, Gary Cooper is always the shy young boy afraid of being hurt.



Tempestuous Katharine Hepburn! Her type is world wide; yet she was an immediate sensation. This glimpse of her in "Christopher Strong" may help to explain why

Two more love-making affinities—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, as in "Red Dust." Theirs is, perhaps, the type easiest to understand; but, even so, it is not simple



The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby

By Edith Meredith

I PRAYED for a baby. It was the one request I wanted to have granted more than anything else in the world.

"Ever since I have been old enough to think about it seriously, I have wanted a baby—just a bit of humanity to be my very own. After I married Hal, I hoped more than ever; but time went on and I thought of it only occasionally.

"Then came my trip to Quebec, and my visit to this marvelous old church." She was speaking of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, that quaint, historic church in the heart of the French provinces, a spot teeming with legend, where millions have prayed for their hearts' desire. "I was walking quietly along when the thought suddenly came to me that here, at last, might be the answer to my own constant prayer.

"It was just about twilight, and a dead hush had spread over everything as I went into the church.

"I felt that I was alone with God; alone to pour out the hunger of my starved soul, in the quiet beauty of that little old chapel."

That is Louise Fazenda's story of the prayer that now is answered—with an answer that now cuddles in her arms, but soon will be romping and answering to the name of Hal—or, more formally, Hal Brett Wallis, Jr. The Queen of Custard Pie, the Ugly Duckling of the Films, has now found the Bluebird in her life. While back of this answer to her prayer stands the equally fascinating story of a life that was the same prayer—a life which seemed doomed to disappointment, until just now.

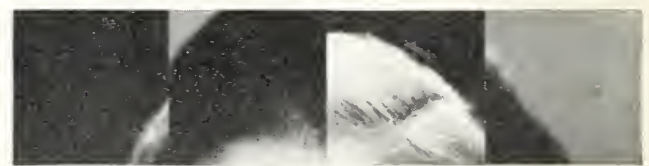
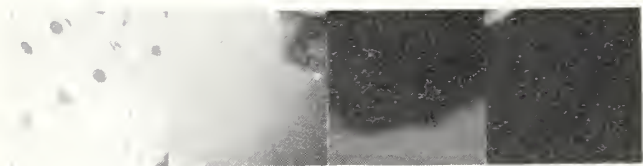
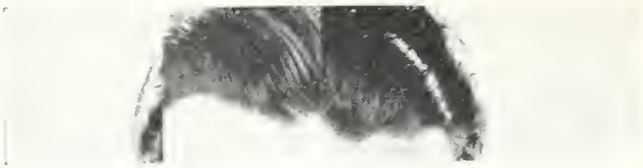
Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, of a French father and a Holland Dutch mother. When she was still very young her folks moved to the Mexican section of Los Angeles.



All her life the Queen of Custard Pies carried a heartache behind her hilarious film antics. Then something prompted her to pray . . .

She was the ugly duckling of the neighborhood; yet this flame of maternal instinct already was burning high in her.

The Fazenda grocery store was on the corner. From here each day after school Louise would carry coal oil by the bucket to neighboring houses. Sometimes she peeped within some of these places, mostly Mexican. A few Filipino children scampered about with Hawaiians, and there was a goodly mixture of Chinese; almond-eyed little youngsters with skins as soft as yellow velvet. American families had just begun to seep into this part of the old Mexican Los Angeles. And it was within their walls that Louise caught her very first glimpse of what it meant to enjoy luxuries. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



\$1,50000 in Prizes

YOU can start now with PHOTOPLAY'S new and fascinating "Movie Muddles" Contest, that will pay \$1,500 in cash prizes for skill in a game that offers all the fun of cut puzzle pictures and jig-saw puzzles rolled in one. The contest started in July—so you need only see that issue.

And if you are skilful, you'll have just as good a chance for a share of this \$1,500 prize money as anyone who started last month.

The prizes and rules are on the opposite page, and of course you'll want to understand them thoroughly.

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be rewoven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures. The first "Muddle" appeared in last month's PHOTOPLAY; and the third and last,

in next month's—the September—issue, will complete the "Movie Muddles" contest.

Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the \$1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which

they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1

belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave," in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!

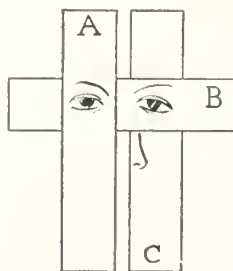


FIG. 1

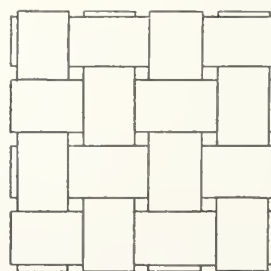
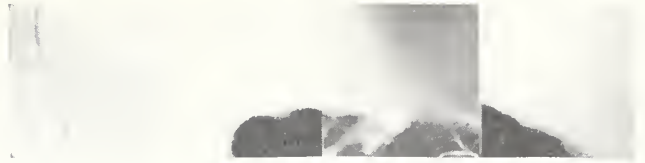


FIG. 2



Patent Pending

for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	\$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	50.00
Forty Prizes of \$10 each	400.00
Forty Prizes of \$5 each	200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the

correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. \$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required

names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. 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.

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

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

12. 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 prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Oh, my dear, have you met Gracie? Little Gracie Allen, who talks (constantly and to no end) on the radio? About a brother she never had? And in the movies, "The Big Broadcast," "International House," "College Humor" and plenty of shorts about that same nitwit brother? Well, sir, Gracie has set more people wild to the square inch in Hollywood than any ten Marx Brothers on a rampage.

Oh, that Gracie! Mention that name to anyone on the "International House" set and they'd immediately throw up their hands, foam at the mouth and go into as first class a mess of jitters as was ever jittered.

Whew-w-w-w-w-w -cou.

Lookie. Production on "International House" was at full tilt. Chorus girls were prancing about at full steam in the marble lobby of the hotel. Eddie Sutherland, the director, was flying here, there, up on the balcony. On the marble stairs. In the lobby. W. C. Fields and his dilapidated silk hat sat in his Austin car ready to go bye bye through the hotel. Peggy Hopkins Joyce sat at her dressing table powdering her gorgeous nose and fondling her gorgeous diamonds. Stuart Erwin sat off by himself, on a barrel. George Burns, Gracie's partner in crime, sat off in a corner studying his script.

And then there was Gracie.

Oh, my sainted aunt! There indeed was Gracie.

A complicated and intricate dance scene was in progress. When suddenly—there goes Gracie—and no one can stop her. Hold on, everybody!

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland. Wait. Stop directing. I have the grandest idea. Oh, it's too

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, I've an idea, let's sing 'Hotel Me Pretty Maiden'"

YOO HOO!

That Allen girl cracks up scenes like a blind man would an airplane

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

grand. Wait people. Mr. Sutherland, have these dancing girls stop a minute. I have—"

"But Gracie, look. We're in the midst of a scene. You can't—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, you're going to love this. You're going to absolutely adore this idea. Now, here girls—" Gracie pushes the group of bewildered dancing girls to one side—"now wait everybody. Yoo hoo up there in the attic with the lights. Stop electrifying a moment. Oh, Mr. Sutherland, this is grand. I have a grand idea for a theme song."

"A theme— Oh, my gawd," the director groans.

"Now this story is about the International House. A hotel, isn't it? Well, now why couldn't we have these girls come in like this, see—and sing, 'Hotel me pretty maiden'?"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, don't you love it? See? 'Hotel me pretty maiden,' and right away everyone would know what the picture was about."

"GRACIE," the director moans. "I—oh, Gracie—" "Oh, Mr. Sutherland, just the way you said that reminded me of my brother. Did I ever tell you—?"

Feebly, the director tottered to the open air.

While the whole disorganized set seethed with confusion, over popped Gracie to Peggy. At her dressing table.

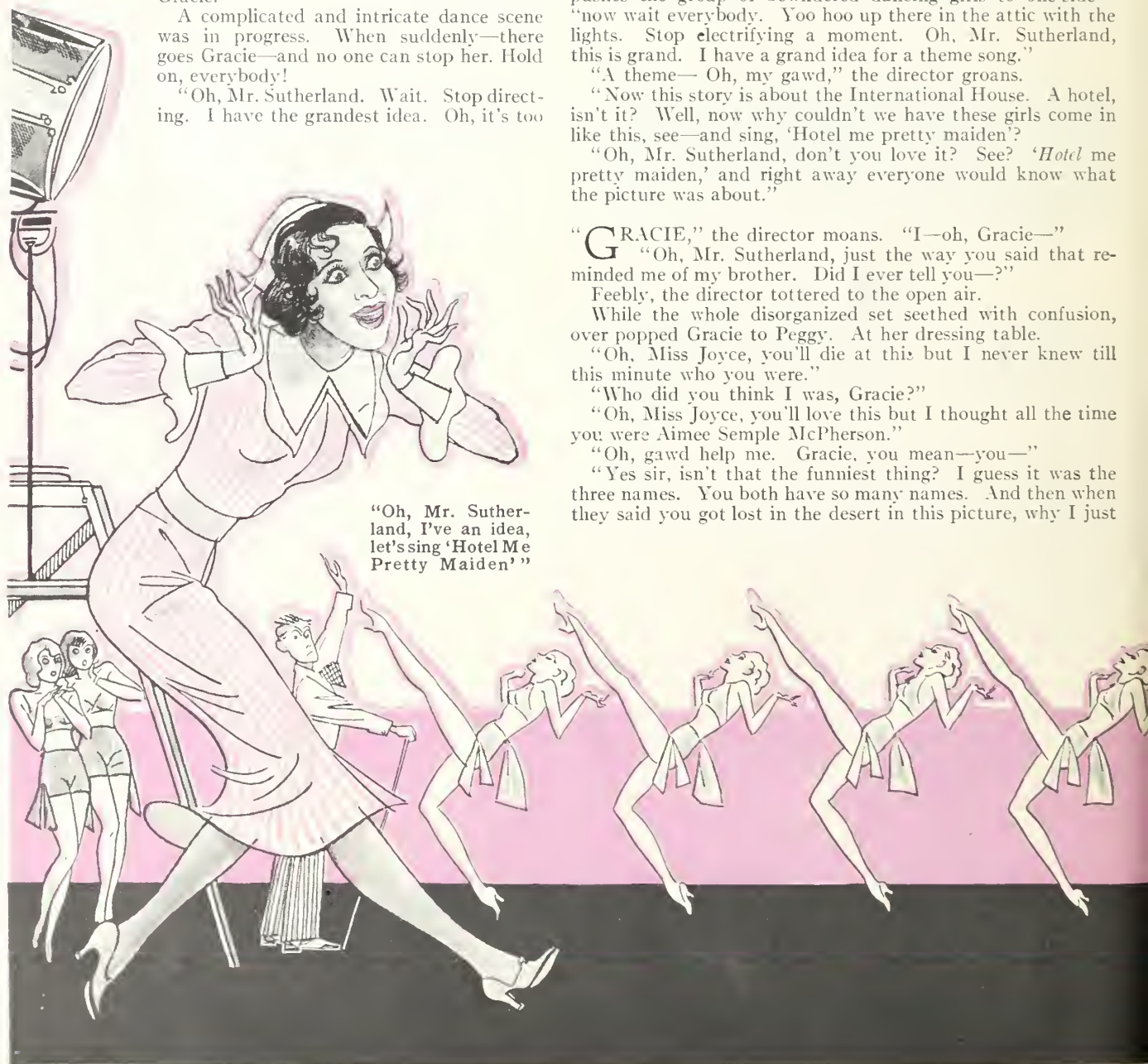
"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll die at this but I never knew till this minute who you were."

"Who did you think I was, Gracie?"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll love this but I thought all the time you were Aimee Semple McPherson."

"Oh, gawd help me. Gracie, you mean—you—"

"Yes sir, isn't that the funniest thing? I guess it was the three names. You both have so many names. And then when they said you got lost in the desert in this picture, why I just



Here Comes Gracie!

thought it was Aimee. I can't understand how I did it."
"Gracie—"

"Only I don't think Aimee had Stu Erwin with her on her desert trip. I'm not sure, but I don't think so. Oh, Miss Joyce, you've had a lotta husbands, haven't you?"
"I've had some."

"Well, I was wondering. Did you ever marry my brother? So many people have and I thought you might sort of look back over your husbands and try to remember. He's, well, he's sort of an Indian. My brother is."

"An Indian, for the love of heaven."

"Well, sort of an Indian, Miss Joyce. By marriage, I mean. You see when he was home last time he told me about it."

"OH, he was telling you about it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. He tells me everything. My brother does. He was telling me how much he loved his squab on toast."

"His squab, Gracie?"

"Yes, that's Indian for wife. Only you would wonder what my brother was doing on the toast, wouldn't you. But that's the way my brother is, Miss Joyce. Why my brother—"

"Excuse me." Peggy arose, pale and trembling. Her diamonds clasped in her hands. Slowly she groped for the open door. Just as the director, slightly refreshed, staggered back.

Then Gracie was right up on the balcony. "Oh, Mr. Fields, I bet I know why you wear that hat. So you can pull a rabbit out of it. My brother—"

"Gracie, another word, and I mean this. I'll throw you over this balcony."

"Oh, Mr. Fields. I'll bet you say that to all the girls. Flatterer."

Below, in the lobby, the director was once again at work with the dancing girls.

"Oh wait. Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie called, "I—"

"Now Gracie, quit it. I'm directing this—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland. I just accidentally happened to think—"

"It would have to be an accident," Mr. Fields interrupted.

"Oh, Mr. Fields, you say the nicest things," Gracie smiled.

"But Mr. Sutherland, where are the animals?"

"What animals?" the bewildered director asked.

"Oooooooooo, Mr. Sutherland, aren't we going to have any animals in this picture? Oh, I couldn't act in a picture without animals. Everyone has animals. Like Fay Wray."

"Like Fay Wray, Gracie?"

"Yes, you know. She had a large buffoon called 'Ping Pong' in her picture."

"She [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you'll love this but I thought all the time you were Aimee Semple McPherson. You both got three names, see? But my brother says . . ."



Daddy of the Studio Family!



A fighter—"when you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on!" A friendly, keen, understanding adviser—Joan Crawford calls him "Pops." In short, meet Louis B. Mayer

WHEN the all-star production of "Dinner at Eight" was being cast, Clark Gable heard that he was to be the suave, "play-boy" doctor of the piece. That was bad news to Clark. Not that he minded, its being only one of many good rôles in the picture; such a thing wouldn't bother him. But Clark knows his Gable—and he figured that as a smooth society doctor, with perfect bedside manners, he wouldn't be so hot.

What to do?

In some studios, that would be a problem. The studio being

Joan's troubles, Clark's worries, all find their way to "L.B.'s" ears—and get settled nicely

By Harry Sanleigh

M-G-M, Clark simply marched through the hierarchy of offices—assistant-assistants, secretaries to secretaries, then the secretaries, and so right on up to the top. Asked in, he told his feelings—and that was that. Eddie Lowe became the doctor, and Clark went to work with Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man."

That's one side of "L. B."—formally known as Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M. "Mr. Mayer told me, when I first came to the studio, not to hesitate to talk to him about anything," Clark explained. That, of course, is said often in many organizations—is just as routine as "Welcome" on the door-mat. The pay-off in this case was that L. B. meant it; so, as Clark says, "I go to him just as I would to a father. You can imagine how much it means to have someone like that, someone who knows what it's all about, to tell you what to do. And to help you out of your mistakes."

ONE might say that this is all right for a Clark Gable. He could invade the sanctum of a man who's always terrifically busy, who has a temper and may bang the desk when the temper's stirred, who's a driving executive and a shrewd bargainer, and always has a dozen and one matters awaiting his attention. What though, of others lacking the prestige of a Gable?

Well, after Dorothy Jordan's first picture at the studio, she got word—ominous to her at the time—that L. B. wanted to see her. Knees quaked a bit as she walked into the cream-colored office, and faced the grayish-haired man with the soft brown eyes hidden behind glasses. But as he talked, fright vanished. He was relating his impressions of her—his confidence in her future—also some things he thought would help. Result: she immediately enrolled in two schools, one for dancing and one for voice. There emerged the Dorothy of "Min and Bill"—an astonishing transformation from the demure, half-frightened little heroine of "Devil May Care."

The Mayer eye is always out for situations like that. Having battled his way up from a start at fourteen bossing a ship salvaging plant at St. John's, New Brunswick, he knows the value of a helping hand in those trying initial stages of a career, and he loves to extend it—just as, in his quiet way, he does a tremendous amount of good through philanthropic channels and through his active participation in Los Angeles civic affairs.

So the "babies" of the family, the Mary Carlises, Jean Parkers and the others have just as free access to him as any leading star.

His explanation of all this, if asked, undoubtedly would be that it's all good business. How can any family do good work unless it's a happy family—and what could be more of a family, needing understanding care, than a roster of high-strung stars? Which may be so, as far as it goes—but it doesn't go far enough to explain many things that happen.

Joan Crawford, for instance. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

LORETTA YOUNG, still fancy free, appears to be looking seriously into her future, despite rumors of that romance with Gene Raymond. Loretta has quit Warners and is freelancing now. Her most recent picture is "Midnight Lady" for M-G-M. With her divorce from Grant Withers nearly two years ago, she took on more dignified rôles



EVERYONE thought Ann Dvorak reckless when she ran out on Hollywood last year to go on a honeymoon cruise with husband Leslie Fenton. But she's back again, a serious minded little lady, anxious as ever to work, and work hard at the studio

ELIZABETH ALLAN hails from England and surely you recall her in "Looking Forward" where she did so well for M-G-M she was engaged for a part in RKO-Radio's "The Public Be Sold." And do you notice the metal mesh collar and cuff set she has?





Hurrell

IS that a gesture, we wonder, to hide the love light in your eye, Joan? Any one might wonder after the gossip linking you with Franchot Tone. Gone are the little Crawford artifices of high, narrow brows and exotic coiffure. La Crawford looks perfectly *au naturel* this summer, both in face and figure. "Dancing Lady" she is doing—and how!



IF Bing Crosby can sail a ship as thrillingly as he can croon a melody we don't wonder yachting is such a favorite sport off California shores. Bing's out there, you know, to make pictures for Paramount and you'll not only see him but hear him in "College Humor" his latest film. His devotees liked him so well, he won a grand contract



Ray Jones

BEHIND those soft brown eyes Heather Angel has a spirit which will carry her far. For she has studied everything from fencing to screaming which might tend to help her career. She once toured India and Arabia with a stock company just for experience. She's signed with Fox and will be in "Berkeley Square" with Leslie Howard

A Harp in Honolulu

And what an all-star circus they had when that Hawaiian beach and moon got to work!

From the diary of
Pat O'Brien

Wilmington, Calif.
On Board S. S. Mariposa

APRIL 7, 1933—I wanted to go to New York, my bride of two years wanted to go to Honolulu, so we compromised and sailed for Hawaii. Here we are on a grand ship which goes all the way to Australia. Honolulu will be far enough for the O'Briens, as this is our first boat ride since the Old Mill at Coney Island. We're due to shove off at 10 P.M., but upon our arrival we discover that everybody is celebrating the return of beer.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are on the boat with us. It looks like a tough spot for billing for O'Brien. With that gang of comics I'll be lucky to get a laugh in my stateroom.

The phone rings. It's Bill and Mary Gargan come to wish us bon voyage. Phone again. There's a party in Bert Wheeler's stateroom. We join the gang. Everybody in Hollywood is there. No wonder Bert is celebrating April 7. It's his birthday, beer is back, and he and Woolsey have just signed the biggest contract of their careers, with RKO-Radio. What a party! Done in real Wheeler and Woolsey fashion.



The little invalid girl—right—whom the movie people entertained, goes to the beach with Pat O'Brien, Ruby Keeler, and Al Jolson



Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien bid farewell to Hawaii and throw the leis they are wearing into the water. If the leis float to shore, the travelers are certain to return to the island

Between loading an enormous cargo of beer and unloading the guests, we finally shove off at 3 A.M. And so to bed.

April 8th.—It's night of the first day out. I'm relaxing in my stateroom. No, I'm not sick. Just tired, that's all. Looking over my shoulder, Patricia O'Brien is getting a laugh. May as well admit I'm seasick—and homesick for land, and only the first day out. This Pacific belies its name.

This isn't my day. I lose the ship's pool, but if I had won the Irish sweepstakes my enthusiasm would have been nil. One consolation—all my pals are sick, too, except Wheeler. He beats the rap. Woolsey gets all the laughs today, and Bert is too mad to get sick.

Today is the first time I have ever seen Bob Woolsey without the inevitable cigar. When he gets back to Hollywood he will be looking for the guy who told him to drink brandy as a preventive for seasickness. And, then there's the pal (?) who told me about champagne. But, the real tragedy of today tops everything. No beer! The entire cargo is consigned to the thirsty in Honolulu. We passengers can't get a drop. Might as well be sick.

April 9th.—Today we have had the "lying bee." Who didn't get sick and why not? Outside of the irrepressible Wheeler, the only good sailor in our gang is Mrs. Frank Borzage. She is traveling back and forth between Hollywood and the islands so often these days that she knows all the answers. Mrs. Jack Ford is with her. Rena is out to beat the Hawaiian travel records held by Dorothy [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Cal York

Announcing-



A famous movie producer and a promising young ingénue are romancing, and they don't care who knows it! As a globe-trotting explorer, Merian C. Cooper sailed the seven seas and saw the capitals of Europe alone. But back in Hollywood he prefers company. His choice is Dorothy Jordan



THE two months Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer spent in Hollywood reached something of a climax just before they returned to Europe.

Michael appeared alone one evening at the Colony Club, that swank place run by the Wertheimer-Goldy combination which at the moment gets all the play from the motion picture crowd.

An hour later, Gloria came in with two other people.

And, whether or not it was the continental influence or something much closer home, Gloria and Michael moved about the place, each seemingly ignoring the other's presence.

"A LOT of people have strange ideas about acting," remarked a friend to Jack Barrymore.

"So have a lot of actors," reflected the Barrymore.

FRANCHOT TONE has rented a house out in Brentwood. And his back yard meets Joan Crawford's!

SOLVEIG DIETZ, the girl whose husband filed suit against Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for this, that and the other thing, had booked

Mae West learned long ago how it feels to face the judge, but only recently did she have a chance to turn her back on the jury and share the bench, gavel and all. The sheriff showed her the jail, too. "Nicest jail I ever was in," said Mae

Jean Harlow gets her bruises before she has her fight. Painlessly applied, the make-up man puts them on carefully and not too big, for in the film, "Hold Your Man," Clark Gable rescues Jean before she is wallowed to the limit



The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



passage upon the same ship on which Douglas was sailing for Europe!

That is what Douglas said he had learned just in the nick of time.

So he had cancelled his passage, Douglas phoned breathlessly, and was sailing later.

So Joan said something like:

"There, there, dear boy!"

And went on to dinner with Franchot Tone.

INFORMED that an obscure attorney in New York was threatening to file suit upon behalf of a client, a janitor, in which the janitor would charge his wife with bigamy and name Jack LaRue as her first husband, LaRue said:

"The girl and I went together for four years. Then she fell in love with a friend of mine. I went my way and she went hers. We were never married."

OVERHEARD in the extra girls' dressing room of the M-G-M studio in Culver City.

"Acting in the movies is swell, all right. I had this call this morning for a three dollar a day job and was I happy? Then I discovered there's no bus runs here any more and no way to get here.

"So I spent \$1.65 to get here in a taxi and it will cost me another \$1.65 to get back. At that rate I'm just out 30 cents so far and I've had no lunch yet. Ain't acting in the movies swell?"



Walter Winchell, the gossip who airs everybody's secrets, is very quiet about his own wife. But a cameraman snapped them together — no scandal — while they were handing out scallions and orchids on the West Coast

This lounge-ful of movie celebrities would be paradise for an autograph hound! Clark and Mrs. Gable are side by side; Leslie Howard, who pales next to Joan Crawford's sun-tan make-up, helps make the English actress, Heather Angel, feel at home. Franchot Tone tries to steal a glance across at Joan. The Gables gave the party at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

DID you know that Marion Davies employs twenty servants in her beach home, and pays her cook \$250 a month? Instead of a housekeeper, she has a house manager, a man who has held the post for many years. Marion is very loyal to all her employees, and depression or no, never parted with one of them.

A YOUNG fellow walked up to the window of the RKO casting office and asked, "Anything for me today?" It was part of his daily routine; the question had become habitual. He didn't even notice that the clerk was out to lunch, the office empty. But an executive hurrying by saw the face at the window, grabbed the boy, had screen tests made, and cast him in "Fog Bound." The new "discovery" is Howard Wilson.

CLARA BOW doesn't want her picture taken until she reduces more of that excess poundage! And something else about Clara—she never goes to movies. Doesn't like them.



"I wuz a boid in a gilded cage, folks, but now I'm a free-livin' soul." Sounds like Jimmy and looks like Durante, but you'll have to guess again. It's Jerry Lester doing a Schnozzola impersonation in Fox's "Arizona to Broadway"



But oh, for the life of an Eskimo—with the thermometer grinning vengefully around 96. Here's Mala and Aba at home in their igloo in M-G-M's film "Eskimo" made in the chilly open spaces of the far North. Brrrrr... mister could you spare a thin slice of ice?



Cosmo-Sileo

Mrs. Barthelmess' movie star husband Dick (Richard to you) enjoying a vacation between pictures. Here are the popular couple on one of those Panama boat rides from ocean to ocean

CONSTANCE BENNETT had to give up her plans for a trip to Honolulu this summer simply because the gossipers began to point to the fact that Gilbert Roland was already there.

But she will not have to forego a frequent plunge in the surf or an occasional hour on the beach.

Roland is back in Hollywood and has taken a house at Santa Monica, where a gay little party gathers almost every afternoon.

And Connie is usually the gayest one of the crowd.

STU ERWIN says there ain't no justice, or he would collect two salaries all the time—one as actor and the other as dialogue writer. In nearly every script of the picture in which he is acting, the line appears frequently, "Erwin enters. Business."

So Stu invents his own business—and the dialogue to go with it.

WHEN Joan Crawford was questioned about Franchot Tone she said impatiently:

"Why does Hollywood always have to read romance into everything? Franchot and I are good friends. He's taught me things about acting. I shan't allow talk to spoil our association."

HENRY GARAT, in Janet Gaynor's "Adorable," made his American debut under the most distressing circumstances.

First, his wife had to leave for England several weeks ahead of him.

Second, he suffered all during the making of the film with a stomach ulcer. He was unable to eat or sleep for weeks.

Lastly, when about to leave Hollywood, he sent his trunk on ahead of him, only to discover he would have to remain a week longer for retakes.

And Henry with one suit to his name.

Henry comes back in the fall to star with Lillian Harvey.

OVERHEARD in a motion picture theater where "The White Sister" was playing.

Boy Friend: "What did you want to come to this show for?"

The Girl: "Because I like Helen Hayes."

Boy Friend: "Oh yeah? You mean Clark Gable, don't you?"

The Girl: "Now John, you know it's not Clark. It's Helen I like."

Boy Friend: "Listen, Mary, don't kid me. It's Gable. You've been with him from the first kiss."

Silence.

BABY LeRoy's mother is a child herself in the eyes of the law. She is only sixteen and has to have a guardian so she can sign movie contracts for her baby.



Slim Summerville and friend wife taking their daily *two dozen* on the sands of Laguna Beach where they have their home. Slim says a dozen and a half of that double dozen is for the Missus as his lean frame needs only a ration of six



"Of course, dear," agrees Dolores when John suggests going home. Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore leaving the Gold Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel after a quiet little dinner

"What a bust!" sighs Jack Oakie as he waits for a reply to those nifty things he's been whispering to his plaster double. "Looks like one of us is dumb, and it surely can't be Oakie." Okay grins the bust . . . A bit from "College Humor"

Imagine the amusement of the press when the Countess showed up at a press party given by Gene Raymond and *refused to meet* the press.

Practically nobody minded.

"WELL, Peggy," a friend said to Peggy Hopkins Joyce recently, "I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. Want to say goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mary," Peggy said. And then added very quickly, "Could you let me have your telephone numbers while you're gone?"

A TALL, blonde girl walked through the Paramount gate the other day. "Gee, it's funny the number of people who look like Garbo out here," Jack LaRue remarked.

And then the bomb burst.

It was Garbo. At the Paramount studios with her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, to get a glimpse of Dietrich's new picture, "The Song of Songs."

It looks very much as if Rouben Mamoulian, who directed "Song of Songs," will also direct Garbo in "Queen Christina."

CONNIE BENNETT'S husband, Henri de la Falaise, has gone to the Indies to make a picture, and expects to be gone four months.

Connie is backing the picture and, as Hollywood knows its shrewd little Bennett, the picture better be good. Connie makes few mistakes in business.

"MISS GIBSON," said Wynne's cook Mamie, "you all shouldn't eat them things. Know what they are?"

"Why certainly, Mamie," Wynne replied, "they're sweetbreads."

"No ma'm, they ain't. Them things is a cow's tonsils."

THEY swear, out in Hollywood, that Lionel Barrymore turns in those marvelous performances without in the least knowing what picture he's working in or why.

Engrossed in his etching, he'll be summoned to the set. "All right, all right, where's the girl with the script? What do I say in this scene?"

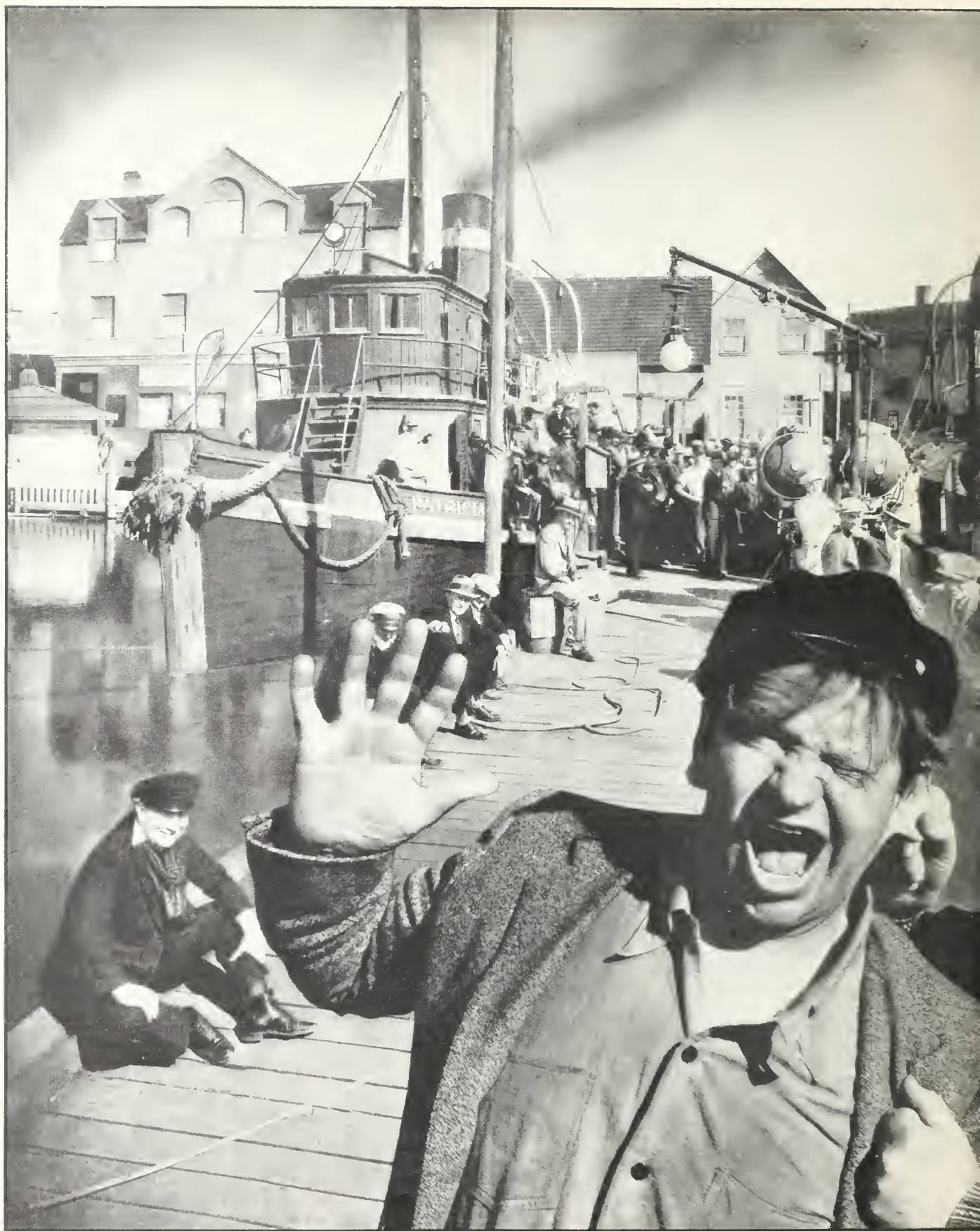
And he'll go in, speak his lines and do his bits of business and hurry right back to his etching.

Half the time he hasn't the least idea whether he's still making "Dinner at Eight" or "Stranger's Return."

When Lionel isn't etching, he's sleeping. Movies are mere incidentals to this artist.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

THE Countess di Frasso is back in Hollywood again, and may be seen lunching, now and then, with Gary Cooper. But only now and then.



AN entire waterfront was brought from Seattle to make this setting for M-G-M's "Tugboat Annie." The set is built on the shores of a large lake near the studios. Seattle buildings which couldn't be moved were photographed, and reproduced in exact detail



Photo by Staggs

MARIE DRESSLER, as *Annie Brennan*, is having waterfront trouble with Captain Wallace Beery who has just wrecked *Annie's* tugboat. She is leading him off for punishment. Mervyn LeRoy, watching intently from gunwale of tug, is directing their exit

Meet Joan's Best Friend



When Joan and Doug were engaged, "the best friend" received this picture, inscribed from Joan: "To my dearest and only 'Daddy' Wood. My life's ambition is to make you proud of me. Ever—Billie." To which Doug added: "To Mr. Wood—I feel proud to know you—almost as proud as I am of having my 'Billie' (which was once your 'Billie' and I guess, in a way, will always be) as my affianced—which is saying a great deal—(Dodo) Douglas Fairbanks Jr." The date of this was March 25, 1929

HOLLYWOOD knows Joan Crawford today! Hollywood knew her when—Hollywood still talks of Doug's influence.

But Hollywood doesn't know of an influence that came into Joan's life ten years ago—the influence of a man who believed in her.

I had known of it. I had never felt the force of it until I saw them together.

We stood in a crowded theater lobby—the man and I. She stood on the first step of the balcony stairway—peering eagerly into that crowd.

They pressed close around her—eager for a smile, an autograph, a glance.

But Joan Crawford saw no one in the crowd until she saw the man by my side. In a second she had reached us.

"Daddy Wood! Daddy Wood!" She fairly shouted it.

I knew the story. Those people crowding around us didn't know. They must have wondered.

What could these two have in common? This gray-haired man of dignity—executive, scholar, educator. This gay, exuberant, vibrant girl—celebrity in her own right!

You have read of Joan's brief college career, which ended

She said it was her life's ambition to make him proud of her—and she did

By
*Maurine
Parker*

abruptly during her freshman year. Her school days meant little to Joan. But she has one lasting memento of those days that no one can ever take from her—the friendship of the man who will always be "Daddy Wood" to her, but who, in educational circles, is known as James Madison Wood, President of Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri.

I've known James Madison Wood for years and I know him to be a man whose heart is big enough to encompass the interests of every one of his seven hundred students. I have never seen him walk across the campus of Stephens College alone. I have seen him hundreds of times with four or five chattering young ladies on each arm.

IN my own days at the College I was feeling the pangs of "mental growing pains." I was confused about problems of discipline with which every student government contends. I said to him, "How can I judge another girl—how can I decide whether she's right or wrong, when her life and her background may have been entirely different from mine?" His only answer was a brief one. "Who are you to judge? Who am I to judge? If it is for anyone to do—it is certainly out of our realm."

In those words you have a picture of the man.

It was when Joan's picture "Sally, Irene and

Mary" was released, that President Wood told me the beginning of this story.

Joan, once Lucille Le Sueur, then Billie Cassin, came to the college in the fall of 1922. Billie Cassin was ambitious. The college field representative said she could come if she was willing to work in the college dining-room to defray tuition fees. This offered a release from a wretched life at home. Billie's childhood had been a hard and disappointing one. She came to the college a disillusioned child. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



"Best friend," Dr. James Madison Wood

RONALD'S *Painted* Mustache

He was pestered into a screen test, and he failed—until they applied grease paint

By Rex Tarring

RECENT news that Ronald Colman is giving Hollywood the go-by in favor of a year's trip around the world and then whatever may strike his fancy, ends an eleven year saga of success—success that began with a mustache hastily painted on his upper lip by producer Henry King, after the said Henry had gone one night, half in earnest and half idly, to see "La Tendresse" at the Empire Theater in New York City.

The earnest part of Henry's visit was getting a line on an actress he was considering for a part in "The White Sister," which he was planning to produce with Lillian Gish in the stellar spot. He was in need, too, of a male lead to play opposite Lillian; but after trying everyone he could think of, he had about despaired of that. In fact, he was on the point of sailing for location in Rome without a lead, in the hope of picking up what he wanted in Europe.

Thus Henry King's thoughts when the curtain went up on the show—and incidentally, on Ronald Colman's screen career as well. For, while King was sitting with a half-hearted eye on the play, suddenly he saw something which made him sit up very straight.

A young actor had come on the stage, leaping a wall and then making love in romantic fashion; an actor of slight, graceful figure with a clean shaven face and a mop of bushy hair. Mark that, the actor had bushy hair and was clean shaven.

As soon as he saw this youngster King forgot all about the play, about the actress he had come to see, and everything else. All he thought about was "The White Sister" he was going to make, and the young actor he saw on the stage before him now. In this quiet, positive personality which so strangely affected him, King believed that he had found, not a player to do a minor part, but the very leading man he wanted.

So sure of this was he that as soon as the show was over he sent his card to the young actor's dressing-room. The actor consented to see him, but as soon as he entered King received a tremendous surprise.

"I'll tell you quite frankly, before we even begin, that you'll simply be wasting your time," Colman told him as soon as he made known the object of his visit. "I've been all through that before, and I know that it is quite useless to consider me for the screen.



From the film that "made" Ronald Colman on the screen in one appearance—"The White Sister" with Lillian Gish! The "first time out" for the mustache that turned the trick

"I don't screen at all well; and I spent months in Hollywood trying to make a go of it. If there had been any chance, don't you suppose some of those directors out there would have seen it?"

ALL that was true. Ronnie had spent heart-breaking months in Hollywood, trying to get in—and rising occasionally to an extra's job, principally because he had, and could wear with distinction, a gentleman's wardrobe. So film offers were nothing but a siren song to Ronnie now.

But King didn't know this—and accustomed as he was to having unknown young actors and actresses jump at even a remote possibility of getting into pictures, he gasped.

"Well," he said as soon as he recovered, "I still think I'm right and that you are the man for it." Then, without going any farther for the moment toward a deal, he asked permission to sit down and tell the story of "The White Sister." Colman nodded politely. King's motive was to watch Ronald's reaction—and as the story progressed, he was more than satisfied. Colman's expressions [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

3 Days—and *Sylvia* had



FOR years Sylvia, America's most famous physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood's court of last resort for problems in her field. This month she gives another revelation in her fascinating series about how she helped noted stars through crises that threatened their careers.

Also, Sylvia has agreed to do something wonderfully helpful for everybody. Now she will answer personally your letters. On page 84 she answers many questions, and tells how easily you too may obtain her help. Look now to learn how America's most expert help is yours for the asking! (Inset, Sylvia.)

Mysteriously attractive and charming—yet behind this aspect of Sidney's, once stood the specter of anemia. To banish it from Sidney's life was the task assigned Sylvia. She was going away in three days! Yet Sylvia succeeded, completely

WHEN I first heard Sidney Fox's voice it was just three days before I went to New York to sell my book "Hollywood Undressed." Her chaperon called me and asked me to take Sidney as a patient. I explained that I was leaving shortly and might be gone for a month or so, and I thought it would be foolish for Sidney to begin with me. What could I do in just three days?

I had hardly hung up the phone when it rang again. This time I heard a soft, timid voice saying, "This is Sidney Fox and please take me, Madame Sylvia. I know you've only three days, but take me twice a day, please."

"I don't know what I can do in three days," I told her, "but if it's a matter of life and death, okay."

Well, she came right over—she and her chaperon, and they

both were amazed when they saw my waiting room full of fat ones and thin ones and lumpy ones waiting to be treated. Sidney was very childish looking—dressed all in pink. I took Sidney by her little hand, and led her into my studio.

She was quite the little lady and very dignified and, believe me, she got a shock when I opened the door. For there were Carmel Myers, Dorothy Mac-

kaill, Helen Gahagan (Melvyn Douglas's wife), Vicki Baum, and a couple of others waiting for me. And every one of them was in nothing but an expectant smile. Sidney's eyes nearly popped out of her head and I think she wanted to run.

"Take your clothes off and make yourself comfortable while I work on these girls," I told her. Well, she was very modest and slowly slipped her clothes off, covering herself up with a sheet and then getting into the far corner of one of the couches.

I started on Vicki Baum and went at her like nobody's business—slapping and pounding. Sidney just sat there all huddled up, her eyes like saucers. "Ooh," she said, "did it hurt?"

"I love it," Vicki shouted back between slaps. "She's just stretching my muscles and it feels marvelous."

"Ooh," said Sidney, and got farther back in the corner.

Brightened *Sidney* *Fox's* Whole Life!

Just about that time Carmel Myers grabbed a sheet and disappeared. In a couple of minutes I heard my ice-box door slam and in another minute Carmel and my maid came in with a big dish of fruit jello and thin coffee cream. "Come on girls, light in," said Carmel. "This is good for you." And she imitated my accent to perfection.

Suddenly I heard a yell and a howl of laughter. Some way, I don't know how, Sidney had wiggled out of the sheet and fallen—sitting down—in the jello. Carmel and Dorothy Mackaill rolled on the floor laughing, but Sidney hardly cracked a smile.

"This jello was meant to be eaten," I shouted. "It's good for you, but it should be inside and not out. So just for that, Carmel, I'm going to take Sidney first and make the rest of you wait!"

Well, Carmel got mad at that and went out of the room, slamming the door. But I couldn't be bothered. You've got to be a philosopher in Hollywood.

SO I turned to Sidney. She has small bones—tiny ankles and shoulders—and she was nicely covered with fat all over. But her main trouble was anemia. She told me she loathed exercising and that came partly from the anemia. Anemic people just haven't the energy to take violent exercise; so somebody has to help them. You girls, get your mother or your sister or a friend to do what I did for Sidney. And anybody can do it. It isn't hard at all. You can't force an anemic person to do anything. They're always temperamental and cranky. That goes with it. When those people show pep, it's just sheer will power.

And now here's what I did for Sidney. I made her relax, lying with her arms at her sides. And slowly, little by little, I brought her toes over her head. And that can be done! But you've got to be absolutely relaxed and have confidence that it's possible. You'll think that the stretching under the knee is the worst, but it isn't. Relax those hip muscles! And make whoever is doing this to you stick at it until the toes are brought over the head. It makes you feel grand, for it gets the circulation going in the spine.

After that I made Sidney raise herself up and touch her toes (keeping her knees stiff) with the tips of her fingers. I mean, I tried to. She couldn't do it at first and I pushed and pushed her shoulders forward, trying to get her face down to her knees. And that's where you may have to have some help. Get a friend to help you to get down to your knees by pushing your shoulders.

While I was doing this to Sidney, the rest of the girls all laughed. "Shut up!" I told them. "None of you were so hot



Who can doubt that the Sidney Fox of this picture enjoys radiant health, after following the plan of treatment Sylvia devised for her guidance? Will power does the trick!

when you first started. Don't you laugh at Sidney." For I could see that she was a very sensitive girl. Later I was to discover that she has a brilliant mind.

The only other thing I had Sidney do was to turn on the radio to a snappy dance tune and just sway her hips from side to side with her arms over her head. That silly, simple exercise is marvelous. It gives you grace, it reduces hips and gets the blood circulating. But be sure to hold your shoulders up straight while you're doing it.

And now for the diet I gave her. Because she had anemia she had to take liver extract, which [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Sylvia's answers are on page 84, girls. Brimful of value for all!

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ ADORABLE—Fox

JANET'S back again, and how! The old elfin Janet—and the only difference is that she's a madcap princess this time, in love with Henry Garat, an officer of her personal regiment. And Henry—well, there's someone to draw feminine sighs from all over any audience! We say, hail to a new star, without any argument whatever.

The story is the light little tale one might expect it to be—just enough to carry the music and dancing through the gorgeous settings and gay love-making to the final fadeout. The skating scene is one that for sheer beauty will stay long in mind.

C. Aubrey Smith lends laughable incidents as the prime minister, and Herbert Mundin has some bits. Altogether, it's a fine summer night's fun.



★ THE MAYOR OF HELL—Warners

GET a load of this. The Cagney meets a tougher guy than he is—and reforms him!

Jimmy, as *Patsy*, controls a gang and a lot of votes, so he rates a soft political job, which includes routine inspection of a boys' reform school. Here he meets *Jimmy Smith*, played by Frankie Darro, who gives a performance of a tough, unmanageable kid you won't forget in a hurry. *Patsy* gets an eyeful of cruel discipline—also of Madge Evans, the school nurse. Both decide him to take the place over.

He ousts the superintendent, and institutes self-government, with *Jimmy Smith* as "mayor." Things go nicely until *Patsy's* gang goes haywire. He returns to show 'em who's who—and somebody gets shot. *Patsy* has to hide. The school superintendent returns—but see it.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—Warners

IF you thought "42nd Street" was good, you have a date with any theater showing this one. It's another Ruby Keeler show that has everything "42nd Street" did!

To start things off, chorine Ruby is in love with Dick Powell, a penniless song writer. But when things look hopeless, Dick digs up money, the show goes big, and zowie! In pops Warren William, brother of the show's "angel," from staid old Boston. No chorus girls in his family. No sir!

What to do? Ruby's roommates, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon, decide to work on Warren and his co-kill-joy, Guy Kibbee, and we'll let the film tell what happens to them. But it's rich, we promise you, and at that it's only the foundation upon which Director Mervyn LeRoy and dance impresario Busby Berkeley have built music, ensemble numbers, and acting that are splendid.

Coming to performances, Ruby still wins you at sight—although she has too little to do. Dick Powell, especially in his song numbers, is a treat; while Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee turn in the excellent work you might expect from such artists. But the surprise of the show is the new Joan Blondell. Cast as a traditional gold digger, she achieves absolutely compelling emotional power. Wait till you hear her lead that "Forgotten Man" finale! Ginger Rogers and Ned Sparks, too, are delightful.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933
ADORABLE
DINNER AT EIGHT

WHEN LADIES MEET
THE MAYOR OF HELL
PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART

The Best Performances of the Month

Joan Blondell in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
Aline MacMahon in "Gold Diggers of 1933"
Ann Harding in "When Ladies Meet"
Myrna Loy in "When Ladies Meet"
Janet Gaynor in "Adorable"
Henry Garat in "Adorable"
Frankie Darro in "The Mayor of Hell"
Lee Tracy in "Dinner at Eight"
Billie Burke in "Dinner at Eight"
John Barrymore in "Dinner at Eight"
Marie Dressler in "Dinner at Eight"
Loretta Young in "Midnight Mary"
Sylvia Sydney in "Jennie Gerhardt"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 112



★ WHEN LADIES MEET—M-G-M

IF ever there has been more sparkling polite comedy, with an undercurrent of drama, we can't remember it. And it is that handling of the old reliable triangle plot—letting it run as an undercurrent to delightfully polished and perfect acting from a cast headed by Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Frank Morgan, which makes this memorable.

Philandering publisher Frank Morgan makes the trouble, when his roving eye lights upon the young and "modern" author, Myrna Loy. Of course, many "conferences" ensue, while Myrna's devoted boy friend, Bob Montgomery, struggles desperately against it, and gushing widow Alice Brady urges the match on. (And how she can say the wrong thing at the right time!)

At last Bob, in despair, by a trick brings Frank's wife, Ann Harding, into the mix-up—and now the smoldering drama gathers strength, bursts into flame, and produces some of the finest acting of the year, doubly memorable for its repressed subtlety. Ann Harding's quiet, heartbroken denunciation of her husband is a masterpiece, while Myrna Loy never has drawn a character to better advantage.

It's not a picture to excite, nor is it a great treat for those liking their romance flaming, spicy, or red blooded. Its charm lies rather in its haunting, flawless delicacy, and utterly human treatment, plus dialogue that is a delight.



★ DINNER AT EIGHT—M-G-M

AGAIN a strong studio puts in most of the stars on its lot, adds some freelancers, plus a plot that was a smash hit on Broadway—and emerges with a grand evening's entertainment, if you don't mind a mixed-up affair.

Lionel Barrymore's wife (Billie Burke) decides to give a dinner, and invites the stage and screen has-beens, Marie Dressler and John Barrymore, Wally Beery, an uncouth financier with an uncouth wife to match in Jean Harlow; philanderer Eddie Lowe and wife Karen Morley, and Phillips Holmes, engaged to Madge Evans.

And then what a mix-up! The guests of honor depart for Florida, Lionel has a heart-attack, John ends all when his agent, Lee Tracy, tells him he's through—and so it goes. But if you like all-star entertainment—here it is!



★ PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART—RKO-Radio

GINGER ROGERS does a real star's job this time, with her particular type of material; and helped by a good cast, she turns out a good evening of entertainment.

It begins when ebullient press-agent Frank McHugh builds her up as the radio "Purity Girl," advertising manufacturer Gregory Ratoff's "Ippsie Wippie Wash Cloths." Ginger, however, sobs, then storms her desire to "sin and suffer"; so to save the day, Frank McHugh imports noble mountain-boy Norman Foster to provide romance. Ginger likes the idea; they have a radio wedding. Then fire-works!

ZaSu Pitts, Franklin Pangborn, Lucien Littlefield, and others, add fun—and while much more might have been made of the story, there's plenty a chuckle. And you'll be ready for an encore when you see Ginger do her stuff!

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

**MIDNIGHT MARY—
M-G-M**



**JENNIE GERHARDT—
Paramount**



LORETTA YOUNG proves conclusively that she is a distinguished dramatic actress—and we always knew she was beautiful. Here she's a new kind of gangster's moll, and finally she shoots Ricardo Cortez, the gangster, to save the young lawyer she has fallen in love with. Yes, he is Franchot Tone—and very nice, too. Andy Devine sings—don't miss that. Excellent cast, including Una Merkel and Martha Sleeper.

SYLVIA SIDNEY walks the Back Streets of Donald Cook's life, giving unselfishly of her love for years, only to have him discard her for another. The story, taken from the book by Theodore Dreiser, is aged and leisurely told, but the sincere performances given by Sylvia and Donald hold the interest to the end. Cora Sue Collins, as Sylvia's daughter, livens things up considerably.

**THE BIG BRAIN—
RKO-Radio**



**MELODY CRUISE—
RKO-Radio**



ALIVE with clever situations, bright spots and interesting details, this story of a barber who became a high powered and crooked financier is good fun up to the climax, which falls apart a bit. George E. Stone, a "little guy" with a big brain, is amazingly good, while Reginald Owen, his partner in crime, is a grand surprise. Phillips Holmes, Fay Wray, Minna Gombell, Lillian Bond are happily cast.

DISTINGUISHED by trick camera shots, interesting score, beautiful ice ballet, pretty girls—and Charlie Ruggles—this musical will give you a diverting evening. Not much plot—seems Charlie is in trouble with his wife, and two beauties accidentally sail off in his stateroom. The film can go on with the story from there. Production is on a lavish scale. You will remember a funny guy named Chic Chandler.

**COCKTAIL HOUR—
Columbia**



**THE SILK EXPRESS—
Warners**



INGREDIENTS, comedy, sex, melodrama, and a dash of music; Bebe Daniels shaking. A successful artist who wants "life," she scorns the love of Randolph Scott and sails to Europe; but on shipboard playboy Sidney Blackmer trips her. Seeking consolation with Muriel Kirkland, a pseudo-Russian pianist, she visits Paris, where Sidney is all but murdered. Satisfactory if not outstanding.

EXCITEMENT from the first shot to the last, after stock gamblers corner the silk market. The manufacturers order a special supply from Japan, and the question is, will the shipment be delayed between Seattle and New York? Neil Hamilton, Guy Kibbee and an excellent cast argue it out with the villains, and you'll feel the thrills as though you were on the train. Thoroughly acceptable melodrama.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**BELOW
THE SEA—**
Columbia



EVERYTHING but the kitchen sink—including *such* an octopus—is in this one; but Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy and Fredrik Vogeding achieve good thrills and chills. Bad Freddie, once captain of a U-boat, knows where much gold is sunk; so he and diver Ralph go on a deep-sea scientific expedition financed by Fay. Gold, greed and love do the rest; great under-seas scenes. (Also released as “Hell’s Cargo.”)

**BED
OF ROSES—**
RKO-Radio



IT'S labeled a Connie Bennett picture, but there must be some mistake. The star is really a little girl named Pert Kelton, who gets out of reform school the same time Connie does—and promptly reverts to type. Connie decides on the “bed of roses” system, with some initial success—but the roses develop thorns when she meets a cotton-barge boy named Joel McCrea and falls in love. Not for the little kiddies.

**HOLD ME
TIGHT—**
Fox



JAMES DUNN, just married to Sally Eilers, loses his job in the department store where Sally also works. Things go to pieces, and a jealous house detective plans a fur robbery to implicate Sally and James. He's discovered, there's a fight, all's well. Sally and Jimmie charming as usual—but wouldn't a new (and intelligent) plot be in order for this good team? Frank McHugh and June Clyde help freshen it a bit.

**SUNSET
PASS—**
Paramount



IF you've been holding out against Westerns all these years, you might as well give in. This one has everything, up to and including a plot which thickens as it should. Perfectly miraculous shots of Red Rock Canyon, taking you far, far away from worry and heat, plus wonderful horses and riding. Randy Scott is a lovable heavy, and Tom Keene, Harry Carey, Fuzzy Knight, Kathleen Burke do nicely.

**THE
NARROW
CORNER—**
Warners



BEAUTIFULLY photographed, acted and directed, this depressing Somerset Maugham tale of a young outcast who steals his best friend's girl, leaves one with a deep blue hang-over. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ralph Bellamy, Dudley Digges, are splendid, while magnificent storm scenes at sea and several scenes between two old sea captains, Arthur Hohl and William V. Mong, add splashes of color.

**HEROES
FOR SALE—**
First National



POOR Dick Barthelmess in the war gets the grief and the dope habit; another gets the medals. Then his mother commits suicide, his wife is killed in a riot; Dick is unjustly jailed for it. Things get worse—but we just couldn't stand more! This should end breadline pictures; what's left for any actor (or audience) to suffer through?

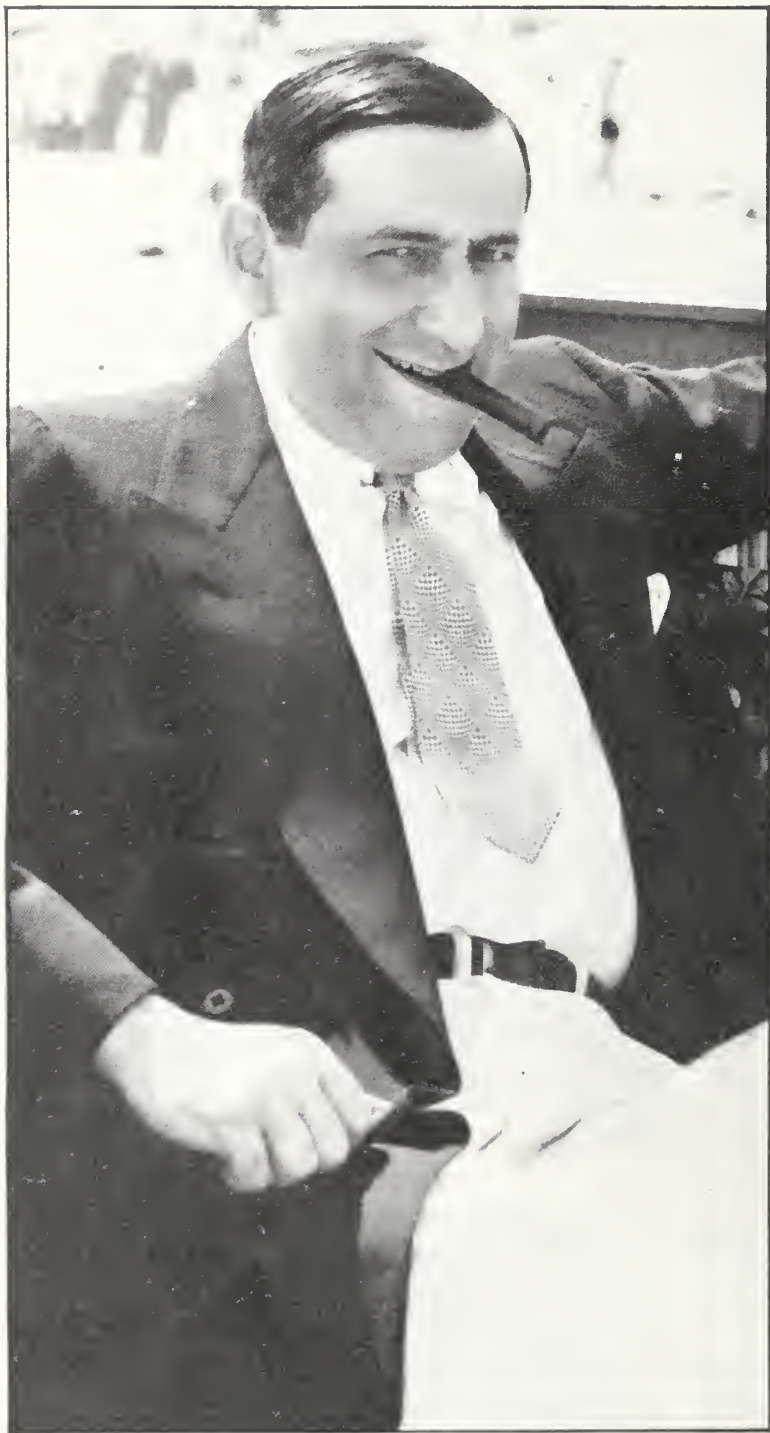
[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]

"All Women Are Sirens at Heart"

says Mister
Lubitsch

To May Allison
Quirk

The great director
analyzes some famous
screen personalities



Ernst Lubitsch, creator of stars, believes that charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman. That, given proper setting and opportunity, every woman desires to be a seductress

NIGHTLY in Hollywood, there are big stars and little starlets who pray, in pajamas and other things, "Oh, dear Lord, let me make a picture with Lubitsch before it is too late."

For Ernst Lubitsch is a molder of personalities. No screen player has ever passed through his direction without emerging a more vital actor or actress.

His ability to breathe life into a character that would be drab in other hands; his ability to make phlegmatic personalities

suddenly seem subtle and brilliant, has always had something of the Svengali touch about it.

I cannot recall a single piece of bad acting given under his direction.

From the time, about fourteen years ago, that he led Pola Negri through the torturous, dramatic heights of the German-made picture, "Passion," right down to Miriam Hopkins' scintillating performance in "Trouble in Paradise," his record is unbroken. "Passion" brought Pola international fame and gave them both Hollywood contracts.

Lubitsch was born in Berlin, Germany, about forty-one years ago. He was brought up in his native city, received all his early training as an actor in the theater there, and directed his first motion pictures in Germany.

Yet his fundamental qualities are as un-Germanic as is the lissome body of Marlene Dietrich.

LUBITSCH'S handling of risqué situations is French in its subtlety. His sense of humor and play might be Gaelic. His worship of beauty, whether it be in a human being, a landscape, or an exquisite bar of music, might easily come from some early Latin lineage.

I have heard him search for words to describe his emotions over a purple sunset in the desert canyons of Palm Springs, or the dark massive line of oak trees silhouetted against the gray dawn of a new day.

Furthermore, he knows more about feminine psychology than any man I have ever met. That, in itself, is disconcerting.

But one day recently I took courage in hand and obtained an interview. I wanted to learn more about his special brand of wizardry.

"How is it that every actress acquires unsuspected sex allure under your direction?"

He grinned at me and then scored one with his answer. He knows the frailties of our sex, that man.

"All women are sirens at heart," he said. "No matter how unemotional, how stolid, a woman may be, she has moments when her greatest desire is to be—shall we call it, a courtesan, siren or seductress? The exactly proper emotional condition and environment will bring it to the surface.

"If I manage to develop some quality in a player that the public has been unaware of, it is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



Carl DeVoy

YOU'VE seen him as banker, broker and bad man; now Warren William goes high hat in his latest picture, "Lady for a Day." Just what the well-dressed man is wearing to ultra swanky functions this summer Warren demonstrates with the dash that is so characteristic of him. But what other man could be so nonchalant in these formal togs?

Dark Dress With White Piqué Coat



WHAT a fashion scoop this is! Charming Adrienne Ames has permitted us to have several of her stunning personal fashions for reproduction—and that means that all of you may wear the exact copies. One of Adrienne's favorite costumes for hot days in Hollywood is this ensemble of dark cotton dress and cool white piqué coat. Her dress is black linen. Black is one of the big fashion surprises of this summer, you know. White piqué trims her short sleeves and makes the clever collar.



AND here is the coat trimly buttoned over the dress. Isn't it good looking? Slightly fitted through the waist, it deviates from the usual three-quarter swagger coat by buttoning part way down the front with crystal buttons. The shoulder detail is interesting, tucks giving the wider shoulder line. White piqué gauntlets and a white piqué hat are Adrienne's finishing touches. You will see her next in "Disgraced." Smart fashions in it, too!

Two Costumes That Look Toward Fall—



Seymour



It isn't too early to start thinking about new fall fashions, so when you see Helen Twelvetrees in "Disgraced," be sure to note this striking ensemble. You can wear it now for traveling, later for all sorts of smart events. A yellow and brown tweed dress is trimmed with yellow leather—and the top-coat is leather, lined with tweed. Shallow tweed sailor to match. A stunning Travis Banton design.

A PERFECT first fall dress, this blue-gray woolen two-piece dress designed by Travis Banton for Helen Twelvetrees' rôle of fashion model in "Disgraced." Note how cleverly the shoulder detail gives both height and width—an important trend. A fabric cord fastens the blouse, cleverly circling each button.

Black And White In Print For Adrienne



HERE it is in black and white—one of the smartest summer evening ensembles from Adrienne Ames' own wardrobe. Huge fuzzy white leaves are boldly printed on black pebble crepe with a black satin sash making a striking splash of contrast at the bodice. The skirt is slim and straight, but very long.

WITH the coat it is completely charming. The puffed out sleeves and the demure high neckline are nice touches. The diamond bracelet on the right arm is Adrienne's only jewelry accent. You will need such a gown for vacation parties.

Chiffon Is A Perfect Midsummer Selection

— Seymour



THIS is the back view to show you how the gown is cut deeply—an interesting contrast to the high neckline in front. Two rows of pleating give the sleeves grace, the same pleating edges the hemline. Notice that the sash sweeps down to the floor.

YOU need so many dinner gowns for hot midsummer evenings. At least, so thinks Adrienne Ames who chooses soft printed chiffon as one of those charming "extras" in her own wardrobe. Blue and red flowers on a gray background is the color scheme—cool sounding, isn't it? The sash is of vivid blue and red silk, giving the dress a demure touch.

Sketches Hollywood



A STARCHED white shirt bosom with tiny crystal buttons like shirt studs and a huge piqué bow, are the amusing touches Marlene Dietrich gives this black costume.



JUST touch a button and it opens — press another and the picture is snapped in a jiffy! A camera Hollywood uses for its snapshooting.

HERE'S a note from Miriam Jordan's lunching costume the other day. A striped silk bow and floppy matching flowers arranged down the opening of her jacket casually but smartly.



PLAID skirts are a new Hollywood vogue. Everyone is wearing them for daytime about town. Arline Judge tops hers by a piqué blouse and mess jacket.



THE newest bicycling costume around Hollywood is this one. Trousers that are like jodhpurs made in all sorts of fabrics and colors. A tricky idea.



BRACELET and Earrings of crystal, onyx, silver worn by Gloria Swanson.



BLUE and white gingham checks make a big sports handkerchief carried about Hollywood by Lona Andre.

Three Stars in Own Fashions

HOLLYWOOD 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 PHOTO-PLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 111.



ANOTHER personal fashion of Adrienne Ames—this ensemble that offers an unusual fabric combination. The swagger coat fastens with metal clips, in white piqué. The dress is a light-weight diagonal woolen in blue and white. Piqué at the neckline—belt in green.

LORETTA YOUNG designed this charming dress herself. She says it is one of her prized costumes. Gray lightweight woolen with a bloused back which becomes a bolero in front. The collar is organdie ruching, cleverly placed.



MINNA GOMBELL adopts the plaid skirt fad in this smart suit from her personal wardrobe which she has kindly permitted us to copy for you. Brown and white plaid with brown jacket and a cape collar of the plaid. Grand for traveling on summer or fall days.

— Seymour —



Bert Longworth

THE lady of a thousand moods—that's what they call Ruth Chatterton in Hollywood. And no wonder when Ruth can go from society drawing-room rôles to that of dance hall dizzy with the easy grace of a finished actress. She is now playing the bad lady in "Lilly Turner." Gossip says she'll soon be doing a real life mother rôle

The Beauty Search Is On

Hollywood is constantly on the lookout for new faces to take the places of old

By
Reginald Tavin

THERE'S always a bull market in beauty, and in Hollywood the search for beauty never ends. The screen must have new personalities, both men and women, unceasingly; and the bill comes high. An army of scouts is employed by all the major studios constantly looking for the kind of face which will ring the bell at the box-office. And even these professional scouts, haunting every hamlet and village, every town and city throughout the land, cannot keep up with the demand.

A new personality which "catches on" is worth millions to the fortunate producer who discovers it, and from the stages of Broadway or small-time vaudeville, from bargain basements and small farms, an endless procession of recruits is brought to Hollywood upon the chance that some will click. Streams of the world's most beautiful women and handsomest men constantly flow to the movie city; most of them, alas, to quickly drift away again.

For every new screen personality who is discovered, thousands who are never heard of pass before the testing cameras. But once in a blue moon the camera catches that elusive something which foreshadows a new sensation—a Garbo, a Hepburn, a Mae West. Each of these pays the bills for the others and makes the never-ceasing search worth while. The producer who discovers such a star knows the exultation of the prospector who stumbles upon gold.

WHENEVER a new stage star skyrockets above the horizon, a producer's agent is there waiting with his fountain pen in hand. Whenever a pretty girl flies across the ocean or does any other spectacular stunt, a film scout is ready at the spot she lands. For the turnover in beauty is enormous; the life of even an established screen star being only a few years. And when the public, always fickle, tires of one personality, the vacant place must be filled by another.

Competition between the various studios is keen. Within the past few years the trend had been to depend largely upon the importation of foreign stars; the Dietrichs, Wynyards, Lilian Harveys, Sari Maritzas, Wera Engels, and so on. But there are never enough people to satisfy the almost inexhaustible maw of the cinema; the camera devours beauty just as the old ogres of the fairy tales used to do. For every descending star there must be an ascending star, because the public appetite for new faces, new personalities, is insatiable.

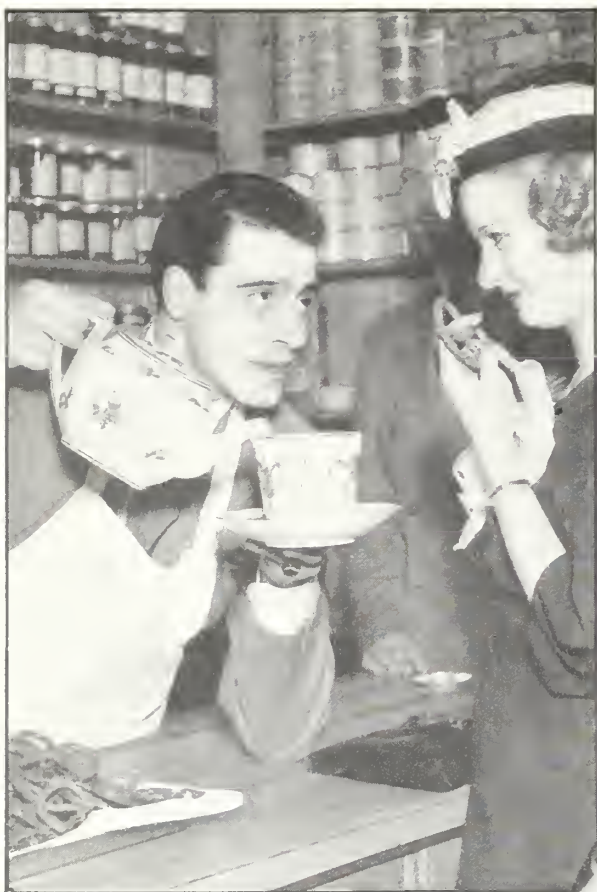


This is how Janet would look if the size of her body conformed to set artistic standards. Fortunately the movies judge beauty by screen tests, not tape measures

Chevalier, Del Rio, Lupe Velez, Clive Brook, Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, El Brendel, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Karen Morley—these are but a drop in the bucket. They are the top now, but they will not last forever.

So the search must go on. Millions of feet of film must be exposed to find even one face that can be made immortal, and yet the one must not be missed. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

IT'S PLAY TIME HOUR



The bad man of the movies offers Joan Bennett a cup of tea, straight. Mr. LaRue should know that pretzels require a beverage with a *little* alcoholic content! Jack is serving Joan at one of those parties which are so popular at the new Vendome Cafe



Shirley Mason, a favorite star in the silent days, is shown here with her husband, Director Sid Lanfield. Shirley's sister, Viola Dana, is going back on the screen. But Shirley is too busy taking care of Sid and their two-year-old daughter, Sheila, to think of acting



Doug has lost his moustache! Maybe that's why he is looking so glum. Katharine Hepburn is gaily trying to cheer him up and make him forget his loss with rapid-fire conversation. But Doug won't be fooled. Katie is back at the studio to stay a while now

When the stars become hosts and hostesses or just plain guests

PHOTOS BY
WILLIAM
PHILLIPS



Ever since gossips began to pair Gary Cooper's name with Countess di Frasso, snoopy people and photographers have been trying to snap them together. The Countess, who has absolutely no screen ambitions, is visiting in Hollywood, where most of her friends are famous stars

Clark Gable and his wife seem to be having a good time at the party given at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Mrs. Gable is an ideal mate for a star — never wants the limelight and has no desire to act in films

Even on a hot day Jackie Cooper will leave the pool to talk with Loretta Young. They enjoy frequent chats together at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club where Loretta goes to take her daily dozen and Jackie swims





See Jimmy's halo—pinned on when he promised to be good! Part of the promise, though, was “no more handouts”—Jimmy's watch-dogs must pass on every application for help he receives

He Can't Even Feed A Friend!

Ridiculous, when it's Cagney? Still it's so. He was trying to feed all who “touched” him

By Roma Banton

Jimmy: “Izzat so? Well, just try to make me act. Just try!”

And slammed out. Also letting word drift back that on a certain day he was going to tell all to the gentlemen of the press—his grievances, what he thought, what he had seen, what he had heard, about this whole movie business. Which, what with Jimmy's tongue, his mind, and his temper, promised to result in one sizzling interview.

Whereupon an Important and Dignified Body entered the picture—the Motion Picture Academy, no less. It took Jimmy's producers and Jimmy, himself, unto its big, used-to-trouble bosom and said, “Now, you two *must* get together.”

It was when Jimmy emerged from that meeting that his eyes were downcast; his red hair smoothed from its usual on-end position to sleek lines of meekness. Jimmy had taken the veil. The Motion Picture Academy had crowned him with a halo!

Jimmy had consented to wear it—for a price: the salary he had originally desired. But he could keep the salary only as long as he wore the halo, which meant, among things:

HE must not talk to or with producers. His managers would tend to all necessary or unnecessary conversation. Hence the lowered eyes when Jimmy meets them.

Second. He must never talk of anything that happened in that meeting. He can talk about his love-life or his preference in flowers and breakfast foods; he can even give out his life story, *if* he omits all references to private courts held in the motion picture business.

Third. He must seek the Academy's advice on anything important. The *papas* of this business must be given a chance to add rules which they may have forgotten under pressure of the original meeting. (Jimmy asked them this spring, for example, about taking the half-salary cut. They said, *take it*. He took it.)

There were other out-of-court restraints hanging constantly over Jimmy. Even before the Academy meeting, he had given his agents power of attorney, doing so at the conclusion of his first year in pictures.

“I fixed that up when I found that after a year's work, I'd come up even. Not a cent lost—nor saved, either,” he explains.

Still he had not spent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

IF you knew Jimmy Cagney “away back when”—
And if you met him in Hollywood, with a hard-luck tale about being broke—

You'd get the address of a certain Hollywood restaurant where you could eat at his expense. You'd get a pleasant smile—and that's all.

Hard-hearted? Is Jimmy feeling the need to pinch pennies himself?

Far from it. That's what would happen because—well, because they've handcuffed Jimmy, put padlocks on his pockets, to save him from himself; and from those who knew him “in the good old days.” He doesn't get a cent that he can give away; he has been sternly spoken to about giving checks to those needing help, in the effort to break through the iron control; and even this restaurant to which you would be referred is paid by those in charge of saving his money.

In spite of himself, Jimmy's days as a handy Christmas tree for all those wanting a new, shiny present, are over.

All of which is the latest installment in the long and interesting serial story entitled “Pinning the Halo on Jimmy Cagney—and Making It Stay Pinned.” It began back in those days, as you may remember, that fairly sizzled and crackled all over Hollywood—the days when Warner Bros. wanted him to do “Blessed Event” and he was willing—at double the salary called for by his contract.

You've heard how the argument ran. In substance, Jimmy: “My two brothers are doctors. I've always wanted to be one. So twice the money—or it'll be James Cagney, M.D.”

Warners: “Oh, no. We hold a contract, and under its terms you can't do anything but act—and act at the contract price.”

Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn!

By Sara Hamilton

KATHARINE HEPBURN has a face full of freckles. And an amazing way of eating her salad. She breaks her lettuce into small shreds and dips each piece into the salad oil. For no reason. One way or the other.

She's crazy about the freckles. And hopes one day to have them featured. On the screen. Wearing no make-up whatsoever. So that each brown spot may stand out like a head light. And knock the customers out of their seats.

She uses no creams. Or powders. Or anything. And has each freckle named. Minnie, Lizzie, Tillie, Gertrude, etc. Gertrude is a "beaut." Over her left eye. Tillie, on the nose, is no slouch, herself.

Her hair is a light, reddish brown. Slightly faded by the sun. It's parted on the left side. And flies about hysterically. After a shampoo, the ends are wrapped in innumerable curl papers. While the hair is damp. And allowed to dry. The result is astounding. There's less curl than before she began.

Her greatest acting is done off the screen. And done to a crisp. She came to Hollywood a slightly known actress. With no beauty. Little charm. And decided to do something to make up for lacks. She has.

THE Hepburn antics are the talk of the town. In the polite drawing-room vernacular of Hollywood, the "gal is nerts." As a matter of fact, she's a little girl dressing up in "funny" clothes. Having a gorgeous time. You must all come over sometime. Katie is liable to dress up like Aunt Hettie. Ruffled panties and all.

Her walk is rather graceful. Because she studied ballet dancing for years. But she seldom sits on chairs. It's usually on pianos. Or the middle of roadways.

She has a disturbing way of completely looking right through one. And knowing all. Heaven forbid. She'll take apart every new person she encounters. If he's not intelligent. Or witty. Or amusing. Goodbye to him. And please slam the door on your way out. She loves loud noises.

On days she feels particularly kittenish, out comes the shawl. It's silk. With fringe. And things. This she ties tightly about her head. With a knot under her chin. And goes flying into beauty parlors. And places. As nonchalantly as Lil Tashman. In something by Chanel.

"The gal is nerts," says Hollywood, as it watches dynamic Katharine Hepburn flying about in the oddest ways. But the truth is, she's crazy—like a fox!

Her shoes are something to write home about. She buys them from peasants. In strange, little, out-of-the-way places. In Europe. And they look it. One pair is made entirely of cloth. Wrapped and wrapped and wrapped. Exactly like Uncle Herman with the gout. But the hobnail pair are the Lulu's. They clink. Or something. When she walks.

One day her director, George Cukor, announced that visitors, very important visitors, were coming the next day. And would Katharine please wear civilized clothes. On that occasion she chose the silk shawl. Tied tightly. And the hobnails. The visitors aren't over it yet. Never will be, as a matter of fact.

The overalls (you've heard about the overalls, of course) have been washed. And laundered. Until they are very soft. And ridiculously faded. In places. Her top coats are made of tweed. Imported. And beautifully tailored. With wide shoulders. And everything. These she wears with a delightful piece of rope. Plain rope. Tied about the middle. And how's your Aunt Gracie, these days?

The minute one of her scenes calls for the slightest emotion, off come her shoes. All her love [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



To Be

Happy- Give!

*By Jane
Hampton*



JEAN HARLOW is the only star in the whole history of Hollywood who has not only survived notoriety but who has come through the barrage of mud bombs that burst upon her, a better understood and better liked woman. And certainly a greater actress.

What has she said? What has she done to accomplish this?

The answer is—nothing. And, yet, not quite that, either. In her own, individualistic way, the real Jean Harlow asserted herself.

When Paul Bern, Jean's husband of a few months, was found dead on the floor of his bedroom, a tornado of gossip and trouble burst about the gleaming white head of his bride. But women, or at least a great majority of them, did not turn against her. They didn't need to then. They already loathed her.

She was the most thoroughly disliked star in Hollywood, not only by the women of Hollywood, but by women all over the country. She represented, on the screen, of course, the type of woman they all feared and hated the most. The type of woman who can and may steal the other woman's man.

Yet today Jean Harlow has hundreds of thousands of loyal followers and loyal friends. Ready, anxious to stand by her. And day by day they multiply.

People like Marie Dressler, Frances Marion, Marion Davies, have all come to respect and love Jean Harlow. The roster of friends and admirers grows daily out in Hollywood, where the idea is to trample on anyone thought

Behold the radiant Jean that emerged from one of life's most crushing trials! When she tells how she did it, we can all afford to lend an ear

to be down. The worth of the girl has certainly been proved over and over by the dignified manner in which she has borne her trouble.

How did this happen?

Fatty Arbuckle, a beloved and popular comedian, achieved a wretched exit from pictures through scandal. Mabel Normand died of a broken heart when the women's clubs of the country turned their backs on her for just such notoriety. Mary Miles Minter, a sweet-faced little ingénue of promise, never made another picture after the Taylor murder.

"They've set the death watch for Jean Harlow," a daily columnist wrote. Meaning that her home was constantly surrounded by reporters. Watching. Waiting.

Questions were hurled at her. All kinds of pressure was used to force her to talk.

They hammered. Hammered. Threatened. High hatted. But never once did she open those lips to utter the words they wanted her to say.

Words that would have immediately removed every bit of blame from her shoulders. Words that would have cleared her name forever.

But words that would have, at the same time, reflected on the man she loved, who now lay dead.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

So Jean Harlow says.
And after her bitter
time, she should know

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

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



CAN you believe it? Artificial nails are now made to replace your broken, scarred or unattractive ones. They come in shapes and colors to match your own. You can apply them or have your manicurist do it for you. Lona Andre shows you how to fit a thumb-nail.



HERE is Joan Crawford in her backyard, acquiring the famous Crawford tan. If you can tan pleasingly, as Joan does, time your sunbaths, use glasses to protect the eyes and a sun-tan oil to give you even tone, yet keep the skin soft.

THERE is nothing like soap and water for skin beauty, thinks June Vasek. June finds a complexion brush a great help in preventing normal skin ailments. Use with soap and water or skim over the dry, cream-cleansed skin.

Thoughts For All Girls Who



UNA MERKEL has worked out for us six plans whereby you may make yourself both look and feel entirely different, at will. With your summery dance frocks, try scooping up your curled ends in this bewitching top-knot. Cut a few wisps for the face, long enough to be combed back on other occasions. This truly Victorian ruse is guaranteed to floor the most discriminating male. You will like it, too. Very cunning.



If your mood prompts you to appear queen-like and coolly beautiful, comb back your hair from a short center part in this manner. For the unusual chignon, use a braid or arrange sedate curls in a quaint Gibson-girlish knot. Stunning!

HERE Una becomes very glamorous with both coronet and curls for evening. I doubt if you can all supply coronets, but that tight fringe of curls is lovely and solves perfectly the problem of every girl with a long, slender neck.



Like To Look Different!



FOR general purposes, from dusk to dawn, Una suggests this simple and attractive arrangement for the girl with permanent or natural curls. If your face is broad, bring the ear curls slightly forward to lengthen the contour. A modern permanent will give the original curl design from which you achieve these and other charming arrangements. Insist upon one of the recognized permanent methods.



UNA appears to like herself this way as much as we do. A center part, a halo of soft hair, dizzy bangs and clips, if you like them. This style is usually flattering unless your features are heavy. Then brush back the bangs. No clips.

A JEWELED clip lends an evening air to this coiffure. Without the clip, it is perfect for afternoon. Comb the curls into a fluff, from a low, short part brush a band of hair smoothly across the head. Comfortable with hats.

Practical Thoughts For Summer Girls



DOROTHY WILSON took down her long hair, pinned a velvet band about it, donned an Alice-in-Wonderland frock just to show us an appealing summer hair trick. Long or short-haired, you will find a ribbon or one of those new bandeaux ideal for outdoor looks and comfort. Include a gay ribbon or bandeau in your vacation bag.



"HOW to Outwit Summer Suns" might be the title of these two poses by Maureen O'Sullivan. After exposure, always cleanse with cream. Follow by patting a skin and tissue cream gently over the entire face. Sleep with a little under the eyes.

(For more beauty tips turn to page 80)

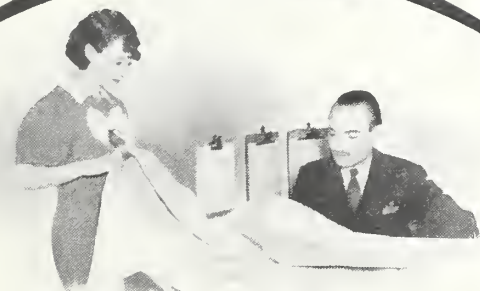


How Irene Dunne keeps her frocks Fresh and Smart as New

**"LIKE MOST EVERYONE
IN HOLLYWOOD"** she says
"I INSIST ON LUX"

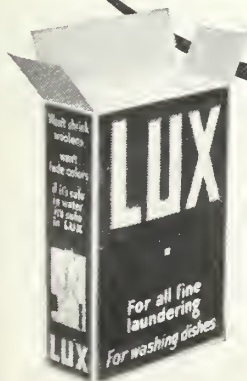
"Daintiness without extravagance—that's what Lux makes possible," says this exquisite young star. "Lux protects colors and fabrics, leaves my things like new. My maid washes my lingerie in Lux after *every* wearing. Also, stockings washed in Lux every night wear longer and fit better."

Protect *your* pretty things with Lux, just as Irene Dunne does. Keep them like new *twice* as long! Lux has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Remember—anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Official in all the big studios...

Wardrobe Director of the R. K. O.-Radio Studio, Walter Plunkett (shown with Gladys Baxter) says: "Some of our costumes have been used in many pictures—yet they look new. Lux saves us thousands in cleaning bills and cost of replacement, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long."



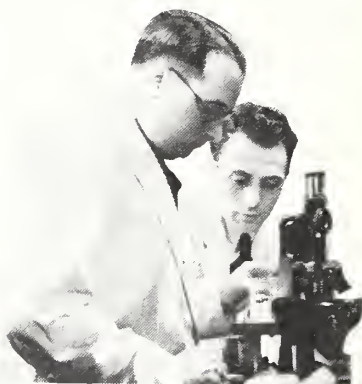
Hollywood says — don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX

IRENE DUNNE—now appearing in R. K. O.-Radio's "The Silver Cord"—tells you how to have that out-of-the-handbox look—always use Lux!



Hollywood is simply wild



AUTHORITIES STATE...
"Lux Toilet Soap contains
precious elements all skin
needs"... Read about it!

SCIENTISTS

EXPLAIN: It contains has...and must have

SKIN, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young... help guard it when exposed to wind, dust and sun.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old-looking, dry, rough, unattractive.

But scientists give this welcome and all-important message... you can now *check the loss* of these precious elements.

*This Soap actually contains
Precious Elements found
in skin itself*

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility *and its content of such precious elements*, is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young-looking... softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous

screen stars, who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth, young-looking! Small wonder it is the *official* soap in all the large Hollywood film studios.

A Younger-Looking, Lovelier YOU

Science tells you that pure, safe Lux Toilet Soap actually contains precious elements all skin *must have* to look youthful.

For EVERY Type of Skin



about this soap

Why?



Photographed in Hollywood ... where 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps skin young-looking. The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

precious elements skin itself
to stay **YOUTHFUL!**

HOLLYWOOD has proved, through years of daily use, that this soap actually keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on *your* skin?



"It really has made MY skin look younger ..."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelyn Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

...oily...dry..."in-between"=

BEGIN TODAY!

Vacation Suggestions For Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck



BETTY FURNESS reminds you not to forget your elbows in summer. They have a way of darkening and roughening. Betty applies bleach cream at night, vanishing cream by day to keep them soft for summer.



WHO is the young lady beneath those absorbent cotton blinders? None other than merry Mary Carlisle, who knows enough to protect her eyes while sunbathing. Glasses do, also.



If you use a bleach cream for freckles or burn, as many of you will, Susan Fleming warns you to cover the lashes and brows first with an eyelash grower or vaseline to protect them from the bleaching effect.

HERE is a new summer trick that one of the Hollywood gentleman stars whispered to me. Rub Eau de Cologne or toilet water over your ankles, legs and arms, and mosquitoes will not bite you. Mosquitoes will not bite Carolyn anyway, so I can't vouch for the accuracy of this statement. But I think it's worth trying.

The prize trick of the month comes to us from Fifth Avenue, and consists of a new leg make-up that permits you to go stockingless without that usual ungroomed look. It is a smooth, velvety finish for the legs in smart summer tones that does something simply grand for you, especially when you wear white. Recommended for beach, country, vacation and week-ends. Lovely for evening, also.

Janet Gaynor, in "Adorable," makes the most of her entrancing smile. Some girls have that gift of a rare smile that actually transfigures the face. No other human spontaneous act is as miraculous as a perfect smile. But to make yours perfect, watch your teeth. They should be white, sparkling, clean, clean, clean.

Lupe Velez tells me that much of her dazzling smile is due to her cleaning methods. After the use of her preferred dentifrice, she brushes her teeth with a mixture of bicarbonate of soda mixed to paste consistency with peroxide. This gives an extra cleansing and whitening touch, and is very worth trying.

Joan Crawford recently appeared with a hair arrangement that ought to be good for one trial, at least. Her fairly full bob was parted

on the side, the hair swept across to the other side and the ends of this wisp braided and looped around in a circle. At least, that's different, isn't it? And if you can make a nice, neat little braid, that ought to earn you some comments on your personal appearance. Try it once, just for fun.

If you expect to have any bodily coolness and comfort this summer, add to your bathroom accessories a big box of dusting powder and a big bottle of toilet water or Eau de Cologne. After your shower, take a few palmfuls of the lotion and slap it over your body.

KEEPING cool, dainty and fresh in summer is often a problem. And so I have delved into the subject and found a number of Hollywood secrets for you, together with names of preparations. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for this leaflet, or others on hair, skin, perfume and make-up. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

Let it dry, then dust yourself with the powder. That will make you feel like an angel. Or if you are very hurried and simply can't squeeze in the shower, use the lotion and then powder. It will wake you up and revitalize you, no end.

A new summer beauty kit, that is just about all anyone could desire, comes in gaily striped rubberized fabric to resemble a generous handbag. Inside, is everything to protect your skin, to keep it lovely on all occasions and to make you your most enchanting self at the moment. There is a bleach cream, which cleanses, removes impurities and keeps your skin smooth and supple; an astringent tonic to be used after the cream or as a liquid facial cleanser. A sunproof beauty lotion actually protects against the sun, soothes any burn you may have previously accumulated and acts as an evening make-up base. A grand sunburn oil permits just the degree of tan you desire, yet protects against sunburn and freckles. A waterproof rouge means that you may go in the ocean with a radiant face and also come out with it, instead of that purplish or deadly white look that many faces get from salt water. A deodorant talcum assures personal daintiness on all occasions.

The flattering (warm, red-brown tone of a new gypsy-tan sunproof powder also included not only gives you a perfect summer glow but counteracts the burning rays of the sun. What more could you ask?

A little eyelash grower or vaseline smoothed over the brows and lashes before you swim seems to protect them and makes you better looking as a sand siren.

"If our figures expand..our salaries shrink"

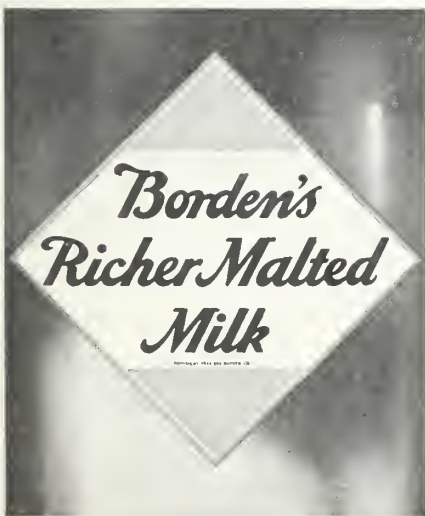
say GENEVIEVE TOBIN and JACK HOLT



Closeups of charming Genevieve Tobin (above) and Jack Holt (below) enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes of "The Wrecker" . . . a new Columbia production.



KEEP FIT WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LUNCH . . . A SANDWICH . . . AND A GLASS OF BORDEN'S RICHER MALTED MILK



GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

KEEPING SLIM is a hobby with some people . . . and a matter of pride with others. But with movie stars, keeping slim is a *necessity!* For a few extra pounds can cost a star a contract.

That's why screen celebrities insist on meals that give plenty of nourishment . . . without bulging the silhouette!

Heavy lunches are out!

When the work of a studio pauses at noon . . . mighty few stars eat a heavy, fattening lunch. They need *energy* for the afternoon's grind. And many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch . . . the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Genevieve Tobin and Jack Holt, getting the energy they need . . . without fear of fat. For

they're enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit . . . pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and a glass of the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted . . . Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit tomorrow! And don't forget . . . for home use, buy Borden's Malted Milk in the handy glass jars.

Ask The Answer Man

THE readers' letters went West with a bang this month, and I don't mean Mae West. Just good old wild and woolly West with cowboys and horses and thrills. Tom Keene, Bob Steele, Tom Tyler, Ken Maynard and John Wayne are the popular dare-devil, hard-riding heroes they are asking about.

I'll wager my best panama that most of you asking about Tom Keene have seen him on the screen as George Duryea and didn't know that the two names belonged to the one lad. Don't you remember Duryea in De-Mille's "Godless Girl"? With Renee Adoree in "Tide of the Empire," and with Sophie Tucker in "Honky Tonk"? Tom was born in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., on December 30, 1903. Duryea is his real name. When he went into Westerns he changed it because he didn't think a French name suited his Irish pan. He is of French and Irish parentage. Is 6 feet tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Grace Stafford, stage actress.

Prior to entering pictures he was on the stage. Played in "Abie's Irish Rose" in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Australia and New Zealand. He is a graduate of Carnegie Tech. For pastime he prefers riding his favorite mount "Flash." Swimming and tennis are his favorite sports.

Tom Tyler came into this world of ours as William Burns in Port Henry, N. Y., on August 8, 1903. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 190 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He entered pictures in 1920. Believe it or not, he was a singer and entertainer before that. For several years now he has held the world's weight-lifting record in his class. Tom's pony answers to the name of "Flashlight."

Ken Maynard hails from Mission, Texas. Was born there on July 21, 1895. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 160 and has black hair and gray eyes. Is of Scotch-Irish descent. Entered pictures in 1922. His superior horsemanship won him the rôle of *Paul Revere* in Marion Davies' picture "Janice Meredith." Ken plays a fiddle and banjo. Has compiled a book of famous cowboy songs. Holds the world's championship medal for riding and has several medals for roping. He is a graduate of the Virginia Military School and holds a degree as an engineer. He is married to a non-professional. Tarzan, his horse, whom he trained for pictures, is a regular scene stealer. When Ken's not riding him, he's airplane riding. Is a licensed pilot, but his

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.

contract anchors him to the ground during the production of a picture. The studio is afraid he might get injured.

Bob Steele, in private life Robert Bradbury, Jr., was born in Portland, Ore., on January 23, 1907. His father, Robert, Sr., trained him for his picture career which began in 1920. Both his parents were well-known on the stage. Has a twin brother, Bill. Bob is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Has made a name for himself as a trick gunman, roper and rider. His horse, who supports him in pictures, is called "Boy."

John Wayne was working at Fox as a prop boy with dreams of some day becoming a director, when Raoul Walsh discovered him and gave him the hero rôle in "The Big Trail." John was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907. When a child, his family moved West where he learned to ride Western ponies. Later they moved to Glendale, Calif., where John attended school. He was a student at the University of Southern California when he got the job at Fox. He was well-known on the University football team as Duke Morrison. That's his own name. He adopted the other name when he went into pictures. John is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 200 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His fancy riding on "Duke," his wonder horse, would stand out in any rodeo. Several months ago his engagement to Josephine Saenz, daughter of Joe Saenz, Panama Consul in Los Angeles, was announced.

MAUDE MASON—I don't think you are too tall, Maude. However, the movies and stage are rather hard fields to try to break into

just now. Gail Patrick is 5 feet, 7 inches tall; Kathleen Burke is 5 feet, 6; Diana Wynyard is half an inch taller than Kathleen. Benita Hume is just 5 feet, 5.

KEMP IVIE, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Show this to your opponent and let him be convinced. The rôle of the Spanish girl in "The Passionate Plumber" was played by Mona Maris. The words she said when throwing dishes, etc. were, "Can't you see how I love you?" And Gilbert Roland, not John Gilbert, was the villain. This picture was reviewed in our April 1932 issue.

M. FARRELL—The picture "Les Miserables" was brought to the silver screen in January 1918 by Fox. William Farnum played the rôle of *Jean Valjean*. In September 1927, Universal imported a French version of this with an all foreign cast headed by Gabriel Gabrio.

JULIE BENNETT, SEDALIA, MO.—One of Jack Oakie's hometowners, eh? Joan Crawford is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Frances Dee is one inch shorter and seven pounds lighter than Joan. Jack LaRue was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 4th. He doesn't tell what year.

NORMA GRESSELLE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Limited space keeps me from giving you all the information you requested. John Warburton was born in Liverpool, Eng., on June 18, 1899. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 165 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was on the stage for 12 years before he started in pictures in 1931. He can play nineteen musical instruments, but not all at the same time.

Frank Lawton is the son of Frank Mokeley, an American actor and Daisy May Collier, British stage actress. He was born in London on September 30, 1904. Was educated at Langley Hall and studied for the stage at the Academy of Dramatic Arts. Appeared in "Young Woodley," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Interference" and many other plays. Made his movie début in 1928 when he brought "Young Woodley" to the British screen. Fox brought him here from London to play the rôle of *Joe Marryot* in "Cavalcade." With that finished, he returned to England to resume his stage work. He expects to return to Hollywood for further picture work. Send me a stamped return envelope and I will answer your other questions.



As George Duryea he made his film début. Now he's Tom Keene



Tom Tyler holds the world's weight-lifting record in his class



Ken's contract keeps him on terra firma while making a picture



When it comes to trick roping, Bob Steele's record can't be beat

VIRGINIA SPOOR, UNION CITY, MICH.—Betty Bronson deserted the kliegs when she became Mrs. Ludwig Lauerhaus in April 1932.

ELIZABETH STROTHER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—Don't be a stranger, Betty, write me as often as you like. "After the Ball" was a Gaumont-British picture. The address of Gaumont is 147 Wardour Street, London, Eng. I do not have the address of Basil Rathbone.

LELA HUSINGER, MAYS, IND.—I'll keep your little request in mind and help whenever I can. William Powell is 40 years old. He celebrates his birthday on July 29th. His latest picture is "Private Detective 62." Robert Young is fifteen years younger than Bill and does his birthday celebrating on February 22nd.

JAMES BOLDT, HANOVER, N. H.—Clarence Nordstrom was the man who appeared with Ruby Keeler in the Pullman scene in "42nd Street."

NATAL CUTROPIO—Sorry I cannot help you. If you will look at the little paragraph on this page titled "Read This Before Asking Questions," you will see that I do not answer questions concerning scenario writing.

E. R. THOMPSON, EAST CHICAGO, IND.—Just address your letter to Madame Sylvia at this office and it will be promptly turned over to her.

DOROTHY ARNOLD, AURORA, ILL.—You're not the only one, Dot, who thought Lionel Atwill was a newcomer to the screen. Lionel made his picture debut back in 1919. He appeared in "The Marriage Price," "The Highest Bidder" and "Indiscretion." He deserted the screen then for ten years and came back in "The Silent Witness" in 1931. This was followed by "Doctor X," "The Mystery of the Wax Museum," "The Secret of Madame Blanche," "The Vampire Bat" and "Murders in the Zoo." Lionel is a native of London, England, born there on March 1, 1885. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. He began his stage career in 1905, in London. Came to America in 1916 appearing in "The Lodger." Is fond of motoring, golf and other outdoor sports.

DAVE MATHEWS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Beth Sully is Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s mother. She is now Mrs. Jack Whiting. Doug was born on December 9, 1907.

"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

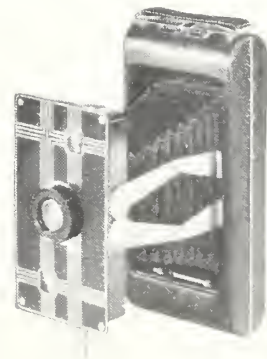


Una Merkel on her sea-worthy steed, Pride of Old Kentucky, is on her way out to ride the waves and to make good her home state's boast of "beautiful women and fast horses." Una's next is "Salt Water" with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville

"I've got the pictures!" That brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken . . . It's even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

You can now make snapshots that were never possible before. Kodak VERICHROME Film has simply revolutionized picture making. Bright light isn't necessary. Nobody need be posed, or squint at the sun. Just snap folks in their easiest, gayest moments—you'll get pictures to exclaim over. Pictures for your memory book.

Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



Jiffy KODAK
SIMPLEST FOLDING CAMERA
EVER DEvised

● Fastman's latest: a folding camera as easy to use as a Brownie. Touch a button—"pop"—it opens. Touch another—"click"—it snaps the picture. No fuss, no fiddling . . . nothing but simplicity. *Jiffy Kodak Six-16* (2 1/2 x 4 1/4 pictures), \$7.50. *Jiffy Kodak Six-20* (2 1/4 x 3 1/4 pictures), \$6.75. See this new, unusual camera; your dealer is showing it now.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

How Sylvia Brightened Sidney Fox's Whole Life!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

she hated. But at last I made her put it in vegetable soup and in her other vegetables; then she didn't mind it so much. I had her take a bottle of it a day. Then I had her eat plenty of cooked turnip tops, cooked celery, lettuce, carrots, lima beans, rare meat, fruit juices and tons and tons of gelatin.

Ripe, black cherries should be put in the gelatin, for they are very blood-producing. Also red raspberries. Gelatin twice a day, every day! And it's good for anemic people even three times a day; they should add a dish of it before going to bed at night.

FOR the three days before I went to New York I treated Sidney twice a day and I showed her chaperon what to do while I was gone. There's no use making an anemic person take violent exercises, but Sidney had to lose some weight, too, so here's what she had to do. And here's what you can do, too.

Place an enormous bath towel all over yourself and have someone slap you good and hard all over, paying particular attention to the spine but pounding the spine with the side of the hands, rat-a-tat-tat, as fast as you can go up and down the spine. This makes the blood rush through your veins and you want to get right up and do things. Sidney was polly-polly all over, but this slapping opens up the pores and the fat-producing water that we all have under the skin has a chance to get out. Slapping—that hard and vigorous slapping—is a wonderful general reducer.

I made Sidney go to bed at eleven and get up at seven. Then she took a lukewarm shower

and afterward rubbed herself with a Turkish towel all over, mostly on the spine, until she was as pink as a baby. Then she put on as few clothes as possible and ate her breakfast. This gave her pores a chance to breathe and to get rid of the water under the skin.

Well, you should have seen the difference in that girl when I returned to Hollywood a month later. Not only was she much better physically, but mentally as well, for Sidney is a most peculiar mental type. One minute she acts like the Queen of Sheba (and that's an attitude they don't like in Hollywood) and the next minute she is just a lonely little girl. She always felt she was misunderstood, and she was; but I learned to love her very much and she is one of the most generous people I know. While I was treating her those three days I happened to mention that I needed a steamer trunk and the next day she sent one to me and also a pair of lovely pajamas.

After she was in my care I remember just one temperamental outburst. It was when I had gotten back and she had signed me up just to guide her diet and slap her a bit (she paid me \$250 a week for that and I'm telling you girls exactly what I did for her, which you can have done for yourselves). I was dressed to go out to dinner when the phone rang and the chaperon asked me to come to Universal Studios at once. When I got to Sidney's dressing-room—it was the one poor Mary Nolan used to have—I found a physician there. He told me that Sidney was suffering from a bad case of nerves.

Pretty soon we heard Sidney's heels on the

walk and in she came. But she walked straight through the outside room and into the dressing-room. We waited for a minute, but I've never stood for nonsense and, besides, I was ready to go out to dinner. So I went into the dressing-room and found her there throwing all the pillows on the floor. She was in a regular Sarah Bernhardt rage.

I don't often lose my own temper, but I went up to her and shook her and yelled at her to stop it. She was so surprised that she went limp in my arms, for no one else had dared to do that. And then she began to cry and to tell me that she had just seen her "rushes" and that they were awful.

"Snap out of it," I said. "You're pretty. You can act. And you're just as good as you believe you are."

She had never had anyone talk straight to her before. Once she was quieted down she thanked me for what I had done, telling me that I had saved her from being a fool.

AND that, I want you to know, is part of my treatments. You know, it isn't just diet and exercise that makes you beautiful and healthy. Your disposition has a lot to do with it. One big emotional scene can tear you down worse than a rich pie. Honestly! And you know how I feel about rich pies! So don't give way to your feelings. Control yourself, because you haven't got me around all the time to make you snap out of it, as I did with Sidney. You've got to do it for yourself. And you can if you'll just use a little will power and common sense.

Answers by Sylvia

DIETING AND REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to take your exercises, but I can't. I know that I'm slightly anemic and when I force myself to exercise I'm all worn out.

M. L., Portland, Ore.

Of course you can't take exercises when you're anemic. But here's what you can do. Read this month's article about Sidney Fox carefully and have somebody help you to do all the things I did for her.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Mine is a peculiar problem. I weigh 160 pounds and I look awful, but my husband won't let me reduce. He says if I go on a diet I'll be cranky. I wish there were some way to make him understand.

Mrs. R. L., Birmingham, Ala.

You won't get cranky on my diets because you'll have plenty of food. I don't believe in starving people. And you'll never have that haggard look. Convince your husband by taking the diet lists to your doctor and asking his advice. I am sure the doctor will tell you they're okay. Then ask your husband if you may take the diet for a week and if you're cranky you'll give it up. You won't be. When those pounds start rolling off you'll be so full of pep and so happy that your husband will write a letter and thank me.

Dear Sylvia:

I am 5 feet 4 inches tall; weigh 115 pounds, but have a double chin. Would a diet help?

B. D., Newburg, W. Va.

Diet is not necessary. Try this simple ex-

POOR Aunt Sylvia—how those letters do come! But what a joy when I see how many are finding life brighter and happier through my help! So send them in—the more the merrier. If you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope attached, you will get a personal reply. Others will be answered on these pages. No obligation either way—just say what troubles you, and I'll tell you what to do.

SYLVIA

ercise. Smear cold cream on both hands. With palm of left hand rub down and well under chin. With back of the right hand rub up. Do this briskly. Then slap under chin with the back of the hands.

LUMPY HIPS CURED

My dear Sylvia:

The lumps over my hips are black and blue—or rather the places where the lumps used to be. It's marvelous to have that fat off. But now I want to know what I should do to keep them off. Will they come back?

R. T. H., Butte, Mont.

You bet they won't come back—not when you've dug and pounded at them as you have. But to play safe and keep the fat off all over, be careful of your diet—no rich foods, no heavy starches, and not too much of anything. Congratulations on your will power. Letters like yours make me feel great.

GOOD FOR WEAK ANKLES

Dear Sylvia:

My ankles are very weak and when I walk fast they turn and throw me all off balance. I wish you could give me an exercise to strengthen them.

E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

In the first place get sensible shoes for walking—with medium heels. Here's your exercise. Sit in a chair very straight with your legs out straight in front of you. Then, without bending the knee, stretch the toes down as far as possible and then forward as far as possible. You can do this twenty or thirty times a day. Whenever you're sitting reading or sewing just stick out your legs and start doing this exercise. It will be marvelous for you. Then practice walking with your feet straight ahead. Forget turning the toes out, as you were probably taught in school. It's better to walk a little pigeon-toed than to turn the toes out,

SMALL HEAD?

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My head is too small for my body. I look out of proportion and it worries me all the time.

R. T., Boston, Mass.

I know what you've been doing—listening to a lot of catty girl friends who have been telling you this. Are you sure your head is "too small for your body"? I think small, trim heads are very nice. But if you're convinced, then get your body more slim and arrange your hair so that it makes your head seem larger. But above all, trust your own judgment and don't listen to what other people tell you.

Now It's \$12,500 A Week

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

fell upon her. Didn't she realize that film fame was tricky? A year away from the public eye, and her world-wide favor might be gone! She didn't answer, but she didn't budge, either. Just sat stonily, although they knew that she knew. (Hadn't she seen John Gilbert, with whom she had been happy to do one of her first films, go in a twinkling?)

Didn't she know that with conditions what they were, it might well be impossible for any company to offer her any such sum a year later, however much it might want to?

STILL, no argument—just two bombshell statements, each more devastating than the other. She didn't know whether she'd care to make any pictures next year. And as though that weren't enough, there came the second—like unto nothing, it is safe to say, that Hollywood had ever heard before:

"How then do you know I will be worth eight thousand dollars a week to you a year from now?"

That had them all gasping—and while they gasped, the press of the world literally blazed with rumors. Garbo, as was her way, said nothing. And the doughy battlers of M-G-M, recovering from their shock, tried another tack. They felt sure that if she should want to make pictures again, their chances of getting her were best of anyone in the world. So—

They presented her with one of the most unusual offers ever made to a star. She was invited to agree that if she should ever want to make another picture, she would do so under Metro's banner—at \$12,500 a week, for every week she felt like working. Not quite that, of course; pictures begun were to be finished. But that meant nothing in this case; Garbo always had been a good trouper about her work. If, while on one picture, she wanted to make another, her salary would run during whatever time it took the studio to get ready. For the rest—

There wasn't any "rest." No strings, no conditions; just that standing offer. She could go to Sweden, stay as long as she liked; there would be no pleas, no pressure, no harassment. When, as, and if she wanted to come back, M-G-M would be ready. So would \$12,500 a week.

And that was why, after Garbo had sailed, M-G-M was within the strictest limits of truth when they answered all queries with "We don't know."

They literally didn't know; so far as they could judge, Garbo herself didn't know; nobody did. All they could cling to was the faith that if she did come back, it would be under the M-G-M banner—

WHAT happened away off in Sweden this past spring, to bring the word that thrilled the whole Metro lot—"Garbo is coming back"? It's a guess—Garbo being what she is—but the best place to lay a bet seems to be that among other factors, was the lure of playing *Queen Christina*, Sweden's great ruler. Her mother, sitting in a darkened theater in Sweden, proudly watching her little daughter Greta—poor little Greta Gustafsson, who as a child lathered faces in a Stockholm barber shop—portraying to an admiring world Sweden's great national woman hero—

However that may be, Garbo is now busy with her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the German motion picture director, hunting a house and otherwise getting established. Metro is humming with excitement—and there matters stand until the next development. And meanwhile the paymaster chalks up \$12,500 a week.



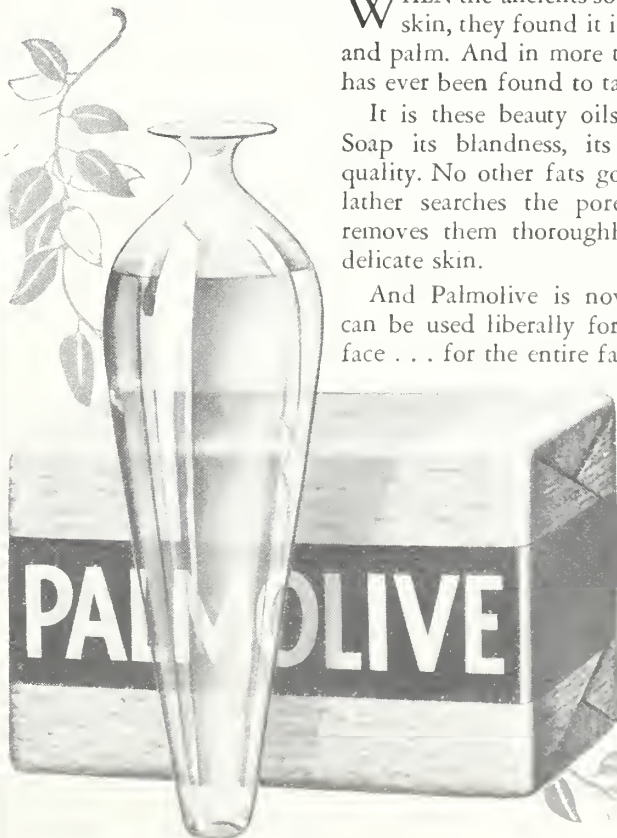
Olive oil protects the youth of your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHEN the ancients sought protection for lovely skin, they found it in the natural oils of olive and palm. And in more than 3,000 years, nothing has ever been found to take their place.

It is these beauty oils that give to Palmolive Soap its blandness, its mild, gentle cleansing quality. No other fats go into Palmolive. Its rich lather searches the pores for impurities—and removes them thoroughly but in utter safety to delicate skin.

And Palmolive is now so inexpensive that it can be used liberally for the bath as well as the face . . . for the entire family.



Follow this treatment prescribed by over 20,000 experts

Morning and evening: work a rich, thick lather of Palmolive Soap and lukewarm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse—first with warm water, then with cold. Watch how this revives and refreshes the beauty of your skin.

The vial at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]



Ernest A. Bachrach

The suave Menjou and the sophisticated Hepburn pool their charms and popularity stocks rise to dizzying heights in "The Morning Glory" in which they play opposite each other. Katharine abandons her overalls for sequins but Menjou is right at home in his old reliable "soup and fish" outfit

TRY and be patient—but you will view the Mae West legs, so far shrouded in mystery and voluminous ruffles, in her next picture, "I'm No Angel."

She goes right into a lion's cage in a Hussar's uniform, with tights and boots. And (hold everything) she does a Rhumba, in "suitable costume," whatever that is. All we can do is sit tight and try to keep from gnawing our fingernails until this opus is released.

CREDIT Conrad Camy with: "If Joe E. Brown had Jimmy Durante's nose he'd look like a tennis racquet."

HEATHER ANGEL sneezed. And the consequences!

The sneeze burst open a seam in Heather's tight fitting bodice she wears in "Berkeley Square." Two wardrobe girls, who were just ready to leave, were compelled to remain and mend the dress. The delay caused one of the girls to miss a dinner date with her young man, who in a huff at the supposed slight, up and married her blonde rival.

The other girl arrived just too late to intercept a burglar who had walked off with everything she owned.

The makeup girl who had to remain to re-dress the wig that flew off with the sneeze, ran into a police car in her hurry to make up time getting home, and landed in a police court.

The delay held up the whole cast and cost, in

round money, somewhere around \$1,276.82.

Please don't sneeze again, Heather!

DOROTHEA WIECK is unconsciously advertising Marion Davies' "Peg O' My Heart," as one sees her walking across the lot at a slight distance. In a large floppy black hat, with her Sealyham tucked under one arm, you would swear it was Marion.

FOR the first time within our memory, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe are both making a picture on the Paramount lot . . . but not the same picture. Lowe is playing opposite Wynne Gibson in "Her Bodyguard" and Lilyan is appearing in the Charlie Ruggles epic, "Mama Loves Papa." Charlie is "Papa"—but Lilyan is *not* "Mama." Mary Boland is.

PARAMOUNT can't get over it.

A fan wrote the studio a letter saying her favorite picture of the year was "The Sin of Claudette Colbert" and would they please make another like it.

They hope she means "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" which was made by M-G-M.

HE'S known in Hollywood as "Fickle Jack LaRue." He will spy lovely Peggy Hopkins Joyce and kiss her hand. Out of the corner of his eye, he'll be observing the gorgeous Adrienne Ames, and he's off for more

hand kissing, leaving an astonished Peggy flat.

And then the wandering eye will light on the blonde Shirley Grey at another table and off he's gone. Leaving Adrienne and Peggy to stare together.

No wonder they call him "Fickle Jack."

ROMANCING. Miriam Hopkins is dividing her time between Director King and Jean Negulesco. . . . Maurice Chavalier and Benita Hume dining together—a romance? . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow shopping in the ten-cent store. Looks serious! . . . Rumor reports a romance between Estelle Taylor and Russ Columbo. . . . When Abe Lyman arrived in Hollywood, Estelle was the first one he wanted to see. . . . Can it be Estelle's interest in music? . . . Glenda Farrell, gossipers say, will be led to the altar by Edwin Gelsey. . . . Alan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone have announced their engagement.

MARRIAGES. Minna Gombell was quietly married to banker Joseph Sefton. . . . Lottie Pickford and John Locke were married in Mexico without saying a word to sister Mary. . . . This is Lottie's fourth venture. . . . Her divorce from husband No. 3 doesn't become final until next December. . . . Constance Cummings cabled friends that she was recently married to playwright Ben Levy in London.



Frances Fuller, imported from the stage, brings a refreshing, unsophisticated personality to the screen in "One Sunday Afternoon," in which she plays opposite Gary Cooper. This marks Frances' screen debut, and looks as though we'll see her often

A NEW way to earn money is open to beautiful young things in Hollywood. A bicycle magnate is giving a couple of luscious little blondes ten dollars apiece every Sunday, bicycle ensembles and bicycles, just to spend the day on the highways and byways of the countryside.

Salary, etc., under the heading, "Advertising."

AFTER her success in "42nd Street," Ruby Keeler had a long letter from her mother. "I've only seen your picture seven times, Ruby," she wrote, "so I'm going with your aunt Ella tonight, your sister tomorrow night, Mrs. Evans the next night and—"

Warm support, that!

"HOLLYWOOD is ten days away from anywhere," says Constance Bennett as she announces she will quit the screen in another eighteen months and retire to the South of France.

"There it is only an over-night trip to most of the gay places of the world."

She and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, will build a home in France, she says.

"He came to Hollywood where my work was. It is only fair we should go to France to live where his people are."

THE biggest laugh Hollywood has had for a long time was the other night when Jack Oakie, master of ceremonies at a benefit performance, made a soulful, dramatic speech introducing Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Ben Turpin came on the stage instead. Ben hadn't been listening—just thought his turn was next.

DOROTHEA WIECK, the new German actress, has no superstitions except the number 13 . . . and it is her lucky number. She says every successful play in which she has appeared has opened on the 13th. Production in "Maedchen in Uniform" began on the 13th. She was recently married on that lucky date, and it was a terrible wrench to leave her husband in Berlin, where he is manager of the largest radio broadcasting station.

AND there's that rather ambiguous little remark of Dorothea Wieck's. After a press party given by the studio, someone asked Dorothea how she liked Hollywood.

"Well, I don't know yet," she said, "I've only met newspaper people so far. But it may be all right after awhile."

Or, who knows, Dorothea, it may get even "worse."

AND George Raft says Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante is the only man in the world who can smoke a cigar in the rain without getting it wet.

NOW that Sergei Eisenstein's picture, "Thunder Over Mexico," is released, we recall something a young art student who was in Mexico at the same time, told us about this extraordinary man.

When Eisenstein was in Hollywood, some time before the Mexican trip, he took a fancy to the blue and white striped overalls worn by milkmen. He bought dozens of pairs. This was his costume all the time he was in Mexico, on every occasion. He considered it in keeping with his radical and socialistic beliefs.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Greatest Improvements ever made in NAIL POLISH!

The advertisement features a central illustration of a woman's hands being polished. One hand is holding a brush to apply polish to the other. A bottle of Glazo Liquid Polish and its box are shown in the upper left. The box is labeled 'GLAZO LIQUID POLISH NATURAL'. The bottle is also labeled 'GLAZO Liquid Polish NATURAL'. A large '25c' price tag is prominently displayed on the right side of the illustration. Below the illustration, five horizontal bars list the product's features:

- 50% LONGER WEAR
- NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE
- SIX AUTHENTIC SHADES . . . COLOR CHART PACKAGE
- NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH . . . EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER
- LARGER BOTTLES AND A NEW LOW PRICE . . . 25c

Glazo, frankly, has always been a high-priced polish, designed for the smartest, most fastidious women. And exceptional quality has made it by far the most preferred nail polish of its price.

So it should delight every woman who cherishes lovely hands that Glazo today costs you even less than ordinary polishes. And still more exciting—that Glazo presents six unique improvements which simply change all old ideas of nail polishes.

A new, more lustrous lacquer, that wears 50% longer and applies more easily. Six glorious, authentic shades—and the Glazo Color Chart right on the package to guide your choice.

New metal-shaft brush, for perfect brushing control with either hand. And extra-large Polish Remover to last as long as your polish.

It's the very polish you've long hoped to find! And it's just sheer good luck that the price is now so low.

LIQUID POLISH. *Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless.* 25c.

POLISH REMOVER. *Easily removes even deepest polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c.*

CUTICLE REMOVER. *An improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c.*

TWIN KIT. *Contains both Polish and Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.*

GLAZO
The Smart MANICURE
Only 25c

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-83
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, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .
 Natural Shell Flame Geranium

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]



John Miehle

"How beautiful are thy feet in sandals," said King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba. And here's Betty Furness, a queen in her own right, wearing a new kind of beach footwear, known in Hollywood as "kaks"

A NICE sweet little dumb-dora met Gary Cooper on the set, and was doing her best to interest him in a conversation.

"I've seen every one of your pictures except 'The Virginian,'" exclaimed the blue-eyed babe. "Just why did they call you the Virginian?"

"Why, uh," explained Gary, logically, "because I come from Montana!"

BY mistake Helen Morgan was accused of trying to smuggle \$2,000 worth of French lingerie through the customs without paying duty. "Hmmm, that's funny," Helen commented when confronted with the lingerie addressed to her, "because I never wear underwear."

THEY were discussing a certain lady who has been married several times and Al Scott, Colleen Moore's husband, said he thought she should be given a medal for bravery.

"Why that?" inquired Gloria Swanson. "I think she should be stuffed."

And Gloria herself has been married FOUR times.

RUBY KEELER has never seen a rush of herself. Every night, after the day's shooting, every actor in the picture makes one grand leap for the projection room to look over the scenes taken on the previous day. Not Ruby. She is too afraid of seeing a bad one and having it influence her future work in the picture. She goes only to the preview.

BABY LEROY is back home in Altadena, catching up with his sun-bathing, after a triumphant interval as a movie actor in Hollywood. His mother took him to the studio on a visit the other day—and all production automatically ceased, while everybody down to the last hard-boiled prop man made strange sounds.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is getting very scotchy these days since she has established a trust fund for the baby. Now she has moved into a cheaper apartment.

ACCUSED of being primly English, Miriam Jordan bobbed her hair, had a permanent wave, and changed her name to Mimi. Jolly well gone Hollywood, what?

MR. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy were on that long planned vacation in the Yosemite Valley. Mrs. Tracy was feeding the bears peanuts while Spencer snapped her picture.

"Hold it," Spencer yelled and the bear took him literally. He grabbed Mrs. Tracy by the arm and "held it." She was bitten so badly

they were forced to return to Hollywood after one hour in the park.

A FRIEND of Jimmy Cagney's who has two youngsters had promised them a trip to the zoo. Thinking Cagney might be amused, he called him and said, "Would you like me to take you to the zoo?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Cagney, "if they want me, let them come after me."

KATHARINE HEPBURN was coming back to Hollywood on the train and the conductor entered her compartment at San Francisco to check on her ticket and baggage.

"Name?" he asked.

"Hepburn," she answered.

"Hebbard?" he wanted to know.

"How do you spell it?" he asked.

"What's the first name?" he wanted to know next.

"Just make it K., Mister, and forget it."

So the conductor very neatly wrote the information out and handed her the slip. It read "Kay Heppurn."

THE Fredric Marches were in the market for a new cook. Florence handed Freddie a handful of letters, remarking, "Here are some references to look over."

"References!" Freddie snorted.

"Get them to submit samples!"



Richard Ralston Arlen—you'd guess by his name this newly arrived youngster was the son of Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston and you'd be right. For this new movie celebrity boasts a composite of the names his Dad and Mom made known everywhere. He knows how to pose, too

FIVE times they had shot the same scene in "Hold Your Man" and each time the director was dissatisfied. "Something wrong with the way that bit player says those lines," Sam Wood, the director, fumed. "And she was fine yesterday. Hate to stop production now and hunt some one else."

Timidly the little bit player approached the director. "Mr. Wood," she said, "I think I could do better if I could take out my chewing gum."

"My gawd," he screamed, "have you chewing gum in your mouth? Why don't you throw it out?"

"Well, I was afraid someone would step on it in here," she said, "and I was afraid to take time to run outside and throw it away. I was afraid someone else might get my lines."

So time was taken out while a nervous little girl parked her gum.

NILS ASTHER'S Great Dane, frightened at the rough appearance of Wally Beery in his "Tugboat Annie" make-up, decided to take a nip at Beery. Nils tied the dog in his dressing room. The dog took another nip at the night watchman.

Now all dogs in the future are banned from the M-G-M lot. But Alice Brady swears that unless her four dogs are allowed to remain in her dressing room on the lot, she'll never make another scene in her picture. Just dog nip!

THE second generation of male Moores is with us. John Thomas Moore, Jr., is the name of the latest Moore, born May 10th at the Santa Monica Hospital.

Eleanor Merry, of the stage, is his mother. His father is Tom Moore, the smilingest of the "Smilin' Moores."

Owen and Matt are his uncles.

"And he's a fine boy," declares his Grandmother Merry, "just the very image of his father!"

JACK OAKIE took his mother to San Francisco with him on that benefit performance trip. He was being paged all one day by newspaper people who wanted an interview—but no Oakie. Seems Jack and mama were out riding up and down the hills in cable cars, and had a perfectly grand time.

GEORGE KAUFMAN, the playwright, was attending a revival of one of his plays.

The company was bad. The leading man was bad. The whole thing was bad.

At the end of the second act, Kaufman could stand it no longer.

He rushed out and sent the leading man a telegram which read:

"Am sitting in the back row. Wish you were here."

EXTRA! EXTRA! Mae West has actually invested in a pair of slacks and wears them to the studio!

After holding out in utter horror, La West admits they are the most comfortable informal attire she has ever worn, but adds she will make a handsome present to anyone who ever finds her gallivanting down Hollywood Boulevard in a pair of the darn things.

CREDIT Dolores Del Rio with something new in the way of dog kennels.

She has had a house built for Mike, her bull dog, that matches the architecture of her own home.



Clothes washed this way last much longer
...you save lots of money!

WHY scrub clothes these sweltering days—why boil them and fill up the kitchen with steam? *Keep comfortable—keep cool!* Just *soak* the clothes in creamy Rinso suds, and they'll come 4 or 5 shades whiter—safely.

In fact, clothes washed the gentle, "scrubless" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money! Your colored clothes will stay bright and fresh. You'll save your strength—save your hands, too.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—makers of 40 famous washers—recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning.

*It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
— white or colors*



The biggest-selling package soap in America

He Can't Even Feed A Friend

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

See



HOW
MUCH MORE
ALLURING
YOUR EYES
could BE
WITH
MAYBELLINE

Like magic, your lashes can be made to appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant . . . a rich, dense fringe that will instantly transform your eyes into bewitching pools of loveliness. Brilliant! Fascinating! Exciting! Truly, this added enchantment will give you a great advantage over women who have not yet learned the Maybelline secret. But, you must use the genuine New Maybelline . . . because this mascara is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless, beneficial to your lashes and delightfully easy to use. Obtainable at all leading Drug and Department Stores. Black or Brown, 75c.

Maybelline



EYELASH
DARKENER
The PERFECT
MASCARA

it on himself—wherein we begin to glimpse the reasons for his present status.

His home was not only modest; it was almost *immodest*, as Hollywood looks at homes. Eight rooms, including baths. No swimming pool; no tennis court. One couple for servants. A frankly-old roadster.

CAGNEY'S trouble lay in his generosity. Anyone who could reach him to make a touch, came away with something in his hand. Broadway had known him as an easy-mark; Broadway had moved to Hollywood. So Cagney turned to his managers for self-protection.

And started something that led directly to the existing situation.

At that time his managers made him a weekly spending allowance. He was not supposed to give away one cent above what he could spare from it.

At once that led to trouble—plenty of it. They could—and did—refuse to hand out more money—but they couldn't very well refuse to make good checks which Jimmy had no legal right to draw. The publicity would be bad for Jimmy.

"You're absolutely right," Jimmy always confessed. "I had no right to draw that check. I don't blame you a bit. I hired you to protect me. I'll promise—"

Then he might go right out and draw another for some new hard-story teller.

FINALLY, they reached an agreement. Jimmy was to stop giving away money. Even his allowance. He was to inform everyone who claimed to be hungry that they could get a meal at The Pig and Whistle on Hollywood boulevard and charge it to James Cagney. The managers made *carte blanche* arrangements with the restaurant.

Immediately Jimmy discovered a side of human nature during that month which his managers, wife and friends had been trying to tell him all along. When the askers couldn't get cash, only *two* took advantage of that meal arrangement during the first month.

Jimmy didn't like that. He'd rather have spent the money to keep from knowing.

But conditions changed as the depression deepened. Now those free meal bills are run-

ning so high that the managers are threatening a limit. The last row was about that. Jimmy agreed, again, that the managers were right, but he held out against the limit. Jimmy's been hungry, himself, you see—

So there's no telling how the arrangement will wind up. But if the past means anything, Jimmy at least will manage to continue feeding all and sundry. At least, that was my impression, gathered when I asked him about all this halo business. My leading question had been in substance, how long can it last?

"It *should* last forever. My contract does. At least, four years seems forever. But I never know how much a thing irks me until I blow up. Then, when the explosion comes, I know it's been getting on my nerves!"

That sounds like the day in 1920 when, just out of school, he slapped on his derby hat, stuck a copy of "Jean Christophe" under his arm and went to work as a clerk scanning the windows of the curb market—reporting stock sales; checking orders, etc.

A call for a quotation came in. He laid down "Jean Christophe"; dispatched a boy into the street to get the quotation; picked up "Christophe" . . . Ten minutes passed. The boy had not returned.

"I decided he'd disappeared into a crap game or cellar. The bosses kept calling. Each one was a man just above the man who had called the moment before. Finally, the big-gun himself came to the phone. And, without warning, I found myself telling him exactly what he could do with his job—and went out with my derby and 'Christophe.' Incidentally, I was dead broke."

OR a later incident, closer to the stage: "I had been broke and without a job for a long time. I *had to work*. I took a job as property man in the theater. They gave me a call for 7:30 P.M., so I would get things ready before the actors arrived. I am always late. That is just a part of me. I arrived at twenty minutes to eight.

"The stage manager, who was English, met me when I came in. I said I was sorry but he became abusive. Again, I found myself telling him exactly what I had told the head bawler-



Noah used to be the big shot until brother Wally Beery scored so triumphantly Noah's movie villaining became blurred. Over the luncheon table at the Brown Derby Wally admits there's a lion and a mouse in almost every family but insists you can never tell which will be which in film business

out on the stock job. Again, I had no money and no job."

Then came the day, six years ago, when he was chosen to play a rôle in England which Lee Tracy had played in this country. All through the rehearsals there were difficulties because Jimmy did not look and act exactly as had Lee Tracy.

"I couldn't and I wouldn't imitate." Jimmy does not lower his eyes when he makes this statement!

He wanted to tell the producers what he had told the stock and stage managers.

Only, there was good money involved. He'd wait—

THE night before the boat sailed for London, he was fired.

The producers expected him to take a small cash settlement and forget it. "There was one, long, continual, drawn-out blow-up. We had another act every night—until they got tired. I collected salary for seven months; the run of the show."

So this battle with Warner Bros. was not his initial fight to secure the money he thought he deserved. He had been good before—

"Just what did you mean, Jimmy, when you said, 'My halo *should* last indefinitely?'"

He looked at me; he looked around the Warner Bros. commissary. There were no members of the Academy hiding in corners. "Well, if a halo rests easily on your head for the time being, you'd be a fool not to wear one, wouldn't you? And then, again, I'm told it's becoming! If it slips to a rakish angle now and then—

"Do you think anyone ever really takes advice? Your judgment is influenced only when the advice is in pretty strict accordance with your own ideas, isn't it?"

"They talk about politics. But perhaps the best politics is letting people think you are taking their advice!"

I looked at him a long moment. I had been told that Jimmy was straining at the bit. I asked him about it.

"Can't tell until I blow up. But if it wouldn't be good common sense to blow up right now—"

I tried another tack.

"Have you given up all desires, then, to become a doctor?"

Jimmy laughed. A good, loud, infectious laugh. "Never had any. Say, I have two brothers who are doctors. I've seen enough of their hard work so I wouldn't touch it. Their lives are never their own."

"But you told the producers—"

"I had to tell them something, didn't I? I've always reacted to the need of the moment. I sort of needed another profession. My brothers being doctors, it looked sensible—

"Say, I've never acted on anyone's advice—ah, before. It's always been a response to the need of the moment. If the need is a doctor or a halo—"

This time, I laughed. That—"ah, before" had been such an obvious after-thought. And suddenly I realized that we have all misunderstood this beloved, inimitable Cagney person. We'd agreed, in Hollywood, that he'd changed his entire nature for money. He'd sunk his own personality into the background because he was greedy.

HOLLYWOOD is wrong again. Laughingly, tragically wrong. Jimmy Cagney's halo will last just as long as he wants it to. Not a moment longer. And it was placed over his head just as he willed it to be. He set the date with newspaper men; he used his brothers' profession.

He promised to be a good little boy because he wanted to be a good little boy. He called up the Academy about the cut—but he had already written saying he would take it!

"I have always responded to the need of the moment."

He always will! Whoever heard of an Irishman who is not a true politician?



**A SANDWICH
TO YOU—BUT A
stain
TO YOUR TEETH!**

7 kinds of stains discolor teeth— COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN!

PERHAPS, like many women, you have noticed that sometimes your teeth remain dull—cloudy . . . even after brushing.

Here's why! The things you eat and drink leave *seven kinds* of stains on teeth. And *all* are a menace to the beauty of teeth unless removed daily.

Two cleaning actions needed

Most toothpastes have only one way of attacking *all* stains. But all stains will not yield to *any one* way.

Some stains can be removed by *emulsive* action. Others respond only to *polishing* action.

Colgate's does a *complete* job because it gives you both actions. As you brush it

over your teeth it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away.

The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists recommend—completes the job of removing the stains; leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—lustrous!

Notice the difference!

Stop trying to get your teeth clean with a toothpaste that does only *half* the job. Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Notice how much cleaner it gets your teeth—what a difference it makes in your appearance. The large-size tube is only 25c.



For beautiful, stain-free teeth—
use Colgate's after every meal.
See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

- Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Minerals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

Jack LaRue's Big Secret

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

which I had provided I completely forgot that I was holding her to bring entertainment to others."

While he struggled for strength to leave the troupe, he walked the streets of New York, arguing with himself. Should he lose those brief moments which seemed, then, all that made life worth living? He had no other job. It might mean months of privation, even near-starvation, to renounce the monies which his moments of ecstasy brought him.

The troupe left New York without him. For six months, Jack LaRue did nothing. Managers could not be expected to understand why an actor should renounce a good part in a money-making show in the middle of its engagement. And Jack did not talk.

A half dozen men followed in the rôle of the Spanish lover. One after another, they fell from the show. Not one could give the zest, the realism, which Jack LaRue had given. Mae and her famous manager, Timony, were in despair seeking another young man to make love as Jack LaRue had done.

OF course, Mae knew. What woman wouldn't? For the first time, she must have realized that a young man in love can play a scene with the woman loved better than the best trained professional actor.

Manager Timony went to New York. He sought Jack. He offered him back his job at a large increase in salary. Jack needed that money.

Yet, he refused. Either acceptance or rejection meant misery. But the misery of privation in money was less potent and less subtle than the misery of privation in love.

It was on the night after Timony had returned to "Diamond Lil" with Jack's refusal, that Jack really wondered whether life was worth living, and whether—

What might have come of that had circumstances been different, as he walked the streets wrestling with his problem, no one—not even Jack—will ever know. Perhaps life, in itself, was asserting its instinctive demand to be preserved more strongly than his torn emotions allowed him to sense. Perhaps it was, as he thought, that the convenient, clinching suggestion of a ready means of death was not at hand.

That night he had no gun. No poison. No extra dose of veronal. Of course, there was the river. But the river was so ordinary; so colorless. Remember, Jack LaRue had been an actor for ten years. If there was to be an exit, it had to be a *good* one, a sensation. So all the elements needed to complete such a

tragedy did not click together to bring decisive action.

So, morning came from behind the skyscrapers with Jack still walking the streets of New York, as so many young men in love and out of work have walked them for generations. And with the dawn came hunger. A postponement! During that day he would decide.

So often postponement means a change of mind. With the return of the sun—Jack has never decided how much he owes the fair weather that embraced New York on that day—came a stir of ambition. Just one more visit to a manager. If he could find work—

And that day, Jack was cast in "Fiesta."

If this were a fiction story we would tell, of course, how Jack recovered to find the inevitable sweet little girl waiting to heal his wounded heart and darn his pavement-worn stockings. But this is life. Jack LaRue did not recover. He has not yet forgotten.

Less than three years after the night when he thought of suicide because of love for Mae West, he found himself working on the same motion picture lot with her. He and Mae signed contracts with the same company!

Mae was to make "Diamond Lil," the play which for a year and a half had brought him fifteen minutes of his greatest happiness and twenty-three hours and forty-five moments of his greatest hell.

When they first met on the Paramount lot, Jack was not yet under contract. He was playing a comparatively inconsequential rôle in Helen Hayes' and Gary Cooper's "A Farewell to Arms." He was far from fame and stardom. In fact he was searching for the one rôle which would make the thousands of picture-goers remember him as an *individual*, rather than overlook him as an adequate background for better-known players.

"Diamond Lil!" If he could only play that fifteen minutes which he had lived on the stage! The rôle in which he knew he could make the public remember!

That is the way he explained to Ruth Collier, his manager, his desire for a comparatively small rôle in Mae's first big picture.

He did not need to explain to himself. His heart was already pounding its throbbing reason to him. "If I can only hold her in my arms again. What does anything else matter. *Just once*, even for a motion picture."

He fought for that rôle with the energy which love, rather than ambition, gave him. Yet he lost. His failure was due neither to himself nor to Mae. Mae's name was new, too, in pictures. Paramount officials intended to surround her new name with actors

whose fame was already built. Gilbert Roland had been known as a picture player for years. He was chosen for the fifteen minutes for which Jack LaRue had almost given his life some years previously. But this time Jack did not walk the streets trying to decide upon a weapon. Love always varies in its reactions—even upon the same person.

"I pounded the streets before. I pounded on executive doors this time. I was determined to make my name big enough so I could play with Mae West!"

And therein lies the secret of why Jack was willing to play the hard-boiled, sinister lead in "The Story of Temple Drake," which George Raft had refused. If that part would make his name remembered; if it would make picture-goers conscious of his existence, then *maybe* he would be cast in the next Mae West production.

HE is trying to secure a rôle now in "I'm No Angel." As this is written, no decision has been made. "But if I don't get in this one, I'll get in another."

"I was a sap to hunt for weapons that night. I was a fool to act like a love-sick calf. But I guess we're all calves when we first get hit like that. Love is a bombshell and no soldier thinks clearly when a bomb knocks him coo-coo."

"I don't know what it is about Mae. It isn't only her voluptuousness; not only those soft, warm lips that make you want to keep right on kissing them. It's her straightforwardness. Her punches are always clean. You have a sort of a sporting admiration for her while you are dying to grab her in your arms. Mae West is the only woman whom I've known *exactly how to handle on the stage*. You don't have to act. You know just how to put your arm around her; just how to hold her."

"Oh, gosh, I've been running around talking like a press-agent for Mae West for four years now. I even knocked a guy down in a night club when I thought he was laughing at her. Anyway, working on the same lot gives pictures an added thrill. I always think when I walk around a corner that I may run into her. I never know when I *may* be cast in her new picture. I will, some day. You wait and see. I probably wouldn't have been under contract even, if it hadn't been for Mae. I tell you, not getting that part in 'Diamond Lil,' the one I *created*—nearly broke my heart. But it *made* me get something—"

"My God, of course you can say I love her. It's the truth. And the truth can't hurt anyone, can it?"

Ronald's Painted Mustache

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

as he listened were both emotionally adequate and intelligent.

"Now I'm sure of it," King remarked when he had finished. "I'm certain you can play that part."

Again the young Englishman shrugged his shoulders. "On the stage perhaps," he smiled. "On the screen, I'm afraid not."

"Just the same," King insisted, "I'd like to make a test anyway, if you don't mind. I'd do it now if only for my own satisfaction."

Colman nodded. But King could readily see Colman agreed only to gratify him—that the young actor was sure it was only a waste of time.

"Very well," he said, "if you are willing to

waste both your time and your money to satisfy yourself that I won't do, I suppose I should be willing to give you the time. However, I'd like to emphasize again the fact that I know it will be useless—you see, I've seen myself on the screen."

"We'll let it go at that then," said King, "for the time being."

The next day the two met at Jim Abbey's photographic studio—King had no studio in New York where he could make the test. So he put Ronald's make-up on for him while an antiquated news-reel camera was being set up. He directed the young actor in a few scenes and then breathlessly awaited the next day when they should be developed and

screened. Colman was seated beside him when the film was run off.

"What did I tell you?" the actor turned to the director and said as the lights came up in the projection room. "I hope you're not too disappointed. I'm not, you see, because I knew it was hopeless all the time."

King sat staring at Ronnie's features for a long time without answering. Suddenly a light leaped into his eyes.

"I'm not convinced even yet that I am mistaken," he said stubbornly. "The personality is there—I can feel it." He paused. "Tell me," he asked, "would you mind if I plastered down that bushy hair of yours and made another test?"

Again protesting that it would be useless, Ronald nevertheless acquiesced. King sent out to a nearby drugstore for a bottle of hair oil, and with it thoroughly doused Colman's scalp. Then he combed the hair straight back from his forehead, and, as an afterthought, borrowed an eyebrow pencil from the stenographer in the next room and drew in a mustache on Colman's upper lip.

The actor, looking on in a mirror as King did as he brushed and pencilled, "and I'm going to get it on the screen somehow."

"It's very good of you to take so much trouble," his eyes seemed to say, "but I'm afraid you simply can't make a screen actor of me."

"I know it's there," King thought to himself as he brushed and pencilled, "and I'm going to get it on the screen somehow."

WHEN the make-up was finished King again placed Colman before the same antiquated camera, and this time directed him even more carefully than before.

When the second test was ready for the projection room, King took not only Colman to see it, but Lillian Gish as well.

The rest is cinema history, for all the world now knows what the three of them saw on the screen that day. It was not the hair-oil and the little pencilled mustache which made Colman, of course; these, as King explains, were merely touches to heighten the screen personality he saw on the stage that night.

"When I first saw the man," he said, "I knew he had what I wanted—what the world wanted. When I saw that first test, I knew that the bushy hair which he wore then and his clean shaven face made his head photograph too long. All I did was plaster down the hair and pencil in the mustache to shorten the camera features—the rest, everything that has made Ronald what he is on the screen, is Colman himself."



Wide World

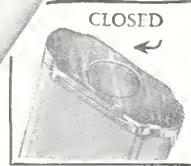
Mary Pickford is an enthusiastic follower of the bicycle fad and her costume is both cool and practical. Two-wheelers have become so popular in Hollywood that rent-a-bike stations have been opened near the studios and all the stars are pedalling

A Remarkable Offer!



for **EVERY**
WOMAN'S PURSE

OPEN



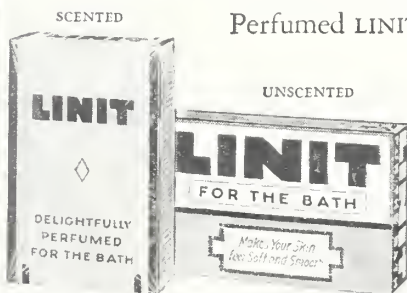
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Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

- Black
- Brown
- Red
- Blue
- Green
- Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Meet Joan's Best Friend

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

Her position there humiliated her. She was desperately unhappy. She tried to hide it. She danced—tirelessly.

She danced with university students at all their parties—always in borrowed clothes.

She danced into the kitchen with trays full of dishes—antagonized the stewardess.

She danced into her clothes as she dressed for class.

ONE of her school chums told me when she saw the opening shot of "Our Dancing Daughters" that she would have known it was Billie if the picture had ended there. She had seen her do that dozens of times.

She broke every rule—she laughed at discipline.

She was broke most of the time—she laughed it off.

No one knew how hard up she really was. No one except Mr. Lake, the watchman.

When she was entirely insolvent, Mr. Lake seemed to sense it and would slip a dollar in her pocket. She kept an account of those loans—twelve dollars in all. As soon as she arrived in Hollywood she sent him a check for fifteen dollars. The last time I saw him he had the check—still uncashed—a cherished possession.

She put up a brave front. But underneath, Joan was unhappy.

NO one knew that. No one except President Wood. He had known it for weeks, but he was afraid she would be even less happy elsewhere.

One day the college steward passed the Wabash station, saw her getting on the train

and asked what the trouble was. Billie, by that time in tears, said, "I can't stand it any longer. I've got to go home!" The steward asked her to come back and talk to the President.

She refused. "No. I don't want him to know anything about it. I've disappointed him. I don't want him to persuade me to stay." Then, with tears and protests, she went back.

She told President Wood that she was completely licked—that she had thought her pride would help her over the rough spots, but the whole thing was too much for her.

He didn't propound the advantages of higher education. He told her, with that warm understanding of which he is capable, that it was a question for her to decide—that his only concern was for her success and happiness. The one promise he exacted from her was that no matter what happened, she always would keep in touch with him.

HE told me afterwards that it was with serious misgivings he saw her leave his office that afternoon—a little sixteen-year-old girl—highly artistic in temperament—tragically sensitive.

He said, "With the right breaks after leaving here, I knew she would come through with flying colors. If the winds were too bitter, I did not know what might happen."

The winds were bitter—the sea was rough. You know the story of her hard work and harder luck—her hard won but mediocre successes in Chicago and New York. Her advent to Hollywood—months and months and months of harsh publicity—the play girl—the

home-wrecker—heart-breaker—life of the party!

Dr. Wood read all this. He had seen her only once after she left school—that was for a brief visit on a trip back to Kansas City. He knew the struggle Joan was having—knew, because he had seen in her a deep and fine intelligence, a sensitive and artistic temperament, a fund of talents, and with it all an eager zest for life.

A BUSINESS trip took him to the Coast and he was determined to see her.

She had dinner with him at the Biltmore Hotel.

During the course of the dinner she asked, "Am I still your Billie?"

His reply was, "Yes and no. There is an even more apparent surface happiness. But there is an expression I don't like—a kind of cynicism, Billie. Why?"

She knew the answer, even in those dancing days when she was apparently getting all she wanted from life.

"Daddy Wood, we live such a life of sham that life itself gets to be like a dream. You are the only one, among the thousands who shout my praises, who is an honest-to-goodness friend, who would stand by me through all kinds of weather."

THEY talked of life and love and friendship, marriage and education and world affairs—Joan and this man of learning.

They still do.

She often writes to tell him what she is reading—what she is thinking.

When Joan saw President Wood again she



"Gazing at Gable" is a highly popular pastime in most circles—and here's Sam Wood indulging in it, while Clark does some hot stuff with Jean Harlow for "Hold Your Man." Well, Jean isn't so tepid herself—so Sam ought to be satisfied

was in the throes of that engagement to Michael Cudahy—the engagement the newspapers pounced upon with such gusto.

Joan told him all those feelings she couldn't express to anyone else—didn't dare voice. She argued the thing pro and con—thinking aloud with an understanding listener.

He didn't advise. He knew that once Joan had put those thoughts into words she was on solid ground. She wasn't in love with Mike Cudahy—knew she wasn't. Knew he wasn't in love with her—not the kind of love she wanted.

Knew he wouldn't have noticed her if she hadn't been the much publicized celebrity—the dancing, laughing, untiring companion for many, many evenings at the Grove.

PRESIDENT WOOD could have told the newspapers there would be no Crawford-Cudahy nuptials, long before the news broke.

When they were together again after several months, President Wood saw a change. He asked the reason.

Joan said simply, "I had dinner with you on the 9th of October. Just two weeks later I found the friend for whom I was looking. On the 23rd of October I met Dodo for the first time!"

Dr. Wood told me he had never before seen this girl whom he knew so well as happy as she was at that moment. That was recommendation enough. Doug and the college president were to be friends. And thus was formed one of Hollywood's unknown triangles—a man of fifty years of wisdom and experience and a boy and a girl equally ardent in their esteem for him.

That night at the theater, we were in Doug's dressing-room showering praises upon the young Fairbanks for his performance. It was the opening night of "The Youngest." Joan turned to me and said, "Is there anything in life better than being proud of someone you love?"

THEN to the gray-haired man she said, "Daddy Wood, my life's ambition is to make you proud of me." To which he smiled an answer that said more honestly than words that he was!

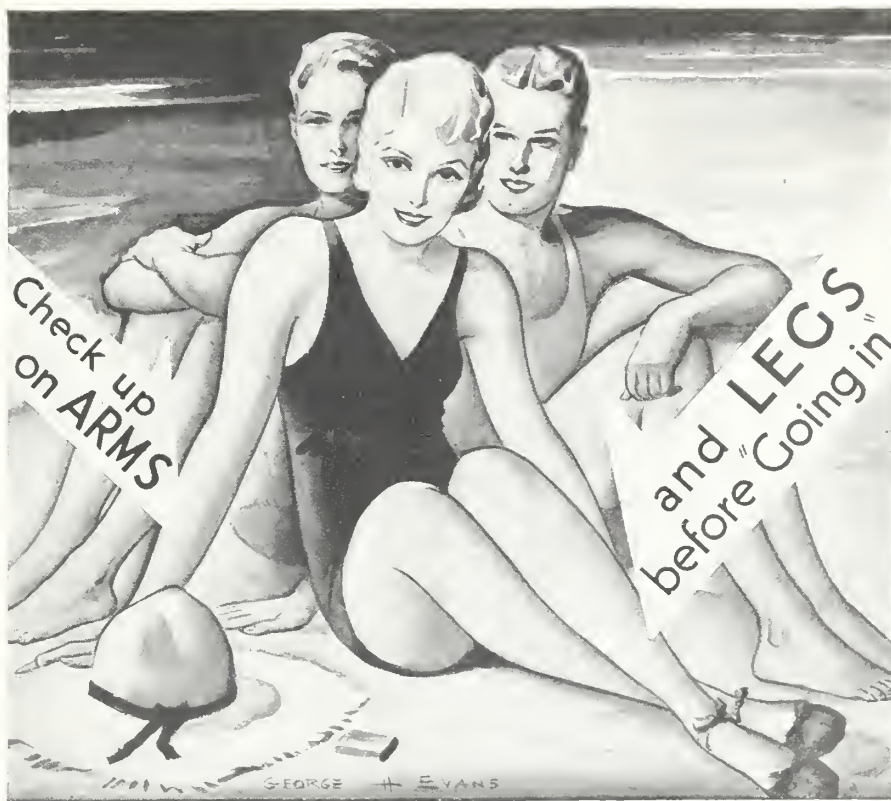
I want Joan Crawford to be sure of that! I want her to know that he said to me, not many days ago:

"I am proud of her achievements. I am even more proud of her as a person, for her success is not to be measured in terms of box-office receipts. These are but tributes to her greatness as an artist and a woman. I am proud to be her friend."

Heart Throb

My work has always been along the literary lines; and I have found it to be a most entertaining, interesting form of occupation. I have met up with people much to my liking, it has helped me to understand human nature and given me an insight into life generally. An accident bereft me of my sight, and although there are times when I am deeply depressed, I force myself to realize that in spite of all, I have the keen memories of days and times which will always be mine. Thanks to all this, the loss of sight no longer overcomes me. The "Brickbats and Bouquets" are alive in my heart and the characters and various surrounding episodes they reveal never can be taken from me.

Mrs. Charlotte H. Twombly,
Laconia, N. H.



EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET - - - MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!

WET your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES, sheer stockings, or going barelegged—

take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

MARCHAND'S FAMOUS BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nation-wide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to impart youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

To get the desired results, be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells—

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Name
Address
City

"All Women Are Sirens At Heart"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

because I try to avoid the obvious in type. I never cast a typical vampire for a vampire rôle. There is no great excitement in seeing that sort of woman preparing her net for a man. One anticipates every move before she makes it. But there is a thrill in seeing a lady of refined background and culture lose herself in the game of love.

"Perhaps also I get good results from my players because I do not start a picture until I know every character in the story as intimately as if they had been friends of mine in the flesh. Consequently, there is no indecision in characterization after we get going."

"I want to know your purely personal impressions of the lovely ladies you've directed," I pleaded. "There come to mind Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Florence Vidor, Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins."

"Thoughts of Pola are saddening," he mused. "She should be at the summit of her career today. She is not old, some years under forty, which is young for an emotional actress. And Pola has almost limitless emotional depths.

"At the beginning of her career, her work was her passion. Everything and everybody were subservient to it. I have never known anyone so tireless and conscientious about her work as Pola was in those early days. Her ambition consumed her.

"But when success and world adulation were hers, Pola could not control herself. She could not hold her own emotions in check. She allowed that great caldron of suppressed desire to overflow, spread itself, and be wasted in a dozen different directions.

"POLA should never have married. She is one person whose nature is absolutely true to her physical type. She is brunette all through. There is something of the savage in her. Perhaps primitive would be a better word. Refined, of course, through education and associations, but dangerous when not under leash.

"Of course, one can never say when a great actress' career is over. There's no time limit for those things if the will is strong enough.

"If Pola can conquer herself, she might again conquer the public."

"And Mary?" I queried.

He shifted his cigar and was thoughtful for a moment.

"Mary Pickford is something more than a great actress. She is a great person. My first

American picture, 'Rosita,' was made with her. That was eleven years ago. My English was very poor then. Her kindness and coöperation made working with her a joy.

"Mary is trembling before what someone has called, the altar of time. Yet she is not old. It is only because the world insists that Mary shall always be a child. It seems to me that the public has always expected more of Mary Pickford than any other screen actress. It's because she represents an idealism never to be associated with any of the newer actresses.

"She is a great comédienne. She has what Marie Dressler has as an older woman—comedy touched with pathos. Mary possesses indomitable courage and pluck.

"FINANCIAL insecurity gave her a great driving force in earlier life. Perhaps a hunger for further artistic development at this period of her life may carry her to greater things.

"But in any event, somewhere in the corridors of time, Mary Pickford's flame will still flare on."

"What do you consider a woman's greatest asset?" I suddenly asked him.

"Charm," he answered without waiting a split second. "Charm is the most important thing in the world to a woman. It is a composite quality, impossible to analyze. It takes a little part of so many things to produce charm.

"Florence Vidor has it to a large degree. She is the essence of refinement. Under the right circumstances, her type might defy the rules of chastity, but never the rules of decorum.

"She has a very sensitive, intelligent mind. There is constant conflict between thought and emotion with her. At times, it may have retarded her professional career, but it produced an intensely fascinating woman.

"Florence is what I call a brunette with a blonde soul. Marriage and motherhood have been good for her. Should she ever return to the screen, you would see a deeper, more highly versatile actress, with fire and emotional intensity."

"You know, of course," I reminded him, "that the public gives you full credit for having developed both Jeanette MacDonald and Miriam Hopkins?"

"It has been fun working with them," he answered. "They are both very interesting personalities, and totally different.

"When Jeanette first worked for me in 'The Love Parade' she was still an ingénue. I mean by that, an ingénue at heart, within her own soul. She was very, very pretty and knew it. Her beauty and voice had given her some success on the stage, but she was undeveloped within.

"She did not make you feel.

"In sophisticated comedy today, she has few equals. And Jeanette is still improving herself. She will go on. How far, depends on how long her ambition remains at the pitch it is today.

"There is a very level head underneath that red gold hair, and a sense of humor not often found in beautiful women."

The Maestro got up to take a turn around the room. He's a restless fellow. The big cigar was being replaced by a fresh one. I bolted headlong into the subject of "Design for Living" and the fact that Miriam Hopkins was to play the lead in it. As the Noel Coward play stands now, she seems unsuited to the part.

He grinned at me again. "Are you rabid on the subject of the Coward play? I find nearly everyone goes to extremes about it. They either think it is the very best, or the very worst play, they've seen. I hope your heart will not be broken to know that we are completely re-writing it. Had to, of course, for the screen. Miriam Hopkins will be ideal for the girl who loves two men very, very much as we are developing it.

"MIRIAM is a very complex personality, and fascinating because of it. She is that most unusual combination, a blonde with an earthly quality not suggested by her physical make-up.

"Her type is an irresistible siren. Her almost baby face gives no hint of the tigerish possibilities of her emotions. If she cared enough, she could be all things to a man, a wife, companion and mistress, but Miriam will seldom care enough.

"She is a self-sufficient person in many ways, loving her books, loving her solitude. There's nothing spurious about any part that she plays. She's capable of feeling every scene she does.

"Well, here's to them, and the many other lovely ladies I've directed," he said.

We drained glasses of *Herr* Lubitsch's favorite Pilsner. Life, love and lager! Great combination—

The Miracle of Louise Fazenda's Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

There were cozy little beds for the children of these families, nurseries fixed up with cute trimmings, rattles and drums and kites. One of the American ladies gave little Louise a doll one day when she'd delivered the groceries. And Louise has that doll to this day.

At the time, with her Latin predisposition to affection, Louise would walk hours, happily pushing a baby buggy up and down the old crooked streets with her charge, being as attentive a little-girl-mama as any of the older women who'd reared anywhere from thirteen to twenty children.

She would be happy, too, minding the neighbors' children. And many a fashionable young business man today in Los Angeles can recall the terrible orgy of ear-swabbing and nose-wiping which Louise Fazenda considered her maternal duty when as a child she would

be set to mind a brood of neighborhood kids while their mothers went shopping.

Louise looked forward eagerly to the time when she would be all grown up and her Prince Charming would come riding into her life. Then, she could have a house full of children, little pals to keep her company, to come running to her with their troubles and their little joys, noisy youngsters to whose mother their playtime was music no matter how nerve-wracking the din.

WHEN Louise was fourteen, she got a job in a candy factory. She told her mother it paid more than office work. But in reality she wanted to be able to bring home boxes of licorice drops, all-day suckers, chocolate strings—and watch the faces of poor children light up with joy when she handed out the goodies.

That's the way Louise Fazenda has always been.

It was the bitterest moment of her life when, years later, a physician told her gently one day that motherhood would probably never be for her. Louise had been playing an especially rough scene in one of her inimitable comedies when a studio funster pulled a chair from beneath her just as she was about to sit down. Down she went. And for the count.

She was carried from the studio, agonized with pain. There was a brief recuperation, then she went back to her clowning. She typified the pathos of the world twisted into a grimace.

But behind the hilarious gaiety of her mirth-provoking pictures, there was always secreted the proverbial sadness of most clowns. Louise had married young. She was Mrs. Noel Smith

at the time. And a few years later, Louise Fazenda was divorced—she brought the suit against her husband to give him back his freedom. They never had any children.

THE little ugly duckling of Mexican town had grown up to be quite a beauty. For Louise is an entirely different personality off-screen in looks and mannerisms than she is when doing her stuff before the camera. She is chic, hazel-eyed, brown haired, and wears the most fashionable clothes as only Hollywood can turn them out.

But there was always that terrific longing for a baby. Louise would pick up little children in the streets, hug them to her a moment, then set them down and walk quickly away. Always there was a tear in her eye, ready to trickle down her cheek if anyone remarked how much she loved children. She wanted a baby. She wanted just a mite of humanity to cuddle; just a little bit of loveliness out of the nowhere into the here, as the immortal poem goes.

Then came Hal Wallis into her life. Hal was a publicity man with Warners when Louise first met him. They fell in love on sight; one of those silent, wordless love affairs because words were inadequate to express the depth of emotion they felt for each other.

When Hal and Louise were married over five years ago, all Hollywood turned out for the occasion. Louise is very popular. And Hal was her man; the man she'd chosen for her husband. So everyone came to Louise's wedding and wished her happiness. Secretly, not a guest that day shook her hand as they left but didn't wish that Louise would have a baby. Her closest friends knew it would bethe fulfillment of the supreme desire of her life.

BUT time rolled on. And Louise was a hit in talkies. Her squeaks and squeals delighted millions of movie-goers. Her custard pie antics were the joy of children everywhere. And with her new popularity in talkies, Louise's income rolled up accordingly. Hal Wallis, too, rose to the heights.

He is now an important Warner Bros. executive.

More than ever Louise wanted a baby now. She not only had all of her maternal devotion

to give a child, but she and her husband could supply the luxuries which make life run so smoothly. Making good in pictures, she confessed recently, was merely the inspiration for this great adventure—the adventure of giving her baby his chance in life. She's held to that thought for many years. But Louise never had had a baby; and had all but come to believe that life meant to cheat her forever of this joy, when there came the answer to her prayer at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

NOR was Louise Fazenda the only one to be impressed by the seeming miracle of Hal, Jr. As she tells it:

"I wish you could have seen the strange, abashed look on the faces of the men who have worked with me for years around the studios, ever since I was a kid at Sennett's. They couldn't seem to realize it. It gave me the funniest feeling at first, but then I figured out what was the matter.

"You see, for years I had not been a girl or a woman to these men at all. I had been a comic, who wore funny clothes, hung from chandeliers, slid down stairways and was a target for pies and plaster. They've never thought of me as a woman.

That was why I got all those funny looks when the studio announced to the newspapers that Louise Fazenda would retire temporarily from the screen while she was waiting for the stork.

NO one but myself can know the happiness which was mine the day they set my own baby in my arms. I know that other mothers have felt this joy. But to me there was something divine about it—something of that indescribable soulful beauty which came to me at the shrine that evening when I had been so close to God.

"And how glad I am now, for him, that I've been a comic all the years I've been waiting. I have a grand big attic all fixed for him when he begins to grow up and play pirate. I've scads of toys already picked out for little Hal. I'm glad now I've saved all my old picture costumes.

He'll have such a glorious time up in that attic, dressing up in costumes and showing his chums how grand he can be."

Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

Odorono Protects your Charm and Saves your Dresses

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



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for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO



There's plenty of Browns in the telephone book but only one Brown family to Joe. And here they are, the famous movie comedian with the Missus and his son, Joe, Jr., out for an evening's fun together. Joe E. Brown is a riot in a restaurant and capers aren't just salad trimmings to him, either

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE SPIRIT—Monogram

A MURDER mystery film that ranks well up. Packed with a big name cast, among which Lionel Atwill as the deaf-and-dumb center of the mystery, Theodore Newton as the swift-spoken reporter, Sheila Terry as a society editor, and Paul Hurst and Luis Alberni stand out. The suspense is all that mystery lovers would ask.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO— Sol Lesser Prod.

PERHAPS plain Americans are just dumb when confronted with Russian art; but this opus from the Communist expert, Sergei Eisenstein, showing Mexican peon woes, seemed to score most with its absolutely magnificent scenes of mountains, clouds, ruins. Shows a terrific punishment for a peon revolt over seduction of a girl, and other good bits, taken with peons; but Sergei couldn't help thinking Mexico was Russia, at the end.

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM— Columbia

A NEAT personal triumph for Regis Toomey, as an aviator of Uncle Sam's Mexican border patrol. By sheer hustling good work he takes the usual melodramatic stuff about liquor runners and the nice daughter (Anita Page) of the political big shot and crook, and makes it into strong entertainment. Good flying, too; and the youngsters should love it. Robert Ellis a deliciously villainous villain.

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.

HERE'S the real stuff in war pictures—official films from fourteen countries. Nothing, it seems, was too strong or too gruesome to put in. Submarines, airplanes, infantry, everything in all its drama and horror, from the first shot to the Peace Conference; it's the next thing to having been there. Unhappily, someone just couldn't let great material tell its own story; but you needn't listen to the talk.

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER— Sidney Snow Prod.

JAY C. BRUCE, official lion hunter for the State of California, gives us a season's glimpse of the thrilling and dangerous business of slaying or capturing the cougar, or puma. One of the thrills is subduing a female cat with nothing but a stick and rope. Producer Snow did the photography in the same fine fashion that gave us "Big Game Hunting in Africa," and also explains what happens.

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount

THE gangsters go nautical—at least, they do along about the fourth reel. Previously, Cary Grant, deported gunman, and Benita Hume, the gambler's moll, give each other the old fake name gag on a train to develop a tedious two-timing situation. Then the film gets all involved with a gangster's feud, hijacking water-taxis, and so on. A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant excellent, Benita Hume badly miscast.

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British

A MIXTURE of music and melodrama that, thanks perhaps to English fondness for talk and then more talk, doesn't quite jell. Jack Hulbert, the comic, wants to get on the police force; papa, a Scotland Yard man, says

no, so Jack does anyway, and makes good when sweetheart Winifred Shotton gets tangled with crooks. That's the story, and it has funny moments; but it's not worth any strenuous effort to see it.

THE FLYING DEVILS—RKO-Radio

A FEW breath-taking air thrills tend to liven up the old story of one brother's sacrifice for another. Ralph Bellamy, boss of an air circus, tries to crack up Eric Linden when Eric falls in love with his wife, Arline Judge. Bruce Cabot, an ace flyer, saves his brother's life. Cliff Edwards, as an inebriated stunt flyer, adds a bit of fun. Not much entertainment value.

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS— William K. Vanderbilt

IF you'd like to know something of how it feels to be a multimillionaire sailing your own yacht around the world, here you are: it's Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's own record of a trip in search of marine specimens for his museum. Most of the footage is in equatorial waters of the Pacific, with splendid South Sea Island shots and some breath-taking color. Mr. Vanderbilt explains events as we go.

A STUDY IN SCARLET—World Wide

THE title is authentic and that's as near as it comes to being Conan Doyle's tale of that name. Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes* unearths a Hollywoodish gang of jewel thieves headed by Alan Dinehart; Anna May Wong spices the villainy. Fairish melodrama, if you don't know what fiction's all-time greatest detective could and should be.

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible

FOR those who like their lion taming, Melvin Koontz demonstrates the authoritative



Gentleman Alexander Kirkland always prefers blondes. This time it's Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Peggy and Mr. Kirkland were snapped unawares by a sneaky cameraman at the Cocoanut Grove. Wouldn't sound effects have been interesting, now?

masculine method, and Olga Celeste shows what sympathy and loving kindness will do. Interest is added by the fact that the beasts are caught for you in the jungle, prior to being trained.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY— Columbia

JACK HOLT and Lilian Bond might have made an interesting team with a good story but this plot is too hackneyed. He goes to the tropics to work and his society bride follows. Boredom, the other man—you can guess the rest.

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARK- NESS—Bryan Foy Prod.

THIS is a combination of "Sonny Boy" and "Elmer The Great," with the virtues of neither. Big leaguer Wallace Ford pulls plenty of boners and gets fired, because he's too proud to tell anybody he is going blind; Dickie Moore is the little fever-stricken youngster who won't get well unless his idol comes and sees him. Ho-hum.

CHEATING BLONDES— Equitable Pictures

A COMEDY drama in which Thelma Todd plays a dual rôle of two sisters. There is a murder mystery, an unscrupulous reporter and a night club atmosphere—but there isn't any very strong interest. Cast includes Mae Busch, Ralf Harolde and Inez Courtney.

SHE HAD TO SAY YES— First National

SEEING this picture is very much like taking a ride on a merry-go-round. You get all dizzy, but you don't get anywhere. The plot, though very slim, is also very involved—all about a New York cloak-and-suit girl, Loretta Young, forced by sales-manager Regis Toomey to entertain out-of-town buyer Lyle Talbot.

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures

A WORKMANLIKE treatment of a Richard Harding Davis type of story—the soldier of fortune who runs arms in a banana republic revolution and thereby gets into a jam. Victor McLaglen is the adventurer, Conchita Montenegro adds spice, and a host of big names play bit parts. Routine in plot interest, but lots of suspense and thrills.

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA

A DRAMATIC tale of submarine warfare. The members of the cast fit their parts so perfectly that one feels as though one actually lived the moments with them. The film is well handled in every respect. A brief prologue and titles in English help those whose knowledge of German is limited.

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)— Allianz Tonfilm Prod.

ONE of the best German comedies that have been shown in this country. Gay and tuneful, holding interest throughout. Lucie Englisch, as the mayor's housemaid, must find her child's father; and there's plenty of gay, tuneful fun while she does it. You should know your German, although there is a brief prologue in English.

Well! Well! So This Is Hepburn!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

making. And bosom heaving. And going bravely off to die. Is done in her stocking feet. She simply cannot be emotional with her shoes on. She never hesitates to tell the finest actress or actor that he doesn't know how to read his lines. And that he's a nitwit of the highest order. As far as acting is concerned. As a result, she was constantly being thrown out of New York shows.

IN fact, in "The Warrior's Husband," the New York stage play, they simply tossed Katharine out of the cast. For being sassy. And then brought her right back. Because she was so darned good. In the part.

But you should see how she annoys Leslie Howard. Oh, my dear. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. It gets him all nervous. And everything. But with John Barrymore, it's perfectly all right. He likes it. As a matter of fact, he's pleased about it. The way she sasses back. And things.

She never wears any jewelry. Except one large, eccentric looking ring. And orders a chicken sandwich and iced coffee every day for lunch. Snow in the mountains. Chilly winds. Or cold in the head. No difference. Katharine orders her coffee, iced. The waitress simply can't understand it. Has given up trying, to be honest about it. "There must be something the matter with her," she says. "I've tried to argue and everything. But no. That girl will drink one iced coffee too many some day. You mark my words."

She talks louder than any one else in the dining room. In fact, her table is always the center of some, however slight, commotion. But the minute she faces a camera, her voice tones down to normal. No sir, she will not, she says, have her picture taken. And don't try to argue. She will not be in gallery at two o'clock to have any pictures taken. She's there at one forty-five. And goes at it in a business-like way.

No soft lights or graceful poses are permitted. She wants angular, striking, forceful poses. It's her stock in trade to be grotesquely lovely. And she knows it. But don't think, for a moment even, that she's coming up to any publicity department to look over the pictures, she says. She simply isn't interested. In anything about this Hollywood business. So if they are expecting her at three o'clock, it's too bad for them.

She's there at two-thirty. And with quick, keen judgment, she sorts out the ones she wants. Knowing exactly why she likes this one. Or doesn't like that one. And no hedging about it.

The minute a picture is finished, she's off for New York. Her home life is even a greater secret than Garbo's. No one at her studio has even the slightest idea where she lives. And no one has ever seen the inside of her home. Or outside, as far as that goes. Or knows her phone number.

She loves to shock reporters. And magazine writers. With tales of her innumerable children. Some colored. And some few Eskimos among the lot.

ONE day she came storming into the publicity office. A paper in her hand. That carried an interview with Hepburn. About her several children. Of various shades. And nationalities. "Look at that," she raged. Throwing down the paper. "You mean about the children?" they asked her. "Children, nothing," she said. "They've used a split infinitive."

She's well read. And very intelligent. Loves good music. Attending concerts of merit. Dresses up in dramatic and slightly insane clothes. That suit her perfectly.

Stories of her fabulous wealth accompanied

her to Hollywood. Which she promptly denied in such a manner that everyone immediately believed them. In an imported limousine with uniformed chauffeur, she'd ride very grandly through the studio gates. And stop under an executive's window. With much honking. And blowing of horns. When he appeared at the window, impressed until he could scarcely bear it, she'd wave very nonchalantly. And ride on.

Firmly convinced that the lady was an heiress of great social standing, they immediately re-signed her. At three times her former salary. The next day she drove in herself. In a peculiarly smelling Ford roadster. That made funny noises. And had something fantastically wrong with its carburetor.

SHE and a girl friend once toured Europe in a dilapidated car. For the sum of five dollars a day. Camping out and astonishing natives into speechless wonder.

She has a habit of running her hands through her hair. And looks ghastly in hats. On an electrician on the set, she noticed his old felt hat. And bought it. On the spot. Cleaned and reblocked, she wears it for good. And loves it. Because it's old. She loathes new things. Even her new things look old. At least eighty years. And yet about them is a well-made, well-bred something that marks them distinctly as her own.

She gets along famously with prop men. And electricians. Because she's a good sport. And can take it. As well as dish it out. On the set of her new picture, "The Morning Glory," someone wired up a chair. And Katharine spent all her spare time electrifying innocent sitters into wild hysteria. But when someone changed the wiring and Katharine herself leaped six feet into the air, she was as pleased as Punch. And howled with laughter.

Her little stand-in looks somewhat like her. And Katharine is quite fond of her. "Let's take your pictures together," they urged. And were amazed when she refused. "It wouldn't be fair to her," she argued. "This girl has a future in pictures. If she's typed as looking too much like me, it will spoil her chances."

She talks too fast. And has a ghastly time trying to slow down her speeches for the mike. Her laugh is loud. And jovial. She's noisy. But she knows better. She paints her mouth down at the corners. Which gives it an alarming, but fascinating, appearance. She knows it.

SHE'S natural. Unaffected. Except to exaggerate herself. For the benefit of Hollywood. At the beauty parlor, she'll bang in among the well-dressed stars looking like an immigrant. It's a loud, very loud, "Hi there, old top. Hey there, old bean," to every one. Till the customers are compelled to take turns on the massage table. Trying to recover. She's that much like a cyclone. In Kansas. Or wherever it is they have cyclones.

She'll throw her feet up on the dressing-table while her hair is being wrapped in their paper curlers. And there between the bottles of "Summer's Night" perfume and eyelash dye will rest Katharine's feet. Nine times out of ten, in hobnails.

Lipstick, by the way, is the only make-up she uses. Off the screen.

She swims beautifully. And her diving is the wonder of all who have witnessed it. But when she removed her golf clubs from their wrappings for the first time in three or four months and proceeded to go right out and shoot 80—well that was, of course, too much. It slayed Hollywood as Hollywood hasn't been slain in years. It turns out she came in second in the Connecticut tournament.

One day during the silk-shawl-tied-under-

IN "Close-ups"



You can Trust Vicks Mouth-wash

VICKS Voratone Antiseptic is made by the same people who make Vicks VapoRub—it had to be extra good to carry the Vicks name. In fact, it actually exceeds accepted standards of antiseptic strength.

Even when diluted with equal parts of water, it is still a highly efficient antiseptic mouth-wash. Yet it's pleasant and safe when used full-strength.

And—either way—a clean taste, what a delightful tingle, it leaves in your mouth! You just know you can trust it to stop bad breath. For sore throat, too, and all your usual uses.

Yet the big 35¢ bottle contains three times as much . . . lasts three times as long . . . as the popular 25¢ sellers.

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BIG 10-oz. BOTTLE... 35¢

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

GARGLE Sore Throat, etc.

MOUTH-WASH. After Smoking, etc.

ANTISEPTIC LOTION . . Dandruff,

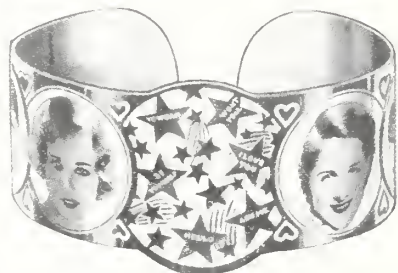
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They are the wide band type with photographs of prominent Hollywood Stars etched right into the metal. Start the fad in your town or locality by being the first one to possess one of these beautiful bracelets.

Don't judge them by the low price we are asking for them—they are really very attractive as well as serviceable bracelets, and they are lacquered to maintain that beautiful gold-like finish.

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PHOTO—S-33

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chin-era, she spied a milk truck standing just inside a sound stage door. And immediately hopped on the rear to read her fan mail. Suddenly the truck started to move. And to her delight she found herself riding across the sound stage. "Hi, buddy," she called to a director and actors who stood on the sidelines. And was amazed to see two actors fall back weakly into chairs while the director could only paw the air. And make funny noises in his throat.

It seems they were shooting a scene. With a truck driving by. Imagine their surprise to see Katharine Hepburn, in overalls and ridiculous shawl, riding and screaming in the back. Naturally, the scene was ruined. But they are still trying to explain to a supervisor who saw the rushes of the scene, that they were not using Hepburn in a bit. "You should have padded her part," he keeps moaning. "She should have had more to do in this picture. And in that shawl—oiy, oiy, what a business."

SHE has a reputation for stinginess. Taking her friends to lunch on a publicity pass. "I'll bet you one hundred dollars you can't find out when I'm leaving for New York," she'll challenge someone at the studio. And then suddenly recalls the bet. It seems too risky.

She admits to several sisters and brothers. One husband. And two children. But no one is positive about the children.

She's the amazing result of the "we never suppress our children" theory. There she is. For young mothers to see. Some may like the result. Others not. But one thing about it. It's not dull. The product, I mean.

She loves to fight. Matching her intellect against anyone's. And above all, she's not happy unless she domineers. Her type demands it.

She came to Hollywood a gorgeously "free soul" kind of person. And has simply colored herself, padded her part, heightened her eccentricities, for Hollywood. From an interesting rebel, she has become a gorgeous lunatic. Better than all four Marxes together. And she has done it for what it would do for her. In Hollywood. It has done plenty. With only two pictures released so far, she is a person to be reckoned with. In the picture industry.

The mere announcement of her return to Hollywood, throws the entire studio into an uproar. Typewriters click. Phones buzz. Of-



Ernest A. Bachrach

Mary Duncan will play the rôle of a temperamental stage star in "Morning Glory." Miss Duncan was once a stage star herself, and though she has been in movies for several years Broadway still talks of her vivid portrayal of *Poppo* in "Shanghai Gesture"

fice boys fly madly about. Stenographers weep noisily into their handkerchiefs. The way everyone is snapping at them. And everything.

And then, a delegation awaits her train. And she's just as liable to emerge from the baggage car or engine, as not. Does, in fact.

She's the "new woman" Hollywood has awaited so long. She brings a new tempo. A new-something-vital in heroines. She hasn't the swooning seductiveness of Garbo. Or Dietrich.

Or the ladylike charm of Kay Francis. Or Ruth Chatterton. But a wild, sweeping, effervescent combination of all.

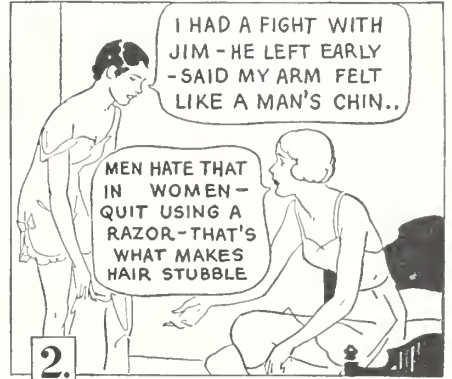
She's the female Jimmy Cagney of the screen. She has detached herself from all Hollywood. High on a hill built of her own cunning, she stands.

And surveys this Hollywood below her. And imagines her skirts are free of it.

At its bewildered groping, heart-breaking blunders, she laughs. And laughs. And laughs. She's smart. She's shrewd. She's clever.

But she's forgotten one thing. Hollywood always laughs last. One day she'll find that out.

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR by Wells



A Harp In Honolulu

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Mackaill and Janet Gaynor. The "lying bee" takes up all of this second day out, but I am well enough to win the ship's pool. Score one for Mrs. O'Brien's boy Pat.

April 10th.—We all have our sea legs now. Going in for all the deck sports. And O'Brien gets acquainted with the ship itself for the first time. Everything's swell, lots of entertainment provided, but the swimming pool must have been built originally for gold fish and transported to the Mariposa for midgets, and not more than two of those.

There are horse races in miniature, but no chance for an inside tip on these fillies, even with our old pal Jim Crofton, one of the barons of Agua Caliente, aboard. Jim is taking a second honeymoon with a grand little girl, Mona Rico. (Remember, they almost lost their lives on their first in an airplane crash down near Mexico City?)

With no nags we know to lay our cash on, Jim and I play the slot machines instead. The wrong jockey is up for Crofton, as I win the jack pot. Just to keep it in the family, the wife breaks up another. The O'Briens are doing all right.

Al Jolson wins the ship's pool today, and when night comes the whole Hollywood crowd reports at the dinner table to go for the groceries in a big way. Hope it isn't a mistake.

April 11th.—Patricia O'Brien and Patricia Parker, who is Bert Wheeler's heart throb, are poor arguments for a famine. They have gone off that Hollywood diet. And they annoy Woolsey and Jolson to death with their kibitzing in those high-powered bridge games. Bert and I use them for keno stooges. More sports today. Deck tennis is a great game if you like deck tennis. We shoot clay pigeons. When Wheeler gets the rifle in his hands he shoots everything but the Captain. And the lucky little stiff wins the pool today.

April 12th.—The acting profession is in bad with the rest of the passengers. We troupers have split the ship's pool like a fixed blackjack game. Woolsey cops a pool, and I finally top the billing by winning two. Five days at sea, five pools, five actors! How's that?

We arrive in tropical waters. Molokai in the distance . . . planes roaring overhead . . . as we steam into the harbor we are surrounded by yachts, sampans, fishing boats, diving

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No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every

vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quitting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

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It is a velvety finish for legs.
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ightful new-old fads of rol-
ler skating and bicycling.



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• ON SALE AT ALL SMART SHOPS

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BY THE DAY

at the

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Do you know that transients can en-
joy the residential luxury of this hotel?
Charmingly decorated rooms overlook-
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at 59th St., on Central Park, New York.

natives . . . the strains of the Royal Hawaiian orchestra and the fragrance of the leis tell us that we have arrived in Honolulu. We are taken to the Royal Hawaiian hotel, which looks to me like the Taj Mahal.

April 17th.—How can a guy keep a diary in a paradise like this? It's all like a beautiful dream. Hollywood is far away.

We have just come from the most beautiful wedding I have ever seen. Patsy Parker's sister, a dainty little blonde beauty like Patsy, marries a stalwart young army aviator.

The site of the ceremony is a little old Hawaiian church which seems to do its best to keep alive the breath of a rapidly dying race.

In keeping with the old symbols, no red flowers are used in decorating the church. They bring bad luck.

Words cannot describe the scene. Superlatively military. The bride is a daughter of an army officer from San Antonio, Texas.

Bert Wheeler gives the bride away. Sentiment is overwhelmed when Wheeler, to save footage, does a hurdle over the bridal veil, rather than a casual walk around the bride's train. Like one of his comedies. Woolsey turns to me and says, "Church or no church, I knew that guy would gum it up." And Mrs. Woolsey after all these years finally gets a laugh out of Wheeler. She yells at Bert's broad jump and only Bob's admonishing pinch subdues her chuckles.

I'll never forget the exquisite picture though . . . that lovely little bride and her handsome husband leaving the little Hawaiian church, under the canopy of swords held aloft by the white-clad officers.

All our girls are crying . . . I look at Woolsey and Wheeler and Crofton and Jolson . . . the big mugs are wiping a tear or two away . . . and what do you think I'm doing? . . . doesn't a Gael always shed a tear at a wedding?

April 19th.—Waikiki has become the Malibu of the troupe. We live on the beach. With the expert aid of Tough Bill, Joe Miner and Panama, Hawaiian beach boys, we become runners up for the surfboard championship. And how we outrig in those outrigger canoes. We even learn how an octopus is killed. Tough Bill . . . what a guy? . . . becomes my body-guard and pal.

By this time I'm a sucker for the Pacific and I'm a cinch to become a Kaamania. (One who returns to Hawaii.)

That grand old swimming champion, Duke Kahanamoku, is still in vivid prominence. I hope they send him to the Chicago World's Fair as the ambassador of the Hawaiian islands, because he has brought them more honor and prestige than anyone else.

April 23rd.—They have the fights in Honolulu just like the Olympic and the Legion in Hollywood. We like the fighters, even if no one can pronounce their names. Bob Woolsey gets a terrific laugh when he is selected to introduce a surprise referee. "Introducing the world's greatest entertainer and the world's lousiest referee—Al Jolson." Al is a riot, as usual.

April 25th.—We have had the thrill of both Hawaiian and Japanese feasts. First, the Japanese. Groceries are tabu until the shoes come off . . . we don kimonos . . . when you're in Rome do as the Japs do, say we . . . and we dine Oriental style, which is a far fling from the Brown Derby.

But the real thrill is the Luau. Hawaiian for feast. Our host is Earl Thacker, one of Hawaii's best and a grand guy.

A whole pig, filled with red hot stones (by the way, they kill the pig first) is placed in the Emu, an underground oven. The pig is surrounded with bananas, sweet potatoes, fish and other delicacies wrapped in Ti leaves and baked for several hours. Besides, they serve

large bowls of Poi (close approach to mucilage), squid . . . which we eat and enjoy until enlightened to its being juvenile octopus . . . raw fish, seaweed, and countless other tid-bits not to be found in Sardi's. To eat it, we lie full length on our opus (stomachs) and complications set in as Luau etiquette demands eating with the fingers exclusively. Y'ep, that's a Luau!

As the gorgeous moon comes up over the Hawaiian bay, no night club floor show or orchestral din mars the primitive beauty. And the plaintive twang of the guitars, the soft swish of the Ti leaf skirts of the hula girls, and the crooning of the natives, convinced we Malahinis (newcomers) that Hawaii is the "beauty spot of the world."

April 27th.—What would you do if you met a girl, just sixteen, and endowed with more than her share of adolescent charm, but cursed with a heart ailment so grave as to cause the finest doctors to wonder how she is still alive? We decided to give out a little altruism. The scene, a suite in the Royal Hawaiian hotel . . . guest of honor, the girl who has enjoyed little or no entertainment . . . the music by our versatile beach boys . . . the entertainers, Jolson, Keeler, Wheeler, Woolsey, Mona Rico, Winona Love and O'Brien. Bert and Bob turn on a barrage of gags . . . all new . . . Winona's hands have never been more expressive in Hawaiian dances . . . Mona dances a rumba in her most seductive Latin manner . . . I attempt imitations . . . Ruby shuffles off to Buffalo in the inimitable Keeler style . . . while Jolson . . . well, Al has never sung as whole-heartedly as he does this night, with only beach boys and their string instruments as accompanists.

Al gives and how he gives. He sings "Yacka Hacky Hickey Doola," "California, Here I Come," "Mummy" and finally "Sonny Boy." We're all so hypnotized by his magnetic personality that we fail to notice the tears of the little guest . . . mute testimony of her gratitude. This one little suite in the Royal Hawaiian hotel witnesses a performance for one little girl that money could never buy.

April 29th.—Our holiday is nearing an end. Today we put Wheeler and the Woolseys on a big Japanese liner bound for Yokohama. Although they are sure to get a big kick out of their world tour I know they hate to leave their pals . . . and Waikiki. After three shots of serums to guard against diseases, Bob looks green and his cigar looks greener. It won't be long for that cigar.

Bert is as chipper as ever in health . . . not even shots affect him . . . but his pan gets sadder and sadder as the Osama Maru pulls out, leaving a certain pretty little blonde cutie behind—with us.

May 1st.—Today's the day. We bid farewell to Hawaii. An adieu that will linger forever in the hearts of all who have ever embraced the island, only to say goodbye. Again, as upon our arrival, strains of the Royal Hawaiian orchestra echo those haunting melodies across the Pacific. As we prepare to cast off, Tough Bill is crying . . . so am I . . . so is everyone. Tough Bill is shouting "Aloha, Pat." I have a new hat . . . I place a cigar in the band of the chapeau to weight it down and fling it over the side to my pal, Tough Bill . . . he catches it and tosses his own into the sea . . . the music is still alohaing . . . we pull out . . .

Tough Bill is waving; he has on my hat. He's crying; so am I; so is everyone. I shout, "Be wearing that when we come back." He nods in tearful assent. . . .

Our ship steams away . . . the music is still playing. . . Tough Bill still waving. As we pull out to sea the Royal Hawaiian Hotel looms up along with Waikiki, fading in the distance as we round Diamond Head. We fling our last remaining leis into the Pacific. If they float ashore we are sure to return . . . we are confident they will.

How Twelve Stars Make Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

Therefore, she's always playing the rôle of a girl who suffers from too much emotion.

Being the impulsive, hot-blooded creature that she is on the screen, she becomes seriously entangled with one man, only to find herself falling hopelessly in love with another.

Also, and for the same reason, she finds herself naturally and inevitably drawn to the silent, different type of male. This, combined with the fact of her free, dominating personality, often makes it necessary for her to make the advances in love-making.

All of which makes stirring drama—but hectic, complicated living.

GEORGE RAFT

With his almost insolent attitude toward love and his high-handed domination over his screen sweethearts, George Raft represents a type of lover many American women prefer. This suspicious hero with the narrowed eyes, sneering lips and snaky movements plays the very old Nick with his ladies. He's mentally brutal to them, and they like it.

George is never eloquent when he woos his lady—neither with words nor kisses. No impulsive lover, he.

There's something almost sinister in the cold control of his desires. Something almost sinister, too, in the meaning he puts into his voice and into those sloe-black slant eyes when he looks at a woman. Sinister, arrogant, and absolutely sure.

Like the gods of old, George works slowly but surely. Tantalizing his women by his evasiveness, making them hunger for his chary caresses. Through his screen impersonations, George Raft clearly indicates that he doesn't trust women, and he doesn't trust love. Is that why they go ga-ga over him?

JANET GAYNOR

Demure and dependent, the feminine ideal of romantic poetry—Janet Gaynor is a million miles removed from the opulent Mae West in her lovemaking behavior.

She is gentle, wistful, yet enormously appealing in her sweet passiveness.

Janet never arouses sultry passions in the bosoms of her swains.

Her helpless frailty awakens in them a reverential, almost paternal attitude—a desire to protect. Thus no great shattering moments either of tragedy or joy ruffle Janet's gentle love scenes.

Even at her most flirtatious—when she attracts some handsome, reckless young blade like Henry Garat with her adorable, kittenish ways—whatever faintly dishonorable motive he may have had is quickly transformed to something comfortingly steady. Completely approved of by middle-aged ladies.

Janet is the eternal sweet girl graduate who makes husbands of men.

Her destiny seems to be, like Penelope, to sit by the fireside in a rose-covered cottage, waiting for her man to come home. *And he never fails her.*

Perhaps, after all, it's not only the Mae Wests who get what they want!

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Made for great love and great sorrow, there's something taut about this high-strung, volatile creature.

She's like the finely drawn silver wire on an instrument from which the *one* man she loves can alone draw out the music.

When Katharine Hepburn makes love, she is never passive, like Janet Gaynor. She gives herself completely, volcanically. Without a trace of coquettishness. She's passionate. She's vital.

She acts out her conviction that the world's well lost for love.

Yet, because she's an idealist with a strong Puritanical fibre in her make-up, she refuses to compromise.

If love can't stand the bright light of day—better be done with it!

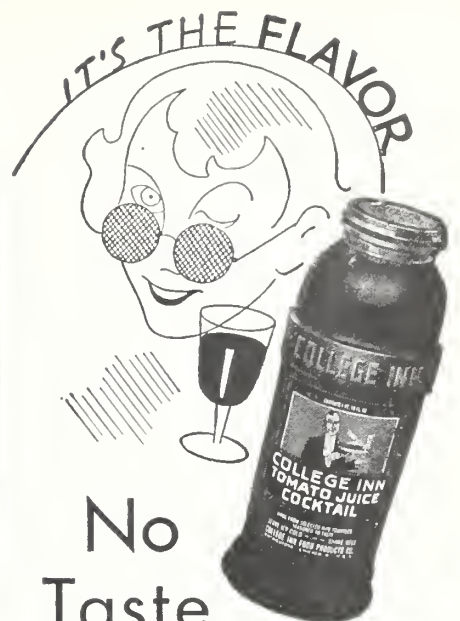
Therefore, even in her most carefree love-making moments, in her happiest caresses, there's something fiercely serious. Exalted.



Kay Francis is past mistress of one type of love-making, and here Bill Powell (in "One Way Passage") is learning how potent it can be



As long as the world loves love, it will thrill to the technique used by John Barrymore. We see it here with Camilla Horn in "Tempest"



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Pity the folks who are taste blind! Fighting words? Not at all, for most of us are taste-conscious. Only College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail will satisfy those who enjoy a full, rich, flavorsome appetizer. Common sense — all your senses — prove the importance of those words "College Inn" and "Cocktail" when ordering from the food store.

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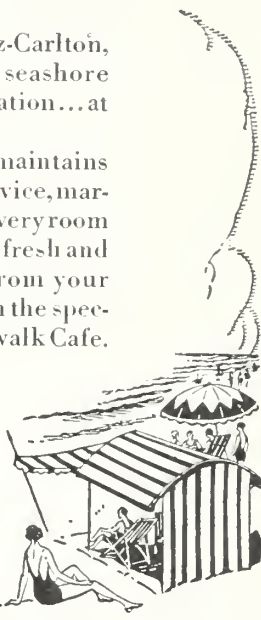
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Almost religious. A fanatical devotion to her man and a straightforward sincerity that's apt to frighten him with its intensity.

CLARK GABLE

His technique is brusque, direct, almost savage at times. The elemental male who recognizes his physical and spiritual hungers and goes out spontaneously to satisfy them.

His cruelty is never the cool, calculating kind, such as George Raft's might be. It is an impulsive brutality, passionate and uncontrollable. He "treats 'em rough" because it is his instinct to do so—the instinct of the vigorous, self-assertive, conquering male.

But Clark has another side to his amorous screen nature. He can be gentle—in an awkward, embarrassed, inarticulate way. His kindness is like that of a gruff St. Bernard, roughly pawing at a baby kitten. But it is a staunch gentleness that gives promise of loyalty and devotion, despite the fact that Clark is always far more at ease in the rôle of the domineering lover.

KAY FRANCIS

Kay Francis accepts men and their passions as a necessary part of the scheme of things. So she allows them to make love to her.

Their companionship, their admiration are important to her welfare, and their love-making is a part of this. Not that it is distasteful to her. But she has an automatic, collected control over herself and her emotions. Poised, suave, this stunning woman of the world is as sure of the effective quality of her kisses as she is of the fashionableness of her gowns and coiffure.

She seems to have learned that no good can come of allowing a passion to consume one—and although she may feel with great depth and sincerity, she prefers to hold herself in reserve.

Even when Kay is cast as a vampire—there's that quality of aloofness about her. She responds to the amorous advances of her lovers—but she never abandons herself. She is always the fine lady, behaving in love almost as decorously as she would when pouring tea!

JOHN BARRYMORE

He is (or was) the *beau ideal* of screen lovers. Handsome, courtly, dashing, he can effectively break down the frail fortress of a woman's resistance to him.

John's a fiery, impassioned lover. A calculating lover, too. Every word, every caress is artful, deliberate, conscious. He has coolly studied the whims and weaknesses of women and has developed a technique of love-making of the most devastating kind. Note "Reunion in Vienna" and "Grand Hotel."

A picture story may demand his faithfulness to one woman. But by the very insinuation of his glance, by the *connoisseurship* of his embraces, we suspect that John's carefully rehearsed love-making smacks of the Don Juan. For it's the excitement and thrill of the chase that inspires him.

Thus love becomes an intriguing, diverting adventure of the senses. To vanquish a woman is a bouquet for John's bumptious vanity. For is not this Adonis of the Barrymores the eternally arrogant, the masterful male?

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| <input type="checkbox"/> GLORIA SWANSON | <input type="checkbox"/> SYLVIA SYDNEY | <input type="checkbox"/> KAY FRANCIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CONSTANCE CUMMINGS | <input type="checkbox"/> FRANCES DEE | <input type="checkbox"/> ALICE WHITE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BARBARA STANWYCK | <input type="checkbox"/> MARIE DRESSLER | <input type="checkbox"/> LORETTA YOUNG |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RUTH CHATTERTON | <input type="checkbox"/> MADGE EVANS | <input type="checkbox"/> MARY BRIAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> KAREN MORLEY | <input type="checkbox"/> HELEN HAYES | <input type="checkbox"/> LUPE VELEZ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHARLES FARRELL | <input type="checkbox"/> GARY COOPER | <input type="checkbox"/> ANITA PAGE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAURICE CHEVALIER | <input type="checkbox"/> CLARK GABLE | <input type="checkbox"/> LESLIE HOWARD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HERBERT MARSHALL | <input type="checkbox"/> CLIVE BROOK | <input type="checkbox"/> LEW AYRES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHARLIE RUGGLES | <input type="checkbox"/> FREDRIC MARCH | <input type="checkbox"/> TOM MIX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ROBERT MONTGOMERY | <input type="checkbox"/> GEORGE RAFT | <input type="checkbox"/> GEORGE BRENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RAMON NOVARRO | <input type="checkbox"/> WALLACE BEERY | <input type="checkbox"/> JOE E. BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOHNNY WEISSMULLER | <input type="checkbox"/> JACKIE COOPER | <input type="checkbox"/> JAMES CAGNEY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RONALD COLMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> JIMMY DURANTE | <input type="checkbox"/> WILLIAM POWELL |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RICHARD BARTHELMESS | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN GILBERT | <input type="checkbox"/> GENE RAYMOND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr. | <input type="checkbox"/> WARNER BAXTER | <input type="checkbox"/> JOEL McCRAE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EDWARD G. ROBINSON | <input type="checkbox"/> JOHN BOLES | <input type="checkbox"/> LEE TRACY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WARREN WILLIAM | <input type="checkbox"/> JAMES DUNN | <input type="checkbox"/> CHESTERMORRIS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RUDOLPH VALENTINO | <input type="checkbox"/> RICHARD DIX | <input type="checkbox"/> LON CHANEY |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> WALLACE REID |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> BING CROSBY |

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The Winner
of the PHOTOPLAY Gold
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of 1932 will be announced
in the September issue

To Be Happy—Give!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

She refused and still refuses to utter those words.

Quietly Jean stole back to work one week after the tragedy. Insisted upon going, not only to save her company many thousands of dollars of overhead, but to save her sanity as well.

"And the first scene I did was the bath in the rain barrel scene in 'Red Dust.' You remember it, of course?"

You see, she didn't say, "You can imagine how I felt."

She made no bid for sympathy of any kind, when she said that. She never has.

"I CAN'T talk about it," she told me in her dressing-room, only the other day. "You see, I just can't. As soon as I say anything, people are sure to misunderstand. I—please—I just want to keep it to myself.

"I've never been afraid of anything in my life," she said. "Never. So I wasn't afraid to face this. And, after we once bravely face an issue, half the battle is won, isn't it?"

"I knew in my heart I was right. I'd done no wrong. And so long as you know you're right and never let go of that thought for one moment, nothing much can happen. No doubts, no black thoughts ever entered my mind.

"I'm telling you honestly, the thought that this might hinder my career never once entered my mind.

"I am a sincere person. I didn't need to go about explaining to others how sincerely I felt this. For, if you really are sincere, others know it too. They'll feel it.

"Isn't it true, too, that when some great and terrible thing happens in our lives we are given the strength to bear it?"

"I know I was. From somewhere I got the strength to go on with my work. Which saved my life.

"After a while letters began pouring in. Thousands of them. Their faith and loyalty poured over me in waves. I tried to forget myself and give, give, give, to these people who were beginning to believe in me. I felt I owed them that for their loyalty.

"I can honestly say I never hated anyone in my life. I may dislike some of the things they do, especially small, petty things, but I have never hated anyone. And I try to be tolerant, too.

"You see, what I am trying to say is that what we give out in this world, we are sure to get back twofold.

"To those who follow my picture work and who find the world suddenly bursting about them, I say from experience, remember there are others about us to whom we owe something. Try to think of them. Get back to your normal way of thinking and doing as soon as possible.

"Try, too, to remember there are always so many things to be grateful for. The more things we're grateful for, the more things we have to be grateful about. It's an endless, swelling chain.

"CARRY your sorrow and your troubles in your own heart. It's your sorrow. Given to you to bear.

"Bear it. You'll be given the strength. And the help."

And so speaks the girl whom Hollywood said was through. Washed up. Finished.

Refusing to ask for sympathy. Refusing to utter the word which might bring her understanding and approval. Locking her grief and sorrow in her own heart. Closing the door and turning the key. Bearing it alone.

And the world has respectfully removed its hat and bowed its head in sympathy for Jean Harlow. For, you see, she loved Paul Bern. All the world knows that now.

Hollywood whispered: "AIREDALE"



● She was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. Hollywood called her an "Airedale" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin Cream. With X-Bazin, any woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irri-

tion, stubble, or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. In new giant size tubes at drug and department stores—50c. Good size tubes 10c in 10-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

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Soothing glycerine protects hands.**



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This hard-working soap is gentle, too—glycerine and other oils soothe and protect the skin. Effective against all kinds of hand stains—silver polish, vegetables, berries, paint, others. Gets dirtiest hands clean in less than a minute.

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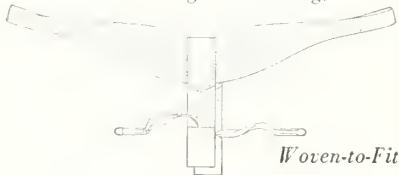
Gets the Stain—Protects the Skin

\$1,500 in CASH PRIZES in MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST—SEE PAGE 34

Isn't this interesting?

TO FIND all of the fine features in a Sanitary Belt which the new **Woven-to-Fit* "Silhouette" by Hickory possesses—you'll agree is truly a revelation. Supremely comfortable, delightfully soft and dainty—yet dependably secure, long wearing and economical. 50c.

**Woven-to-Fit.* This exclusive, patented Hickory construction is an additional "Silhouette" feature. Conforms perfectly to the body contour. Because its shape is permanently woven in the loom, it assures super comfort, perfect fit, unusual security. It simply cannot curl, wrinkle, bind, irritate or slip. Tailored of soft, easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex that wears and wears. Guaranteed to withstand boiling and ironing.



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Naturally she is popular. Have you ever seen her? Beautiful smile, lovely complexion, superb figure. Dates every night—but some nights she can't go. Her one imperfection—A CORN! Why don't her friends tell her about **Blue-Jay*, the scientific Corn Remover?

**Blue-Jay*—the scientific Corn Remover by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Pain stops instantly—Corn gone in 3 days.

Write BAUER & BLACK, Department PHS 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for free booklet and interesting foot exercise pictures.

MONEY FOR YOU!

\$1,500. IN CASH PRIZES

Turn to page 35 of this issue for conditions of Movie Muddles Contest.

The Beauty Search Is On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Beauty, both in man and woman, is one of the mainstays of the movies.

Beauty contests have yielded for the movies many of its most glittering personalities—Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Barbara Kent and Kathleen Burke the "Panther Woman," are a few.

So successful was the means employed to discover the "Panther Woman" that three other girls, none of them suitable as "panther women" but all screen possibilities, were found at the same time. These, Lona Andre, Gail Patrick and Verna Hillie, were placed under long term contract to the studio and are being built up as personalities. Of the three, perhaps one will reach stardom, perhaps none. But they are raw material to the cinema mill, and no one can foretell how far they may eventually go.

The discovery of one such possibility, the studios believe, is worth the effort of combing the whole continent. Now, because it desires more possibilities from which to draw future screen material, Paramount is putting under way an international search—a search which shall include every English speaking country from Canada to Australia, and from Cape-town to Singapore.

THIRTY screen possibilities are being sought in this international contest; fifteen men and fifteen women. Of these, eight women and eight men will be chosen from the United States, one couple from each division into which this country has been divided. The preliminaries are to be conducted by the movie theaters themselves, each manager making screen tests of the most promising young men and young women in his territory and sending all these tests to Hollywood.

Here they will be shown to a "beauty committee" composed of McClelland Barclay, the artist, Bryant Baker, the sculptor, and Faith Baldwin, the novelist.

These three will see all the screen tests sent in from over the world and will select those whom they consider the most perfect specimens of male and female beauty. Although thirty has been set as the total number, still the new personalities to be brought to Hollywood are not necessarily confined to that number, inasmuch as other possibilities may be found which cannot justifiably be overlooked.

The thirty finally selected will be given five-week contracts at fifty dollars per week each to appear in the forthcoming feature, "The Search for Beauty." Even then the contest is not over, for all those who appear in the picture, while they are acting, will be automatically entered in a second contest among themselves. This provides for a prize of \$1,000 to the man and the woman who appear to best advantage in the film when finished.

ACCORDING to McClelland Barclay, the standard by which the ancients judged physical perfection included the provision that the body should measure eight times the length of the head.

But for the modern perfection of beauty, the head length is proportioned to the body seven and one-half times. Even at that, many of our idols if they appeared in that proportion might be quite grotesque. If Janet Gaynor's body were lengthened to seven and one-half times the measurement of her head, Janet would be as tall as Garbo. By the same token, some of our biggest stars would shrink. Slim Summerville would have to go back to knee pants, Charles Laughton would become a giant.

In the contest, the rules are that contestants be over seventeen and under thirty; the women between 5 feet, 3 inches and 5 feet, 7 inches and from 100 to 125 pounds in weight; the men between 5 feet, 10 inches and 6 feet, 2 inches and from 150 to 190 pounds.

Of course, minor variations will not bar contestants from competition. The judges hope every young man and woman who feels he or she has an even chance will enter the contest.

When the contest is over Hollywood expects to have the pick of the present generation and to have discovered today the stars of tomorrow. With one lavish gesture, one grand effort, Paramount will ferret out the beauty that a thousand scouts might spend years in finding. Miles of lovely figures and handsome faces will flicker across the Hollywood testing screen—a quick-smiling boy from Ireland, an Indian girl with a cloud of dark hair, a cool beauty from the shores of Wales, farm boys, shop girls, society women, village sheiks—and among them will be faces that some day everyone will know.

Yoo Hoo! Here Comes Gracie!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

means 'King Kong,' I'll bet twenty bucks," an electrician murmured.

"Well, Gracie, we can't have any 'buffoons' in this one but we do have a cat and some kittens. Now please—"

"Oh, goodie," Gracie clapped her hands. "I love kittens. But, of course, it would be cuter, don't you think, Mr. Sutherland, if we could have an ape and some little 'apiaries'?"

"Gracie, I—oh, my gawd."
"Wait. Wait, everybody. I know something even better. We don't need any animals at all. Lookie, we can just sing that new animal song."

"Animal song, Gracie?"

"Yes, you know. 'Shuffle off the buffalo.'" With a nervous, shaking hand Mr. Fields removed a thermometer from his pocket and proceeded to take his temperature. Seven electricians sat frozen at their posts. Someone dashed wildly for a glass of water for a rapidly swooning director.

"Oh, goodie. You know what, Mr. Suther-

land? We could have the girls ride down these marble stairs on buffalos."

"Ride down on buffalos, eh?" Mr. Burns asked, looking up from his script.

"Yes, and just shuffle off at the—"

"Gracie," Mr. Burns asked, "did it ever occur to you that buffalos are American animals and the authors laid this story in Wu Hu, China?"

"They did what?" Gracie wanted to know. "They laid this story in China."

"Oh, George, you're the silliest man. You don't lay stories. You write them."

"You don't lay—oh, my gawd," George moaned. "Get me out." He joined Peggy in the open air.

Mr. Fields examined his thermometer. His temperature was exactly 101 degrees.

"Oh, Mr. Erwin," she said, galloping over to Stu in his corner, "you know you just look like my brother. I was just saying to George how much Mr. Erwin looks like my brother."

"You—er—you were, Gracie?"

"Yes. You know, Mr. Erwin, my brother is the dumbest looking person. Only he isn't really."

"He isn't really dumb, you mean?"

"Not a bit. My brother's a very smart man. He always said my family had no business nicknaming me the way they did."

"Oh, your family nicknamed you, eh?"

"Yes, my brother says my real name is Dis-Gracie. They just call me Gracie, though. For short, Mr. Erwin."

"Gracie, you tickle me."

"Why, Mr. Erwin, what a funny request. And right before everybody, too."

Once again Mr. Sutherland had begun the scene.

"Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie called from the corner, "I just thought up the grandest thing. Now—"

Hurriedly Mr. Fields again removed the thermometer from its case.

"Now, Gracie, honestly, I can't bear any more," the director said.

"Oh, you flatterer. I knew you'd love this. Now listen, Rudy Vallee is going to sing in this picture, isn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"And the name of this Chinese town is Wu Hu, isn't it?"

"Y-e-s, but now Gracie—"

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, you're going to love this. This is grand. Now why couldn't Rudy sing, 'Just a Grapefruit in the Vallee, Wu Hu'?"

Mr. Fields examined the thermometer. His fever was exactly 104 and two-tenths.

BY this time, Peggy was back. And Gracie was right after her.

"Oh, Miss Joyce, someone was telling me—I think it was the boy with the perspiration sweater—that—"

"The boy with what, Gracie?"

"That boy, John Allright or something. With the—you know, perspiration sweater, or—"

"Gracie, could you mean Jack Oakie. The boy with the sweat shirt?"

"Oh, yes. Imagine. Isn't that silly? Well, he was telling me you had one of the biggest diamonds in the world."

"Yes, that's true, Gracie, I have."

"For goodness' sake. How long would it take Babe Ruth to run around it, do you think?"

"Babe Ruth run—you—"

"Yes, my brother says he can run around the Chicago diamond in twenty seconds."

"I see. You mean Babe Ruth, the ball player?"

"Oh, no, Miss Joyce, he isn't a ball player. He's a poet."

"A poet! Babe Ruth, a poet?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Joyce. Haven't you heard of his Homer. It's about Homer Khayyam. Don't you love poetry, Miss Joyce?"

"Yes, I do, Gracie, but I must confess I'm not very well read."

"Oh, Miss Joyce, why you're hardly red a bit. What makes you say that? Have you been in the sun?"

"Gracie, I—will you go—"

"MISS Joyce, I just love that scene you and Mr. Fields have in that little Austin. Didn't you feel funny when you saw that little Austin? I'll bet you thought your limousine had had a child right in the hotel, didn't you?"

"Gracie, please, please—"

"Oh, Miss Joyce, you're so clever with men. Do you think I could ever get a husband?"

"I think so."

"I did get one, once."

"And what became of him, Gracie?"

"Oh, his wife raised the dickens. I had to put him right back."

And all the time we know that cute little Gracie is the devoted wife as well as radio and film partner of George Burns.

"Yoo hoo, Mr. Sutherland," Gracie waved. Mr. Fields hurriedly reached for his thermometer.

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland, I just thought of the grandest thing. Listen, why couldn't Mac West—"

"Just a moment, Gracie," Miss Joyce interrupted on her way to the fresh air, "I'm the star of this picture."

"Oh, I know, Miss Joyce, but you can't tell fortunes."

"Can't tell fortunes. Listen, I can tell a fortune two continents away." And Peggy went on.

"Oh, I just love those big lights," Gracie told the electricians. "What are they called?"

"Klieg," they told her.

"What?"

"Klieg, klieg, klieg."

"Oh, I know that song," Gracie scoffed.

"What song?" they asked her.

"Why, that Santa Claus song. You know. Up on the house top, klieg, klieg, klieg."

Mr. Fields examined his thermometer and collapsed. They carried him off in a fever of exactly 105 and eight-tenths.

"Oh, look. What's this big thing that moves around?" Gracie asked next.

"That's a dolly," they told her.

"Oh, you can't fool me. That's no dolly."

"It is a dolly."

"All right, then. Let's hear it say 'mama.'"

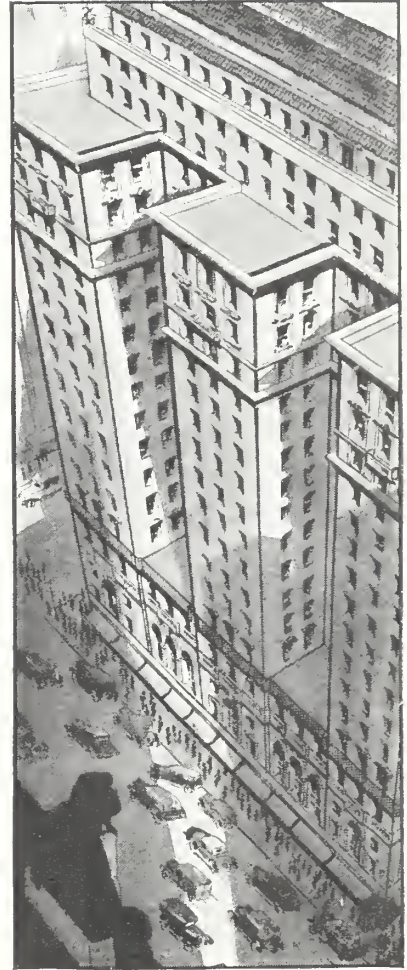
And with that they gave up. There was a general rush for the door.

"For heaven's sake," Gracie complained "And just when I was going to tell them about my brother."



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NEVER HAS SUCH A FINE HOTEL OFFERED SUCH REASONABLE PRICES . . .

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The ROOSEVELT

Edward C. Fogg, Managing Director
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL

Daddy of the Studio Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

and the way she leaned on him during all her trouble. Many a time, imposing gentlemen with propositions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, cooled their heels in the waiting room, while Joan sat behind the closed door, talking it all out with "Pops"—she calls him that—reporting developments, getting advice, being steered aright through all those trying months while her divorce was in the air. She afforded an excellent illustration of the standing rule in the Mayer office: "No matter what appointments I have or how pressing business matters may be, the studio family comes first."

But no mere attitude of "helping out for business' sake" would draw Joan and all the others to him in time of personal trouble. The magnet is the feeling they sense in him—the same that makes him the proudest grandfather on earth, and a bosom pal of Jackie Cooper's,

and that transcends any mere care for business interests. It shows also in other ways, besides the tendency of stars in trouble to seek him, as instinctively as they would seek a trusted father of their own. To mention one, he doesn't wait for troubles to come to him. He's out and about—in shirt sleeves, usually, for if anything can bring a fighting gleam to the Mayer eye, it's swank or high-hat of any kind—to satisfy himself that all is well; and ever and anon he manages to pounce on something.

MARIE DRESSLER, for example—trying to pile a lot of helpful outside activities on top of a wearing studio schedule, and driving herself straight for a breakdown. L. B. noted that—stepped in—and put his foot down flat in a dozen different places. Four hours' work a day—that was to be the limit—and until



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MOVIE
MUDDLES
CONTEST

(See page 34 for full particulars
 regarding Contest)

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This special offer is made to avoid disappointment in case the newsstands sell out and may be unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Contest rate for six months, fill out the coupon below, send \$1.25 (Canada and Foreign \$1.75) and we will send you July PHOTOPLAY showing the first set of MOVIE MUDDLES and enter your subscription for 5 months, starting with the September issue.

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Actual
 Size

Marie got the habit, he was there at the end of the four hours to bundle her off home. Interviewers, photographers, all the paraphernalia of publicity that necessarily surrounds a star—out!

Completely out. Not even friends were permitted to bother her.

It's a joy now to see how Marie and L. B. get along. If it's a question of a week-end at Santa Barbara, a little run East to New York—his opinion is taken. And she finds, too, when it's a trip, that all arrangements have been made—there's nothing for her to do but go.

And why not? L. B. would ask. She's been battling the world single-handed all her life—why shouldn't someone else carry a bit of it for her now? So he does—and you should see how Marie loves it.

KAREN MORLEY is another who came under the Mayer eye, and came in for Mayer attention, before she knew it. Hers was the same story as Marie Dressler's—too much work for her strength. He opened his campaign with a vacation for Karen—then watchful care to see that her diet was right. Milk during the day was one of the instructions that took most hammering; but he won.

Nothing could have been more natural, then, when Karen and Charles Vidor fell in love, than that L. B. should hear about it. You may remember the furor there was among the publicity people when they learned that a secret marriage had got by them—and also found themselves unable to locate the happy couple, honeymooning now that Karen's picture was done. Nor did it help them to think that L. B. had known all along—but being the good confidante he was, had said nothing.

There is, of course, another side to L. B. No one could administer such an organization, in such a battling business, without being a fighter and an A-1 bargainer. Both of these L. B. is—though occasionally the bargaining takes a whimsical turn. It did recently, when the time came for a new Wally Beery contract. Both men being what they were—grand battlers for what they wanted—contract discussions were to the point and earnest. But L. B., who had advised Wally about buying his various airplanes, adopting daughter Carol Ann, and almost everything else in Wally's life, knew his man. He settled the argument by letting Wally have the walrus-skin boat which Col. W. S. Van Dyke had brought from the Arctic after directing the picture, "Eskimo." Wally wanted that boat more than anything else L. B. could have offered.

THE same watchful interest for the true best interest of all concerned pops forth in other ways. Myrna Loy had been in Hollywood some years, playing "exotic Orientals" and doing well at it. Also she was desperately tired of the type; but not having made a real mark as yet, was in no position to make demands.

And she well knew the general tendency, if an actress was "sure fire" as a type, to keep her at it, rather than risk losing ground by a change.

However, she knew something of L. B. too—so took her problem to him. He listened—undoubtedly drawing on his veteran knowledge that the only good actor is the actor who's happy in his or her rôle, regardless of the past—and agreed to let her try "going American," provided she would study grace and voice placement. We all know what Myrna has done since.

That was good business, of course—springing from the far-sightedness natural to a temperament that chooses biographies of noted figures in history for favorite reading matter, that views films as powerful factors in education, and for years has fought the urge to grab quick profits at the box office with indecent material. But L. B.'s respect for "having

them happy" goes deeper. When Polly Moran, with nearly a year still to go on her contract, received highly tempting radio offers, she came to him. After thoroughly canvassing the situation he agreed to let her go, if she liked. A valuable asset if she had stayed; the contract entitled him to hold her, or at least to keep her off the air; but as long as her whole heart and desire ran the other way—well, you know—

HE can dish out hard advice as well, when needed. When talkies came in, it looked to all as though Nils Asther, with his thick accent, certainly was out. L. B. and Nils agreed to that—but L. B. added, that if Nils would be content to drop out, and put in two years on his English, they would see what might be done.

When Nils was ready, he got his contract—was loaned to Columbia for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"—and movie-goers haven't quit raving about it yet.

Courage too—he has, and can give, plenty of that. His favorite motto—it shows prominently in his office by the way—is, "When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on!" Anyone who's reached the top in the movie business by his own efforts has needed that ability in plenty, but L. B. can give it to others. Maureen O'Sullivan, for instance—desperately discouraged and homesick for Ireland.

It was L. B. who pulled her over the top, through the trying period to the point where she could rest without jeopardizing her career.

From what wells does all this many-sided understanding spring? First, of course, there is Louis B. Mayer's career—one that couldn't help give him an all-around view of the motion picture business and those in it. Born in Boston, he started, as aforesaid, in the ship-salvaging job. From there he moved to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he built a little, run-down theater into the town's leading playhouse.

Others were added until he had the largest chain in New England, and the next step was production with his own organization—the L. B. Mayer Company, which is the second "M" of "M-G-M"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

All this taught him the motion-picture business from director and star through film exchanges and distributors, right down to the Saturday afternoon boy who hands over his tightly-clutched dime to see his favorite Westerns at the nearest neighborhood theater. But others have had that too, without becoming L. B. Mayers. Back of the experience, the knowledge of human nature, as seen in one of the most trying businesses on earth, must stand something more—and we have plenty of clues to it.

Louis B. Mayer, for one thing, lives on the beach at Santa Monica, revels in the tang of salt water, and gets on with less sleep than almost anyone in Hollywood. He loves to walk with kings in high places, and can face any after-dinner audience without a quaver. Yet he hates full dress, prefers plain foods (including a passion for onions), and can weep unashamed at sobby previews.

He is moved deeply when old employees pass on over the Great Divide; sports a rakish cap, and loves to step on the gas when in his car.

ALL of which means, doesn't it, that at the bottom Louis B. Mayer must be in love with life, the worthwhile things in it, and with his fellow beings? Which makes it very simple—to understand, if not to emulate—for a man who adds to that kindly, generous gusto, a thoroughgoing knowledge of human nature, its heights as well as its pitfalls and depths, almost certainly will turn out to be what Louis B. Mayer is—a man who knows how to handle the most temperamental of businesses, and the more than temperamental people in it, like a happy family.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Judith Allen
Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Mari Colman
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Marlene Dietrich
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
William Harrigan
Verna Hillie

Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
 Sylvia Sidnev
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Elizabeth Young

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Echel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes

Jean Howard
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Anthony Jowitt
Muriel Kirkland
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Janette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
John Milian
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Rohson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Vera Allen
Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Henrietta Crosman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi

Wm. Lawrence
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Raul Roulien
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
June Vladek
Harry Woods

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Buck Jones
June Knight
Paul Lukas

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
ZaSu Pitts
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Arthur Hohl
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Harold Huber
Alice Jans

Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shaddock
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
June Brewster
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Dorothy Jordan
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Joel McCrea
Gregory Ratoff
Ginger Rogers
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks

Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy

Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Dorothy Tree
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Oliver Wakefield

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 3254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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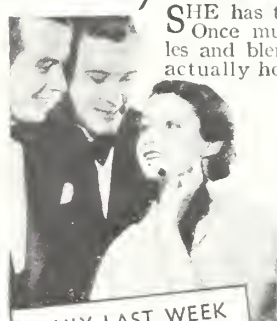
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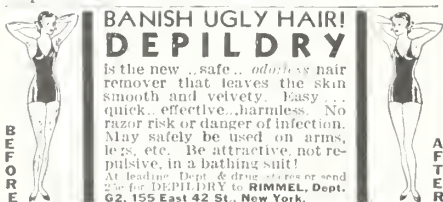
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to enter the PHOTOPLAY \$1500 Movie Muddles Contest. If your dealer cannot supply you with the July issue just send \$1.25, the Special Contest Subscription Rate, with the blank on page 108 to the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE leading item of war activity news in our issue of August, 1918, was the elaborate ball given by Bill Hart to the officers of "his" regiment—the 159th Infantry, which called itself "The Bill Hart Two-Gun Men." We showed pictures of another interesting war activity: D. W. Griffith using titled Englishwomen in his inspirational "The Great Love." Among the notables appearing were Dowager Queen Alexandra and Lady Diana Manners.

A leading item about established players was the news that Mabel Normand's library was surprisingly "high brow" in character. She had also tried her hand at more serious work with "Joan of Plattsburg," showing a girl determined to be an American Joan of Arc. Louise Glauw was interviewed, and we told that for all her ferocity on the screen (everyone was talking about her neat way of stabbing a lover), she was quite the ingénue in real life.



Mabel Normand

Jack Holt had left his mail-delivered job in Alaska to start with Paramount, and Gloria Swanson, after three years of comedy, got her first big chance—thanks to a hatpin. She had forgotten it, gone to the dressing-room for it, and encountered Director Jack Conway. After a few minutes of talk, he decided to use her in "Society for Sale."

Another newcomer was Marguerite Clark, brought to repeat her exquisite stage work in the fantasy, "Prunella." We also had pictures of Marguerite doubling as *Little Eva* and *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Marion Davies was at work on her first film, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."

An odd experience of Dustin Farnum's found notice. He had been on a ranch location, and one of the girls living there was a "natural born star." To Dustin's amazement, she was willing to help in this film, but utterly declined a contract. Cover: Mabel Normand.

10 Years Ago

THE "costume picture" rage, launched by the success of "The Covered Wagon," was at full height, according to our issue of August, 1923. Some seven "super-specials," each one costing well over half a million dollars, were going through the studios. Of these Ramon Novarro's "Scaramouche," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and Doug Fairbanks, Sr.'s "The Thief of Bagdad," probably are the best remembered. Speaking of Doug, Sr., his son's arrival in Hollywood, to make his picture debut, was chronicled in this issue. Papa didn't like the idea at all—but since Doug, Jr., had been under his mother's guidance, this objection didn't count.

These were also days when the foreign invasion was running strong. German directors Ernst Lubitsch and Eric von Stroheim were supplemented by Swedish director, Victor Seastrom; and the latest acting recruit was Joseph Schildkraut, over from Vienna to play



John Barrymore

in "The Master of Man."

Still, this issue printed interviews with a score of noted directors, setting forth the need of new faces and new names for exploitation. In contrast to that, our current history of moving pictures told how, prior to 1909, companies refused to name players, lest they get fancy ideas about salary.

It was in that year that the rule broke down, through desire to exploit Cecil Spooner and Annette Kellerman, thus making

these the first "stars." It was in 1909, too, that D. W. Griffith grabbed John Barrymore, fresh from art school in Paris, and started him on the screen in a script sent in by an unknown girl, Anita Loos (Anita got \$15 for the effort).

"Penrod and Sam" and Griffith's "The White Rose" were the leading pictures reviewed this month.

Cover—Marion Davies.

5 Years Ago

NOW—the greatest upheaval that ever struck the movies looms into view, for all the world to see! In our issue of August, 1928, the news began with the opening ads, mentioning "sound effects"—and our editorial that this new development "will change the map of the entire motion picture business in two years." Prophetic—except for the generous time allowance!

The first "all-talkie" was a Fox one-reeler, "The Family Picnic," although many were having fragmentary passages of sound. Fox likewise had tested all its stars for speaking ability, and we reported the opinion that Janet Gaynor might need a year or so of special training, before her voice would come through acceptably. Lucky Janet—though she mightn't have thought so! All too many favorites were to find that no amount of training could save them, and find it within the next few months!



Janet Gaynor

Pola Negri, in just five years before, was shown departing for Europe, "to forget the movies," and Baclanova, the dynamic Russian who had come to America with the Moscow Art Theatre group, was being groomed to take her place. What a time Fate chose for that, with foreign accents so soon to be spread on the film for all to hear!

Happily, among other favorites mentioned, we find many who survived. Notably, Clara Bow, the reigning "fan mail" queen of the moment. Gary Cooper, his "Beau Sabreur" triumph now enhanced by his work in "Lilac Time," was another. And Lupe Velez, brought originally to Los Angeles for Fanchon & Marco stage presentations, was just finishing her second year of hot-chafing about the startled film colony.

Lastly, an interesting bit credited to a filming of Buddy Rogers at Princeton. On the cover—Billie Dove.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 60 to 65) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"**ADORABLE**"—Fox.—From the story by Paul Frank and Billie Wilder. Screen play by George Marion, Jr., and Jane Storm. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *The Girl*, Janet Gaynor; *The Young Man*, Henry Garat; *The Prime Minister*, C. Aubrey Smith; *The Detective*, Herbert Mundin; *The Countess*, Blanche Frederici; *The Prince*, Hans von Twardowski.

"**BED OF ROSES**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Lorrie*, Constance Bennett; *Dan*, Joel McCrea; *Stephen Paige*, John Halliday; *Minnie*, Pert Kelton; *Father Doran*, Samuel Hinds.

"**BELOW THE SEA**"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Sleeve McCreary*, Ralph Bellamy; *Diane Templeton*, Fay Wray; *Karl Schlemmer*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Lily*, Esther Howard; *Dr. Chapman*, William J. Kelly; *Jackson*, Paul Page.

"**BIG BRAIN, THE**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Sy Bartlett. Directed by George Archambaud. The cast: *Max Werner*, George E. Stone; *Terry*, Phillips Holmes; *Cynthia*, Fay Wray; *Margy*, Minna Gombell; *Lord Darlington*, Reginald Owen; *Dorothy*, Lilian Bond; *Lord Latham*, Reginald Mason; *Slick Ryan*, Sam Hardy; *Justice of Peace*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dan Thomas*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Col. Higginbotham*, Berton Churchill; *Detective*, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"**CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS**"—BRYAN FOY PROD.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by William Jacobs. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: *Terry McCall*, Wallace Ford; *Mary Malone*, Barbara Kent; *Billy Malone*, Dickie Moore; *Umpire*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Bessie*, Marion Byron; *Casey*, Sammy Cohen; *Suds*, Frank Moran; *Rube*, David Worth; *Mike*, Mike Donlin.

"**CHEATING BLONDES**"—EQUITABLE PICTURES.—From the story by Gertie Des Wentworth James. Adapted by Lewis B. Foster and Islen Auster. Directed by Joseph Levering. The cast: *Anne Ferrick*, Thelma Todd; *Elaine Manners*, Thelma Todd; *Lawson Roll*, Ralf Harolde; *Polly*, Inez Courtney; *Mike Goldfish*, Milton Wallis; *Mrs. Jennie Carter*, Mae Busch; *Gilbert Frayle*, Earl McCarthy; *City Editor*, William Humphries; *Lita*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Jim Carter*, Brooks Benedict; *Mitch*, Eddie Fetherstone; *Ferdie*, Ben Savage.

"**COCKTAIL HOUR**"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by James K. McGuinness. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Richard Schayer. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Cynthia Warren*, Bebe Daniels; *Randolph Morgan*, Randolph Scott; *Olga*, Muriel Kirkland; *Princess*, Jessie Ralph; *Lawton*, Sidney Blackmer; *Phillippe*, Barry Norton; *Captain*, Phillips Smalley; *Mrs. Lawton*, Marjorie Gateson; *Alvarez*, George Nardelli; *Dick*, Larry Steers; *Jerry*, Jay Eaton; *Mori*, Willie Fung; *Attorney*, Paul McVey; *Porter*, Oscar Smith.

"**COUGAR, THE KING KILLER**"—SIDNEY SNOW PROD.—Narrated by Sidney A. Snow, starring Jay C. Bruce and his dog, Ranger.

"**DINNER AT EIGHT**"—M-G-M.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Screen play by Frances Marion and Herman J. Mankiewicz. The cast: *Carlotta Vance*, Marie Dressler; *Larry Renault*, John Barrymore; *Dan Packard*, Wallace Beery; *Kitty Packard*, Jean Harlow; *Oliver Jordan*, Lionel Barrymore; *Max Kane*, Lee Tracy; *Dr. Wayne Talbot*, Edmund Lowe; *Mrs. Oliver Jordan*, Billie Burke; *Paula Jordan*, Madge Evans; *Jo Stengel*, Jean Hersholt; *Mrs. Wayne Talbot*, Karen Morley; *Hattie Loomis*, Louise Closser Hale; *Ernest DeGraff*, Phillips Holmes; *Mrs. Wendel*, May Robson; *Ed Loomis*, Grant Mitchell; *Miss Alden*, Phoebe Foster; *Miss Copeland*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Tina*, Hilda Vaughn; *Fosdick*, Harry Beresford; *Mr. Fitch*, Edwin Maxwell; *Mr. Hatfield*, John Davidson; *Eddie*, Edward Woods; *Gustave*, George Baxter; *The Waiter*, Herman Bing; *Dora*, Anna Duncan.

"**DREI TAGE MITTELARREST**" ("Three Days in the Guardhouse")—ALLIANZ TONFILM PROD.—From the story by B. E. Luehge, Heinz Gordon and Karl Noti. Directed by Carl Boese. The cast: *Burgomaster Hoffman*, Max Adalbert; *Adelheid*, His Wife, Ida Wuest; *Iva*, His Daughter, Gretl Theimer; *Auguste*, the Housemaid, Lucie Englisch; *Zippert*, the Secretary, Paul Hoerbig; *Colonel von Feber*, Paul Otto; *Lieutenant Eric Feldern*, Fred Doederlein; *Private Max Pletke*, Fritz Schulz; *Private Franz Nowotni*, Felix Bressart.

"**FLYING DEVILS, THE**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louis Stevens. Screen play by Byron Morgan and Louis Stevens. Directed by Russell Birdwell. The cast: *Ann Hardy*, Arline

Judge; *Ace Murray*, Bruce Cabot; *Bud Murray*, Eric Linden; *Speed Hardy*, Ralph Bellamy; *Screwy Edwards*, Cliff Edwards; *Kearns*, Frank LaRue.

"**FORGOTTEN MEN**"—JEWEL PROD.—Compiled and supervised by Samuel Cummins, assisted by Edward Gellner and Louis Goldberg, from the official war films of fourteen warring nations.

"**GAMBLING SHIP**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Peter Ruric. Screen play by Max Marcin and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Ace Corbin*, Cary Grant; *Eleanore La Telle*, Benita Hume; *Bloody*, Roscoe Karns; *Manning*, Jack LaRue; *Jeanne Sands*, Glenda Farrell; *Joe Burke*, Arthur Vinton; *Baby Face*, Charles Williams; *First Gunman*, Cliff Thompson; *Second Gunman*, Harry Shuttan.

"**GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**"—WARNERS.—From the play by Avery Hopwood. Screen play by Erwin



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Speaking of a mashie, and we don't mean an old smoothie, Ruth Selwyn's got a new stunt for making golf balls go. She's had her own picture painted on each one and no wonder they obey that command when the mashie uses a little gentle technique

Gelsey and James Seymour. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *J. Lawrence*, Warren William; *Carol*, Joan Blondell; *Trixie*, Aline MacMahon; *Polly*, Ruby Keeler; *Brad*, Dick Powell; *Peabody*, Guy Kibbee; *Barney*, Ned Sparks; *Fay*, Ginger Rogers; *Don*, Clarence Nordstrom; *Dance Director*, Robert Agnew; *Eddie*, Tammany Young; *Messenger Boy*, Sterling Holloway; *Clubman*, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

"**HEROES FOR SALE**"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Robert Lord and Wilson Mizner. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Tom*, Richard Barthelmess; *Ruth*, Loretta Young; *Mary*, Aline MacMahon; *Roger*, Gordon Westcott; *Max*, Robert Barrat; *Pa Dennis*, Charles Grapewin; *Mr. Winston*, Berton Churchill; *George Gibson*, Grant Mitchell; *Blind Man*, James Murray; *Leader of Agitators*, George Pat Collins; *Dr. Briggs*, Robert McWade; *Pres. of Laundry*, Edwin Maxwell; *Ella Holmes*, Margaret Seddon; *Capt. Joyce*, Arthur Vinton; *The Judge*, John Marston; *Chief Engineer*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Dope Peddler*, Tammany Young; *German Prisoner*, Hans Furberg; *The Detective*, Robert Elliott; *The Sheriff*, Willard Robertson; *Red*, Ward Bond.

"**HOLD ME TIGHT**"—Fox.—From the story by Gertrude Rigdon. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Chuck*, James Dunn; *Molly*, Sally Eilers; *Billy*, Frank McHugh; *Dottie*, June Clyde; *Dolan*, Kenneth Thomson; *Trudie*, Noel Francis; *Mary Shane*, Dorothy Peterson; *Blair*, Clay Clement.

"**JENNIE GERHARDT**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Theodore Dreiser. Screen play by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Adapted by S. K. Lauren and Frank Partos. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Jennie Gerhardt*, Sylvia Sidney; *Lester Kane*, Donald Cook; *Letty Pace*, Mary Astor; *Senator Brander*, Edward Arnold; *William Gerhardt*, H. B. Warner; *Mrs. Gerhardt*, Louise Carter; *Vesta (age 6)*, Cora Sue Collins; *Archibald Kane*, Walter Walker; *Robert Kane*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Louise Kane*, Dorothy Libaire; *Vesta (age 17)*, Gilda Storm; *Ada*, Greta Meyer; *Bass Gerhardt*, David O'Brien; *Willie Gerhardt*, David Durand; *Veronica Gerhardt*, Betty Ann Hisle; *O'Brien*, Morgan Wallace; *Willie Whitley*, Ernest Wood; *Old Weaver*, Frank Reicher; *Hold Clerk*, Gene Morgan; *Old Weaver's Granddaughter*, Rose Coghlan; *Boarding House Keeper*, Jane Darwell; *Midwife*, Lillian Harmer.

"**LAUGHING AT LIFE**"—MASCOT PICTURES.—From the story by Ford Beebe. Adapted by Prescott Chaplin and Thomas Dugan. Directed by Ford Beebe. The cast: *McHale*, Burke, Capt. Easter, Victor McLaglen; *Panchita*, Conchita Montenegro; *Pat Collins*, Regis Toomey; *Mason*, William Boyd; *Don Flavio*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Chango*, Frankie Darro; *Alice Lawton*, Ruth Hall; *Mamaclita*, Mathilde Comonte; *President Valenzuela*, H. B. Walt hall; *Mrs. McHale*, Lois Wilson; *Paddy McHale*, Buster Phelps; *Stone*, Tully Marshall; *Hauseman*, Noah Beery; *Smith*, Dewey Robinson; *Jones*, Guinn Williams; *Cabinet Officer*, Edmund Breese; *General*, William Desmond; *Warden*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Detective*, Pat O'Malley; *Apple Vendor*, Henry Armetta; *Barley Water Vendor*, George Humbert; *Commandant*, Philo McCullough; *Business Man*, Otis Harlan; *Business Man*, Arthur Hoyt; *Colonel*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"**MAYOR OF HELL, THE**"—WARNERS.—From the story by Islin Auster. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. The cast: *Patsy*, James Cagney; *Dorothy*, Madge Evans; *Mike*, Allen Jenkins; *Thompson*, Dudley Digges; *Jimmy*, Frankie Darro; *Smoke*, "Farina"; *Mrs. Smith*, Dorothy Peterson; *Hopkins*, John Marston; *Guard*, Charles Wilson; *Tommy's Father*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Johnny*, Raymond Borzage; *Mr. Smith*, Robert Barrat; *Brandon*, George Pat Collins; *Butch*, Mickey Bennett; *Judge Gilbert*, Arthur Byron; *The Girl*, Sheila Terry; *Joe*, Harold Huber; *Lois Johnston*, Edwin Maxwell; *Walters*, William V. Mong; *Izzy*, Sidney Miller; *Tony's Father*, George Humbert; *Charlie*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Tommy*, Charles Cane.

"**MELODY CRUISE**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Ben Holmes and Mark Sandrich. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Pete H'ells*, Charles Ruggles; *Alan Chandler*, Phil Harris; *Ann I'on Rader*, Greta Nissen; *Laurie Marlow*, Helen Mack; *Hickey*, Chic Chandler; *Zoe*, June Brewster; *Iera*, Shirley Chambers; *Mrs. Potts*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. H'ells*, Marjorie Gateson.

"**MIDNIGHT MARY**"—M-G-M.—From the story by Anita Loos. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Mary*, Loretta Young; *Leo*, Ricardo Cortez; *Tom*, Franchot Tone; *Sam*, Andy Devine; *Bunny*, Una Merkel; *District Attorney*, Frank Conroy; *Angelo*, Warren Hymer; *Tindle*, Ivan Simpson; *Puggy*, Harold Huber; *Blimp*, Sandy Roth; *Barbara*, Martha Sleeper; *Clerk*, Charles Grapewin; *Churchill*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Cop*, Robert Emmett O'Connor.

"**MORGENROT**" ("Dawn")—UFA.—From the story by Gerhard Menzel. Directed by Gustav Ucicky. The cast: *Frau Liers*, Adele Sandrock; *Captain Liers*, Her Son, Rudolf Forster; *Lieutenant Fredericks*, Fritz Genschow; *The Mayor*, Hans Leibelt; *Helga*, His Daughter, Else Knott; *Gustl Jaul*, Paul Westermcier; *Greta*, His Wife, Camilla Spira.

"**NARROW CORNER, THE**"—WARNERS.—From the story by Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Fred*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Louise*, Patricia Ellis; *Doctor Saunders*, Dudley Digges; *Fritz*, Ralph Bellamy; *Capt. Nichols*, Arthur Hohl; *Fred's Father*, Henry Kolker; *Ah Kay*, Willie Fung; *Firth*, Reginald Owen; *Swan*, William V. Mong; *Dutch Constable*, Josef Swickard.

"**NIGHT AND DAY**"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Jack Hulbert and Douglas Furber. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Jack Brown*, Jack Hulbert; *Mrs. Bobday*, Cicely Courtneidge; *Ivy*, Winifred Shottler; *Jules Martin*, Francis Lister; *Mr. Brown*, Peter Gawthorne; *Mr. Bobday*, Ben Field.

"OVER THE SEVEN SEAS"—WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.—Narrated and directed by William K. Vanderbilt.

"PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Jan Murfin. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Glory Eden*, Ginger Rogers; *Jim Davesy*, Norman Foster; *Elmerada de Leon*, ZaSu Pitts; *Speed*, Frank McHugh; *O'Connor*, Allen Jenkins; *Ipswich*, Gregory Ratoff; *Kelsey*, Edgar Kennedy; *Radio Announcer*, Lucien Littlefield; *Herbert Childress*, Franklin Pangborn; *Appleby*, Frank Darien; *Newspaper Reporter*, Betty Furness; *Newspaper Reporter*, Sterling Holloway; *Maid*, Theresa Harris.

"SHE HAD TO SAY YES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by John Francis Larkin. Screen play by Rian James and Don Mullaly. Directed by Busby Berkeley and George Amy. The cast: *Florence*, Loretta Young; *Drew*, Lyle Talbot; *Tommy*, Regis Toomey; *Birdie*, Suzanne Kilborn; *Maisie*, Winnie Lightner; *Mrs. Haines*, Helen Ware; *Mr. Glass*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Taxi Driver*, Tom Dugan; *Mr. Haines*, Hugh Herbert; *Mr. Bernstein*, Charles Levinson; *Mr. Goran*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Office Boy*, Harold Waldridge.

"SILK EXPRESS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Houston Branch and Ben Markson. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Kilgore*, Neil Hamilton; *Paula*, Sheila Terry; *Clark*, Arthur Byron; *Nyberg*, Dudley Digges; *Rusty*, Allen Jenkins; *Craft*, Harold Huber; *Calhoun*, Robert Barrat; *McDuff*, Guy Kibbee; *Johnson*, Ivan Simpson; *Myton*, Arthur Hohl; *Burns*, George Pat Collins; *Engineer*, Tom Wilson; *Associate*, Edward Van Sloan; *Dr. Rolph*, Vernon Steele; *Assistant*, Douglas Dumbrille.

"SOLDIERS OF THE STORM"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Thomson Burtis. Screen play by Charles Condon. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Brad Allerton*, Regis Toomey; *Natalie*, Anita Page; *Spanish Waitress*, Barbara Weeks; *Moran*, Robert Ellis; *George*, Wheeler Oakman; *Sonia*, Barbara Baroness; *Chuck Bailey*, Dewey Robinson; *Red*, George Cooper; *Adams*, Arthur Zanzer.

"SPHINX, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Jerome Breen*, Lionel Atwill; *Jerry Crane*, Sheila Terry; *Jack Burlon*, Theodore Newton; *Terrence Hogan*, Paul Hurst; *Inspector Riley*, Robert Ellis; *Luigi*, Luis Alberni; *Jenks*, Lucien Prival; *Dave Werner*, Paul Fix; *Mrs. Werner*, Lillian Leighton; *Curran*, Hooper Atchley; *Casey*, George Hayes.

"STUDY IN SCARLET, A"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen play by Robert Florey. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Pyke*, Anna May Wong; *Eileen Forrester*, June Clyde; *Merrydew*, Alan Dinehart; *John Stanford*, John Warburton; *Dr. Watson*, Warburton Gamble; *Jabez Wilson*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Lastrade*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Murphy*, Doris Lloyd; *Will Swallow*, Billy Bevan; *Dolly*, Leila Bennett; *Baker*, Cecil Reynolds; *Capt. Pyke*, Wyndham Standing; *Dearing*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Ah Yee*, Tetsu Komai; *Mrs. Hudson*, Tempe Pigott.

"SUNSET PASS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Screen play by Gerald Geraghty and Jack Cunningham. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Ash Preston*, Randolph Scott; *Jack Rock*, Tom Keene; *Jane Preston*, Kathleen Burke; *John Hesbitt*, Harry Carey; *U. S. Marshall Blake*, Noah Beery; *Hetty Miller*, Leila Bennett; *"Clink"*, Peoples, Kent Taylor; *Willie Willard*, Fuzzy Knight; *Judge*, George Barbier; *Williams*, Charles Middleton; *Grace*, Patricia Farley; *Windy*, Vince Barnett; *Buck*, Christian J. Frank; *Tom*, James Mason; *Dick*, Al Bridge; *Harry*, Bob Kortman; *Ben (Deputy)*, Tom London.

"TAMING THE JUNGLE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Bob and John Tansley. Produced by Paul D. Wyman. The cast: *Animal Trainers*, Melvin Koontz, Olga Celeste, Chubby Guilfoyle, and Dean Foix.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO"—SOL LESSER PROD.—From the screen play by G. Alexandrov. Directed by Sergei M. Eisenstein. Photography by E. Tisse. Musical setting by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Screen play by John Meehan and Leon Gordon. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Clare*, Ann Harding; *Jimmie*, Robert Montgomery; *Mary*, Myrna Loy; *Bridget*, Alice Brady; *Rogers*, Frank Morgan; *Walter*, Martin Burton; *Pierre*, Luis Alberni.

"WHEN STRANGERS MARRY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by James Kevin McGuiness. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Steve Rand*, Jack Holt; *Marian Drake*, Lilian Bond; *Hinkle*, Arthur Vinton; *Antonia*, Barbara Baroness; *Billy McGuire*, Ward Bond; *Van Wyck*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Phillipe*, Paul Porcasi; *Major Oliver*, Harry Stubbs; *Von Arnsheim*, Rudolph Amendt; *Chattermahl*, Charles Stevens.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

CHIQUITA CARSONNE, eighteen-year-old Georgia girl, is having a vogue in Hollywood "reading the stars for the stars."

Gary Cooper is credited with having "discovered" her and is sponsoring her.

She says, for instance, that Gary will be married within two years.

She told Richard Arlen that his and Jobyna's baby would have a Caesarean birth.

Jack LaRue, she predicts, will have "business and domestic disturbances."

And Claudette Colbert should effect "a closer bond" with her husband, Norman Foster, Chiquita declares, else there will be a divorce within a year, with Foster as the complainant.

So Chiquita says.

OVER on the "One Sunday Afternoon" set a carnival was in full blast with a greased pig in a ring and everything. For several days it was noticed Gary Cooper kept hanging around the greased pig. At last, he was unable to resist it any longer and went into the ring after the pig.

Immediately the whole set was in a state of excitement. Work was completely suspended while the director, players and extras gathered outside the ring to watch Gary "try" to catch the pig. People were screaming instructions, "grab her by the snoot" and "get her into a corner."

At last, after two weary hours, Gary managed to land the pig. But by that time every-

one was so exhausted, work was called off till the next day.

HOLLYWOOD'S hermit, Jack Holt, has been stepping out to parties lately and seems to like it. Jack's adventures into night life began shortly after his divorce.

EVERYBODY seems to have the wrong low-down on the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb business, including some famous columnists.

Raquel Torres, who is Fay's close friend and confidante, says Rudy has telephoned Fay several times a week since she returned to California, asking her to make up. What very few people realize is the fact that Fay's health makes it impossible for her to remain in the damp climate of New York. Also, and obviously, there could be no night life for her. This has been the real reason for her frequent trips to California—not family quarrels, as rumor would have it.

THAT air of suspense has at last relaxed, over Paramount way. Everybody waited with bated breath (don't ask *us* what they used for bait!) to see who would inherit the prize dressing-room of the lot—La Dietrich's.

The tension is over. *Nobody* gets it, until Marlene herself moves back, the latter part of August, when she returns to make the two pictures for which she signed just before her departure.

AND who among all the boys that for years have been trying to draw even a flicker of interest from Greta Garbo ever thought it could be done by means of a dog.

But Lee Duncan, who owned and trained the great Rin-Tin-Tin, has done it.

He presented La Garbo with a descendant of the old dog and Garbo was *that* flattered.

MERVYN LE ROY, director of "Tugboat Annie," is such a tiny fellow they've nicknamed him the "Fly."

The other day, the supervisor came strolling onto the set. An electrician looked up and called to Mervyn:

"Hey, Fly, here comes your swatter."

PHIL STONG, who wrote "State Fair" and "Stranger's Return," just bought himself an Iowa farm for \$8,500.

Nothing remarkable about that—except that it happens to be the farm on which he was born, and which his father sold, in 1918, for \$30,000.

LISTING the names of ten men whom he considers to be the best dressed in the world, Adolphe Menjou privately puts himself first, the Prince of Wales second.

Also, Menjou has another trick. He frequently modifies his list so that the name of his host-at-the-moment may be included.



Carl DeVoy

Thoroughbreds all, Leslie Howard and his two English setters, "Ned" and "Lady"—and what a British gentleman atmosphere they create together! That's what Leslie's breathing now. He's in England to make a picture, and then a play

In Chicago

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It forecasts fall! Helen Twelvetrees, clever frock from Paramount's play, "Disgraced," a "Hollywood Fashion."

Stores Nationally known for their style leadership sell "Hollywood Fashions," genuine motion picture costumes selected and sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for faithful copies of the clever clothes presented on Pages 60-65 of this issue at Bloomingdale's, New York City; Abraham & Straus of Brooklyn, Hudson's of Detroit and The Dayton Company of Minneapolis . . . to name but a few of the confidence-commanding institutions listed for your reference on Page 111.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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“It's toasted”



PHOTOPLAY

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Keeps HER FINGER-TIPS A-GLEAM BUT HER
TEETH ARE DULL . . . HER GUMS TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

THIS young lady keeps her finger-tips beautifully manicured. People admire and comment on her lovely hands. They are discreetly silent, of course, about her dingy teeth—but *they do notice them.*

Examine your own teeth—and gums!

If your gums are flabby and tender and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For neglected, "pink tooth brush" may

lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even to pyorrhea. It may cloud the brightness and sparkle of your teeth, and may even endanger teeth that are perfectly sound.

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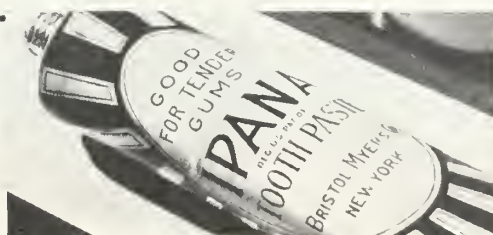
Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra

Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it into your tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps *tone* your gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

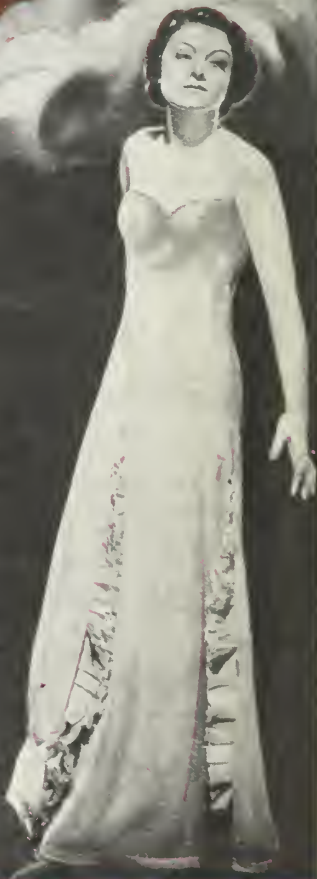
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NIGHT

FLIGHT



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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 4

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

September, 1933



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"



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On the cover—Marion Davies—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



Just when one might expect the nationwide enthusiasm over Ruby Keeler and her co-stars in "42nd Street" to run its course, along they come with "Gold Diggers of 1933"—and it promises greater popularity than its predecessor! So here's Ruby and co-star Dick Powell

THE \$25 LETTER

I correspond with relatives scattered through Europe. We usually discuss the movies and movie stars.

I find that through the movies the Europeans see the human side of America. The majority of the European nations are now struggling out of their financial ruts and they see the way the Americans are taking the so-called depression over here. The movies have awakened a deeper feeling between us.

So I say to the actors and actresses, as well as the directors, "Keep up the good work, the whole world is for you."

WINONA WATSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

(The people of foreign nations seem to be with us, even though their politicians are not. Ed.)

THE \$10 LETTER

As I am "fat and forty," I naturally want to slump and let myself go. But a visit to the pictures will snap me right out of it.

When the beautiful heroine appears on the screen in all her youthful allure, I find myself turning up the corners of my mouth and pushing my straggly waves in place, while I firmly resolve to lose ten pounds next week and get a finger-wave tomorrow!

The movies keep us eternally young!

MRS. W. ROY PORTER, Ladonia, Texas

THE \$5 LETTER

I know that every movie lover keeps a scrap book but how many people keep the really good part of PHOTOPLAY—the Shadow Stage?

This is what I do and have done for the past

four and a half years; remove the rivets from the magazine and carefully remove the full pages of the reviews and the casts and bind them in a complete book at the end of the year, using the brief reviews for July and January following for an index. This serves

SUMMER and summer shows! Evenings for frolic and gaiety—with films to fit the mood! And maybe you don't think that's just what the public wants!

Ruby Keeler and her stellar companions in their show about Broadway life—George Arliss's whimsical "The Working Man"—these and others like them are the ruling favorites just now!

There is a decided upward trend, and our readers say that motion pictures have done wonders toward lifting the spirit of the nation. An invaluable cure for our ills.

You'll note the discerning eye for minor players, and appreciation of their work, in some of the letters. Let no one say the American public is "star-mad!"

Mingled with comment about plays and players are keen comments on the movies themselves—their influence, ways to improve one's enjoyment of them, and the like. It's all mighty encouraging to those having faith in American taste.

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.

me in three ways: (1) Look up the picture to see if it is worth seeing; (2) Study the cast after the show; (3) Amuse myself by remembering the shows again through the older books.

ARTHUR C. WEBER, Bellingham, Wash.

WOULD-BE BOY FRIENDS

The picture was over! Lights flashed on, and as happy crowds poured into the street humming "42nd Street," and "Shuffle Off," a small boy suddenly asked his mother:

"Do you think I'll ever have a girl like Ruby Keeler, mother?"

Men paused to smile sympathetically . . . girls laughed . . . everyone looked kindly on the little fellow. He had voiced something which nearly all of us felt: "Here's a girl I'd love for sister, pal or sweetheart!"

Why? Because she was real! Her big eyes had their own natural beauty, and best of all . . . oh, crown of crowns . . . she wore her own dark, wavy hair! What a relief after the torrent of peroxide waves!

Keep it dark, Ruby! Keep it dark!

ROBERT B. PATTON, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE PERFECT HOST

The other night a gang of kids decided to come to my house. Mother was tired and didn't want a lot of noise, so I felt rather concerned about how I could entertain them.

When they arrived we all piled in the car and started for a ride. We had gone a few miles when one of the gang shouted, "Hey, you, stop!" "What's the matter," I asked, as I put on the brakes, "a flat tire?" "No, worse than that. We just passed a theater showing '42nd Street,' and I'm broke!"

Well, for once we were in luck. I had enough change in my pocket to get us all in. And was it a good show? And how! They all agreed they liked my way of entertaining.

I've often said I would not care to see the same show twice, but I could see "42nd Street" a dozen times and still enjoy it.

BARBARA H. BRYANT, El Cajon, Calif.

PICTURE SAVERS

I would like to say a word or two for our "unstarred stars."

As I look back upon the gigantic parade of films that have flickered before my eyes, the two most outstanding "unstarred stars," in my opinion, are Lewis Stone and James Gleason. These two have saved many a picture from disaster.

MARY SCHUBERT, Tacoma, Wash.

GARBO!

I have listened to a great deal of discussion as to why Garbo is so popular and I think I know the secret. Garbo is poetry personified, and I've noticed that people who enjoy poetry also enjoy Garbo.

Of course, all of us do not care for poetry and for the same reason there are many who do not care for Garbo.

NORMA NELSON, Colville, Wash.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

You can't go wrong if you say "Let's go Tonight

to see one of these great

WARNER BROS. PICTURES"



"CAPTURED!"

with LESLIE HOWARD. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas. A dramatic surprise you will never forget!



"MARY STEVENS, M.D."

with KAY FRANCIS . . . LYLE TALBOT . . . GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor . . .



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B'way's sensational stage success with Joan Blondell, Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hugh Herbert.



GEORGE ARLISS

in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

● AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN "I LOVED A WOMAN"

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

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing run-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music. Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oake, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Movie Muddles \$1,500.00 Contest

will be found on pages 52
and 53 this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

It's not too late to try your
hand if you haven't started.
More fascinating than any-
thing you have ever before
tackled.

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scolding "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COLENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

"WILL YOU EVER FORGET HOW SWEET SHE WAS IN THAT SCENE?"



"THIS IS ONE PICTURE YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."

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The new season's biggest thrill . . . talked about by everyone who's seen it . . . and you'll rave too- "PILGRIMAGE" . . . burning story of three great loves . . . a picture too big for words to describe. Be sure you see it . . . so ask your theatre manager now when he plans to show it. "PILGRIMAGE" . . . triumph of Fox Films, new leader in Motion Picture Entertainment,

FOX



"THE TAXICAB INCIDENT HAD ME ROARING."



"MY DEAR! I THOUGHT I WAS HARD-BOILED BUT—"



"WE JUST SAW 'PILGRIMAGE' . . . DON'T MISS IT!"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eye-ful. (*April*)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (*May*)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (*June*)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (*Aug.*)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (*Aug.*)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (*May*)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (*April*)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (*June*)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—a good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (*Aug.*)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creeps badly. (*May*)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (*July*)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (*June*)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (*Aug.*)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (*April*)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (*June*)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (*July*)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelme! (*Aug.*)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (*June*)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (*July*)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (*Aug.*)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (*June*)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tenuous German love story with English captions. (*May*)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (*July*)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (*April*)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (*July*)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (*July*)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (*May*)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (*July*)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—Sylvia Sydney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (*Aug.*)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (*April*)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a Blackmill mystery. (*May*)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (*May*)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (*July*)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (*May*)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (*April*)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (*April*)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (*May*)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Brits unwittingly running a speakeasy. (*May*)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (*Aug.*)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (*May*)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (*July*)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robison, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (*June*)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (*June*)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (*June*)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (*July*)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (*June*)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (*June*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SONG OF SONGS"

A Rouben Mamoulian Production with Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon.

One of the world's great stories comes to the star who can make it live... "The Song of Songs"—the Love of Loves—blindly sought through tragic amours by a woman too feminine to grasp true happiness.



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a slyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Sumnerville and Zasu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves lubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadowy voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

Who Wins the Gold Medal?

Announcement of
the winning picture
appears in this issue
of
PHOTOPLAY

Turn to pages 38
and 39 for the complete story.

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; cooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]



YOUR TEETH SO MUCH *Whiter* YOUR BREATH SO MUCH *Sweeter*

Most of the women (and very critical women they are, too) who use Listerine Tooth Paste offer this interesting comment.

"It cleans so much better, makes my teeth so much whiter and breath so agreeable that I wouldn't use any other."

What more honest, more practical comment could be made about a dentifrice? And when you consider that

more than 2,000,000 women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste in preference to more costly dentifrices, the statement must be true. The fact that they pay only 25¢ for Listerine Tooth Paste, thus saving approximately \$3.00 a year over 50¢ varieties, is incidental.

Results are what you are interested in. Won't you try a tube? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



At last! Bristles can't come out!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP

(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

Read These Brickbats and Bouquets



Mickey Mouse's father in his "Silly Symphonies" has created a popularity rival for his famous brain child. You'll remember that Walt Disney received the Academy Award last year for the symphony "Flowers and Trees"—so the mounting tide of enthusiasm follows true art

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

SILLY, BUT NICE

Is there ever a word of commendation published in favor of the cleverly conceived and artistically portrayed semi-comic (if you will allow me) picture, namely Walt Disney's "Silly Symphony"? I have in mind particularly "Babes in the Woods" done in color; but I have seen many of Disney's Silly Symphonies and I have yet to witness one that was not amusing.

The music, and it is good music, too, synchronizes so perfectly with every action of the subjects of the picture, that I marvel at the unlimited patience and ingenuity it must require to set up such a picture.

E. B. STOLBA, Pasadena, Calif.

SUGAR-COATED CULTURE

With only a dollar to spend each week for all cultural training, I decided that the movies were my strongest ally. By careful selection of pictures, my children are gaining real knowledge and polish, while being entertained, and are much better mannered and well informed than in days when movies were a rare liberty.

To mothers who feel that the depression is robbing their children of cultural advantages, I say, "Take them to the movies, and be grateful to the producers and artists who make

it possible for everyone to know perfect English, appreciate real beauty, and feel the inspiration of high ideals."

MRS. MARY E. BUDA, Englewood, Col.

HAS GARBO GROWN COLD?

Allow me to throw a brick—aimed at the head of that silent sophisticate, Greta Garbo. I don't like her, and don't mind saying so!

Those hollow cheeks and drooping eyelids make her look more fit for a sanitarium than a moving picture. The discontented droop of her mouth is anything but lovely, and her movements are studied, artificial.

Too unnatural, too cold, too extreme! And the pity of it is, she *could* be beautiful if she'd leave off that "sick cat" expression and smile a little oftener. With her possibilities she might become a great actress.

RUTH NEIL, Paris, Ky.

UN-STARRED ARTISTS

May I say a word in behalf of the non-favored players, whose names are sometimes omitted from the cast, yet who invariably turn out finished performances?

To mention a few: David Landau, Berton Churchill, Aline MacMahon, Frank McHugh, C. Henry Gordon, Eugene Pallette, Allen Jenkins, Blanche Friderici, Roscoe Karns, O. P. Heggie, C. Aubrey Smith, John Miljan, Richard Tucker and Edward Van Sloan.

G. T. TARBON, Hollis, N. Y. C.

GABRIEL'S LESSON

I am more than ever convinced of the tremendous scope of the screen. There exists today no greater medium for public good. I have just seen "Gabriel Over the White House" and I would like to recommend this film.

It seems to me that every person in the United States, with a spark of love for his country, should see this production, drink in its lessons, realize its fine spirit of public devotion and then go out of the theater determined to lend his moral support to the task of bringing about the results portrayed on the screen.

E. AMBRIDGE, San Francisco, Calif.

MORE ABOUT KATIE HEPBURN

May I add my comments to those already given about that startling new star, Katharine Hepburn? There are two things I have seen no mention of as yet.

First, has anyone noticed her beautiful forehead? Exquisite! Looks as though there might be plenty of brains back of it.



Even Hitler—if he dared try—couldn't stop the world from laughing at Walt Disney's "Silly Symphonies." Here the trees have come to life, under Walt's magic drawing pen. Such antics!

And secondly, has anyone noticed her modesty? In three magazines I counted fourteen pictures of her, and in every single one she was wearing high neck and long sleeves. I am so tired of backless evening gowns, backless bathing suits, and bare legs. May this refreshing modesty set a new fashion!

Three cheers for this delightful girl with the bony, lanky body, big mouth, high cheek bones, gorgeous eyes and exquisite brow.

DOROTHEA CRANE, Pittsburgh, Penna.

To Learn What the Public Thinks

STAR-STRUCK POET

If I had the glamour of Garbo
And Connie Bennett's poise,
If I could dress like Shearer
(Would I have my pick of the boys?)
If my legs were just like Dietrich's
And Joan Crawford would lend me her charm,
If I were as winsome as Gaynor
(Could I do a bit of harm?)
If Mae West would give me her "come on"
And Lupe would give me her pep,
If I were seductive like Myrna
Could I be making a rep?

I'd go to Hollywood surely,
A producer would sign me for life—But
I better start cooking the dinner
For I'm only a movie-struck wife.
MRS. H. E. MULDOON, Philadelphia, Penna.

CHARMING MR. ARLISS

Can anyone touch the performances of George Arliss for sheer artistry? In "The Working Man" he gave us a portrayal so deft and delightful that the audience was enraptured.



Three cheers for "The Working Man!" Not the chap who's getting the "new deal"—we mean George Arliss in the picture of that name. The country's going Arliss, with kind words for Bette, also. So here are the two favorites, as they appear in a scene of the picture



What things people are saying about Katharine Hepburn. They're always discovering something new. This month it's her modesty in clothes, high neck and all. Of course, you have noticed

The story also was charming, and the strongest Mr. Arliss has had in some time. Bette Davis is at her best. And who is this Theodore Newton? He is a real find.

PAUL ENDICOTT, Westfield, N. J.

OIL, HE'S VERY PARTICULAR

I wish someone would help me understand these movie people. I was reading an article in PHOTOPLAY about Mr. George Arliss. In

his picture "The Working Man," (the article said) he wouldn't allow Bette Davis to wear pajamas but ordered them to make her a nightgown. Also, the article said, a costly painting was discarded by Mr. Arliss and another painting used. But a few days later when I saw the picture in question, Bette Davis was so entirely covered that no one could tell whether she wore nightgown or pajamas, and we didn't get more than a sideways glance at the painting and couldn't possibly see what it looked like. So what?

MRS. C. E. CONGER, Tulsa, Okla.

SONG O' ERIN

Three dozen Irish orchids to Marion Davies for her superb portrayal of the colleen in "Peg O' My Heart"!

But the most charming bit in the picture, in my opinion, is the village scene in which there is a real Irish breakaway dance and the lad with the accordion sings his Irish song. It was for this that I saw the picture twice.

MARILEE MARTIN, Henderson, Ky.

MOVIES THAT CURE

What a changing world we live in!

Ten years ago when I was first appointed a member of the hospital staff, two young nurses were dismissed for sneaking off to a picture one evening on their monthly "day off." For ten years I saw no movies.

But this morning when I came on duty I

found a note on my desk, left by the doctor in charge. It said: "Nurse, in view of the fact that patients in rooms twelve, fourteen and twenty are recuperating nicely, you may take those who care to go to a motion picture uptown at about three o'clock. Car is at your disposal."

Did I pinch myself? We went, my three charges and I, and we have all survived!

ALISON W. FREE, Regina, Canada.

PAPA SPANK!

We are playing a new film game in our family. The game has been temporarily titled: "Stalling Junior." I wish to set forth the general proceedings:

Junior is sent off to a theater with some of his neighborhood pals.

Junior returns home and the following conversation inevitably takes place:

Junior: Dad, what does it mean when Mac West says, "Aw, you can be had"?

Dad: Ahem—well—er—that is—well, it just means that she would like to have the gentleman call on her sometime.

Junior: Well, what's a wanton woman?

Dad: Oh, she just wants things, that's all.

Junior: Say, dad, you aren't a "sugar daddy," are you?

Dad: Now you run along and ask your mother about that.

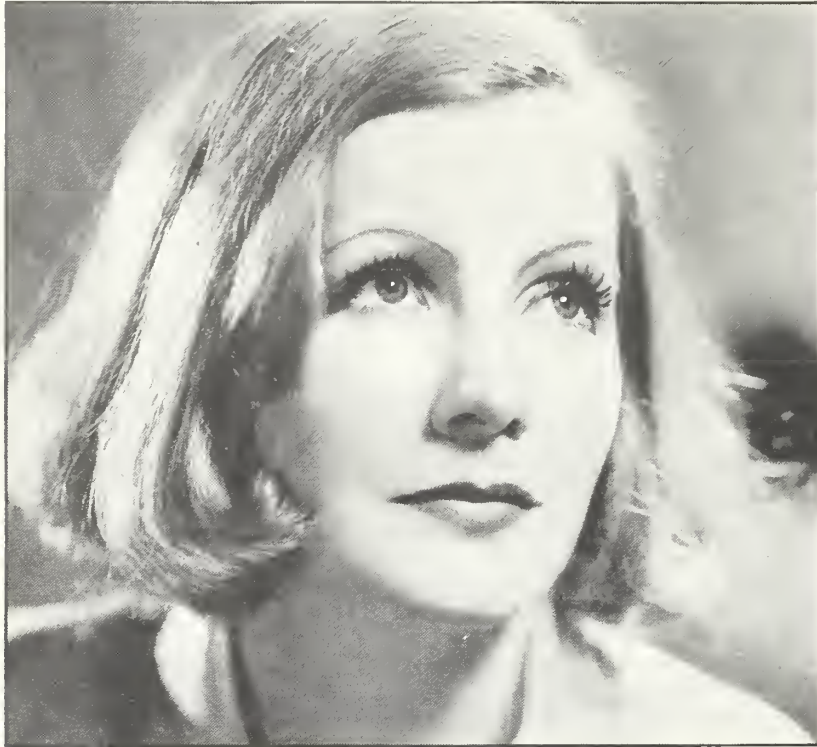
It's a great game all right, but it takes patience, tact and plenty of stalling.

EUGENE FARRAR, Los Angeles, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



Garbo is still the incomparable! She draws, as always, a flood of Brickbat and Bouquet mail. Here, Garbo worshippers, brace for a shock!—a brickbat or two! "The silent sophisticate," they call her—too unnatural, too cold, too extreme! Yet others marvel at her artistry

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Unemployed? Funds low? Spirits lower? Go to the movies. If you're a man, get an eyeful of the "gals"; if a woman, the star's gowns and boy friends. Worse luck than yours makes tame movie plays. Put your ingrown grump on the spot. Go to the movies!

MABEL WIESTER, New Cumberland, Penna.

EIGHT HOUR MOVIE!

I went to see Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" yesterday afternoon at three o'clock and stayed until eleven. I didn't realize how late it had grown, but when *Giovanni* was just escaping from the German prisons (for the third time), a hand was laid on my arm and my mother whispered, "It's eleven o'clock." I certainly knew then why my stomach had been bothering me. Mother had almost called the police to hunt for me!

MARVEL DAVIS, Muskegon, Mich.

SECRET SORROWS

I know that Fredric March is married, Clark Gable has "big ears," and Leslie Howard's physique is nothing to write a song about. I see that Bing Crosby looks "slouchy fat," and William Gargan hasn't enough mouth, and Robert Montgomery's "gone Hollywood." I've been told that Joel McCrea courts the married ladies, Jack LaRue has no background, and Gloria Swanson's broke. I've read that Joan Crawford is fishing for publicity, and La Hepburn strives for "effect," and Janet Gaynor has temperament. That Lupe Velez has been misunderstood and Clara Bow will reform.

But does all that spoil my "illusions"? I don't even care that they've given sex-appeal to Mickey Mouse and Schnozzle Durante! I'll go see pictures and read movie magazines till Mae West's ideas grow old.

MRS. BILLIE MCBRIDE, Lamar, S. C.

A CURE FOR LOVER SPATS

A young married couple of our acquaintance accompanied us to a show the other night. They'd had a family tiff and were not on speaking terms.

The picture, fortunately for them, was Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." Long before that picture had reached Mae's final flippant wisecrack that young couple were not only laughing at Mae but laughing at and *talking* to each other.

Mae West's comebacks and witticisms wiped out that family tiff in one brief hour.

JASPER B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

THE FIRST YEAR IS HARDEST

Have you ever tried the movies as a cure for bad temper? Some time ago my husband and I had one of those misunderstandings which so often occur between two people terribly in love with each other, but who are just beginning to adjust their lives together during the first year of marriage. There were high words between us and almost a fatal rupture.

But in a lucid moment I collected myself and rushed out.

I went to the neighborhood movie. For two hours I was moved by the emotional tragedies and the tender, exquisite moments of love of the shadow people on the screen. By the time

the picture was over, only love for my husband remained in my heart. In a chastened mood, I wended my way home to be met at the door with a sweet kiss by my husband. He, too, had gone to see "The First Year"!

MRS. S. SCHAIN, New York, N. Y.

STARS THAT DIMMED

Each month when I receive my copy of PHOTOPLAY, I turn to that department called "Screen Memories From PHOTOPLAY," and travel once more down memory's lane to a bygone day, always with a queer little ache in my heart for those "forgotten faces."

When "Street Scene" played at our theater a year or so ago, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Ella Hall, once a famous star, playing an extra in a mob scene. Recently, in "Gabriel Over the White House," I recognized Gladden James who, fifteen years ago, was a popular leading man, cast in a bit part with one line of dialogue. A few days ago, in Buck Jones' "McKenna of the Mounted," I saw the man who unforgettably portrayed old *Senator Stoneman* in Griffith's masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation," playing an insignificant rôle!

I hold, then, my little grief for these forgotten stars of yesteryear, for to a loyal follower who has known and loved them, their reduction to the rank and file brings a lump to the throat and a smarting to the eyes—but I left the theater with the feeling that I had seen the familiar faces of old friends—still beloved!

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

THE PLEASURE IS OURS

I have attended all the leading motion pictures. I know every plot. I have an intimate acquaintance with the actors and actresses.

Am I a millionaire? I should say not. I doubt if I could raise the price to go to a single show, even if I had the chance.

All has been done in my mind. You see, living in a town not affording movies at present, I revel from cover to cover in PHOTOPLAY, which a good Samaritan friend gives to me.

I want you to know how much your magazine puts into one's life in a case like mine. It gives me the biggest thrill and pep I get in the way of amusement. And as I said in the beginning, I honestly do visualize the motion pictures of the day so vividly presented to me in PHOTOPLAY.

MRS. A. L. STRAIT, Umatilla, Fla.

CHEAP SKATES?

I receive the PHOTOPLAY Magazine every month, and I pay particular notice to the letters sent in by the audience.

I wouldn't be afraid to bet that half of the ones who make nasty remarks about the stars get into the shows on passes or crash the gates.

I at one time worked as usher here at the Orpheum Theater, and I remember the people I let in free always made the biggest howl.

RAYMOND DOUGLAS, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

It maddens me to find another film couple approaching the Great Divide every time I pick up the newspaper. If they must divorce each other, let them. But please, Mr. Actor and Mrs. Actress, don't proclaim to a weary-of-the-subject-public that you intend to be "the best of friends."

MARGARET M. DOUGHERTY, Wilmington, Del.



I'M SAVING LOTS OF MONEY ON CLOTHES WASHING THEM THE "SCRUBLESS" WAY AND LOOK—THEY'RE AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER



JIM, MY HOUSEHOLD LINENS LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER SINCE I CHANGED TO RINSO

I'VE NOTICED MY SHIRTS DON'T GET FRAYED THE WAY THEY USED TO



IT'S BECAUSE I NEVER USE A WASHBOARD ANY MORE! WITH RINSO, DIRT IS SOAKED OUT INSTEAD OF BEING SCRUBBED OUT

THAT SOUNDS EASY —



IT IS MUCH EASIER, JIM! I DON'T NEED TO SCRUB OR BOIL... YET MY WASH LOOKS WHITER THAN EVER! RINSO MAKES DISHWASHING EASY, TOO

YOU'RE SMART, DARLING!

These "no work" washdays
save clothes — save you — save your hands

WHY SLAVE over a washboard, when you can get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter just by soaking? Save work, save your hands — change to Rinso! Dirt floats out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse. Clothes come so white — so sweet and clean — they don't even need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers — recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as light-weight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. One box lasts and lasts. Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning. Get it at your grocer's now.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

CHARLES CALVINE

Often a Bridesmaid ... at last a Bride



Myrtle—of all women—was going to be married. The townspeople simply couldn't believe it. Seeing one man after another slip through her hands, they had come to look upon her as a sort of premature old maid, who every year came out of obscurity to act as bridesmaid for some of her girl friends. And now she had won a man for herself—not only an attractive man but a successful one. Myrtle's friends were very happy about it all. "Well, Myrtle finally woke up to herself," they said. "She could have been married years ago if she had even suspected her trouble."

How's your breath today?

PLAY SAFE . . . USE LISTERINE

How is your breath today? Agreeable, you hope, but you do not know for sure. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). The victim never does know. Moreover, the risk is constantly present.

Halitosis, records prove, affects everyone at some time or other. That is because it springs from conditions generally prevalent in the mouth . . . Tiny bits of fermenting food, a decaying tooth, a leaky filling, minor infections of the mouth, and excesses of eating and drinking.

Why take the chance of making a nuisance of yourself with a disagreeable breath, when by simply using Listerine you can instantly make it

wholesome and agreeable?

Listerine cleanses and freshens the mouth. Halts fermentation. Checks decay, and resists infection—all a cause of odors. Then gets rid of the odors themselves.

Don't take chances on too powerful, wishy-washy, or bargain price mouth washes of doubtful deodorant power. Tests have shown that such mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

Be fastidious: Keep Listerine, and Listerine only handy in home and office. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

L I S T E R I N E

makes it agreeable



Elmer Fryer

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has furnished lady movie-goers with heart-throbs for many years now, but he still plays the rôle of young adventurer and plays it well. Dick loves to travel and is particularly fascinated by the Orient. So he is anxiously looking forward to the Oriental atmosphere of "Shanghai Orchid"



Clifton Maupin

VICTOR JORY, handsome and six-feet-two, dug ditches, worked in lumber camps and was a professional wrestler before he found his way to a stock company stage. From there it was but a short step to Hollywood. Film success was assured when all who saw "State Fair" remembered the barker with the ring game—a small rôle artfully played



WYNNE GIBSON is one of those girls who aims to be as versatile as her ideal man. Remember when Wynne said her perfect lover must be able to fight, swim, fly, command, demand, and be tender in love-making? Maybe that's why Wynne has gone from curls to an exotic headdress, to prove you can be many personalities. "Her Bodyguard" is next



Hurrell

HELEN HAYES always looks like a very good little girl—even in a black, backless gown. But as an actress her mature poise and broad knowledge of her art are unsurpassed. Her next picture is the screen version of "Another Language," in which she plays opposite Robert Montgomery as a misunderstood daughter-in-law

Worry-free!

Yes!

COTY GIVES YOU A WORRY-FREE FACE

That one keen glance into the hall mirror—as you leave your own home or arrive at that of a friend—that glance flashes this cheerful news:

“When you use *Coty* Powder, it's on your *face*—not on your *mind*. You *don't* have to worry about it!”

Coty doesn't talk so much about this fine Face Powder taking away “shiny” face, for *any* powder does that—with more or less satisfaction. No! Coty believes that clever women expect more uncommon things of their Face Powder. They seek *subtle flattery*—a perfection of tone, a caress in texture, a delicacy of perfume. They want the Face Powder

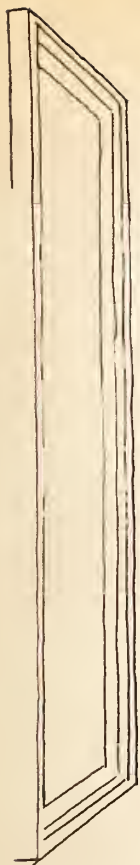
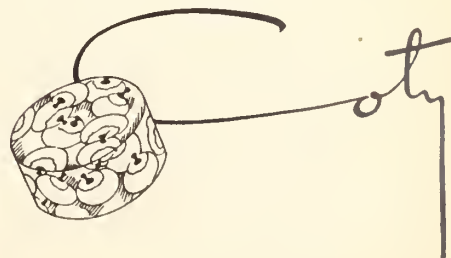
that makes them *prettier and more natural looking*. Coty gives you these qualities!

You can apply your own Coty Face Powder—and forget it, after it's on. Choose Coty for a “worry-free” face.

* * *

Whether or not *you* are keenly interested in the *details* of Coty Face Powder perfection—its accurate skin tones; its fresh fragrances; its silk-sifted texture; its acknowledged purity—we don't know.

We do know that a great many exquisitely lovely women find Coty Face Powder the best flattery they can buy for their faces. *Quality* governs its every process and ingredient. That is why Coty Powder can be advertised so consistently to the smart readers of this magazine.





WARMLY COLORFUL KITCHEN IN THE HOME OF ESTELLE TAYLOR



ESTELLE TAYLOR'S
HOLLYWOOD HOME

Old Dutch Cleanser
stars ★ ★
in Estelle Taylor's
lovely home

The bright stars of movieland are typical of all American women in their love for clean, beautiful homes. That's why Estelle Taylor uses Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively. She knows that it protects lovely surfaces because it doesn't scratch; that it cleans quicker and cleans more things, and that it goes further and does more actual cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is *different* from anything else because it is the *only* cleanser made of pure "seismotite," scientifically recognized as the safest and most economical cleaning material. Old Dutch contains none of the harsh, destructive grit found in ordinary cleansers. Its particles are flaky and flat-shaped, and remove *all* the dirt quickly and easily, without scratching. It doesn't injure the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for Old Dutch quality and economy.

*Doesn't
Scratch*



Old Dutch Holders in Color

Mail 10c and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder.
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. H969, 221 No. La Salle St. Chicago Ill.
Please find enclosed cents and labels for which send me
Old Dutch Holders. Colors: IVORY GREEN BLUE

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

MARY PICKFORD is still a great personality. When the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks broke, the press of the nation devoted more space to the story than would have been accorded to any other couple on the screen. And it was Mary that chiefly made this big news.

The reason is simple. No history of motion pictures could be written without allotting considerable space to Miss Pickford's career. And, conversely, her biography would be a history of the evolution of the art of motion pictures.

FOR twenty-four years she has appeared almost continuously before screen audiences. Her curls and petite innocence made her a tremendous favorite with the public, and a fortune for herself.

She was the first star. Her fame and prestige and popularity at the time she married Fairbanks in 1920 have never been equalled. No other picture star has ever achieved her eminence. She possessed the love of the world as well as received its adulation.

Instead of her divorce from Owen Moore and her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks ruining her career, as intimate friends feared at the time, the world chose to regard the new matrimonial alliance as a great romance of the screen, and amiably recognized the new husband as a consort royal sitting beside the throne of Queen Mary. And the couple became the social arbiters of the world of the motion picture.

BUT as a star Doug began to overshadow Mary. Such magnificent pictures as "Robin Hood," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Black Pirate" rewarded him greatly in reputation and in money.

The joint popularity of this couple was irresistible. In their stately home, Pickfair, they lavishly entertained earls and counts and even princes of the royal blood.

THOSE who know this couple intimately maintain that it was this social position that eventually undermined their marital happiness. Mary, they assert, kept the cool and steady head. She realized that their joint eminence had been constructed on the work of a lifetime. And only by continuing that work with unflinching energy could that eminence endure.

Doug preferred to relax, to play and to see the world. In a nutshell, as one friend puts it, "Wealth and fame shattered this romance." And the trend of the argument seems to be, let Doug shoulder the blame.

HOWEVER that may be, the separation has come, and Pickfair—symbol of a departed glory—is for sale.

Doug, at this moment, is scouring foreign lands. Mary, brave trouper since she was four years old, is reported concentrating her mind and her energies upon new picture production plans.

And whether we have seen the climax in the personal lives of these two famous people remains yet to be revealed.

FOR some time Mary's screen future has been uncertain. Perhaps she has adhered too rigidly to the tradition of "America's Sweetheart."

A mature woman, it is only five years since she was shorn of her famous curls. She selected more "grown-up" rôles, but still she seemed to play them with something of the naïveté that charmed earlier and less sophisticated audiences.

"TAMING of the Shrew" tested the box-office drawing power of Doug as well as Mary, for, as you will recall, both starred in that picture. The crowds came, but were not quite satisfied.

If Mary and Doug had appeared thus jointly on the screen two years earlier, it would have created a tremendous sensation. The garbled screen version of Shakespeare's play suddenly assumed the importance of a test of the co-stars' popularity—something that had not been anticipated. Mary was neither her old, sweet, ingenuous self, nor the shrewd *Katherine*. And Doug fell short of the super-hero of "Robin Hood" or "The Thief of Bagdad."

MARY, performing in "Coquette" a few months before, is said to have made the biggest box-office success of any of her pictures.

That fact is significant. Instead of wandering afield in such dubious ventures as "Secrets," perhaps Mary

could well consider some such rôle as that of *Norma Besant* in "Coquette." The curious fact is that "Coquette" was not really a very important picture. It was Mary's personality and acting that carried it.

I believe that if she will forget, on the one hand, her earlier rôles and, on the other, will cease experimenting, it is quite possible she may re-establish herself as one of the foremost actresses of the screen.

In any event, the whole world wishes Mary the very best of luck.

THE year after Doug and Mary were united in wedlock witnessed the spectacular fall of another star. Fatty Arbuckle was involved, in 1921, in that terrible scandal that destroyed his picture career.

After nearly twelve years of retirement from the screen, a more tolerant public permitted him to try to make a comeback. The removal of the ban permitted him only a glimpse of a new screen future. Fate played its trump card—death.

I believe that, through his disappointments and sufferings, Fatty's score was wiped clean years ago. But death removes all further argument. Arbuckle, before his downfall, had lightened the hearts of millions by his clownings on the silver screen. May he be dealt with kindly beyond the Great Divide.

THERE'S something reminiscent of the old days of the motion picture business, before sound and bankers and other bugaboos laid cold hands upon it, in Buster Keaton making that picture in Florida.

And Mickey Neilan in directing him!

And Sally O'Neil in being a member of the company!

Right away one thinks of Mabel Normand, Norman Kerry, Blanche Sweet, Roscoe Arbuckle, Lew Cody, Mack Sennett, Charlie Chaplin, Mildred Harris, the three Moores, Hoffman's, the Alexandria Hotel.

Maybe Southern California has all the facilities for making pictures, including the climate, but with such a nucleus as Neilan, Keaton and O'Neil, what fun for Florida!

OVERHEARD in an ice cream parlor on the boulevard, one warm evening.

Two couples, all dressed up and on their way, trying to decide on the movie.

"Well," said wife No. 1, "shall we see 'King Kong' or George Arliss?"

"Oh," said the other lady, "let's see Arliss, by all means. There's no comparison!"

FURRINERS" certainly make life complicated for American producers! They had to cut out all the parts of "Cavalcade" which might be resented by the Irish—such as Queen Victoria's funeral procession—before the movie could be released in Dublin.

Then for London audiences Al Jolson's movie had to have its name changed to "Hallelujah, I'm a Tramp," because "bum" is a naughty word in England.

VINCE BARNETT, professional ribber, can't take it!

Barnett, playing a rôle in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," was sicked onto D. Phillips, hairdressing expert at Fox Studios, by some co-workers for a little first class ribbing.

He walked into Phillips' department where that young man was making up Mary McCormic, the opera star.

"Stop working on that girl!" Barnett ordered.

"Get out!" said Phillips.

"Stop working on that dame and make my hair up!" Barnett insisted. "The director wants you to fix my hair up with little curls."

Barnett removed his hat. (He hasn't a hair on his head.)

"Get out!" roared Phillips.

"Make my hair up now or you'll get fired," warned Barnett, and Phillips, in a rage, not having the least idea who he was, threw Barnett out of the office.

Now Barnett is being ribbed so unmercifully that he keeps out of sight. He simply can't take it.

THE drop of the dollar abroad has been a splendid thing for all American motion picture companies. It is a queer little magician called Foreign Exchange that has done the trick.

As the American dollar in Europe slid the bannisters other currencies went up in ratio. And American picture producers turned those currencies into American dollars and made a nice profit, beyond their expectations.

THELMA TODD and Sally Eilers, coming over from their picture-making in England, have a story to tell about that. Thelma's contract was in pounds. Sally's was in dollars. Thelma profited by the stipulation, Sally lost.

WILL ROGERS is superstitious and will not participate in the first scene of any picture. Bad luck, Will thinks. Director John Ford was all ready to shoot the opening sequence of "Doctor Bull," with Will.

"Let's go," said Ford, "knock 'em over."

"Just a minnte," said Will shyly. "Isn't this the very first shot?"

"Right," said Ford.

"Then count me out," grinned Will.

So Director Ford sent out an S. O. S. and a new opening was written.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.

**Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay—
to Help them in their Daily
Beauty Contests**

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

**THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY**

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

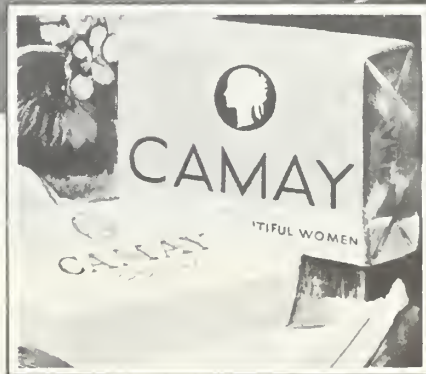
taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!



Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

So Comes the End of the



Here is one of the few recent photos of Mary and Doug showing some of the oldtime joy in meeting after separation. Both appear very happy and look how their hands clasp! But that pile of baggage is mutely symbolic of Doug's spirit—the roving spirit that can't stay home long at a time

THE story of the Fairbanks-Pickford smash-up is, I think, not that it happened. Friends had been predicting this would occur ever since Doug had his first taste of hob-nobbing with Kings and Counts.

The real story is Mary Pickford's love for Douglas Fairbanks. And, in a sense, is an epic. For it is a real life drama; the rise to the heights of international fame and tremendous wealth of a little Cinderella girl who once thought such things belonged only in Grimm's Fairy Tales. Mary has worked and fought all her life for what she's wanted. Today, she has everything life can offer—except happiness.

The story cuts back to those days of the early flickers when Mary first entered pictures. Those early days, even with the struggle and the poverty, Mary said recently, were some of the happiest she has ever known. There were dreams, yet unfulfilled, dreams which took plenty of courage to make come true. Long, hard, terrifying days in the studio under blazing studio lights, days of fear that she wouldn't make good, and then she'd be thrown back into the despair from which she was gradually emerging.

Mary had married Owen Moore during those first studio days. Together they worked, Mary sending her money to her mother who became her business advisor and manager later.

And life seemed sweet to her as she plodded along, rolling up her box-office score and with it a commensurate number of hard-earned dollars.

By the time the war burst upon us in 1917, Mary was, by far, the most popular motion picture actress. Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson were in the limelight, too. And other stars many of us wouldn't even know today, had their names in lights.



RAINBOW TRAIL!

By Agnes Foster

But Mary had already been christened "Sweetheart of America" by Sid Grauman, who thought up the phrase to use in his San Francisco movie house when one of Mary's pictures was shown there.

Douglas Fairbanks, once reported engaged to Geraldine Farrar, the opera star, when Doug was a struggling actor on the New York stage, came at this time into Mary Pickford's life. It was one of those rare attractions which sometimes happen—out of the nowhere the spark for each other had been kindled—and it flamed itself into a romance on which Mary's entire future hung because of pre-war public resentment against the stigma of divorce.

SHE met Doug, contrary to other stories, at a first night showing at a New York theater. That was in 1916. Douglas had done some picture work. But he was by no means in the star spot Mary had earned for herself.

When they returned to Hollywood, they began to see each other more and more frequently. And how could they help it? For Doug began to make his pictures on the old Lasky lot—over at the extreme northwest corner, he established his offices and dressing-rooms. Mary had long been "queen" of the lot—her famous bungalow dressing-room was located at the extreme northeast corner.

Mary's home was then at the corner of Sunset and Western, opposite the spot where the Fox studio now stands. Doug lived in the house upon the Boulevard that was later purchased by Norma Talmadge.

The tremendous attraction between these two, so much



In those faraway, early days of her career, Mary and Owen Moore (her first husband) share a pensive mood together. The break between them came in 1918, when Mary and Doug turned to each other. (At left) An airshot of the famous "Pickfair," for long the home of this couple



In 1918, Mary and Doug threw themselves wholeheartedly into the Liberty Loan Campaign. Her appearance in New York City during the drive aroused tremendous enthusiasm. Her romance with Fairbanks added, of course, to the sensation. And below is Mary Pickford as she lives in the memories of millions—"America's Sweetheart"

in the public eye, could not be kept a secret very long. Gossip flew. In order to allay the talk, a great many publicity pictures of Mary and her husband, Owen Moore, were taken at her home. But outside of rumors, there was no definite story until April, 1918.

The break came during the great Liberty Loan Campaign. Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin went to Washington on the same train. Mary's mother accompanied them, but all Hollywood was agog at the idea of their leaving together, but nothing had yet appeared in print.

IN the preliminary stages, they often discussed their romance with close friends—the effect it would have on their respective careers.

Then they reached the point where they decided no matter what happened, as private individuals, they had a right to happiness. But their advisors insisted they did not have that right.

Mary's mother was most insistent of all. She had visions of the great name Mary had built, all she stood for, crumbling to dust in the breath of scandal. She did not like Fairbanks.

In Washington, they stayed at the New Willard Hotel, in adjoining suites. All concerned were terribly perturbed. They envisioned the end of Mary's career.

But little Mary, terribly in love for the first time—her marriage to Owen Moore had taken place when she was little more than a child—was too happy to listen. Appearances meant nothing, if she could but be with Douglas.

Mary was to progress on to New York—Doug was to go to Baltimore. But he insisted on having the schedule changed to include him.

The celebration, the day they arrived in the metropolis, was one of the greatest in history. A mass of humanity surged about the old Sub-Treasury Building, to get even a fleeting glimpse of "America's Sweetheart." That celebration verified her right to the title as nothing else ever had.

AND that night the story broke in all the New York papers.

It happened that Beth Sully Fairbanks was living in New York with her young son, Douglas Junior. She sent word to Doug that she wanted him to come to her apartment that evening to talk things over. He refused. Mrs. Fairbanks went to the hotel where Fairbanks was staying. Doug refused to see her.

All the papers were full of it—and were very nice to both Doug and Mary. This was the first time their names were even linked outside of unsupported rumors. Mary was, as well as Douglas, now determined to go through with it, whether it ruined them or not.

Frances Marion, Mary's best friend, tried her best to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]





Otto Dyar

A WISTFUL beauty in the old-fashioned garden of her new Hollywood home, is Janet Gaynor. A perfect setting for her schoolgirl beauty. This lovely arbor spells butterflies, cool shadows and romance. Tea-time hour draws near and Janet, looking very pretty in a flowered setting, awaits her guests

The Barnstorming

When Lionel, John and the queenly Ethel traveled in a wagon and made one-night stands

By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

ONE midsummer evening in July, quite a few years ago, a family group sat around the supper table in a large, homely farmhouse in Westchester County, New York. They were the Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenport; it was a gathering of the clan, at Mother Davenport's farmhouse. There was serious business afoot—mighty serious business. One large family they actually were, for Lionel Barrymore and Sidney Drew and Harry Davenport had married the three Rankin sisters.

To be exact, the group was discussing a subject which is even more popular now than it was then. Already illustrious names in the theater, the Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports were broke. Their winter salaries, with the season just over, were already im- providently scattered to the winds, and being broke, they were animatedly discussing ways and means to keep on eating until Broadway grew bright with theater lights again.

It was as bad as that for the Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports.

Incidentally, they were about to add an intensely colorful page to theatrical history, especially insofar as that history concerned themselves, but of course they didn't know that then. Few people, very few people indeed, know it even now, for it is a page which has never been printed anywhere. This particular page was not included even in John Barrymore's own recently published memoirs.

THE wolf had to be kept from before the door somehow, but how? Suggestions were made and shoulders were shrugged. And finally it was Lionel—Lionel, so far the least distinguished of them all, the hard luck guy of the family—who offered the immediate solution.

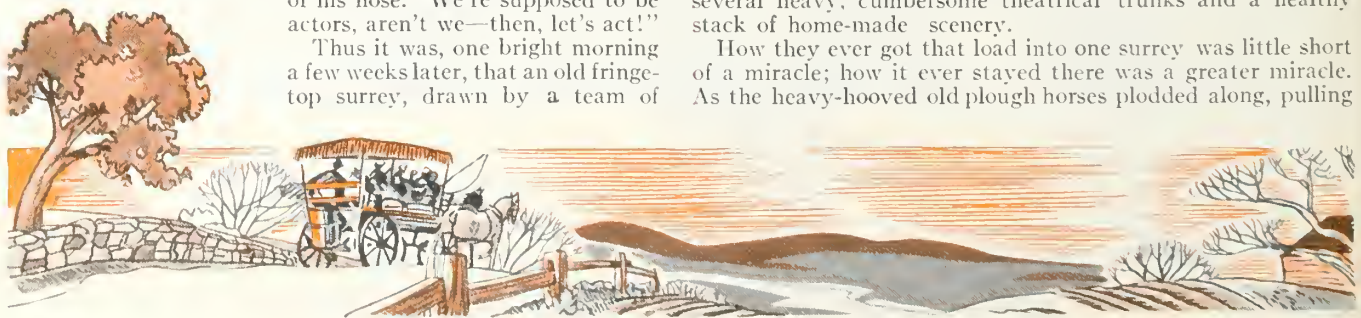
"Let's go barnstorming," he suggested. "Let's tour the small towns in a play of our own, and fool the wolf by taking the door right away from in front of his nose. We're supposed to be actors, aren't we—then, let's act!"

Thus it was, one bright morning a few weeks later, that an old fringe-top surrey, drawn by a team of



dejected-looking plough horses, creaked down the lane from the Davenport farm. There was nothing remarkable about that, of course—except that the surrey, one of the anciently high-boxed, three-seated variety antiquated even at the time, groaned beneath quite a remarkable load. For, in addition to the Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and Jack—there were Sidney Drew and his wife, Harry Davenport and his wife, the two Davenport children, Arthur and Katie, and young S. Rankin Drew, the last-named destined to be the first American actor killed in the War. In addition to all this human freight, the women sitting on the men's laps and the children on their laps, there were loaded upon the little shay several heavy, cumbersome theatrical trunks and a healthy stack of home-made scenery.

How they ever got that load into one surrey was little short of a miracle; how it ever stayed there was a greater miracle. As the heavy-hooved old plough horses plodded along, pulling



BARRYMORES



At the farm the family faced the problem of a summer with no money. Ethel is seated at the extreme left. The three other women are the Rankin sisters. Lionel, standing, suggests the barnstorming trip. John listens, sword in hand. Sidney Drew is in the right foreground . . . It was John who most often used the Barrymore code message, "Help, Cassius, or I sink," a cry for aid. . . . But the family's loyalty and ingenuity were never better tested than through the days of playing nightly in old barns to farm audiences



Ethel had already become well-known in the theater, and John, flitting from the stage to journalism and back again, was beginning to twinkle a bit with that spectacular, scintillant personality of his. Lionel—well, Lionel, the plugger, was plugging away as best he could but apparently getting nowhere.

So they started out, and their avowed goal was all the towns, hamlets and villages between Westchester and Atlantic City—Atlantic City, no less. In those days such a pilgrimage was unheard of for a barnstorming troupe. But then, the Barrymores have done quite unheard of things since, too. Quite unheard of things, to say the least.

Lionel was the manager of the troupe, the handy man and charioteer. He was the guy who drove and looked after the horses, sold tickets and paid the bills, and saw to all the details in general. In the play he had the smallest part—so far, he was not supposed to rank with either his sister or his brother as an actor. They were the stars of the show, with Lionel merely filling in.

SO Lionel drove, while John, characteristically, swedged himself in between the scenery and went to sleep. The surrey's first stop was at the home of the nearest neighbor, whom they assured that during their absence the "hired man" would deliver his milk. The neighbor, by the way, was a great friend of all the troupe and a young man whose name has since been long and loud in literary circles—Richard Harding Davis.

The barnstorming tour went through as scheduled. There were days and nights of high adventure, days when even the three Barrymores all in one cast and flanked by the Davenports and the Drews, scarcely knew where the next meal or the next bed was coming from. In the main it was a huge success, however,

with the most famous cast on record holding the customers breathless with home-made melodrama at which any of them would certainly elevate most supercilious noses now.

From town to town they went, stopping at every village and hamlet where a barn was available for their efforts. Perhaps you can imagine the regal John and the orchid-showered Ethel sweeping off their own makeshift stages and

their creaking, jammed-in, tied-down load that lovely morning, the troupe had with them the result of weeks of intensive toil, the equal of which could never have been even approached, much less obtained, by any impresario in the world. They had put their heads together and written a play. Strangely enough it was Lionel, then the least of these, who did the stage directing and rehearsed the others in their lines. Between rehearsals the women sewed feverishly on the costumes and the men knocked together and painted the scenery, and even the kids were cast as "chatter" and "offstage noises." At last all was ready, and thus the Davenports, the Drews and the Three Great Barrymores started out on their one and only barnstorming tour. Also, this was the only time when all three played together until their joint appearance, at tremendous expense and with many fanfares of trumpets, in "Rasputin and the Empress."

But in those days they weren't yet the Three Great Barrymores. True,



helping to shift their own scenery between the acts. Then, the performance over, they all struggled to load their stage effects and personal belongings back on the old surrey, huddled themselves into it in the darkness, and moved on to the next stand.

They did that all summer—without the advantage of advance billing, even; that's how lavish the Barrymore "super-productions" were in those days. But they got to Atlantic City just the same. By that time Broadway managers were casting their winter shows, and Ethel and John, of course, found parts. With Lionel, the backbone of the barnstorming tour, it was a far different matter.

Since that tour all three Barrymores have achieved separate and distinct careers.

IT was easy for Ethel and John to achieve the heights. Ethel has remained true to the theater, becoming a national toast and leaving her beloved "boards" only for two pictures—one a silent film, made long ago, in which she flopped, and the recent "Rasputin and the Empress," from which, when finished, she fled back to Broadway with harsh words for Hollywood upon her lips; and Jack has eschewed the theater these years past for the lucrative shadow stage. It was Lionel who had by far the hardest road to hew, even though it was from John that the family most often got the regular code telegram:

"Help, Cassius, or I sink."
—which when decoded, meant simply: "Send money so I can pay my hotel bill and get out of here."

Jack, leaping here and there, sent that family form telegram often; whenever any of the clan was in trouble the cry for succor came to the others, and it was never ignored. Lionel, less spectacular and more stable, sent it less frequently of all, and his need was often the greatest. Lionel had not yet found the place where he was to fit—was not to find it for many years yet.

AFTER the barnstorming tour Ethel and Jack, together with the Drews and the Davenports, went back to New York to live their gay, improvident, shallow life. In the winters, when they all had jobs and substantial pay checks, the whole clan would take an entire floor at Reisenweber's café-hotel. It was not such a conservative hostelry as Sherry's or Delmonico's, and they found it more to their taste. There also lived "Diamond" Jim Brady and Anna Held.

Here Kitty Blanchard, the adored mother of the Rankin girls, held forth in state with her innumerable bird-cages and dogs. She was a grand old actress of the old school, the wife of McKee Rankin, the famous actor-manager, who spoiled her grandchildren in everything and smoked huge black cigars. She lived at Reisenweber's with the rest of the clan, but she steadfastly refused to eat any food from the café. Her every meal had to be sent several blocks from Delmonico's, kept warm on the way in a hansom cab.

The Barrymores, the Drews and the Davenports all called her "Nimmy." She was a grandmother of the kids and Lionel's mother-in-law.

Instead of going back to New York with the others, Lionel decided that he wanted to become an artist, and not an actor. Lionel had played small parts in McKee Rankin's stock company and other minor rôles in various cities and towns; but now he felt his true medium was the brush and easel. A meeting of the tribe was called and, since success had come early to Ethel and Jack and they were always flush in winter, just as they were always broke in summer, it was decided to send Lionel and his wife to Paris to study.

LIONEL seized the opportunity avidly, and together with his wife sailed for France. There the two of them lived in one room of a cheap *pension* and permitted themselves only the barest necessities. Doris did her own washing in a wash-basin set on a trunk; she was careful, however, not to injure her hands, which were often called the most exquisite hands on the continent.

Lionel, his artist soul awakened by their beauty, loved to draw those hands.

They stayed in Paris for two years — years during which feast, as always with the Barrymore clan, alternated with famine. But clever as he was at the easel—his etchings are famous in the film colony and elsewhere now—an artist's career was not for Lionel. Summer succeeded the second winter, and with the rest of the tribe broke and back on the farm, he had to give it up.

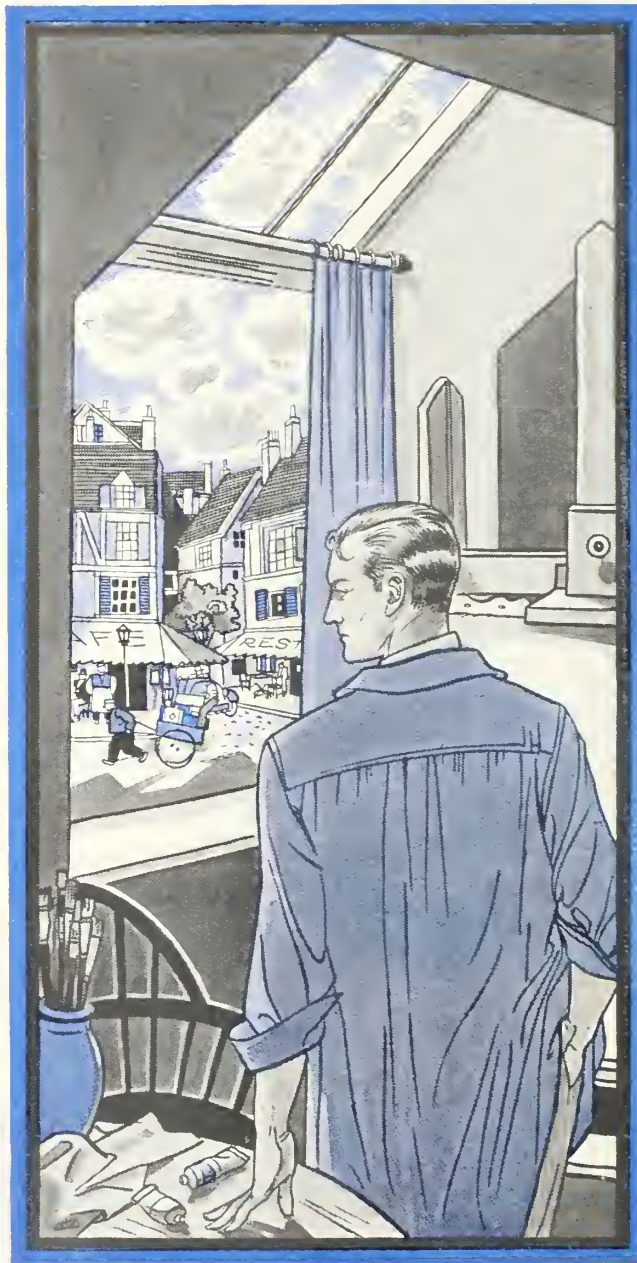
He and his wife returned to the United States and to a long period of difficulty and discouragement. He went from one small part to another, with often a heart-breaking interval between, and then, like a straw being whirled about in a stream and having no idea where he was headed, he went to Hollywood.

IN those days Lionel Barrymore—and he was the first of the clan to appear in a picture — was a veritable mountain of a man. He was huge in breadth and width without being tall; at that time he weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. Hollywood was pretty obvious in those days, and for

Lionel Barrymore the obvious rôle was that of the roly-poly comedian.

The scripts in those times were sketchy, consisting in Lionel's case mostly of bumps and falls. It was considered funny to have him thrown out of a door and land jack-knifed in a garbage can, and undoubtedly it *was* funny because he was so fat. He made faces, extricated himself by the seat of his pants, and that sort of thing. Yes, indeed—Lionel Barrymore!

With roly-poly comedians he alternated the serio-comic villains which you all remember [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



In a tiny studio above the narrow streets of Paris, Lionel tried to paint, and his wife, Doris, did their laundry in a wash-bowl. Then Hollywood beckoned

It Wasn't the Baby's FAULT!

Poor Slim Summerville! He has been pestered without let-up since he adopted Elliott

By Jack
Jamison



You just can't have any secrets in Hollywood 'cause you're watched too closely. That's why Slim Summerville decided to tell about Elliott

"Maybe if I tell one magazine they will quit hounding me," says Slim Summerville—and he chooses PHOTOPLAY.—Editor.

DO YOU remember, a while back, it seemed just about every star in Hollywood was adopting a baby? They all got their names in the papers. And there it ended—for them.

About the same time, Slim Summerville adopted a baby boy. That Slim did *not* do it for publicity's sake is proved by the fact that *no* pictures, *no* stories about his baby appeared anywhere at any time with his sanction. He kept the adoption absolutely secret.

Only four people in all Hollywood knew about it, and those four were personal friends. . . . But there it has *not* ended, for Slim! From the very day he took the boy, he has been subjected to endless, cruel, bitter and senseless persecution.

One of the four personal friends asked Slim, at the time, why he was doing it.

"Well, why would anyone adopt a baby?" replied Slim. "Because Mrs. Summerville and I want one, that's all. We've been married about ten years, and we haven't had a baby of our own.

"I never felt, before now, that I was financially able to adopt a child, or I wouldn't have waited this long. Don't think I'm saying I'm rich. You know I'm not. But it isn't fair to a child to adopt him unless you can take care of his future a little—have enough to give him an education, and things like that. Now I've got some money saved up, so my wife and I talked it over, and we agreed now's the time to do it, that's all."

Anybody who knows Slim well, knows he was telling the truth when he said that. Slim couldn't tell a lie to his worst enemy—or, if he could, and did, he'd stay awake every night for a year worrying about it. It would certainly seem, so far as any decent-minded person is concerned, that Slim's adopting little Elliott from the orphanage was a matter strictly between himself, his conscience, and God. If a man has fine, honest, generous reasons for doing a thing, we let him alone.

Slim has not been given a moment's peace since the day he did it! He has been hounded, ridiculed, insulted, imposed upon, and even threatened.

It began with a piece of thoughtlessness on the part of a newspaper writer. So zealous was Slim to keep any news of the adoption from getting out that he made it a point to ask everyone who came to his house—friends, acquaintances, and business associates alike—to promise, word of honor, not to tell that they had seen the baby in his house. The newspaper writer promised, word of honor, not to tell. And broke the promise instantly by revealing the whole thing in a newspaper announcement!

That started it. Because, immediately, the three hundred other newspaper and magazine writers in Hollywood began to deluge Slim with phone calls—sore because they had been scooped. "Why did you tell one person and not the rest of us?" "Didn't I do you a favor once, Slim?" "What's the idea of leaving me out?" "Next time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]"

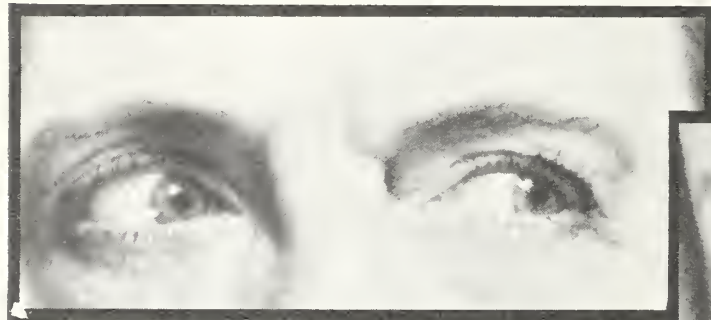
"I KNOW WOMEN



Never were eyes richer in expression than Greta Garbo's. They account for her great fascination



The drooping lids of Marlene Dietrich suggest vast emotional experience. Irresistible to men



The shrewd, kindly Marie Dressler looks upon the world for which she has nothing but good will

THE woman who is in love, yet wishes to conceal her emotion, daren't permit the man she loves to search her eyes. She knows but too well they will reveal her inmost feelings. Blushing may be a lost art, but even the sophisticated woman of the world had better wear smoked glasses if she wishes, for any reason, to conceal her tenderness for a man.

Cecil B. De Mille goes so far as to pick screen actresses through what might be called "the eye test," because he believes it reveals her true nature and the quality of her intelligence.

Her quality of round-eyed innocence won for Judith Allen the leading rôle in De Mille's forthcoming film of modern youth, "This Day and Age." Scores of other lovely girls prayerfully tried for the part, but apparently there was that behind their gaze which De Mille considered alien to the character of the girl in his story.

"Judith's eyes," he says, "suggest innocence mostly, although in them also is a touch of sophistication and slumbering passion. They are blue, clear and unafraid,

Says Cecil B. De Mille, in this strikingly unusual interpretation of women's souls

By Hilary Lynn

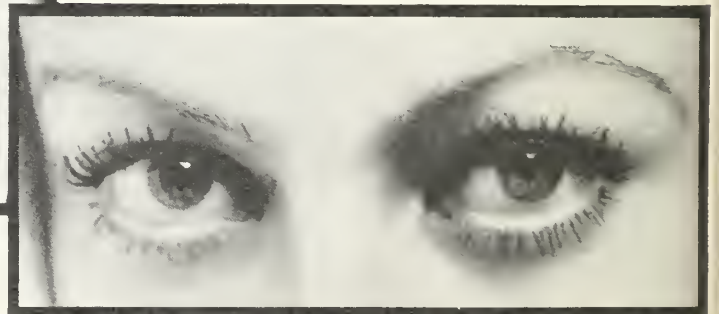
thus fulfilling the 'Diana' requirements for my new picture. By her alert expression, I judged this girl in our first interview as having intelligence and mental equipment. Her eyes are round, the quality I desired above all others for the heroine in my production—for she *must* have a virginal appearance. Their clear coloring suggests frankness, eagerness and curiosity—all attributes of the modern generation."

As a contrast to the wide-open, tremulously young and naïve eyes of Judith Allen are the eyes of Garbo and Dietrich. Eyes of sophistication.

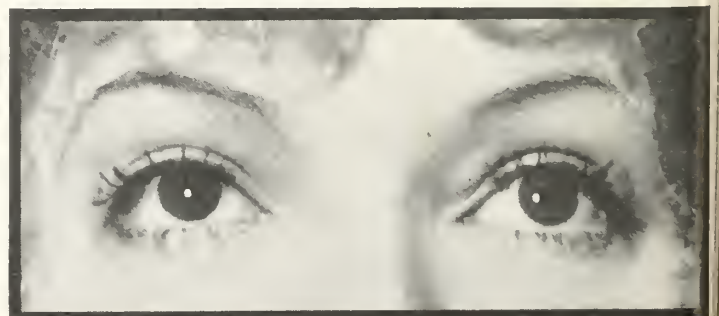
They are long and full. Their heavy lids seem weighted down by the fullness of their experiences. They seem to say: "Do not search too avidly. For we, like the sphinx, will never tell our secret. We have *lived*, we have *known*, we have *suffered* much that's buried deep in our souls."

Of Greta, De Mille says: "Her eyes reveal unfathomable wells of feeling, a great capacity for suffering, and an unswerving loyalty to her emotions."

Of Marlene: "The essence of winsome womanhood, sure of her charm and appeal is revealed in her well-



What an eagerness for life in these eyes! Joan Crawford can take good or bad without whining



Helen Hayes' expression is the epitome of womanly tenderness that the poets sing about

BY THEIR EYES”

poised gaze; hers are the eyes of a woman who has learned from experience.”

If the word “winsome” were but changed to “seductive”!

Of Joan Crawford: “The clear-sighted, wise eyes of our modern girl—the girl who is sure of herself and eager for life, ready to take the knocks and abide by and profit by her mistakes, without whining.”

Eyes like these are too direct and searching in their gaze ever to have successfully suggested poor, world-weary, hounded *Sadie Thompson*. These long, full, wide-stretched eyes, consciously searching, consciously desiring tempestuous living, seem to swim in a burning liquid that increases their lustre and clarity. And that very brightness seems to accentuate that “eager for life” look which is also an expression of passion and intensity.

As for that grand old lady who once nearly stole a picture from Garbo, and, like the wind and the sun, has seen so many come and go—De Mille breaks into something very like eulogy when he speaks of her: “Marie Dressler has the intelligent eyes of one who has sympathy with and knowledge of human suffering—not hers alone, but that of all humanity. There is intelligence and understanding in every expression of those eyes which have seen and understood much.”

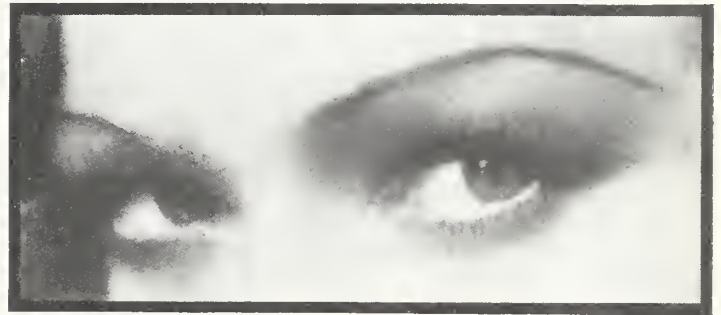
Deep-set and overhung by horizontal brows, *Tugboat Annie*’s eyes seem to burn with a bright flame, very penetrating, very steady—illuminating everything it sees! They are reflective eyes, too—and tolerant eyes.

Of Helen Hayes: “Delicacy, charm, constancy and sentiment are seen in these eyes, whose technique is so deft and facile that she shows refinement of feeling and emotion in every shade of expression.”

I told Mr. De Mille I saw something even more in



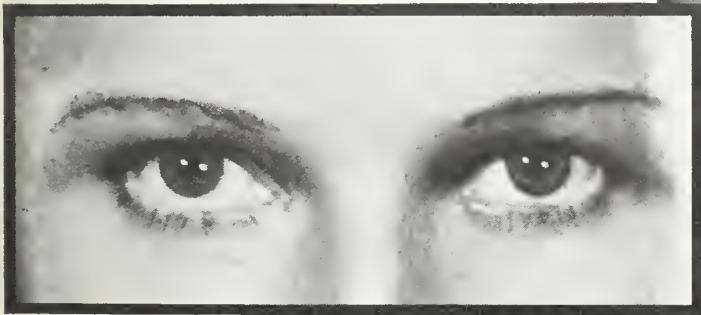
Starry, innocent eyes. Yet Claudette Colbert played the wicked empress in “Sign of the Cross”



Miriam Hopkins has many moods and her gaze is not an easy one to interpret because of that



Innocent, scarce as yet touched by life, Judith Allen’s eyes suggest deep slumbering passion



Guided always by what she feels is right, Ann Harding’s eyes are two clear pools of sincerity



Balance and judgment behind these eyes, a will to succeed. Norma Shearer is true to herself

those highly expressive and wonderfully warm eyes. Beyond the constancy and the delicacy, there was the courage for a great renunciation and the strength to bear anguish for the sake of an ideal.

What do you see behind Norma Shearer’s sparkling glance? De Mille translates it simply as bespeaking “Sophistication, clear thinking, good judgment and balance.”

Yes, that’s correct! Recall what careful thinking, what conscious planning, what power of will Norma Shearer employed to get where she is today, and to make a supreme success of living. So few unusual natural physical advantages to begin with! Norma Shearer did it all with her mind.

Again, in his analysis of Ann Harding, De Mille lit the mark.

“In the eyes of Ann Harding, you will find the independence of the intelligent young woman who looks life straight in the eye and acts accordingly. She is very honest, and she is too level- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

"Smilin' Through"

The PHOTOPLAY Magazine
Gold Medal as the best
picture of the year 1932



A GAIN the public has spoken—and with a landslide vote it has named Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Smilin' Through" as 1932's best picture.

So the thirteenth annual award of the supreme distinction in cinemaland—the Tiffany designed Gold Medal given by PHOTOPLAY Magazine each year in accordance with public vote—goes to this poignant tale of love triumphant through suffering.

No choice could have been happier. Only one film in scores manages to attain a touch of completely absorbing appeal, the kind that gets right down to the heart roots. "Smilin' Through" was brimming over with it, and deserved to win on that one count alone.

But its right to this honor does not rest on this, important though that quality may be. "Smilin' Through" was notable for superb casting, and inspired performances by everyone concerned, while Sidney Franklin's direction was splendid in its fine taste, its excellent tempo, and its complete absorption in the spirit of the story. "Smilin' Through" was, in short, perfect on every count by which excellence in the cinema is tested; and its selection is ample vindication for all who have faith that the American public has discerning taste and fine judgment when it comes to recognizing merit in films.

The leading acting honors go naturally to Norma Shearer, because she had the central spot in the story



What bitter-sweet beauty in Norma Shearer's scenes as the bride-to-be of 1868—and Fredric March's hopeless love! Small wonder "Smilin' Through" won!

Wins!

—first as *Moonyeen Clare*, fiancée of Leslie Howard, shot on her wedding day by a jealous lover, then as Leslie's niece *Kathleen*, hopelessly in love with the son of the slayer. Other notable performances of the rôle have been seen—first by Jane Cowl in the stage play, which held the boards in New York from December 30, 1919, to May 28, 1920, and later by Norma Talmadge in the silent film version; but it must be said that Miss Shearer's performance yielded nothing to either of these.

Equally good in their rôles were her two co-leads, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. The March artistry and charming good taste never showed to better advantage than here, first as the jealous murderer, and second as the boy whose life happiness promises to be ruined when embittered Leslie refuses to countenance the match. And anyone knowing Leslie Howard's work



Another magnificent feat—Norma Shearer and Fredric March convincing as modern lovers, after playing 1868 ones! It was such achievements, added to plot merit, that made this film so fine



"Growing old gracefully," is one of the most difficult feats in films. But Leslie Howard did so, as we here see—and rolled up further stellar honors

Superb players rarely get far without superb direction—so no small share of credit must go to Director Sidney Franklin, for splendid timing of scenes and feeling



need not be told that his portrayal of *John Carteret* would be masterly.

Discussion of the cast cannot fairly be closed without a tribute to the supporting players. O. P. Heggie, as *Carteret's* doctor friend and advisor, achieved a rarely fine piece of character drawing, while Ralph Forbes as Norma's suitor, Beryl Mercer as *Mrs. Crouch*, David Torrence as the gardener, Margaret Seddon as *Ellen*, and Forrester Harvey as the orderly, acquitted themselves excellently.

Now for the "people behind the play"—the writers and technicians whom we do not see, but whose efforts contribute so much! Heading the staff was, as we have said, Director Sidney Franklin, and the basic material was the original stage play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. From this the screen play was prepared by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West, with dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart and James Bernard Fagan. Lee Garmes presided at the camera, while Margaret Booth was film editor.

THE PHOTOPLAY Medal, which will go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Inc., for producing "Smilin' Through," is in thorough keeping with the distinction it conveys. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and it is two-and-one-half inches in diameter. It was designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

So "Smilin' Through" joins its distinguished predecessors of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal family. And what a distinguished list that is, commencing with "Humoresque" in 1920! Then come "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste," "7th Heaven," "Four Sons," "Disraeli," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Cimarron!" Truly American taste picks well, when it chooses [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Mama Loves Papa—

“For about four weeks,” mourns Charlie Ruggles. “Then I’m back to comic relief!”

By Hilary
Lynn



When Charlie gets intense, the girl giggles. But Mary Boland, playing in “Mama Loves Papa,” seems to take his kisses seriously, and Charles, himself, sneaking out of a lady’s boudoir looks *very* solemn indeed

“HOLD your face a little further away from that sandwich. Tilt your head a little more in the direction of the coffee cup. Not so sadly. There—that’s right. Now hold it—Sol!”

Click went the camera.

“Come in,” said Charlie, as I stood hesitantly at the door of his suite. “Don’t be afraid—I was having my picture taken.”

“I suppose my public yearns to see me in my more intimate moments,” Charlie added, apologetically, his mouth full of club sandwich, when I had edged in. “You look like a nice girl,” he said. “Have a bite of sandwich.”

“Thank you. I’m afraid I must keep my mind on the interview.”

“Ah, yes, the interview. From how I drink coffee to my inner dream life—all in the same hour. What horrid details would you like?”

Efficient—just like that. Now it was my turn to bang one at him.

“Er-ah—it is rumored in Hollywood, Mr. Ruggles, that you have no female troubles at all—”



“No *what?*” he exploded sharply, pushing the club sandwich and coffee away, and half starting from his chair. There was a hunted look in his round, blue eyes.

It was terribly embarrassing. But I had my professional duties to perform—even though they were making me feel somewhat like a Peeping Tom.

“I mean,” I continued, with downcast eyes, “is there no *mama* to love *papa*? You know, like the title of your last picture?”

“Oh, it’s that, is it?” he said, blowing his nose vigorously and wiping away a tear. “Well, since you’ve practically extracted my secret from me already—I may as well tell *all*.”

“This love business works out for me in a very funny way. In my pictures, especially the ones in which I’ve been teaming lately with Mary Boland—*mama loves papa* too much. She can’t leave him alone. After him from morning till night—with talk, talk, talk, and nag, nag, nag!

“You remember how she kept after him in ‘If I Had A Million’? Always trying to improve him—making his life practically unbearable? In my screen life, there’s too much *mama* for *papa*!

“In my private life—well, that’s another matter. *Mama never loves papa enough*. Or if she loves him enough—she never loves him *long* enough! They love me and leave me—usually after four weeks!”

Charlie sat lost in morose thought, and I thought, ‘twas ever thus! The comic [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Otto Dyar

LILIAN HARVEY is a very entrancing young lady, and she looks particularly glamorous gowned in starry spangles. The English girl who twinkled so brightly on the German screen is in love with Willy Fritsch, German star. "My Weakness" nothing to do with Willy—is Lilian's latest



JANET GAYNOR and Warner Baxter, co-stars of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." No wonder they smile. Any man would like to play the rôle of a rich adventurer, and Janet always clicks as the poor little girl who patiently awaits her lover's return. The setting is romantic, too: an old Irish fishing village

MADGE EVANS twinkled very brightly years ago as a child star, and with her grown-up return to the movie firmament her sparkle hasn't dimmed a bit. Madge has the formula which guarantees fine acting in either screen or stage career. Her forthcoming feature is screen version of "Dinner at Eight"





KATHARINE HEPBURN and her director, Lowell Sherman, pause between scenes of "The Morning Glory" to talk things over. No, it isn't a hobo picture. Those clothes the star is wearing are the renowned Hepburn raiment. There are rumors that Hepburn plans to return to the stage when she finishes "Little Women"

CAROLE LOMBARD decided to be an actress when she was chosen Queen of the May in grammar school. She's been going steadily upward ever since: from lanky tomboy of school days, to Sennett bathing beauty who really could swim, to leading lady of Hollywood's latest real divorce scenario





Ray Jones

MIMI JORDAN was called "cold," "distant" by Hollywood. The girl who had lived in a glass cage was beautiful but inhuman, they said. So she changed her name from Miriam to Mimi, bobbed her hair, and proceeded to show Hollywood just how very "human" an English girl can be

She Lived In A GLASS CAGE

Those who were
curious paid a
shilling to stare
at beautiful
Mimi Jordan

By James Marion

A TRIM blonde girl hurries through the thick London fog, late for work. Close behind her a man follows, noting her trim ankles, the firm lines of her figure, her soft yellow hair.

Inside her purse is a registration card. She is Miriam Jordan (the card asserts). She is a secretary; she earns three pounds (about thirteen dollars) weekly. She is single; five feet, four inches; a natural blonde with green eyes. She has seven sisters and one brother.

Furthermore, if you must know the truth, she is blamed tired of her job. Her tailor-made suit is quite shiny towards the South-rear. She has no other suit; she must save two pounds at the rate of one-quarter-sterling per week before she may purchase another.

But look! The man stops her. The nerve of him!

"Pardon me, ma'am (polite, the masher!). Are you interested in competing in a beauty contest for the title *Miss England*?"

"What must I do?" (This girl is no fool!)

The man gives her a card. "Visit this address tomorrow," he says. "Miss England will be chosen at ten o'clock."

"Maybe," Miriam answers.

She walks on. The man stares after her. He swallows—perhaps it was his heart. Never mind him; follow the girl. Good Lord! She has disappeared! Somewhere in the London fog; but where?

Well, she is lost to us, therefore she must relate the balance of her story:

"I went to the address next morning, principally because I wanted a day off from typing," Miss Jordan continued the tale. "Scores of beautiful girls were there. I stared at them and wondered why I was called.

"A group of men began looking us over. After what seemed to be years they reached me. In spite of my short dress that hardly covered my knees, they ordered, 'Lift your skirt.' I was as self-conscious as a movie ingénue pulling on her first pair of long pants, but I 'lifted.' The men said, 'Come back this afternoon.'

"On my return I found only twenty-five girls. Fifteen were

soon eliminated; I was among the ten who remained. We were offered jobs. 'Five pounds a week,' said the men. For that sum we were to be exhibited to the public as typical beauties. I signed a contract and immediately felt like Sarah Bernhardt.

"We girls were given titles, such as *Helen of Troy*, *Cleopatra* and *Wife of Henry Eighth*. I was *Miss England of 1926*. The theater was a huge, barn-like building without chairs. The girls were seated in glass cages arranged in a circle. People paid a shilling (twenty-five cents) to enter and peer at us.

"I felt like a cross between a monkey and a gold fish, and a bit donkeyish, too.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



Cinderella's magic key to happiness was a glass slipper; Mimi Jordan's was a glass cage. Once an underpaid London typist, Mimi found her magic in a studio scout. Hollywood and fame in the movies became her dazzling goal

Cal York

Announcing-



Cosmo-Sileo

After leaving "Berkeley Square" of picture props, Leslie Howard entrained for the real spot in dear old London. With him are Mrs. Howard and his daughter, Leslie. He'll return for "British Agent" at Warners



MARY PICKFORD still loves Douglas but she has had no illusions about him for a long time. She probably realized they eventually must part when they divided their community property eight years ago.

At that time Douglas assumed sole ownership and maintenance of Pickfair.

Since then he has spent \$250,000 in remodeling the place. The remodeling, by the way, has gone on for years. So many changes have been made that the house and grounds bear scarcely any resemblance to the original.

In addition the upkeep of the place has averaged \$100,000 a year for the past three years. For several years prior to that period the cost was very little less.

Douglas has wanted to sell Pickfair for several years. It has never been publicly offered for sale, but various real estate agents have had it on their lists.

THE one thing that finally forced Mary to her decision was a cablegram received early in July.



Keystone

Only Hollywood could think up this floating rubber couch designed for comfort if not for speed. Sharon Lynne's Welsh terrier, Klaus, likes nothing better than to have her push him around the swimming pool

Fatty's gone. But not forgotten by his millions of followers to whom he handed many a hearty laugh. Addie McPhail, his widow, was married to him just a year when Arbuckle died after celebrating their anniversary

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Wan, beeg kiss for Johnny was Lupe's greeting the day she arrived, from New York with baby niece Joan. The Velez tamale ragged Weissmuller for stepping around Hollywood with this star and that one while she worked

Ray Jones

Janet can toss a mean medicine ball when in the mood — just like she tosses off those appealing pictures with a sure fire ring at the box-office. Since her divorce from Lydell Peck, *La Gaynor* comes out to play



Mozelle Brittone was once casting girl at Columbia studio—so she cast herself as Alan Dinehart's bride and signed the contract for life, living happily ever after as they do in movies. A close-up of the wedded couple

She received one that morning from Douglas in which he told her how much he loved her. At the same time, another cablegram was received by one of his business associates which Mary also read. It was described as "positively brutal."

Its full contents have not been revealed, but in a part of it Fairbanks is reported to have declared that if Mary wanted to continue to reside at Pickfair she would have to pay for its upkeep.

Mary is going right ahead with her plans for a picture and at the same time is trying to organize another unit for United Artists.

If her plans carry through, the new unit will be composed of Frances Marion, the scenarist, George Hill, the director, perhaps Richard Barthelmess and some others.

GOOD news for Muni fans! Paul Muni has returned to Warners to work on "The World Changes," which is described as an "American Cavalcade."

The Stars Have Good "Stand-ins"



Wide World

Only the personality is different—that's what Georgie Raft's pals say whenever they see him with Mack Grey, his stand-in. Their clothes are practically identical so lights can be fixed for Raft



Wide World

You might think these girls were the Blondell sisters and Crawford, but they're not. The Blondellish Jean Blair at left is Joan's stand-in. Iris Lancaster, with arched eyebrows, poses as another Joan—Miss Crawford. The girls stand like dressmakers' models while lights and spaces are carefully adjusted before the star walks on the set

HOOT GIBSON'S fame as a horseman in pictures may be just a memory if predictions about his condition come true.

Hoot was badly injured when his plane crashed during the National Air Races at Los Angeles, suffering three broken ribs and injuries to his spine.

And it is feared he may never be able to ride 'em like he used to.

The accident occurred almost simultaneously with the return of his wife, Sally Eilers, from Europe where she and Thelma Todd had gone for a vacation.

FATTY ARBUCKLE is gone. Gone West. But not to Hollywood as he had planned. He died in New York of a heart attack and his remains were cremated. For twelve years he sought a comeback in pictures, after the accidental death of Virginia Rappe during a gay house party which Arbuckle gave for some of his friends.

And then, on the very eve of his new deal, with eight options for future Arbuckle pictures, Fatty quietly lay down and passed away, Addie McPhail, his bride of a year, sitting by his side.

FATTY must have died happy for he had at last proved to himself that he was still Fatty Arbuckle, the comedian who ranked next to



Acme

Maybe propinquity is responsible for this wonder, for these girls are not really twins but have been close chums since babyhood. One is Helen Vinson (left) and her friend, Celeste Ford, doubles for her in pictures. Both are of same weight, height and nearly the same coloring

Chaplin only a brief twelve years ago. Warners gave him a chance, after what seemed an endless search for just an opportunity, after the public turned against him twelve years ago.

Fatty worked forty-seven out of fifty-two weeks last year in vaudeville to convince producers that he could still make 'em laugh. Then came his new deal in pictures. He was a sensation in these Vitaphone shorts and Sam Sax, production chief at the Brooklyn studio, felt certain Arbuckle would reclaim his appeal in a big way.

He must have died happy; it's given to so few fallen stars ever to know they *could* come back, if only Fate had let them live.

LUPE VELEZ had her little adopted daughter on the M-G-M lot for a visit and introduced her to a friend. The little girl reached out her hand and suddenly Lupe let her have a mild kick. "For Gossake, hold in your stomach when you say, 'How do you do.' Like a lady," Lupe corrected.

WHEN Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, after two years of marriage, separated for good, Carole gave up her rôle in "The Worst Woman in Paris," and went to Reno to establish residence.

You Didn't Know Them *WHEN*—



Back in 1922, Adolphe Menjou and the beloved Wally Reid acted thus together in "Clarence," before Menjou became the suave lover of "A Woman of Paris." Wally was then internationally famous, but Adolphe, the bright young man from Pittsburgh, Penna., had still the heights to climb. And how that lad did go aloft



UFA

"The jools, the jools," she gasps. Honestly, this is Marlene Dietrich emoting pantingly in German films before the Von Sternberg discovery. Our villain is Harry Piel, of the German stage

Carole's closest friend, Arline Judge, has this to say:

"I have never heard a cross word passed between Bill and Carole and I never saw two people try so hard to conceal their unhappiness from everyone.

"Carole never once mentioned their troubles, but somehow we knew it was inevitable. They simply didn't have the same ideas about things and that's all there was to it."

So another Hollywood romance and marriage hits the rocks.

IT sounds incredible, but if either Rowland Brown or Peggy Hopkins Joyce had not told it, no one could have imagined it.

I mean the other night when Rowland took Peggy for a drive and they had an argument and Peggy walked home.

That is—she walked to the nearest telephone and summoned a cab.

THAT perennial fight between Constance Bennett and Lil Tashman has broken out again.

Asked to name the ten best-dressed women in the world, Connie put Lil's name on her list.

But Lil, unable to forget an incident of five years ago, not only omitted Connie's name from her selection but pointedly refused to include it.



UFA

Here's Lilian Harvey making a tempting pass with her lips at Henry Garat in German flickers. Not at all like the smooth mannered lover in "Adorable." Henry seems more amused at Lil than inspired, but this may have been poor direction. They've both gone far since

AND don't you be surprised if Charles Feldman, the attorney, and Raquel Torres, whose engagement was announced so long ago that some have forgotten it, break out with the news of a very quiet wedding.

IS it Marlene Dietrich's artistry as an actress or Rouben Mamoulian's ability as a director Greta Garbo is interested in?

Having visited Paramount Studios one day in order to see the rushes of Dietrich's "The Song of Songs," Greta also attended a sneak preview of the more or less finished production at a Pasadena theater.

She entered the darkened house after the picture had started and left just before the finish.

Apparently none of the other spectators was aware of the great Garbo's furtive interest.

GARBO is more than interested in movies these days. She spends days visiting the new stages that have been built in her absence and inspecting the new equipment. Many an electrician has had the thrill of explaining the mechanism of new lights, etc., to an interested Garbo.

Two whole stages are being set aside for her new film and Garbo herself spends many hours wandering about them.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

White Woman *in the* Jungle

Where reptiles are
pets and instinct
is the love code

*By Virginia
Maxwell*



Lori Bara found the animals responsive to kindness, she says. They treat you just as you treat them—that's how she made so many friends, including a pet monkey

THE far-off, haunting beat of tom-toms; the pungent aroma of wild tropical verdure wafting down to the rhythmic sea—that was my first impression of Pulau Kusu, the jungle island in the Malay Straits where my husband and I were to make our home for many months."

Lori Bara speaking. She is the author of the picture "Samarang." Ward Wing, her husband, was its director. They were assigned by B. F. Zeidman, producer, to this little island to make the picture with native talent.

I wondered how any white woman, gently reared, accustomed to the niceties of life, set down suddenly in the midst of this primitive environment, would feel in a similar position. How



"Native girls are more carefully guarded than in civilized countries," says Miss Bara. "They flee in terror at the sight of a man and must be coaxed gently to come near"

would she make a home? How would she protect herself from the savages? How would she survive the ordeal of being thrown into the new world where reptiles were said to be house pets and instinct the surviving code of love?



"The day a native boy rescued us from poison snakes, our hunt was not in vain. We captured this baby elephant to pose in a close-up, and he didn't like it one bit. When we were finished we let him go—to run back into his native haunt

"It meant so much to both of us," Lori Bara told me, "that we simply *had* to make good. No obstacle could be too great for us. There could be no such word as failure.

"So we polished up our courage and started out. The island loomed before us late one sultry afternoon just as the orange, tropical sun was setting; a primitive, terrifying jungle infested with wild animals and natives who'd never seen a movie camera before.

"Far off, we could hear the beat of those drums when we came ashore. I'd always believed it a forerunner of trouble, the natives' way of announcing danger ahead.

"'Mem! Mem!' a native boy yelled, as we made our way toward a little place we located through our Captain, until we should begin our jaunt into the jungle.

"'Mem', we discovered, was the signal to other natives that a white woman was coming . . . 'Mem' being Malay for 'white woman.'

"We awakened early next morning in a sizzling, tropical heat. The air was heavy with moisture. Ward had spoken the night before to the interpreter we engaged on the beach, explaining that we'd come to make a motion picture and asking him to round up for us some of the native talent. We expected to find our quarters literally swamped with ambitious actors and actresses. We were used to that in Hollywood. But here, where life was very simple and any sort of work was just so much pleasure wasted, no one showed up. The interpreter shook his head dolefully and explained, in broken English, that people did not care to work here. They had food and huts, so why bother

with money? A veritable paradise for loafing. But not so good for our venture."

After a few days when word had been passed around that this small group from Hollywood wanted people to do things before a camera, Ward Wing realized he would have to scout around himself and dig up his talent. He started out one morning to visit every native hut in the place in the hope of finding a "star."

"It was strange to see the timidity of the women of this island," Lori Bara continued. "The huts were very crude, with bamboo covered windows and no doors. Sometimes the hut had only one wall, a sort of shield from the sun behind which a whole family lived, quietly and contentedly.

"First, the older man would come out and look at us carefully. We could see the women fleeing to the rear of the hut, terrified to be seen by strangers. When the grandfather had looked us over, the young husband would come out. If we convinced him, he would bring out the grandmother, then the mother might appear. And finally, after very much explaining and infinite patience, the young daughter would be brought out by her

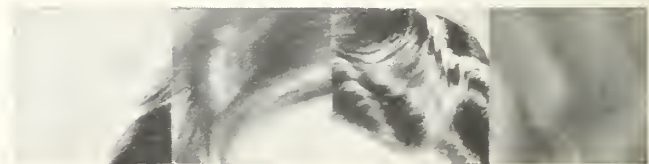
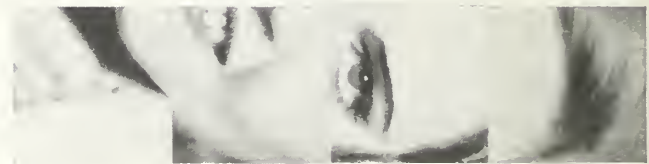
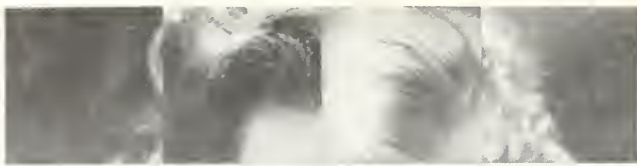
father. She would keep her eyes cast down, and look at her father before answering any question our interpreter put to her.

"I found out that day there is one international passport to any country and to any race of people. It is a smile. A pleasant, natural, good-natured smile. Natives understand this friendliness and they are quick to respond to any of the lighter emotions.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Ward Wing, director (left), and his author wife, Lori Bara (sister of Theda Bara), pose with Ahmang, pearl diver, and Sai-Yu, the girl they discovered. As the picture progressed Ahmang and Sai-Yu became fast friends. She was a child of the jungle, unaccustomed to any sort of artificiality



\$1,50000 in Prizes

HERE'S the third and last set of "Movie Muddles" in PHOTOPLAY's big prize contest that began in the July issue. So now you can complete your entries, and have a try at your share of those \$1,500 prizes.

If you haven't started, it's not too late. Use the "Muddles" in the July and August numbers of PHOTOPLAY, in addition to this set. The rules, on the opposite page, are simple and easy to understand. So if you haven't started, you can begin right now. \$1,500 prize money is worth sharing in, especially with a first prize of \$500! Besides, it's grand fun!

WHAT "MOVIE MUDDLES" ARE

Across the tops of these two pages you will find sixteen strips, each divided into four parts; and each part shows a portion of a face. You are to weave eight of these strips together until you have one complete face, every part matching; then to do the same with the remaining eight strips.

But when you have completed the weaving, two of the parts on each strip will be hidden; and the strips can be rewoven so these hidden parts form another face. So altogether this month's "Muddle" will yield four complete pictures, when all the solutions have been found. Another "Muddle" printed last month in

our August issue, and the first, printed in July, complete the three "Muddles" in the contest. Do not send in solutions until you have finished all three sets. Be sure to read contest rules on opposite page before you begin work.

HOW YOU COMPETE FOR A PRIZE

To compete for a share in the \$1,500 prizes, you first find all four of the pictures which can be obtained from each "Muddle," and identify each person shown. Then assemble each "Muddle" to show two of the four faces. Then beneath each picture you name the person shown, and a picture in which that person has appeared. You also name the two other persons whose pictures could have been made with that "Muddle," and motion pictures in which

they have appeared. Then send your completed entry, mounted on paper or cardboard, to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., in time to reach them by midnight of September 20, 1933.

That's simple, isn't it, as well as good fun? While neatness of arrangement will be considered in selecting the winners, elaborate presentations will have no better chance than plain, simple ones.

HINTS FOR WORKING "MOVIE MUDDLES"

Herewith we give two sketches to suggest how you work out a "Muddle." For instance, if you think the eyes on strips A and B in Fig. 1 belong in one face, cross the strips as shown. Then, if you think the part of a nose on strip C belongs with the two eyes, place it as shown; and continue weaving in other strips, matching the features, until you have a completed picture, such as shown in Fig. 2. (But take note: While the strips in Fig. 2 are shown somewhat apart, so you can see the "weave," in your entry they should fit neatly and correctly together. And these sketches, of course, are just suggestions as to how to proceed.) Start now to play this new, fascinating game!

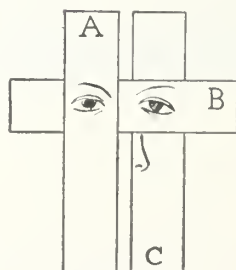


FIG. 1

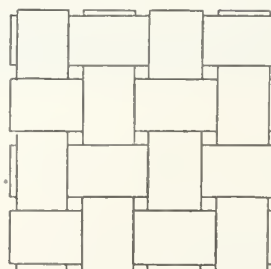
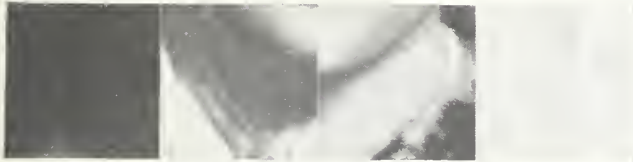
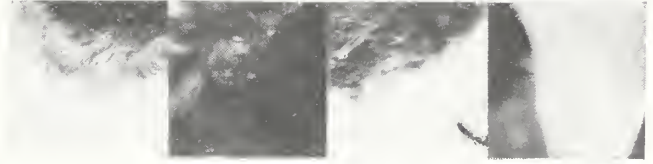
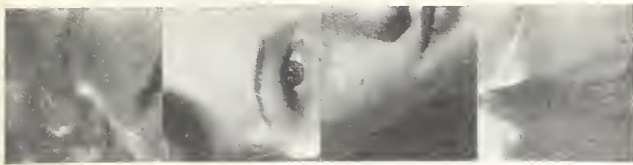


FIG. 2



for Movie Muddles

1. Eighty-four cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	\$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	50.00
Forty Prizes of \$10 each	400.00
Forty Prizes of \$5 each	200.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing "Movie Muddles" of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four pictures, each divided into sixteen parts, will appear in each issue; and the strips will constitute the "Muddle" for that issue.

3. The parts will be so arranged that eight strips, properly selected and properly interwoven, will present a picture of one actor or actress, while the remaining eight, properly interwoven, will present a picture of another actor or actress; but it will also be possible by a different interweaving, to obtain the pictures of two other actors, actresses, or of an actor and actress, as the case may be, with the sixteen strips.

4. Correct solution of the "Muddle" presented in each issue consists of two correctly interwoven pictures, together with the

correct names of the two persons shown, the correct names of the two other persons whose pictures could have been obtained by a different interweaving, and, with each of the four names of persons, the correct name of a motion picture in which that person has appeared.

5. Each of the three "Muddles," or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the required names written, lettered, or typewritten below the two pictures obtained from assembling each month's "Muddle."

6. \$1,500 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly arranged solutions of the three "Muddles" presented during the contest.

7. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Muddle" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Muddles," accompanied by the required names and information, as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on, or attached to, your entry, and that it carries sufficient postage.

8. Aside from accuracy in solving the "Muddles" and giving the required

names, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Pictures must be mounted on paper or cardboard. Elaborate presentation of entries is not desired.

9. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You may copy or trace the strips from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. 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.

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

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

12. 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 prize winners will be announced in the January, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

They Conquered



"I snapped out of it when I had to earn my own living," says Robert Montgomery. Once shy and sensitive, he developed his nerve and poise by laughing at himself

How great stars fought down the doubts that would have ruined all chances for a career

*By Adele
Whitely Fletcher*



YOU go to Hollywood determined to succeed—to begin where you can and work to the top. You ask for a start—tell them you're good. "Oh, yeah?" says Hollywood. "We've heard that before. You show us."

"That's just what I want—a chance to show you."

"A chance? Well, that's your problem, not ours. You find a chance—then maybe we'll talk."

Not exactly a place for a modest violet, would you say, at that point?

Or perhaps you have a stage reputation, a chance already provided. Then you face the chance of being given rôles about as suited to you as Palm Beach suits would be in an Arctic explorer's wardrobe; the likelihood that something may happen to make your appearance a first-class fizzle through no fault of your own. Again your spot is not one calling for shrinking modesty, a retiring disposition, inability or unwillingness to speak up for yourself.

No, after you have everything it takes in personality and ability to wow them on the screen, you've got to have one thing more. You've got to *know* you're right, and be willing to say so. Self-confidence, in other



As a child Sylvia Sydney suffered the tortures of timidity. She says her shyness left her when she first openly rebelled and refused to eat buttered bread at boarding school

To see Claudette Colbert conversing gaily with hubby, Norman Foster, one would never guess that she was once awkward and self-conscious in the presence of men. But it is true

Self-Consciousness

words—and in great big chunks, at that.

Yet many of today's greatest stars had a modesty, an unwillingness to push themselves forward, that would have done credit to monastery or nunnery, when they started. How they overcame it—and they did, or we wouldn't be seeing them today—is worth the telling.

PAGE Claudette Colbert for the first testimony.

"It was when I began going to grown-up parties that I had my terrible time," Claudette explains. "I had been brought up according to the French idea. Always chaperoned, I had had very few contacts with boys my own age. Then suddenly I found myself in the hail-fellow-well-met society of New York City.

"I watched other girls being casual and gay and natural with the boys and wished with all my heart that I could be like them. And I suffered—with that blind young suffering we've all experienced at one time or another—because I was different, because I was inadequate."

If I hadn't heard all of this from Claudette herself I wouldn't be inclined to believe it. For I know no one more popular with men than Claudette, no one who possesses a nicer spirit of gaiety.

But to get back to Claudette's lack of self-confidence and the way she overcame it.



Fredric March, once the unhappy victim of an inferiority complex but now the possessor of unshakable poise, enjoys a rapid-fire conversation with **Charlie Ruggles** and **Brian Aherne**

Clark Gable developed stage fright after he was made a star. Was terribly shy about meeting people. Then he bolstered up his ego by perfecting his game of golf. It's sound psychology



Gary isn't shy any more—not even when he's with another man's wife. But it's okay. The lady is Mrs. Zeppo Marx, and Zeppo's just around the corner

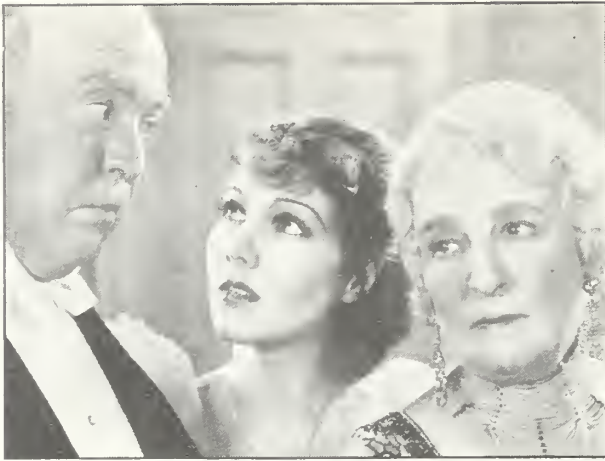
"I stood it as long as I could," Claudette told me with sympathy in her voice for the "unhappy sixteen" she had been. "Then I decided that some way, somehow I was going to change. I determined I, too, would be popular and gay.

"Thank goodness, I had enough sense to realize exactly where my difficulty lay and not to increase it by growing careless and indifferent about my appearance. To have done this would have been to indulge in social suicide.

"Even when we were poorest I was always well dressed. My mother has a magic with materials and a needle. But it was up to me to see that my dresses were fresh and pressed, that my hair was brushed and smooth and evenly parted, that my heels weren't run down, that my stocking seams were straight, and that my nails were well-kept.

"My real problem, of course, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ LADY FOR A DAY—Columbia

A STORY about an old apple seller's love for the daughter who believes her a society dowager.

May Robson as *Apple Annie* gives an unforgettable performance. Her drunk scene with the social chatter is an all-time classic; Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell as the smart cracking lowlives who play fairy godmother are grand. Jean Parker is the romantic interest.

Highbrows may call this hokey but it's the kind of hoke that makes the movies and the world go round. You'll scream with delight when all the riffraff prepare to impersonate quality folks at the reception, you'll thrill with suspense when the real guests arrive, and you'll breathe the breath of living drama with *Annie* in her final triumph.



★ BERKELEY SQUARE—Fox

A COSTUME picture, but it's a criss-cross between eighteenth century London and up-to-the-minute modern life. Leslie Howard, through the agency of an old diary, finds himself in Berkeley Square, London. But his ideas do not go back with him. His modern sophisticated questions amaze the good folk of that bygone day. Only one person understands him. And the part is played exquisitely by Heather Angel, as Leslie Howard discharges his difficult rôle. Heather sympathizes, loves, and finally sends Leslie back to our own times. In "Berkeley Square" you will find beauty, laughter, romance and tragedy, all delicately interwoven.

Irene Browne, Valerie Taylor and Alan Mowbray are in the cast. A film as subtly haunting as "Smilin' Through."

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ VOLTAIRE—Warners

IT ranks right up beside "Disraeli," this last Arliss picture under the Warner banner.

George Arliss is at his best in this colorful characterization of *Voltaire*, the great poet-philosopher of France, who so clearly sensed a revolution fermenting among down-trodden people. We see him, sometimes a petulant exasperating old man, sometimes a meddler in the affairs of his country and the confidante of *Madame Pompadour*, the "boudoir-ruler" of France—and always we are conscious of *Voltaire*, the inspired patriot, who loved France more than he loved life.

The picture centers around an episode which preceded and indirectly fired the country to revolt. Arliss, unable to make the misguided *Louis XV* realize the error of his ways, writes and presents a play based on an injustice of the King. Disregarding the pleas of *Pompadour*, *Louis* heeds his evil advisor, *Count de Sarnac* (Alan Mowbray) and is about to fling *Voltaire* in the Bastille—when a clever ruse of *Voltaire's* saves him and brings about *de Sarnac's* downfall.

Doris Kenyon is an exquisite *Pompadour*, and Reginald Owen offers a superb interpretation of a weak and vain King. Entire cast up to the Arliss standard, but most of the film footage goes to the star.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

VOLTAIRE
LADY FOR A DAY
MAMA LOVES PAPA

DOUBLE HARNESS
BERKELEY SQUARE
STORM AT DAYBREAK
HOLD YOUR MAN

The Best Performances of the Month

George Arliss in "Voltaire"
Reginald Owen in "Voltaire"
Ann Harding in "Double Harness"
William Powell in "Double Harness"
May Robson in "Lady for a Day"
Heather Angel in "Berkeley Square"
Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square"
Charles Ruggles in "Mama Loves Papa"
Walter Huston in "Storm at Daybreak"
Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man"
Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory"
Richard Dix in "No Marriage Ties"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118



★ DOUBLE HARNESS—RKO-Radio

IF this isn't the best current picture released, it will do handsomely until the best one comes along!

A brand-new team, Ann Harding and William Powell, get together. And how they troupe in this grand story, superbly directed!

Ann (with a voice like temple gongs) is the oldest and unmarried daughter, who sees her younger, selfish, capricious sister getting all that's worth while in life. Ann calmly decides that marriage is woman's business, to be treated as such. So Bill Powell, polo player and expert at dodging ties, is deliberately selected as the victim—and he's snared, in a moment of desperation, by a subterfuge.

The loss to polo is a big gain to business, with Ann at the helm; but the marriage is a "name only," slated for divorce, until Bill realizes that no matter how she got him, the result is what counts. And there's no need to tell you how well two such players as Ann Harding and Bill Powell can put over material like that.

Dialogue, situations and performances are so deft and expert that it looks like a new plot—and who cares if it isn't! Lucille Browne is irritatingly convincing as the spoiled sister; Reginald Owen does a classic butler, Lilian Bond an attractively determined "other woman." The dinner party is a riot.



★ MAMA LOVES PAPA—Paramount

AS gay a little number as ever tickled your funny bone. Simple in theme and unpretentious in production, this homey little slice of entertainment creeps right into your heart and stays there.

Charlie Ruggles, as a furniture salesman who suddenly finds himself park commissioner, has never been better. Mary Boland, his wife, is simply grand, while Lilyan Tashman, the tipsy society dame, is a panic. George Barbier, as Charlie's boss, is terrifying, to say the least, and Morgan Wallace, as Lil's jealous husband, add to the hilarity.

Norman McLeod is to be praised for his splendid direction from beginning to end. For here is a first class blues-chaser that will have you chuckling for days. It's not stupendous, but it's grand fun.



★ STORM AT DAYBREAK—M-G-M

INTO the quiet life of the genial and beloved mayor (Walter Huston) of a little country town in Serbia, and Kay Francis, his adored wife, comes the great tragedy of the "bomb of Sarajevo." Nils Asther, as the Hungarian officer and life-long friend of Huston, and Kay find themselves falling deeper and deeper in love. And the mayor tries to take it like a man of the world.

Archduke Ferdinand comes to town, is assassinated—and then the World War! (But there are no trench scenes.)

It's gloriously done all around—with Phillips Holmes, Eugene Pallette, Jean Parker, and others, lending powerfully effective support.

A colorful story, providing first class dramatic entertainment.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



HOLD YOUR MAN—
M-G-M



CLARK GABLE, dodging the law, comes upon Jean Harlow in her bath—and the rough stuff starts. So much so that Clark bungles a badger game, baited with Jean—and down swoops the law! Then woe—and a “clean” end! It’s a hand-tailored “starring vehicle,” and not sound drama—but Jean is great and Clark’s good enough. Stu Erwin, Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Kirkland and George Reed fine in support.



COLLEGE HUMOR—
Paramount

SOME college graduates may see red as they watch this S movie notion of college life; but the rest of us will enjoy it. Jack Oakie is the boob who comes to college, falls in love with Mary Kornman, helps fraternity brother Dick Arlen through his troubles, and in the last minute of play, wins the football game. Standard college hey-hey—but a good evening’s fun. Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—
Fox



RALPH MORGAN telling the life story of his old friend, the railroad president—played magnificently by Spencer Tracy. As garrulous old friends will, Ralph wanders about a bit in time, starting off with the news that his friend has committed suicide. Then he “goes back,” for reasons, to the day when Spencer was starting, inspired by love for his wife, Colleen Moore. (A different, deeper-natured Colleen, too.)



NO MARRIAGE TIES—
RKO-Radio

RICHARD DIX at his best—which is quite enough. Fired from his newspaper for drinking, he turns his flair for bumptious claims to advertising—and is a wow! Then, enters women trouble! Homeless waif Elizabeth Allan attaches herself to his train, as does cosmetician Doris Kenyon. Richard brags, makes good, plays both ends against the middle—and crashes. It’s excellent Dix stuff.

GOODBYE AGAIN—
Warners



GOOD bedroom farce material, entrusted to players who, while not master *farceurs*, bring the laughs. Warren William writes “purple passion” tales with his tongue in his cheek, aided by secretary Joan Blondell. Old flame Genevieve Tobin, now married, appears, attaches herself as “inspiration.” Then the farce starts, abetted by dumb husband Hugh Herbert, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford. Good fun.



WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?
Columbia

A DELICATE subject of sex knowledge to youth, well handled. Jean Parker plays the wronged girl with Willard Mack, author of the story, playing the family physician. Ignorance of facts is its theme with carefully drawn dialogue. Yet it gets nowhere, for its climax leaves unsolved the great American problem of youthful morals. Rather than for adults, as advertised, it seems more fitting for youth.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE SONG OF SONGS—
Paramount



BEST OF ENEMIES—
Fox



A GREAT deal of unnecessary commotion about a life size nude statue of peasant lass Marlene Dietrich. She is jilted by the sculptor (Brian Aherne) who uses her as a model, marries a blustering old baron on the rebound, only to hit the downward path and be brought back by her sculptor lover. The statue is starred, with Dietrich, Aherne, Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright and Lionel Atwill in support.

NOT much of a screen come-back for Buddy Rogers, though he registers enthusiasm and his music adds fun. Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn, proprietor of a beer garden, fought before prohibition, fought through prohibition, and fought after the return of beer. While Frank's son, Buddy Rogers, falls in love with Marian Nixon, Cawthorn's daughter. Frank Morgan's humor saves this picture from mediocrity.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY
—Fox



HER BODYGUARD
—Paramount



THE title means that Thursday is another day—which young Parisian dancer Elissa Landi tries to think when Victor Jory told her he was married. "Thursday"—with Warner Baxter as the man—lasts five years, while fame and riches come. Then all meet, including Victor's wife, Miriam Jordan; and Elissa isn't so sure. Sparklingly done; but more attention to character drawing would have improved the drama.

WYNNE GIBSON, as a showgirl, has to hire a bodyguard to keep her producer and her "angel" from pestering her. The bodyguard is Edmund Lowe. You can guess the rest—but it's all in fun, with a lot of the typical Lowe wise-cracking and show numbers hauled in to doll it up a bit. Johnny Hines comes through with a grand performance as the press-agent.

MARY STEVENS, M. D.—
Warners



THE STRANGER'S RETURN—
M-G-M



KAY FRANCIS, a level-headed young doctor, and Lyle Talbot, a fellow physician, begin practice together. Then Lyle marries the daughter of a politician and goes crooked. Later, Kay and Lyle find they love each other and Kay goes to Europe to have a child. It dies on the way home and Kay and Lyle are united in their trouble. Kay and Lyle are splendid in rather weak material. Thelma Todd has a bit.

A BRILLIANT performance by Lionel Barrymore makes this worth seeing. As the hardy and cagey old Grandfather Storr, full of homely wit, he is grand. His city granddaughter, Miriam Hopkins, returns to the farm. Grandpa plays insane to sound out his other sponging relatives. Franchot Tone does well as the farmer who falls for Miriam.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]



When Doug fell ill, memories of happier days like this must have flashed before the eyes of both

Joan's Heart Still Beats

For Doug

Read what she did when she learned he was ill with pneumonia in a hospital

AS Joan Crawford stepped out of a dramatic scene from "Dancing Lady," a telegram was thrust in her hand. For a moment she bit her lower lip. Her hands trembled as she fumbled with the envelope. Slowly she read the contents, while the company waited in respectful silence. Turning, she walked over to her portable bungalow and closed the door.

A gentle tapping announced the presence of her director, Robert Leonard. "Anything wrong, Joanie?" he almost whispered.

For the first time he was directing this star, even though they had known each other for years. The affectionate "Joanie" was the result of but two days of working in harmony.

"It's Douglas—he's worse," Joan's tearful voice came back. "This telegram from his mother says that they expect the crisis soon." Director Leonard returned to the sound stage door. "I have to leave the set for about half an hour, boys," he said. "Let Miss Crawford rest and line up for the next shot."

This was on Saturday afternoon. On the Friday night previous, Joan had returned home about eight in the evening. It had been a hard day, dance rehearsals and difficult scenes in a gymnasium.

Before she had time to remove her make-up and slip her feet into comfortable mules, the phone rang.

"It's Mr. Levee," announced the Crawford butler. "He says it's very important." Then from the manager of

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Joan learned of the serious illness of her recently divorced husband. His condition was critical. It was pneumonia.

"His mother just called me," said Mike Levee, "and told me the news. She didn't call you direct, because she was afraid you would be on location and wouldn't get the message."

In the length of time it takes to get a call through to New York, Joan was talking to her ex-mother-in-law. "I'm not on location," she informed her. "Tell

Douglas I'm right here and will do anything I can to help him. Keep me posted and call me regardless of the time."

There was little sleep for Joan that night. When the telegram arrived on Saturday, she had been hard at work all day. No one knew of her great worry, until the papers broke the story. There had been telegrams every three hours with detailed reports. A huge basket of flowers with a message from Joan was the first to reach the hospital-room of the patient.

That night Joan talked to Douglas' mother again. And every other night. In between phone calls were telegrams of cheer, flowers and gifts.

But when questioned about a reported reconciliation, Joan emphatically replied:

"Nothing has changed. Things are exactly as we planned them and will continue to remain this way. We were two people in love. Then something happened to our love and we separated.

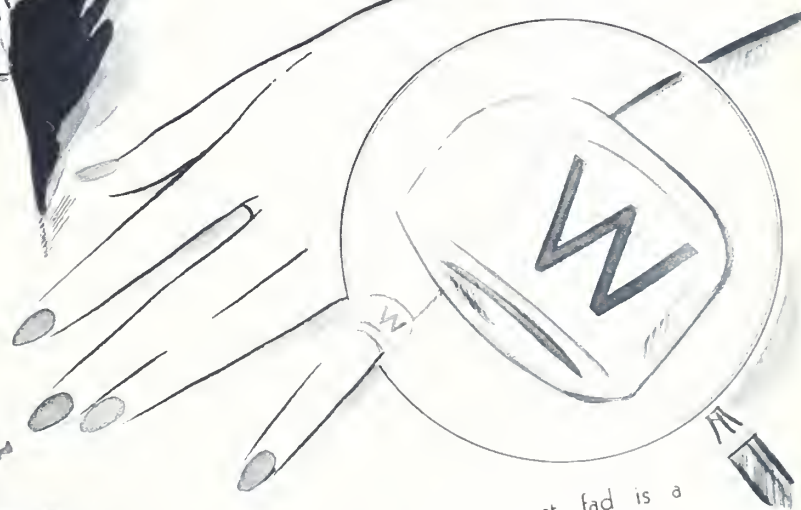
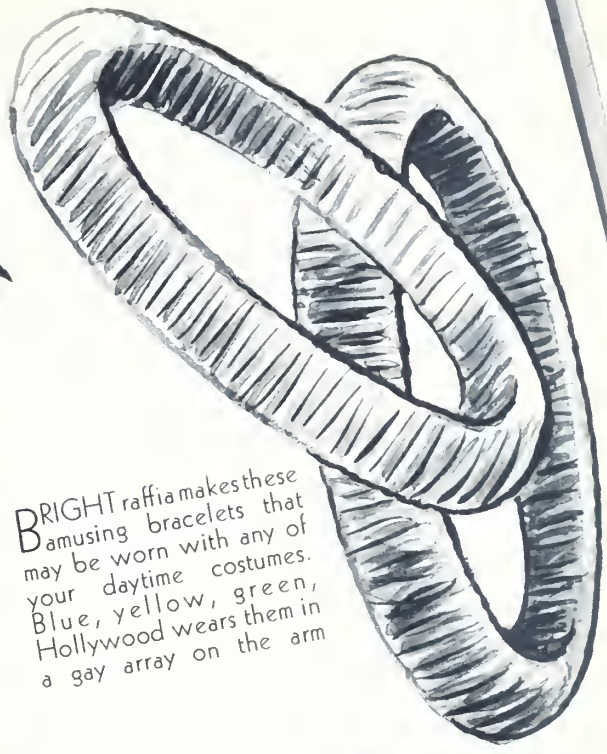
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

By Fred Arnold

Streetwise Hollywood

BRIGHT raffia makes these amusing bracelets that may be worn with any of your daytime costumes. Blue, yellow, green, Hollywood wears them in a gay array on the arm

LILYANTASHMAN wears a chic costume with some new fashion pointers. The gray wool dress has a hiplength belt—a hint that Hollywood may go long-waisted soon. Her neck piece is a blue fox stole—newer than a scarf



HOLLYWOOD'S newest fad is a crystal or prystal ring with a monogram showing through from under side. Very swank with the monogram in color



SAW this interesting bag while lunching at the Brown Derby the other day. Yellow perforated leather in a casual pouch shape with handle and small ornament in the middle! Can't you imagine how smart the bamboo is?

HERE is the new fall walking shoe that was inspired by Marlene Dietrich's classic tailored suits. Black calf with higher cut, silver metal eyelets and perforated detail



Fur Now A Trend In Dress Sleeves

— Seymour —

HOLLYWOOD 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 those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 123.

THERE'S a wealth of fall fashion news in this costume that Helen Vinson wears in "Midnight Club." First the mink sleeves—daring and decidedly a new thought for the woolen street costume. And also, Travis Banton has given you one of the best versions of the tunic which is being revived this fall. A metal ring holds the scarf collar high about the throat and a duplicate ring fastens the belt. Helen's brown beret is an added chic detail. Note that shelf-like epaulets give a widened shoulder effect—these in the woolen fabric



EMERALD GREEN
[with red fox — doesn't it sound like fall? And here it is in a swagger sheer woolen ensemble worn by Carole Lombard in "Brief Moment." Kalloch has topped a simple dress with a swagger coat that looks new because of its square back yoke and box pleats. Smart wool hat



"**THREE CORNERED MOON**" is the romantic title for Claudette Colbert's new picture in which you will see her wearing this charming frock. Sheer woolen with ruffling in white to give accent to the bodice and sleeves. It's a perfect first fall woolen for college or business girl—smart for anyone, in fact. Travis Banton designed it and you will enjoy wearing it on fall days

New Pictures Give The



CAROLE LOMBARD has an innate flair for smart clothes—and no one knows better how to design them for her than Travis Banton. This stunning evening gown which Carole wears in "Brief Moment," is particularly interesting for its use of fringe and for the hipline belt. Dramatic, isn't it? White crepe and long fringe to animate both skirt and shawl-like scarf, the latter being so cleverly attached to the narrow shoulder straps. Worn in a gay night club sequence

First Fall Evening Fashions — Seymour



SO simple—yet how much real chic is sewed into this pale pink satin gown which Carole wears in "Brief Moment." Travis Banton thought up that flattering square neckline and amusing tails in back made by wide straps



LILIAN HARVEY brought her own designer, Strassner, with her from Europe and you will see his first creations in "My Lips Betray." This is one, a black velvet evening wrap with the startling contrast of white ermine sleeves—fluted velvet epaulets



IT'S not too "schoolgirl" to be smart, yet it is just young enough to be a perfect school outfit. Strassner designed it for Lilian Harvey to wear in "My Lips Betray." The starched Eton collar in linen and the brief cape are grand toppers for the simple checked tweed frock. Slim, straight lines in skirt. This has been copied with long sleeves making it ideal for chilly days

AND another grand school number—this trim suit with a tie silk printed blouse. Bengaline, an old favorite that is being revived this fall, is the fabric. Sharon Lynne took this from her personal wardrobe so that you might have a copy of it for yours! Wide lapels and a novel double breasted closing for the jacket. Blouse collar and cuffs are worn outside the jacket

—Seymour—



A MID tropical orchids and the eerie call of wild jungle birds—that will be the exotic setting of Dolores Del Rio's next picture, "Green Mansions." After her glamorous island scenes in "Bird of Paradise" with Joel McCrea, RKO-Radio discovered a new screen team and the Latin star was scheduled for a South American picture. "Muchas gracias, Senora," say we all

Ernest Bachrach



WE'LL give you three guesses—and bet our last sou you won't guess right, even at that. Believe it or not, this gentle man of the beard is—Jack Holt! Chivalrous, baccaneering, he-man Holt who never says die. In Columbia's "The Wrecker," Holt lives up to title, being a wrecked, human derelict who becomes the creature above. Genevieve Tobin is Jack's feminine. lead

Carl De Voy

IT ALL came to a head the night the lonely little German star, lately arrived in Hollywood, and aching with longing for the familiar *gemütlichkeit* of her old surroundings, sought relief by attending a picture.

The film showed a dog—and the poor canine fell upon evil days and brutal treatment. Dorothea is passionately fond of dogs—the scene brought up all standing. Suddenly everything focused into one mad, uncontrollable impulse to flee from it all—the loneliness of this strange land, the mistreatment of the poor dog.

She stood up smack in the middle of the audience and cried out to her manager:

"Take me away—take me away from here! I can't stand that any more!"

And for most of the night, while she frenziedly flung things into trunks, bent on getting the first train and boat back to Germany, the manager had to plead and soothe, before he could persuade her to stay.

POOR "Maedchen" (if one can apply the term to the wife of an eminent Berlin publisher)! She had come to the same heart-break, the same nerve-break, as the oppressed schoolgirl she had befriended in the classic, "Maedchen in Uniform." And for much the same reason. Her loneliness, the knowledge that she was thousands of miles from everything she loved, had become more than her sensitive nature could bear.

Why, then, had she come?

Was it career? She had gotten to the top in German-made pictures, with "Maedchen" as a blazing star for her crown. In Germany, she was the Baroness von der Decken; her husband was managing director of a famous publishing house. True, a Hollywood career is professionally bigger than a German one. But is the difference in scale worth the heart-ache? Fame, after all, is empty, if it must be had among strangers. It is sweet only when one is among one's nearest and dearest friends.

Again—why did she do it?

Frankly, she does not know—though she tries to explain.

"I feel over here," said Dorothea haltingly—she has been speaking English only since her arrival, and began studying immediately as one means of killing the empty, deadly depressing time—"that I have a—what do you call it?—a wider scope of expression, a bigger screen for my art. That is why I came and why I stay. Do you see?"

The soul of the artist, seeking always to broaden itself, to give more of that indefinable something which it feels! That is the only reason why Dorothea came to Hollywood. It sustained her to sacrifice, for the time being at least—and she signed an optional contract for five years—everything which most women regard as the final achievement, and not the mere beginning, of their careers.



Poor "Maedchen"!



Lonely and homesick, thousands of miles away from those she loves, Dorothea Wieck will not return to Germany where she is hailed as a great star and is the wife of a prominent man. Why?

"The thing which really persuaded me to leave Germany at all and come over," she continues, "was the part which Paramount had offered me. It is in a film called 'White Woman,' adapted from the play 'Hangman's Whip,' and I could not bring myself to sacrifice such a picture. To me, and in a different way, of course, such a sacrifice would be as great as everything else I sacrificed to come here all put together."

That completes the picture. Home, family, country, friends on one hand. A magnificent part on the other. Back in Germany, it seemed that both could be reconciled—one held, and the other grasped. They can—Dorothea will accomplish that. Only she had not foreseen the misery the effort would entail.

"I know that all I have to do to see my husband is to write to him to come over . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

By Reginald Tavinor

How Sylvia Insured



Here's the Jean Harlow who came to Hollywood from Kansas City in 1929, seeking a career. She had beauty and distinctive hair; but was far from being the Harlow we now know. (Inset—Sylvia)

ONE Sunday afternoon I was lolling around at home trying to get a little rest when the telephone rang. I recognized the voice at the other end of the wire as Paul Bern's. "Listen, Sylvia," he said, "I want you to do a favor for me. I know a very sweet little girl and I'd like you to take her for a few treatments. You'll love her."

I told Paul how busy I was, and that I didn't see how I could possibly squeeze in another patient. But he begged me to do it and I couldn't refuse, for there never was such a kindly and lovely person as Paul Bern. I asked him the name of the girl, and he told me it was Jean Harlow.

"Will she cooperate with me and do what I tell her?" I asked, for even in Hollywood I was independent. I talked to the stars just as straight as I talk to you. I've said it before and I'm going to say it again: You girls who won't do what I tell you had better not read my articles. I know what my system can do—it can work wonders—but I've got to have cooperation. So that's how I was brought into the picture, when everyone was concerned with building up Jean Harlow as "the platinum blonde."

Well, the appointment was made for two o'clock. Fifteen minutes past two she arrived with her mother, her dog, and her mother's knitting. I was angry because she was late.

"Listen, baby," I told her, "when I say two o'clock I mean two o'clock and if you can't be on time, you needn't come."

But Jean had a cute answer for me:



Here we see Jean much nearer to what she is today, except in one particular. This was from her picture, "Goldie," done in 1931; and it's plain that a bit of whittling down near the waistline was in order. Sylvia helped Harlow on that item

Jean Harlow's Success

See Sylvia's answers to other girls on page 84, and read how you may obtain help



Nothing could show better what care and expert advice can do for girls, than comparing this picture of the Jean Harlow of today with Jean when she began. Madame Sylvia tells just how it was accomplished

"I've heard about what rough treatments you give," she said, "so I thought I'd just take off fifteen minutes from the first one."

Now let's size up what this "platinum blonde" business required of Jean—how many of the required attributes she had, and what needed to be done.

Platinum is a royal metal, so any girl wanting to use that effect must have something of a royal air. She can have vivid beauty, but if she does it must be dignified. It can't be wistfully appealing, like Janet Gaynor's, or effervescent and playful, like Clara Bow's. And like royalty's dress and appearance on formal occasions, everything must be perfect, in a sort of impressive way.

JEAN was almost made to order for that, I could see. She has a beautiful body—I've seldom seen one more so. She had just one flaw—her hips were too large. But I knew that in one month's time I could take off the excess fat.

If you analyze Jean's face feature by feature, you'll find there are lots of girls more beautiful than Jean. But in this case that didn't matter. Her features are of the type that can be made imposingly beautiful in pictures. There was nothing I had to do there. And there was nothing I had to do about the hair itself—nature and Jean had taken care of that.

So aside from her hips, it came down to the one thing that's most important of all, when anyone goes in for that kind of effect. To succeed with platinum hair, or white hair, a girl must have a perfect complexion. Jean's skin was lovely, but she knew mighty well it would have to stay that way, and I knew we'd have to safeguard her on that.

That's how it looked to me, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

And what a regal creature Jean is today—slender, poised, radiant! In this article Sylvia tells of some things which helped—matters that Jean had to watch, and how Sylvia's methods worked them out

More HOLLYWOOD



Will somebody please bring in a few more chairs? It's pretty close quarters on a hot night for Bayard Veiller, playwright, Helen Twelvetrees, Ernst Lubitsch, director, and Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles). The foursome are enjoying the kind hospitality of Emanuel Cohen, at one of his celebrated Sunday night parties where prominent members of the Hollywood film colony gather



"There's many a slip . . ." sings John Boles as Lillian Harvey presents him with a silver cup intricately engraved. At a party given at the Cocoanut Grove for the cast of "My Lips Betray," Miss Harvey presented each player with a similar cup



Here's a new slant on Gary Cooper. And the girl is Judith Allen, who came to Hollywood recently and has been going around with Gary ever since. They are sitting out a dance at Wesley Ruggles' party held at the lovely Beverly Hills Athletic Club

Good Times

The gay glamour of Flickerville is at its height in summer

Staff Photos by William Phillips



Lilyan Tashman and husband Eddie Lowe make their smiling entrance at the party given by Mrs. Al Schulberg after the opening of the stage play, "Twentieth Century." A fashion item is inevitable when La Tashman is in the picture: note the lei of gardenias, worn with her satin crepe gown, and Lilyan's famous coiffure



Lionel Barrymore and his wife seldom step out, and when they do it's a signal for the cameramen. Neither Lionel nor the seldom photographed Mrs. Barrymore could escape all the camera clicks at the Schulberg party

Joan Bennett looks as pretty as a flower garden and the silvery-blonde Glenda Farrell is stunning in black and white. The happy gentleman between them is Frank Morgan, the philandering husband in "When Ladies Meet." The three made a gay and charming trio at the theater party which Mrs. Schulberg gave



"Don't Live With Your Mother-in-law" says Irene Dunne

To Virginia Maxwell



"The average wife is so efficient," says Irene, "that her mother-in-law can't find any real faults, so she harps on little things"

IRENE DUNNE is so typically modern in her ideas, so super-1933 in her reactions to life, that she was the one perfect type to portray the modern, independent young wife in "The Silver Cord."

Most of us know by now that the theme of the picture dealt with a mother-in-law. Not a very sympathetic character in the film, to be sure. But Irene was so perfect a young wife, so typical of millions of other young wives forced, by the recent depression, to live with their mothers-in-law, that I asked her whether in real life this could be done successfully.

"No!" Irene answered. "It cannot be done successfully. It's against all laws of nature."

"But young married couples are doing it every day," we ventured. "They've got to live with the girl's folks or the man's people if they want to get by financially."

"That may be all right for a while, but as soon as the honeymoon is over, when couples begin to get right down to the rock bottom of life, trouble is bound to start. And I think it's by far preferable for young married couples to start their lives together in a furnished room if necessary than to plan to live with their in-laws for years until the young husband can earn enough to support his wife in her accustomed style."

Irene was lolling back on a long couch in her New York hotel suite; a little apartment she keeps in readiness as her permanent home whenever she has an opportunity to come East and join her husband. Hers is a sort of part-time marriage arrangement, Dr. Francis Griffin having to spend most of his

time with his dental practice and Irene spending her days in Hollywood at the RKO-Radio studios. Her husband lives with her brother Joe at a New York men's club while Irene is away.

"I think the average young wife is so efficient, so well trained from going to business, that she's pretty nearly perfect. And her mother-in-law simply can't find anything real to find fault about, so she harps on little things.

THEN what happens? If the girl is spirited, as most independent young women are today, there is a clash. She resents the injustice of being made the goat for every little thing that goes wrong in the home—having her made to look cheap in the eyes of her young husband whose love and respect she values above everything else. So the young wife and the mother-in-law hit a snag. And either the youngsters pull out for themselves and are willing to sacrifice a few of the nicer things in order to have each other in comfort and tranquility, or the situation develops into one of those irritating triangles which break all three of them in time.

"I know there are modern mothers-in-law, too. Charming women who consider the happiness and comfort of their sons' wives as carefully as if they were in the young wives' place. But these women are exceptions to the rule; the exceptions which make them conspicuous by contrast."

"What about the young wife contributing to the happiness of such an arrangement?" I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

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



THIS perfect summer coiffure is worn by Madge Evans in "Dinner at Eight." Its utter simplicity makes it appropriate for sports frock or dinner gown

BROAD swirls and softly Dup-turned ends lend interest to the back. An ideal design for permanent, finger wave or your own curls. Very easy to keep in order

MADGE EVANS' long bob employs deep waves ending in a flat roll at the neck to create this charming, youthful arrangement. This style is universally becoming, adaptable, and easy to achieve. It is called "Athletic Bob"



Holly- wood's Latest Tricks and Trends

PATRICIA PELLIS always keeps one yard of maline in her dressing table. It prevents hair disorder when changing gowns. Also, a grand way to keep curls in order while you sleep

SHIRLEY GREY introduces a simple, little device that will prevent untold lipstick damage to your frocks. It is made of waxed paper, will not smear lipstick, and is held in the teeth by a tiny tab



HERE is our little friend, Mitzi Green, rapidly growing into a young lady. Mitzi's nice hair, with its deep bang and soft waves, suggests a lovely arrangement for the younger girl. Mitzi uses some very new, junior-size bob pins to keep the sides neatly in place



AN interesting study of Joan Crawford's eyes, showing her natural eyebrows. Gone are the fine lines of yesterday that generally robbed faces of interest and individuality. Try your natural brows



THE prize gadget for the month is Helen Twelvetrees' mascara compact, no larger than a lipstick, complete in every detail. Cunning and small enough for your handbag. Metal, it cannot soil or crush when traveling

FOR natural and pleasing effect, Elizabeth Young suggests rouging the true lines of the mouth for day. Save the shaping for evening. Elizabeth's new lipstick does wonders for lip beauty in tone and texture. Match lipstick and nail enamel, if you like

Late Summer Beauty Lessons



THE secrets of perfect powdering are exposed by Maureen O'Sullivan. Over a sparse application of foundation cream or lotion, gently press an abundance of powder evenly over the face



HERE is Maureen's trick that really tells — that powder brush with which all excess powder is softly removed from the skin. A baby's brush will also do. Now marvel at your beauty

THE camera caught Adrienne Ames in one of her sweetest moments, in a wealth of rare fragrances. Notice that separate atomizing device. It may be used in any bottle. A grand gift idea



SHIRLEY GREY, ready for a plunge in the ocean, first applies a new cream that permits her to tan evenly without burn or skin injury. Also excellent for cleaning, nourishing and make-up base

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 86)

Keep your clothes new looking the way Elissa Landi does —

*"I always insist
on Lux"*

"Lux protects colors and fabrics so marvelously, makes everything look so delightfully fresh and new, that I insist on it for all my washable frocks and blouses. I find that stockings washed in Lux every night wear much longer, fit far more gracefully. I have my maid wash my lingerie with Lux after every wearing, too."

Elissa Landi

Fox Films' star

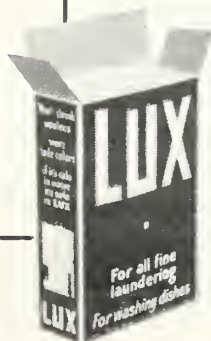


Official in all the big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman of the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, and keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have Lux if it cost five times as much."

THOSE fascinating new weaves—wools like silk, silk like wools, cottons like anything but cotton, gay silks, soft sweaters, stockings and lingerie—keep them like new! Follow the easy method this fastidious star uses—insist on safe Lux!

There is no harmful alkali in Lux (as there often is in ordinary soaps) and none of the cake-soap rubbing that's so hard on your nice things. Lux is especially made to protect colors and fabrics. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



*Hollywood says —
Don't trust to luck*

TRUST TO LUX



"SCIENCE HAS FOUND, MISS FARRELL, THAT THIS SOAP ACTUALLY CONTAINS PRECIOUS ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN ITSELF TO KEEP IT YOUTHFUL"

Scientist tells WHY this aid in keeping skin

YOUTHFUL SKIN... what a world of happiness those two words mean to a woman! Yet too often—and too soon—women see their lovely youthful complexions grow dull, rough, old-looking. WHY?

The Secret of Youthful Skin

Because, science now tells you, skin gradually loses the precious elements nature herself puts in skin to keep it young-looking...

and it's these precious elements that skin *must have* to be youthfully attractive.

But here's good news... scientists now explain you can check the loss of those precious elements. Lux Toilet Soap *actually contains* such precious elements... and is completely free from harshness, readily soluble. That is why this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, softly smooth, they declare.

Do you wonder that 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses are so enthusiastic

For EVERY Type of Skin... *dry*



"THAT'S TRULY REMARKABLE, YET I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU KNOW WE SCREEN STARS HAVE PROVED FOR YEARS THAT LUX TOILET SOAP REALLY KEEPS OUR SKIN YOUNG LOOKING"

GLEND A FARRELL
Charming Warner Brothers' star

soap is such a wonderful *YOUTHFUL*

about this fragrant, white soap... have used it for years? And that it's been made the *official* soap in all the big film studios?

A Lovelier You

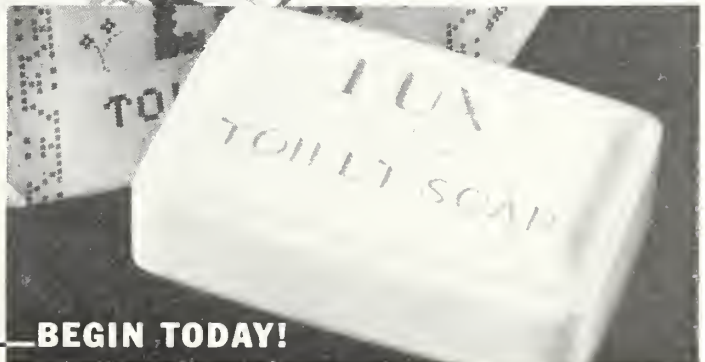
Millions of women (and men, too) have confirmed Hollywood's experience.

You, too, can have a softer, smoother, younger-looking skin with this scientific care. Get Lux Toilet Soap today—and prove it to your own satisfaction.



"I can well understand why screen stars prefer it..."

says Miss Belle Dawson, of Washington, D. C. "For years I've been using Lux Toilet Soap, and the care that it has taken of my skin is a delight. My skin is always smooth and clear and it keeps young-looking."



... oily ... "in-between" — **BEGIN TODAY!**

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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.

whose hobby is collecting stamps. If so, he, too, would like to know about it. Hey, Fan Clubs, let's get together on this and have a hobby spree!

R. E. H., DETROIT, MICH.—Sorry I cannot furnish you with the titles of the pieces played in "No Man of Her Own" and "Pick Up." It was just incidental music supplied by the studio orchestra and is not published. This is the case in a great many pictures where the background music is supplied by studio orchestras.

MRS. E. G. VENGUIST, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—It was back in 1917 that "The Secret of the Storm Country," sequel to "Tess of the Storm Country," was made. Norma Talmadge and Niles Welsh played the leads. Charles Miller was the director and Joseph M. Schenck, the producer.

PHYLIS JOAN, NEW YORK CITY.—Bebe Daniels and John Boles played the leads in "Rio Rita." John is of Scotch-Irish descent. Who gets the orchid?

NANCY DUANE, TRENTON, N. J.—What do you mean by saying that Ruth Chatterton ought to get wise to herself and go in for more sophisticated pictures? Don't you like her shady lady rôles? Ruth's next picture is titled "Female."

STEWART JOHNSON, PALMYRA, MO.—Kenneth Howell was the chap who slid out of the airplane when it was doing a loop-the-loop in "The Eagle and the Hawk." Johnny Stevens was his character name in the picture.

NAIDINE GERERIN, PERU, IND.—Yes, sub! Little Una Merkel is a Southern belle. She comes from Covington, Ky. Is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 110 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is married to Ronald Burla, engineer. Tyrell Davis was the giggling Haric in "Peg O' My Heart." Geoffrey Gill is the lad who sang "Sweetheart, Darlin'" in that picture.

L. BRADDELL, WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—Margaret Lindsay is the young lady you have mistaken for Ruth Hall. Elissa Landi is about 26 years old. Am I right, Lissa?

GLEASON ROMONS, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIF.—Ann Ross is a real Cherokee Indian, born in Sallisaw, Okla. She has black hair and brown eyes. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her mother was an Indian school teacher and her father a chief's son. Ann was a stenographer before she started in pictures. When not appearing before the camera she studies elocution, music and dancing. She also lectures in schools about the tribal customs of her people.



"Here's looking at you!" says Helen Mack and her pet dog. Helen's new contract means better rôles for her and bigger bones for the puppy

ONE look at Helen Mack in "Sweepings" and scores of readers started asking about her. After the release of her latest picture "Melody Cruise" many more followers wrote in. Here's the low-down on the petite red-head who is the cause of all the questions.

She started this merry old game of life back in Rock Island, Ill., almost twenty years ago. Her education began in the Professional Children's School of New York. As a child she appeared on both the silent screen and the stage. She played child parts in "Zaza" with Gloria Swanson; "Under the Red Robe," "Grit" and "Little Red School House." Her stage rôles included parts in "Pomeroy's Past," "Straight Through the Door," "Yellow" and "Neighbors." She was doing a character part in "Subway Express" when the talkies claimed her. Her first talkie picture, "While Paris Sleeps," in which Victor McLaglen played the lead, didn't cause much of a rumble and for many months she just got a small part here and there. When Fox didn't renew her contract she went over to RKO-Radio and got the part in "Sweepings." Her performance in that won her a long term contract. And what a future RKO-Radio has planned for her.

Helen claims that 13 is her lucky number. She was born on November 13, 1913, and two of her birthdays have fallen on Friday the 13th. She is a home loving youngster and pals around with her mother. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall; weighs 105 and has lovely dark brown eyes. Is of English and Hungarian descent.

URSULA ALLDERTON, KOKOMO, IND.—You and your husband each win one of the arguments, so now there will be no hair-pulling. Hubby was right when he said that Jack Oakie was the stuttering reporter in "Chinatown Nights" and you were right when you said that Lucien Littlefield and not Chic Sale appeared in "No, No, Nanette." Shake hands!

HELEN HARRIS, DENBRIDGE, VA.—Actors who marry actresses usually call each other by their screen names. You see many of them have had their professional names made legal.

S. DIEFENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Stan, I'm glad to be able to help you. Ed Brooks, a friend of mine and a stamp enthusiast, says that Tom Brown and Jean Hersholt are great stamp collectors, Jean having written a book or two on the subject. Ed, like yourself, is wondering if some of the Fan Clubs have stars

SONGS BY REQUEST

In response to numerous letters the Answer Man is listing popular songs from current pictures—

"Adorable"
My Heart's Desire
Adorable
My First Love to Last

"Gold Diggers of 1933"
Shadow Waltz
I've Gotta Sing a Torch Song
Remember My Forgotten Man
Pettin' in the Park

"Melody Cruise"
Isn't This a Night for Love
He's Not the Marrying Kind
This Is the Hour

"College Humor"
Learn to Croon
Moonstruck
Down the Old Ox-road
My Alma Mater
Play Ball

What color nails at Newport? ALL SHADES!

Natural goes with all costumes, but best with bright colors—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade. Subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Garnet, a rich wine red, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real red you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay.



MISS KATRINA McCORMICK in a bright orange suit with *Natural* nails . . . MISS MARY TAYLOR in blue slacks and white turtle neck—with deep *Ruby* nails on fingers and toes . . . MISS LUCILE BROKAW in brown and white and a mermaidly wrap-around—with *Coral* nails. Beach clothes from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

IF NEWPORT GIRLS were alluring in the gay '90's, when they just kept their finger nails nice and clean, today they're Loreleis, positively Loreleis.

Whether it's backgammon on the beach, or tennis at the Casino, or a moonlight stroll on Hanging Rock, they're busy ensnaring everybody with their brilliantly tinted finger nails. All shades!

And just as easy for you as for these young 400's. You start out with the ten finger nails you were born with (toe nails, too, if you've been careful to keep them nice). Then apply the tint that best accents whatever color frock you're wearing. See if variety in finger nails doesn't make your summer more adventurous, my dears!

And do be practical. Good colors are very, very hard to find, so choose Cutex.

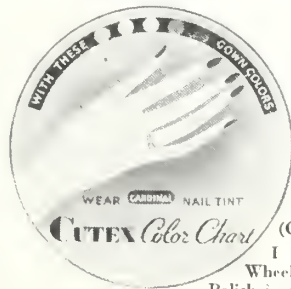
It comes in 7 fascinating shades perfected by the World's Manicure Authority. And every shade goes on smoothly, evenly, stays on as long as you want it (but don't forget the whole point is not to be boring with one shade all the time), and never, never blotches.

You can try others, but it's a pure waste of your time. So run fast to the nearest shop and pick out all the

smart Cutex colors. They'll last you easily a whole season and more.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



New Cutex Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10c.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 309
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: Natural Rose Coral Cardinal Ruby

CUTEX Liquid Polish—only 35¢

How Sylvia Insured Jean Harlow's Success

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

when I first sized up Jean Harlow, and with that we went to work. Her mother sat down in a chair and began to knit, and I made Jean walk back and forth across the floor a couple of times. I saw that she had an exaggerated Mae West walk.

"You may think that's seductive," I said, "but you'll look lots nicer and get lots farther in pictures if you learn to walk with real grace, holding up your shoulders and your head."

Jean's mother looked up from her knitting and nodded her head approvingly. "That's right, Sylvia," she said. "You make Jean do what you say."

THEN we got to the hips. I began with my old faithful digging-in movement. I've told you before how that's done. With your fingers dig in under the fat and squeeze the fat cells until they're smashed down. But I gave Jean another type of treatment which works wonders with the hips and waistline, and you can do it, too, if you get a girl friend, or your mother, to help you.

Here's how it's done: Lie on a bed and relax with your arms above your head. Then have your helper put one hand under your right arm and one hand on your right thigh and stretch the trunk as much as possible without moving the position of the hands.

See how this works? It's as if your friend were trying to pull you in two, and as she does it you can just feel all those fatty tissues being broken down. Do the same thing on the other side of the body. It not only reduces you, but it puts so much pep in you that you feel like going out and licking the world.

After this I put a bath towel over Jean and with the palms of my hands slapped her good and hard to tighten up and flatten the muscles.

Jean was good and didn't squawk once.

The next day she and her mother and the dog and her mother's knitting were there on time, and I said to myself: "Aha, I put the fear of Sylvia into her." But the joke was on me. The next day she didn't show up at all. Instead, the telephone rang about eight times, eight different boy friends asking for Jean.

I'm not going to tell you what I said to her the next day when she did come. But by now you know me, so maybe you can guess.

The rest of it was insuring that nothing could hurt the marvelous complexion that has to go with platinum hair. As I said, Jean's skin was lovely; but we both knew mighty well she had to keep it that way, so I gave her my most potent complexion diet. I've never given this diet before in an article, but I'll promise every one of you girls, if you'll do exactly as I say, you can clean up acne and have a beautiful, clear complexion.

Once a month, for five days, do this: Take a quart box of raspberries or cherries and boil them, without rinsing them, in cold water over a very slow fire, with just enough water to cover them, for about an hour. Spread a double layer of cheese-cloth 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 you go to bed, drink a glass of grapefruit juice. When raspberries or cherries aren't in season use tomato juice instead.

I've had the most wonderful results with this complexion diet, but remember you're

to do this just five days out of every month. The rest of the time start the day with half a lemon squeezed in a glass of water, avoid heavy, greasy meats, drink plenty of tomato juice, buttermilk, fruit juice, not too much tea or coffee, eat lots of raw tomatoes, water-cress, endive, lettuce, celery, raw carrots, raw cabbage and raw fruit.

Try this for a couple of months, and when you look at yourself in the mirror you won't know yourself. Your skin will be as lovely as Jean Harlow's. And, believe me, that's plenty lovely!

Of course, when I had Jean, it was before she was married to Paul Bern. You know the terrible tragedy she went through when he committed suicide. When she was coming to me she was one of the most seductive girls in town. I'm afraid the other girls resented her, because they thought she was dangerous so far as their men were concerned. Jean was always gay and full of pep, and she loved to attract attention. She did, too, with that marvelous figure, her platinum hair, and her beautiful complexion!

I'VE never seen anything like her devotion to her mother. Those two were more like sisters, although her mother always called her "Baby." It was hard for me to get Jean to take her exercises, so I used to appeal to Mrs. Bello. When she'd ask Jean to do anything Jean did it. As matter of fact, the exercises I gave her were easy. I just had her stand straight with her hands on her hips and sway her body from side to side to get her hips flexible so that I could pound off and stretch off the extra weight.

So there you are girls. Start those hip stretching exercises right away, and don't forget that grand complexion diet.

Answers by Sylvia

FOR THE "RAW-BONED" GIRL

Dear Sylvia:

I'm so big and raw-boned that clothes don't look smart on me. I wish I could do something to change my frame. What would you suggest?
B. B., Dallas, Texas

First of all I'd suggest that you look at Garbo. She has a big frame, but look what she's done with herself. She dresses right for that frame—in loose sports clothes in the daytime and simple evening dresses with long lines at night.

You can do anything you want to with your flesh—take it off or put it on—but you can't change your bones. If you're too thin and your bones stick out, put on weight; but if you're in right proportion use a little common sense, acquire a graceful walk, and make the most of yourself. It seems to me that you big, raw-boned girls would get all the courage you need from another heavy-framed woman, Garbo.

WRINKLED HANDS

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I'm a young girl and yet my hands are wrinkled. Could you tell me something to do for them?

M. R. T., Seattle, Wash.

You bet I can! You should treat your hands as carefully as you treat your face. First of all, make the skin firm with massage, and that's

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 PHOTO-PLAY 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

done by putting lots of cold cream on the hands and then with one hand massage the other as if you were pulling on a tight glove, working down each finger and then down the back of the wrist. It's the best exercise in the world and will smooth the wrinkles right out.

Then every night sleep in very loose kid gloves; but before you put the gloves on smear your hands with lots and lots of cold cream. You'll be amazed at how much better your hands look in a few weeks.

WHY TOMATO JUICE?

Dear Sylvia:

In one of your articles you said that a person couldn't drink too much tomato juice. I like

tomato juice very much and have been drinking about five small glasses a day. Do you think that's too much?

S. V., Portland, Ore.

That's fine. Keep right on drinking your tomato juice. And eat raw tomatoes, too. Nothing is so marvelous for the complexion as tomatoes and tomato juice. Another grand thing for the skin is a glass of hot water with half a lemon squeezed in it. Drink this every morning.

WILAT DANCING DOES

Dear Sylvia:

I've noticed that the first thing you make people do is that dancing exercise to music. What good does this do?

G. F., Fort Smith, Ark.

Why don't you try it and see what good it does? When I was treating the movie stars and charging them prices that made me blush, they never asked questions. They just did what I said.

But since you're so curious I'll tell you what the dancing does. If you're not used to exercises, it makes you pliable so you can stand the strenuous routine to come. It also actually reduces the hips slightly, makes you lithe, graceful, and teaches you to walk and stand properly. Besides, it's fun. Now, come on, try it and see!

THE HUNT'S KEEN

on "la cigarette Spud"

At the hunting season, a smartly cosmopolitan crowd gathers in the châteaux of Middle Europe . . . where feudal luxury is enhanced by modern divertissements. More and more in vogue now among these connoisseurs of pleasure is "la cigarette Spud" . . . that mouth-cool, throat-smooth round of tobacco enjoyment, now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe.

**SPUD MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES**



20 FOR 15c
(25c IN CANADA)

Graffstrom



LONG hair possesses an allure all its own. Dorothy Wilson's sophisticated bangs charmingly contradict that demure twist

ACCORDING to one of the Hollywood studio make-up departments, there are exactly thirty-eight different shades in skin tones. One of our well-known cosmetic makers more conservatively estimates that there are eight distinct skin tones among American women, each needing a special color accent in matching rouge and lipstick.

Unquestionably, one great beauty advantage of the Hollywood stars today is that they consider this matter of color harmony very important. The right colors do so much for a face; the wrong ones are impossible.

Take a valuable lesson from the stars today and coordinate your make-up. The biggest error of all, I think, is lack of harmony between cheek rouge and lipstick. These two should always be of the same family in tone, yet we often see a warm-toned lipstick used with a bluish rouge. Almost all sales girls are schooled by the manufacturers they represent to know color and to be able to combine it successfully. Whenever you are in doubt, consult your salesgirl. It will often save you errors in make-up and wasted make-up that you may not want to use because the tone on your skin is not what it appeared to be in the container.

AND in this same line of thought, one very popular brand of nail enamel is now going forth on the market with a little color chart on the package, showing you exactly the tone the polish will take on your nails. The bottle of enamel remover that is sold with it is twice the size of the polish bottle. You know how the remover always goes before the polish and you have to run out and replenish it to make a home manicure possible. This double size bottle will save both time and money.

I HAVE had many letters from readers recently asking me how movie stars hide their freckles. Both Joan Crawford and Kay Francis have freckles, our readers tell me, as indeed they have. How do they cover them? For pictures, of course the heavy screen make-up covers them. But here is a trick for almost every freckled girl, especially if her skin is not very light. Use a foundation cream sparingly, and over that apply a slightly

Timely Tips for Late Summer Loveliness

By Carolyn Van Wyck

darker powder than is generally used. This is Miss Francis' formula, and how it works! The freckles hardly peep through. And when you have added the touch of a vivid lipstick, no one will guess that you even know what a freckle is. The vivid color does a lot to detract from them.

When you are using this general scheme in make-up, apply little or no rouge. The even, warm-toned skin and bright lips are quite enough, although you need to do something

to accent the eyes, unless they are very large and colorful.

For this, we resort to a shadow. I think lipstick and shadow have done more to improve the face than any other cosmetic developments. Shadow will not only accent the color of the eyes, but it gives them a dewy freshness, depth and expressiveness that many eyes normally lack. There are a wide range of colors, but if you want a tip from one of Hollywood's best known make-up experts, the browns and blue-grays are the safest bets. These tones most nearly match natural shadows, are never too obvious, and have remarkable softening and beautifying possibilities. Use the tone that most nearly matches any natural shadow.



THERE are still many warm days ahead of us when the problem of looking and feeling fresh and sweet is indeed a big one. Offices, shopping, dancing, traveling, call upon the ingenuity of the smartest girl to offset that hot, fatigued, damp and disheartened look. Three timely suggestions are the abundant use of an Eau de Cologne or toilet water and clouds of dusting powder after the bath. This lowers body heat considerably and enables you to look, feel and smell alluringly sweet for hours after their use. The modern deodorant and non-perspirant compacts and sticks do wonders for complete immaculacy at all times.

They are so small and dainty that you may carry them in your purse, take but a moment to apply, and save your confidence and clothes under the most trying conditions.

GOOD atomizers have multi-uses, thinks Nell O'Day. Use them for perfume, toilet water, body, hair and face lotions

HARDLY anyone returns from vacation without hair and skin needing simple attentions to make them lovely again. We have worked out easy, inexpensive and effective treatments to make you your loveliest. There are also some grand new lipsticks you should know about. Please send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



BROAD, flat waves and a blow figure eight knot at the neck create this gracious coiffure worn by Gail Patrick. Earrings add chic



Jean Harlow
co-starring with
Clark Gable
in M-G-M's
"HOLD YOUR MAN"
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

Is
Make-Up in Color Harmony
Jean Harlow's
Secret of Attraction?

Florence Vondelle Interviews
JEAN HARLOW

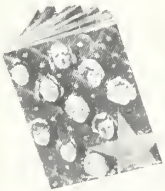
IN HOLLYWOOD, make-up plays an important part in the lives of the stars, and Jean Harlow is one who has captured its magic. Whether the occasion is a big scene in her picture "Hold Your Man," an evening at the Ambassador Coconut Grove, or a shopping tour, her make-up appears faultless, always.

As we all know, color is the life and

appeal of beauty...and the accent of color by the art of make-up is the secret of emphasizing the attraction of beauty. "But color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And, of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."

★ YOU MAY NOW SHARE the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius. Featured by leading stores at nominal prices... Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in coupon carefully and mail to Max Factor, Hollywood.



© 1933 Max Factor



1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings... platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes... Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. I pat it on generously, then remove surplus with the face powder brush. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."



2. "Rouge should impart a lifelike, delicate flush of color, and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint... pat it on lightly, then blend with the fingertips to gain an added softness and naturalness of coloring."



3. "Lip make-up is so important... it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings and your powder and rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick... Flame is my color harmony tone. I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, then fill in the natural contour."

★ Mail for Color Harmony Make-Up Chart ★ PURSE-SIZE BOX OF POWDER FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California. WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a

1-9-69

NAME _____	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	HAIR
ADDRESS _____	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
CITY _____	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE _____	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEADS
	SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD
Face Powder... Rouge... Lipstick... in Color Harmony
96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

THIS is the story of a rat. The scene happened to be a close-up of a rat in a cage.

"I want him peering out of the cage with plenty of malice in his eyes," Cecil De Mille ordered. The camera was moved, the rat peering out with great interest.

"All right, turn them over," ordered De Mille and immediately the rat became bored with the whole business and decided that what he wanted was a good bath.

For thirty minutes, the rat calmly and deliberately bathed himself while De Mille fumed and raged and the overhead mounted.

AND there's that startling announcement sent out by a publicity department. It read, "She Had To Say Yes' coming to Broadway."

Well, if she'd stayed at home where she belonged she wouldn't find herself in such a predicament. Broadway always was a gay place.

"DESIGN For Living" has become desire for living, for young Fairbanks, Jr. After a gallant fight to quickly regain his health, he was notified by the Paramount Studios they could not possibly wait for him to bring his favorite author and friend's (Noel Coward) rôle to the screen.

So Doug proceeded to take things easily and rearrange his plans. As soon as he was



Keystone

Hollywood bound! After a long absence, Vilma Banky and her husband Rod La Rocque start back to the movie city to reclaim high places on the American screen. In Europe Rod and Vilma lent their talents respectively to the making of the foreign films, "S. O. S. Iceberg" and "The Rebel"



When most men smile, Nils frowns and his words of love are few. But many a well-bred lady—in a movie—has left her respectable husband for Nils Asther's fierce caress. A more romantically sinister person could not have been found to play the rôle of Geza in the "Storm At Daybreak"

strong enough he sailed to join his father in Switzerland.

October will find him back in Hollywood facing the cameras.

RICHARD ARLEN is leaving Paramount! After ten years on the same lot—a record in Hollywood—Dick's contract is up on the fifteenth of August, and he will not renew it?

Other plans are in the air—and what do you bet they concern the new Twentieth Century Company.

INTERESTING, the fact that Joan Crawford went to all the trouble to officially explain that Franchot Tone really was not with some other girl at his own birthday party; that she had been invited but, at the last moment, had to respond to a call to the studio.

"JUST to show you how utterly mad movies are," Helen Hayes laughed, "they spent hours designing a cloth coat for me in 'Another Language,' that would look like a raincoat.

"Naturally I was soaked through in twenty minutes and no one knew what to do.

"Finally I asked just why I couldn't wear a real raincoat and everyone was bowled over with the idea.

"They simply hadn't even thought of a real raincoat.

"So I'm wearing a real one now and keeping dry."

Incidentally, Helen is delighted with the chance to play in the movie "Another Lan-

guage" as she turned down the stage play and was sorry she had when it turned out to be such a hit.

MARIGEN ROGERS is pulling a Paulette Goddard—driving to her work as an extra in a \$15,000 automobile.

JIMMY DURANTE returned from his success in the "Strike Me Pink" girl show just in time to see the casting office interviewing two hundred scantily-clad girls for dancing parts.

"Boy, oh boy," cried Schnozzle, "What a lot of new faces in Hollywood this year!"

BUDDY ROGERS is the busiest man in Chicago—he broadcasts, leads his orchestra, and autographs, all at one and the same time. He has signed cards, albums, collars, hats, petticoats, everything the autograph-hunters present—by the million, it seems to him. The Indian group at the Fair has made him a member of its tribe—he was christened "Chief Silver-Note."

NOW that so much of her money is tied up in the oil ventures of her husband, Serge Mdivani, whom she sued for a divorce, Mary McCormic, grand opera singer, is turning to the movies.

She is going to play a rôle in Janet Gaynor's next picture. It seems Harry Lachman, the director, "Knew Mary when,"—they both were proteges of Mary Garden.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Forget your Old Ideas

of NAIL POLISH . . . Glazo has 6 radical changes that almost force you to change your brand



25¢

50% LONGER WEAR

NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE

SIX PERFECT SHADES...AUTHENTIC COLOR CHART IN EACH POLISH PACKAGE

NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER

LARGER BOTTLES AND A NEW LOW PRICE...25c

LET'S admit very frankly that Glazo has always been a high-priced polish . . . designed to appeal to the most fastidious women. And so great is its vogue that for many years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

So it's sensational manicure news that the famous Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes.

But even more sensational — that Glazo presents new improvements beyond your fondest dreams of what a perfect polish should be.

A new-type lacquer, developed by Glazo, gives higher lustre . . . gives 50% longer wear.

Six color-perfect shades . . . to suit

your whims and your occasions. And the Authentic Glazo Color Chart on the package presents the one sure way to select the exact shades you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush . . . just can't come loose . . . allows shorter flattened bristles that make application far, far easier.

We have even put Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle . . . ample to last as long as your Polish.

The new Glazo, in its striking new package, will please you as no other polish can. Glazo Polish and the Polish Remover are now only 25c each . . . the twin kit, containing both the Polish and Remover, is but 40c.

The New Glazo Preparations

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, and Colorless. 25c each.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. Easily removes even deepest shades of polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. An improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-93
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, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

GLAZO

The Smart MANICURE **25¢**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

GARBO is slowly but surely shedding the chrysalis and coming right out in public. Her two close friends, Mercedes D'Acosta and Mrs. Viertel, are handling all her business affairs. She is no longer under the management of Harry Edington.

THE brother-sister fad continues in Hollywood. Joan Blondell's sister, Gloria, was screen-tested and signed by RKO-Radio, and Bill Cagney, brother of Jimmy, was also okayed for a contract by Radio.

CHARLIE RUGGLES tells about a friend of his, a theater owner, who wanted to order three "Mickey Mouse" comedies for his theater. After he got to the phone he couldn't decide whether to ask for three "Mickey Mouses" or three "Mickey Mice." He stumbled around over the order and finally ended up by shouting "Oh, rats!" and hung up.

A NICE little item for that new fall suit, girls, is the initial buckle Joan Crawford wears on the belt of her smart tweed coat in "Dancing Lady." It's made like the initial "J" and covered in leather to match the long, elbow-length leather gloves. And is it smart?

ROMANTIC rumors: Chevalier is being attentive to Jacqueline Francelle, the little French girl who came to Hollywood to play in the foreign versions of Maurice's films. . . . Joel McCrea has been going places with pretty Frances Dee. . . .

WEDDING bells have rung for:—Jim Tully and Myrtle Brady . . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard (still a ? mark) . . . Alexander P. Gray, Jr., and Peggy McCray, seventeen year old Oklahoma oil heiress.

FATE continues to kick George Raft's career around. Because Jack LaRue was too tall, George



"I'm the best little spooner in the whole wide world," Mae Busch boasts cooingly. And Joseph Cawthorn agrees with her heartily. Mae is dishing out for a scene in "A Divorce Courtship," a romantic head-liner comedy featuring Miss Busch teamed with Mr. Cawthorn

got his first important motion picture rôle—Paul Muni's lieutenant in "Scarface."

Because Clark Gable's legs have folded under him, George gets a rôle in "The Bowery" for which he seems to be letter-perfect.

In fact, George was the producer's first nomination for the part but Paramount would not let him go.

Gable was secured instead.

But, now Clark has gone to Alaska, hoping the sea voyage will afford some rest for his weary legs and Paramount has relented.

Raft can play the part.

THE four Marx Brothers were in a conference over their new picture, "Duck Soup," when the phone rang.

Groucho answered it.

"No," he said. "No!" Pause. "Positively not!" Pause. "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!" "No!"

He hung up.

"That was Cecil B. De Mille," he explained.

BECAUSE he nonchalantly flew across the United States in an airplane, Bruce Cabot gets a new contract at RKO-Radio.

RKO executives were aghast. The production was not half finished! Suppose their young leading man had gone into a tail spin or something!

Digging Cabot's contract out of the files, they promptly had it rewritten so that now he may fly only in airplanes of established air lines and then only between pictures.

As a further precaution, the company lawyers inserted a clause prohibiting Cabot from driving his automobile faster than legal limits.

And, when he is walking in traffic he may cross street intersections only when the signals say "go."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Chopsticks is the only piece Jack Woody, Jr. can play so far, and his mother, Helen Twelvetrees, has to hold his hand. Charles Wesley Ruggles, from a Helen Morgan vantage point, is noisily critical. And baby Richard Ralston Arlen, it seems, can sleep through most anything

"If our weight goes up . . . our salary comes down"

say CAROLE LOMBARD *and* GENE RAYMOND



Stars of Columbia's new picture, "Brief Moment," are shown enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" between scenes. They are Carole Lombard (above) and Gene Raymond (below).



Keep fit with the "Hollywood Lunch" . . . a sandwich . . . and a glass of Borden's Richer Malted Milk

EVERYONE takes pride in keeping slim and trim . . . but screen celebrities have an *extra* reason. They fight excess fat because movie contracts set a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

So Hollywood favorites have become experts at selecting foods that build energy—provide nourishment—without increasing that *vital* waistline.

No heavy lunches!

And when lunch time rolls around, very few stars eat heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—of course—and many of them get it in a light, nourishing lunch—the "Hollywood Lunch."

For example, here are Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond getting the energy they need, without fear of fat

—enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit!

If you want to keep fit—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

Borden's is better!

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.



Go to the fountain that displays the Borden diamond

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

THEY were raving about the splendid work of Baby LeRoy in "A Bedtime Story." "He was so cross one afternoon we had to use a stand-in," the director said. "But most of the time he was as good as gold."

"I see," said the listener, "just another man off the gold standard."

FRANCIS LEDERER, who kisses the hands of stars and script clerks with the same degree of grace at RKO-Radio studios, had just finished bowing over the hand of a stenographer when a friend said:

"We had another hand-kisser on this lot, Francis. He was Ivan Lebedeff. But he did it with heel-clicking formality and the air of an aristocrat."

"But I," replied Lederer, "came from the poorest family in Czecho-Slovakia."

M-G-M is still searching (desperately) for a youngster to play Jimmy Durante when a baby.

Latest reports have it that they have hired the Richfield Scout car by the month, and subsidized six orphanages.

A SCENE in "Dancing Lady" was rehearsed over and over until everyone was weary.

Finally it was shot and then, horror of horrors, they discovered Joan Crawford had on her bedroom slippers with a traveling dress.

She'd simply forgotten she had them on. Nothing to it but it must be done all over.

And speaking of "Dancing Lady," Franchot Tone wears a beret in one scene. And do they razz him?

"All ready, 'Fran-sis,'" the director calls with the accent on the "sis" and Franchot takes it all in good fun, even though he does grow red behind the ears.

A **NOTHER** of those thoughtful little acts of Marie Dressler is being told.

Madge Evans and Marie were enacting a scene for "Dinner At Eight." The script called for a close-up of Marie. "Here, this won't do," she said. "This scene is as much Madge's as mine. Let's rearrange this bit of business so Madge can share the close-up, too." So they sat and waited while the director arranged the scene so Madge could share in the close-up.



They've been two-someing together for quite a time now and the romantic rumors continue while Anita Louise is working at one studio and Tom Brown works on "The Forgotten Boy" on another lot. But when the day's work is done—they're together again



Hi, there, Eddie! We see you're at it again, sleuthing around back stage and living up to your famous film reputation—just a guy with a yen to know life. Here he is, that Edmund Lowe picture rowdy, hat tilted at exactly the right angle, playing Casey in "Her Bodyguard"

WHEN Alan Dinchart went to marry Mozelle Brittone he didn't take any chances that a former Follies girl, who is pouting, would interfere.

While guests assembled in the living room of the Dinchart home, Alan, Mozelle, the preacher and two or three others disappeared.

A few minutes later they reappeared, shouting: "Surprise! Surprise!"

They had slipped away and been married in the garden, they announced.

But the ceremony actually took place in a rear bedroom. It was the buffet luncheon that was held in the garden.

JUDITH ALLEN (formerly Mari Colman) until the great C. B. operated on her name) moved from her apartment the other day—and moved in state. Nothing less than Gary Cooper's big black Lincoln sedan (bet you didn't know he had one) transported the lady's effects to her new establishment—and Gary's driver was also the moving man.

THE Bing Crosbys have been so busy having their new baby they haven't even looked over the architect's plans for their new Toluca Lake house.

The other day a friend who had stopped in to look over the place, which is well under way, remarked to Dixie what a grand idea it was to have a diet kitchen upstairs next to the baby's nursery.

Imagine her astonishment when Dixie said, "Oh, is there one? That will be nice."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

In Pittsburgh . . . HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Are Sold Exclusively by
Adrienne Ames
Lovely Dinner Ensemble



YOU'LL BE THRILLED!

Claudette's Clever Frock in fine Bengo Crepe with Mousseline de Soie trim and matching fabric belt. Green; Brown; Red; Blue; Wood Smoke or Black. 11 to 17.

The secret's out! It's early fall in its smartest mode, and popular Claudette Colbert wears it in the new Paramount picture, "Three Cornered Moon!" You'll be thrilled with this unusual street costume of crepe and mousseline de soie; Claudette's frocks are always in such admirable fashion!



Joseph Horne Company

Look to stores famous for Fashion when you seek true reproductions of Hollywood costumes . . . exact copies of the smartest styles worn by the most fashionable stars (See Page 123) . . . "Hollywood Fashions" for September . . . selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and illustrated and described in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion section (Pages 61-66) are on display in many principal cities.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 North Michigan Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

In Association With WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

If "Hollywood Fashions" are not sold in your community, send Photoplay Magazine your name and address and mention department store from which you buy ready-to-wear.



Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum simply prevents the unpleasant odor of perspiration, and not the perspiration itself. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

THANK goodness, Jackie Cooper is at last making a picture. Seems ages since we have seen him on the screen. He is playing Alice Brady's son in "The March of Time." And by the way, didn't you just love Alice in "When Ladies Meet"? Looks as if she will be with us for a while now, as M-G-M keeps thinking up parts for her to play.

AND we do hear that Garbo will have the most sumptuously gorgeous clothes of her entire career in the new "Queen Christina." One gown alone required a hundred yards of material, and ten women worked for eight weeks completing the seed-pearl embroidery on it.

WITH Clark Gable and Cary Grant laid up, the industry is seriously hampered. No decision has been made as to Joan Crawford's leading man for her next picture, "Dancing Lady." Bob Montgomery is in the midst of another opus, which eliminates him as a candidate.

F'EVVEN'S sake—we've had "Shanghai Express," "Shanghai Bound," "Shanghai Document," "Shanghai Lady," "Shanghai Rose," "Shanghai Love," and just plain "Shanghai." That would seem to cover the subject—but Warners think not. Here they come with "Shanghai Orchid." What's the matter, boys? Can't you think of any other town in China?

YOU'VE heard of the tourist who came to Hollywood to witness one of its famous premiéres. He waited around for weeks but nothing happened. Finally, one night while driving around, he was attracted by search lights sweeping the skies and blue lamps throwing out a festive atmosphere. Stepping on the gas, he drove like mad to the spot. When he got there he discovered it was the home of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay—"lit up"—for the evening.

JAMES CAGNEY is one actor who refuses to lend himself to any fake publicity. If the studio asks Mr. Cagney to pose for golf pictures, and Cagney doesn't play golf, it's no go. "It's a fake," Jimmy says, "and I don't do it." But, with anything that Jimmy honestly likes to do, or can do, he's the first to co-operate. There's no false veneer or small talk about Cagney. To every interviewer he'll truthfully unload his honest opinions. And, when it's over, he'll look up with a sheepish grin and remark:

"Guess I talked too much, didn't I?"

But, at least, it's honest talk, Jimmy.

WILLIAM GARGAN and Bruce Cabot engaged in a wild game of ping pong at a party one night and Bill lost a wad of money. "What's the matter, Bill?" someone asked him. "How come you lost?"

"Well, I don't understand that game so well," Gargan sighed. "I'm always pinging when I should be ponging."

BOB MONTGOMERY has gone Hollywood or something—you name it. He has a solid gold plate as big as a telephone book on the dashboard of his new chariot, with his full name, studio address and home address and telephone number inscribed thereon. Why Bob! Going Tom Mix on us?

THE four months old E. G. Robinson, Jr., is starting out right. Jack Dempsey has presented him with a tiny pair of autographed boxing gloves which his papa Robinson, Sr. is teaching him to use. And, so far he's been given two pipes.

RICHARD DIX makes the assertion that not one cent of his salary is spent for household expenses. His home, he insists, is self-supporting.

Proceeds from the sale of turkeys, ducks, chickens and eggs, produced on his ranch, pay all the bills, he says.

LARRY GRAY (remember him?) is back in town, now that musicals are in again, and up for several singing parts. His new heart is Pauline Sears, a Junior Leaguer. Larry is up to his old tricks again . . . he always gave the picture girls the go-by in favor of Sassiety, with a large S.

CLAUDIA MORGAN learned to smoke because Prince, her dog, loved to bark at cigarette smoke. A friend visited the Morgans some time ago and taught Prince to jump at the smoke rings. When she left, Prince was so disconsolate that Claudia learned to smoke for his benefit.

CORA SUE COLLINS takes a sun-bath every day on the roof of her apartment house.

"Do you wear a bathing suit, Cora Sue?" asked a friend.

"Bathing suit nothing!" scorned the five-year-old. "I wear a handkerchief!"

GARBO'S new dressing-room has a private stairway and separate gate. At one time it was occupied by Julia Faye, during the De Mille regime on the M-G-M lot. John Barrymore was the latest occupant, but graciously bowed out (at the request of the great Swede). Adrian, close friend of Garbo and designer of her clothes, has redecorated her suite. Dove grey and vermillion red are the colors selected by Adrian for the "resting" place of the elusive one!

IF your hair is golden, take a tip from Lilian Harvey who has started something brand-new in the way of corsages. Lilian appeared at the Coconut Grove the other night in a simple white satin gown with a single, full blown yellow tulip at the high waist line. The effect was simply stunning, as the tulip blended in with her golden hair.

BETTER not speak to Charlie Chaplin's girl. He doesn't like it.

The other evening out at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, Charlie was table-hopping all over the place, leaving Paulette Goddard alone most of the time. A news photographer who happened to be there shooting some pictures strolled over to Paulette's table just to ask if he could take a picture, and chatted for a moment . . . but only a moment. Charlie came flying back and put a stop to that in practically no time at all.

HAVE YOU BEEN ASLEEP

about lingerie soaps?



Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, **IVORY SNOW**?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but **BLOWN**. Its tiny, suds-rich *round* bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in **LUKEWARM WATER!**

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and woollens . . . saves colors . . . and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are *four* good reasons . . .

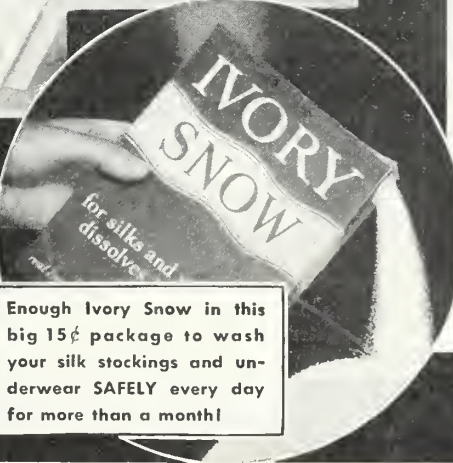
1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves *completely*.

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is **PURE**. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

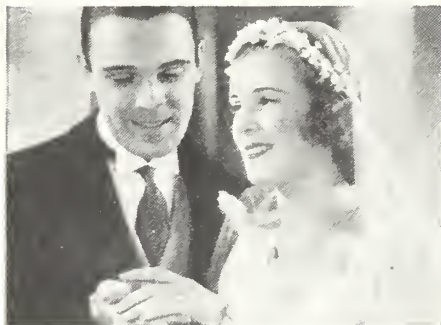
You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant? — **NO!** A **BIG** package costs only 15¢.



Enough Ivory Snow in this big 15¢ package to wash your silk stockings and underwear **SAFELY** every day for more than a month!

99 "100 % PURE

How a bride learned the secret of lovely hands



Her hands were softly young, white as lilies, on the day of her wedding. "How endearingly fragile and feminine they are," her proud husband thought. But soon those lovely hands . . .



. . . plunged into dishwasher every day. They aged years—their rough redness embarrassed her so. "I hate to go anywhere," she said—"these hands make me look too horribly like a drudge." It was a beauty expert who . . .



. . . told her, "Gentle, soothing Lux in the dishpan will improve your hands in no time." Now she keeps her hands lovely in spite of dishwashing three times a day. Lux doesn't harm the beauty oils of the skin as harsh soaps do. Thanks to Lux, her hands are exquisite as a bride's!



LUX for Dishes
costs less than
1¢ a day

THE other night half a dozen pals insisted that Herbert Mundin, English screen comic, be their guest at a restaurant. They insisted on pinning a large card with the word "Guest" printed on it, upon his coat lapel.

Then, one by one the hosts excused themselves, until Mundin was left. A waiter presented the bill for ten dollars.

"But I'm a guest," Mundin protested, pointing to his card.

"Sure, I know," the waiter humored him. "They told me the gent with the card was giving the party."

Mundin sadly dug out his wallet and came through.

PRETTY accurate sign of better times, when a star throws a big party on the set.

When Helen Vinson finished in "Midnight Club" with George Raft, she tossed a big beer-and-pretzel party for the cast and entire crew. Just like the old days.

ROD LaROCQUE is on his way back to Hollywood, after thirteen months in the frozen wastes of Greenland making "S. O. S. Iceberg." His wife Vilma Banky is returning with him.

THAT Eddie Sutherland-Audrey Henderson marriage, which started to cool some months ago with Eddie's long stay in New York, seems to have reached the point where the chains will fall right off.

Audrey is off to Honolulu for a protracted visit, and that seems to be that.

LORENA LAYSON, one of the youngest and prettiest of the thirteen Warner Junior Starlets, was selected by Al Green to play a sixty year old maiden aunt of Genevieve Tobin in "Red Meat."

Maybe you can think of an answer to that.

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling over the telegram received in Hollywood from the mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"The autograph fans simply walked away from Will Rogers and Lee Tracy, leaving them flat," she wired. "Douglas is the only one they want."

Well, never mind Lee. Don't feel too badly about it. Hollywood still loves you and Willie. Come home and weep on our shoulders.

JACK OAKIE has a new one. Seems there was a gag campaign to "Keep Poison Oakie Out of Toluca Lake."

So Oakie happened to go swimming out there the other day, and now he says he wants a new campaign to read, "Keep Toluca Lake Out of Jack Oakie."

JUNE KNIGHT is playing in Universal's next, a big musical extravaganza . . . and June wears so little that she says her name ought to be changed from June Knight to September Morn. . . .

INTERESTING to note that Loretta Young's mother, Mrs. Belzer, always calls her daughter "Gretchen"—which is her real name. Also that Loretta, who has been in pictures so long she seems a lot older, had to go to court to have her new contract with Twentieth Century Films validated—she won't be twenty-one until January sixth.

IN Jimmie Dunn's last picture, "Hold Me Tight," a crowd of extras were working and Jimmie noticed that one of them started to leave, telling a friend that he was too ill to stick it out, though he needed the pay-check badly.

Jimmie sent the boy to his dressing-room and told him to rest, while he got into the overcoat and cap the boy was wearing and took his place in the crowd.

The director didn't notice Jimmie in the extra ranks until he saw him taking his overcoat off and the audience probably won't notice him at all, but the extra will never forget him, or the kindness that prompted Jimmie to do this for him.

LAATEST chapter in the "Life and Loves of Estelle."

She and Rowland Brown, the bulky writer and director, are seen together constantly.

And this, confides Miss Taylor, is the first real romance that has come to her since the divorce from Jack Dempsey.

ZASU PITTS is *not* going to get married. She vociferously denies her rumored engagement. Says "romance hits but once"—and she had hers. ZaSu is taking her first vacation in years—out on a boat cruising around Santa Cruz.

No one in town has more right to a vacation than ZaSu, who worked in thirty-five pictures last year.

BABY LEROY is now three months older than when he worked in "A Bedtime Story," but he has lost none of his baby cuteness. The day after his new contract was signed, photographers went to his home to make photographs—and immediately feared that M'sieu Babe had developed temperament when they were declined admission. . . . Then it developed that LeRoy had the measles. When the seige was over, he visited the studio, looking like a miniature Dietrich—in dark glasses and a pair of pants!

MAE WEST is keeping up with her literary work between scenes. It is going to be a book, we hear, entitled "How to Misbehave." The finer points analyzed, no doubt, until all the old misbehavers will be revealed as mere rank amateurs.

UNA MERKEL complains that she cannot hold her man. An admiring follower wrote to her and told of his extensive study of a correspondence school course on "How To Be A Great Detective" in the usual ten easy lessons. He vowed protection to Una for the rest of her life.

The following week a letter came retracting the promise.

He had shot himself in the arm practicing the first lesson.

ADVICE to ambitious starlets—Gloria Stuart states that she is awfully glad she married before she was a screen star, and that marriage has been her salvation. . . . So it has for a lot of other picture ladies, only very few of them admit it.

FLORENCE DESMOND, who has amused all London by impersonating American film favorites behind their backs, is now imitating them to their faces. Come to Hollywood, Miss Desmond has been cast in "There's Always Tomorrow" and will have a chance to do her choice impersonations of Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo in that picture.

DID you know by any chance that:

George Raft was a professional baseball player in the Eastern league for a year?

And became a bantam weight boxer at the age of 16?

Mae West looks smaller off the screen than on? Weighs 119 pounds and is proud of her figure? And writes all her own scripts?

Charlie Ruggles likes to buy things in a drug store because he used to work in one?

Fredric March's favorite dessert is deep dish apple pie?

Sylvia Sidney hates bread and butter because in boarding school the teacher forced her to eat it? And piled up on her plate all the bread and butter she left from the meals before? And that she has the smallest waist in Hollywood? It's 21½ inches.

Maurice Chevalier has never seen a baseball game and doesn't care for football?

A CERTAIN interviewer had looked forward for weeks to his interview with the glamorous Peggy Hopkins Joyce. He was all ready and primed for the glorious Peggy and then the day arrived. And Peggy, the enchanting, spent the entire time talking about her "tummy ache."

How easily glamour is shattered!

ONE of the most expensive items in filming Janet Gaynor's "Paddy, the Next Best Thing" is fish. The company built the Irish lighthouse set up the coast from San Francisco and forgot that the waters were filled with seals. When the filming took place, the inquisitive seals flopped right up barking and flapping in noisy applause. Studio engineers had to keep them lured away from the set by throwing tons of fish into nearby waters.

"DID you hear that Lionel Barrymore 'burp' in 'Rasputin'?" a friend said to another.

"Yep," the friend replied, "Lionel is rapidly becoming 'the burp of a nation.'"

HOLLYWOOD'S as bad as a college campus when it comes to nicknames. Sylvia Sidney answers to "Sinny" or "Brat." George Raft has been dubbed "Blacksnake." It has something to do with his eyes. Marie Dressler is called "Duchess," and Alison Skipworth is "Skippy." Jack Oakie's nickname is "Bucket." Jack named Bing Crosby "Spook," because he haunts the ether. Gracie Allen is called "Googy" by everybody but George Burns—and that's censored.

ANDY CLYDE ate so many doughnuts while making "Dora's Dunking Donuts" he had to go on a diet. In one scene he ate four. The scene was shot from four angles and retakes had to be made. Add 'em up yourself!

ZASU PITTS played in a recent comedy in which a forlorn bedraggled puss figured.

Well, Tabby appeared in an early sequence just as stringy and unhappy looking as the script demanded. But ZaSu felt so sorry for her sister-actress that she fed her and petted her and slicked her up so that on her next appearance near the end of the film about ten days later pussy was so smug and fat and sassy that she didn't live up to her part and her scenes had to be shot again with her stand-in taking the rôle.

Hollywood babes please note and stick to that diet.

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOUR TEETH ARE NEVER CLEAN? YOU NEVER GET ALL THE STAINS OFF



GIRL—You're very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren't clean.

TOOTHBRUSH—It's about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—Don't be common.

TOOTHBRUSH—Don't be childish! You do want to know why they aren't clean—don't you?

GIRL—Go ahead—be disagreeable.

TOOTHBRUSH—You'll thank me some day. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—I'd scour it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—I'd wash it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—That's TWO different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you're using has only one.

GIRL—What's that got to do with it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven DIFFERENT kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—Why doesn't my dentifrice get them all off?

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only one cleansing action—and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes two! So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

GIRL—Can anything be done about it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate's.

GIRL—Has Colgate's two cleansing actions?

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An emulsive action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine polishing action that gets rid of the rest of them.

GIRL—Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

GIRL—That settles it! I'll buy a tube of Colgate's today.





**Not until the night
HER LIPS
looked natural!**

A SWEET GIRL, of course. He knew that. But he lost interest when he looked at her lips. *Unappealing, conspicuous with paint . . .* Then one night he couldn't resist. Her lips were so kissable, so naturally colorful! And she'll tell you herself . . . that was the night she tried her new lipstick, which colors the lips without painting them!

Easy To Have Alluring Lips

Use Tangee. You'll see your lips satin-smooth, alive with *natural* color . . . free forever of that painted look! Because Tangee isn't paint. It's a scientific formula made to match the natural color hidden in your own lips!

On your lips, Tangee changes to the one shade of rose best for your complexion. Sounds unbelievable. And yet you can see, it's *orange* in the stick and *rose* on your lips.

Tangee costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . and lasts longer. Ask for Tangee at your drug store or favorite cosmetic counter.



**The New Tangee Powder
Brings Soft Underglow**

Try the *new* Tangee Face Powder, which produces a soft underglow that makes your skin look younger, fresher, more natural! Because Tangee Powder now contains the same magic color principle as Tangee Lipstick . . . therefore blends with your natural skin tones!

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK
Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! 19

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. (Enclose 10¢ / 417 Fifth Ave., New York (stamps or coin) / Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

JOAN CRAWFORD has one grand ideal. "When I get older, I want to be exactly like Louise Closser Hale," Joan says. "She's the grandest person I know."

Joan and Miss Hale became friends during the making of "Possessed," and Joan has found her famous quips and unflinching good humor a welcome relief to the blues.

Few movie devotees know Miss Hale is a brilliant writer, having many novels to her credit.

THERE is probably no young lady anywhere who is more rigidly chaperoned than little Jean Parker, in spite of the fact that she is a full-fledged picture actress. Jean is a protegee of Ida Koverman, secretary to Louis B. Mayer, who keeps a vigilant eye on her young hopeful. There is no doubt in the mind of anyone who has seen Jean's work on the screen that she has infinite promise. And Mrs. Koverman is sparing no expense or time in seeing that Jean will be excellently equipped for a starring career. Her education includes music (vocal and piano), drawing, dancing, gymnastics—and that means she has a lesson every day.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is practically the only star in Hollywood who has never gone in for pets. Sylvia has held out, resolutely, against being the slave of a puppy or even a pair of gold-fish.

One of Sylvia's admirers deplored this lack, and sent her a pair of love-birds. And now the laugh is on the sender, because the birds turned out to be sworn enemies.

They put in all their time quarreling noisily, so Sylvia has named them "Jiggs" and "Maggie."

DID you know . . .

Sylvia Sidney always wears an ancient Roman coin as a locket?

Fredric March was an extra or "supe" in the stage company "Deburau" when Lionel Atwill was the star?

Cary Grant is a professional trapeze artist and high stilt walker?

That Richard Dix refuses to make a picture unless Joe Hermano, deaf and dumb boy, has a bit in it somewhere?

That Dolores Del Rio is taking swimming lessons from Johnny Weissmuller? And Hollywood hopes Lupe, who is anything but an intimate of the Mexican star, will never find out.

SUNSHINE means fun to a lot of kids but a cloudy day in Hollywood means a picnic to the orphans.

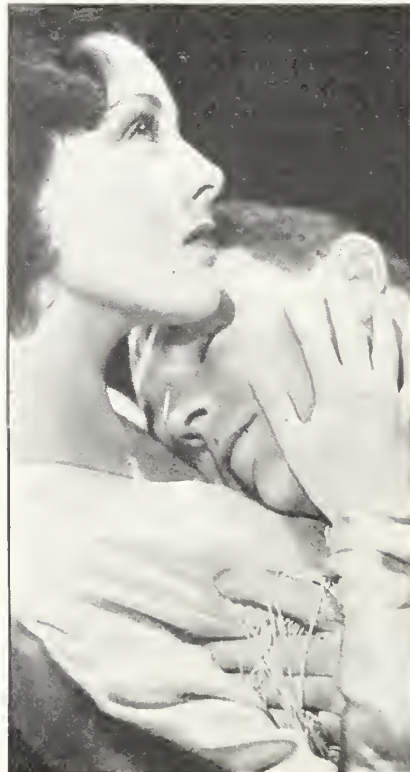
When a motion picture company is called on location and cloudy weather prevents them from going, the rather elaborate box lunches prepared for the trip are given to the orphans' home.

And you should see those kids fly to the windows each morning to watch for a cloud in the sky.

And, oh boy, when the sun fails to shine are they happy?

BUSTER CRABBE isn't afraid to get in a pool of alligators and he's willing to wrestle a caged panther, but he's scared to death of horses. When told that he had to ride a horse in "Man of the Forest," Buster objected. "Why, one of the nags might toss me right off and I'd break an arm or something. I'd rather stick to lions!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



Ernest Bachrach

No, this isn't a doctor listening to heart beats; it's Frances Dee giving William Gargan a little petting in "Headline Shooters." Dear, dear, the poor boy must have gone to sleep on her shoulder. Maybe it's been a hard day at the office

This is the "headlock" or catch-as-catch can—quite a new technique in love-making, children. Well, if it isn't that, what would you call this new hold that William Powell tries in a scene with Ann Harding from "Double Harness"?

"I Know Women By Their Eyes"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

headed to make foolish mistakes, to act without thought.

"She is always actuated by what she earnestly believes to be the right course."

About the sparkling, mobile depths of Miriam Hopkins' eyes, De Mille says pithily: "These eyes express the effervescence and spontaneous exuberance of youth freed from the shackles of undue restraint and convention."

Alive with a hundred dancing flames, the blue-gray eyes of the li'l girl from "Gawgia" show the possibility of encompassing every known emotion. They usually belong to people whose moods are quick to come and go, and especially to those who can express their emotions easily. That may account for the power and the glory of Miriam's work in such diametrically opposite character studies as in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in "Trouble in Paradise," in "The Story of Temple Drake."

AND what is your estimate of Claudette Colbert? Is she sweet, gentle, clinging? De Mille says: "Though she has always played parts of well-bred young ladies, her eyes said plainly that she could play the rôle of the wickedest woman in the world—*Poppaea*. There is fire, and scorn, and power in those eyes."

Certainly, no one could have been more convincingly the selfish, pleasure-loving and beautiful wife of *Nero* than nice Miss Colbert!

So, I say to perplexed males who run around in blind circles because of some capricious or vacillating woman: "Don't give up. Study her eyes!" For the eyes never fail to tell the story!

She Lived In A Glass Cage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"In my cage I could not hear people talk, but I learned to read lips. Mashers came often and at first they embarrassed me. They made signs, most of which I was too young to understand. When *Queen of Sheba* explained them to me, I blushed and she laughed. She had been married twice, and was then a widow again. Thereafter, when men made their signs I smiled and pointed to *Queen of Sheba*.

"Lip reading was amusing but not altogether flattering. People said such things as 'I don't think she's so pretty,' or 'She looks like your cousin Penelope,' or 'Her mouth is too large.' Sometimes one would say to another, 'I wonder what she is sewing?' Whenever I read that question on lips, I lifted a pair of pink step-ins which I kept purposely near, and then I laughed at their blushes. Then their lips would frame the words, 'She is a brazen hussy.'

"I soon learned not to be uncomfortable when men stared at my unclad legs. I even managed not to blush when I lip-read their suggestive remarks to each other.

"I quickly learned to discern hen-pecked husbands by their furtive glances, bachelors by their open frankness and mashers by their meaningful winks. I had great fun flirting with hen-pecked husbands to make their wives jealous. One wife pinched her husband's ear and led him away.

"Perhaps I achieved greater amusement by watching the audiences than they got out of

Ask for the New

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

It gives you 20 to 30% greater service in your sanitary protection

NEWS! The Patented★ Equalizer...

It adds 20 to 30% greater protection. An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping.

And all the former advantages of Kotex are retained; softness, absorbency, disposability, phantomized ends, the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection—these are features you need and want. And you get them, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

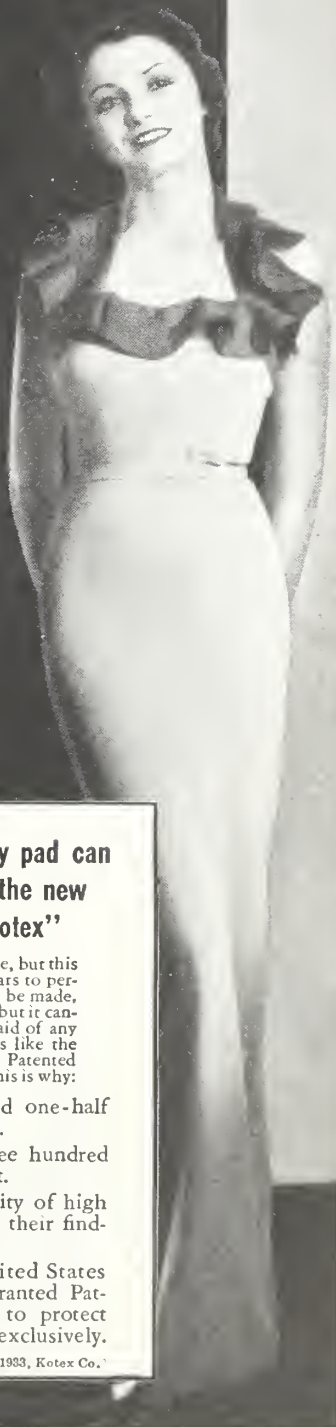
You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort. It was designed as carefully as Kotex, itself—with woman's health and comfort in mind.

**Why no sanitary pad can
be "just like the new
Equalizer Kotex"**

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.



Guard
your DRESSES
Spare
your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

*Odorono Protects your Charm
and Saves your Dresses*


Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



**ODORONO
REGULAR**

*for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.*



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

*is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.*

ODO·RO·NO

looking at me. Often I found myself wondering if caged monkeys do not laugh at human beings."

Miss Jordan decided that her lowly show-girl experience should not be in vain. She visited a London producer and pointed out to him the value of her publicity as Miss England. He gave her a job. This led to more important things, and she was invited to New York to take part in the stage play "Cynara."

Miriam was too beautiful to have escaped the attention of studio scouts. She soon left Broadway for Hollywood and is now under

long term contract to the Fox Film Company. Her latest picture is "I Loved You Wednesday."

But her name is no longer Miriam. It's been changed to Mimi.

In Hollywood she lives quietly in a modest apartment, and has a spaniel for companionship. She rides to and from work on street cars and doesn't own an automobile. But that's because she can't get used to the American fashion of right-hand traffic, and the only time she ever tried to drive a car in this country she tore the corner off a studio stage!

So Comes the End of the Rainbow Trail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

reason with Mary—to make her see a great career was at stake.

There was much comment at the time that Mary's friends deeply resented Fairbanks' silence. They said he could have lied like a gentleman—he could have made vehement denials to protect Mary. He was silent. Mary was forced to carry the brunt of the whole thing.

FAIRBANKS obtained a divorce from his wife and settled half a million dollars on her. She then married a Pittsburgh broker named Evans. Most of her money was lost, through nobody's fault, as many a fortune has been, and she took her son, young Douglas, to Hollywood, and entered him in motion pictures.

Mary obtained a divorce from Owen Moore in Minden, Nevada. Moore happened to be there at the same time, so the divorce was granted without delay. The subject of collusion was brought up but later dismissed after a lot of publicity.

The marriage caused an estrangement between Mary and her mother that lasted for

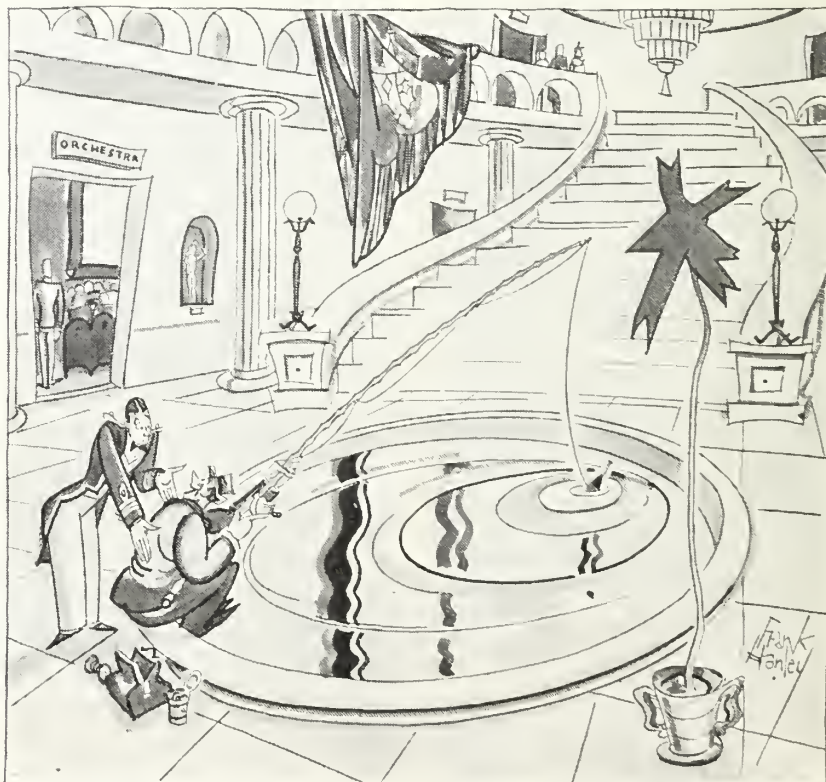
some time. Mrs. Pickford was of the opinion that Doug had an eye on the future. Mary was a greater star than he—but little Mary was purely in love, and nothing else on earth mattered.

Mary consulted Doug about everything. He and his brother John Fairbanks, his business manager, were given the say-so of all her business affairs. She was never the independent business woman with her husband—always deferred to his judgment, consulted him, and abided by his decisions. And she worshipped him as if he were a god.

During their romance, Doug was intensely jealous of Mary. And strangely enough, most jealous of the man who later married her best friend.

MARY went down to San Diego where she was made honorary colonel of the 143rd Field Artillery. The chaplain of the regiment was a handsome young man named Fred Thomson.

One of the ceremonies was a football game between the 143rd and 144th regiments—and



"But I didn't come for the picture . . . just wanted to try your pool for fishing"

Fred Thomson had his leg broken in a scrimmage.

Mary and her mother went to the hospital to see him. When they returned to Hollywood, Mary sent many flowers to him. Doug was furious.

He did not understand the true situation. Mary was so happy herself that she wanted to see her best friend, Frances Marion, have a romance, too.

THE regiment came to Hollywood the following Memorial Day to parade. Mary led the procession in her little colonel's uniform. When it was over, she found Fred Thomson and introduced him to Frances Marion. They were immediately interested. When Thomson went away to war, it was with Mary's assistance and intervention in important channels, that Frances landed an important job in the A. E. F.—and was the first American woman who went into Germany during the war.

The friendship of Frances Marion and Mary has been more closely knit since those days when both were in love and making sacrifices, helping each other, to be near the men they loved. For although Frances feared Mary was endangering her career, she wanted most of all to see her happy.

Frances Marion wrote the stories for fourteen of Mary's pictures in succession.

Mary Pickford dared more than any of us will ever realize—her pinnacle in the hearts of America was imperiled—her career, the love of tried and true friends—even her mother—to be with and marry the man she loved.

She has valiantly faced the curious world these many months—curious about Doug's prolonged absences abroad. Curious because she was not with him. And no one ever heard a murmur of protest or excuse from her.

But the breaking point came—and Mary was forced to reveal her broken heart and broken home.

Mary Pickford is indeed the poor little rich girl in real life, for she has fame and millions—but with that wealth she is lonely. That was why she adopted Lottie's baby. That is why gossip may link her name with that of Buddy Rogers who has been a consoling friend during her darkest hours and who knows himself how it feels when one's world comes tumbling down around him.

But no sorrow has ever made Mary quit, and she will not, according to her intimates, give up her career now.

Instead, they declare, she is much more apt to plunge anew into production activities, to hide the ache in her heart in work as she has always done.

Heart Throb

To the average person motion pictures are an escape from the sordid and every-day happenings of life. To me they not only provide an escape from life, but they give life.

An accident in childhood left me in such a scarred condition that adventure and romance have passed me by. By going to picture shows and living through the scenes with the heroine, imagining myself in her place, I get a chance at living that life in reality and fate have denied me.

I am sure that there are thousands in the world who are in my condition and in their behalf I wish also to say, "Thank you, motion picture industry."

Dorothy Hardy,
Birmingham, Ala.



The one soap whose color is your promise of skin loveliness

for it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

Olive Oil is the reason

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Monsieur A. Varady of Cleveland is one of 20,000 beauty experts who endorse Palmolive, for this reason.

THE greatest boon to beauty throughout the ages . . . Olive Oil—the one priceless standby of beauty specialists everywhere! Never has its equal been found—to care for and keep the lovely, delicate texture of soft, smooth skin. And *there's* your reason for Palmolive's worldwide success.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green. That refreshing olive-green color is your assurance—your guarantee of olive oil's beauty benefits. Its clean, wholesome odor tells you—here is freedom from heavy perfumes. Here also is freedom from artificial coloring—freedom from bleaching agents. So profit by the beauty wisdom of centuries—use Palmolive—the world's finest beauty soap now at the lowest price in history.





*It's fun to
be 40—
but not with gray hair!*

A grand time of life—forty! Professor Pitkin's book says life begins at that magnificent age. [Doubly magnificent, may we add, for those who keep the secret to themselves.]

No tell-tale gray hairs, mind! They have a way of spoiling all the fun. And there's no need to stand for them today. Inecto Rapid Notox recolors gray hair so beautifully, so naturally that even your best friend would never suspect it.

You see, Notox is a new, scientific way. It doesn't paint the outside of your hair as old-fashioned methods do [that's what gives hair that dull artificial look.] Instead Notox colors the hair inside the shaft—just where nature does. It leaves your hair enchantingly shiny—enticingly soft to the touch. What's more, Notox keeps its natural, even shade as perfectly as natural color. Sun it, wash it, wave it all you like!

Remember, Notox shades match even the most difficult hair colors, from palest gold to deepest black. So don't lose a single precious day. Hurry to your hairdresser—and insist on Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute. No product like Notox exists. Buy Notox at any smart shop.

● SEND FOR FREE COPY of that fascinating booklet, "Heartbreak Age." Learn how to avoid that most unhappy time. We will give you, too, the address of a convenient shop featuring Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Dept. 64, Inecto, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York City.

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE HEADLINE SHOOTER— RKO-Radio

AT last, the newsreel boys come in for their share of glory. William Gargan, a newsreel reporter who bravely faces death to get his pictures, falls in love with Frances Dee, a newspaper columnist. Rescuing her from kidnapers, he wins her heart and the two go merrily on chasing scoops. Brand-new idea and packed with interest. Ralph Bellamy, Wallace Ford and Jack LaRue are splendid.

THE WOMAN I STOLE—Columbia

JACK HOLT, hard-boiled central figure of the Hergesheimer novel "Tampico," wants wife Fay Wray of the local manager, Don Cook. Suits Fay; but she can't understand that when bandit chief Noah Beery starts cutting up, women must stand aside while hemen stand together to save the oil! Done in Algerian instead of Mexican locale. Pleasing, though somewhat slow.

CAPTURED!—Warners

THREE simply grand performances by Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Paul Lukas, as fellow prisoners and commandant, respectively in a German prison camp. For the rest it's hard to believe, what with the lovely wife of one prisoner being the mistress of the other, the escape returned by his own nation, the wholesale escape in the stolen squadron of bombers, and so on. Both the love interest and that pseudo-Cockney comedy get nowhere.

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal

A MILD little opus about a lad who can't stay away from the hosses, and a girl he can't have until he does. Lew Ayres works in his dad's plumbing shop, but his heart isn't in it. Figures out winning race combinations, decides he can't lose—and doesn't, for a while. Almost loses Ginger Rogers when she discovers they plan a honeymoon in Saratoga, because it's a race town. However, all comes out right in the end.

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount

THE usual Zane Grey type of Western, done with less than average audience appeal, even for open space addicts. This time the plot concerns the efforts of Noah Beery, as the very heavy villain, to cop the water rights and the girl (Verna Hillie) from heroish Randolph Scott. Randy's pet mountain lion is extremely active, and it's all pretty much mixed up.

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION— Columbia

FAY WRAY takes off time enough from apes, octopi, and such-like, to do a pleasing, modern Portia, with Gene Raymond as chief aid and abettor. It seems they're married, in love, but while Gene gets nowhere as an architect, Fay is a wow in the law courts. So disgruntled Gene sells his talents for big money as a night-club crooner, there's a bust-up in the family, a murder scandal—and Fay defends Gene. Excellently performed.

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox

BUT it isn't, really, for even the nuttiest squirrels will take to the tallest timber at this one. Sheerest nonsense without the sparkle necessary to animate it. Story? Well, only one man is left alive in a world of women,

and he has to be Raul Roulien, the new South American importation who is much too much for any camera. Herbert Mundin and Edna May Oliver are grand.

DISGRACED—Paramount

NOT a new idea in a carload of this type of picture. Little mannikin Helen Twelvetrees falls for rich scamp Bruce Cabot, who promises marriage, only to wed society girl Adrienne Ames. Of course Helen's papa, William Harrigan, a stern police officer, shoots Bruce, and Helen tries to take the blame, only to be tricked into confessing. Ken Murray, as the nice boy friend, is good.

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS— Columbia

THE high spot of this one is when the old engineer (Chic Sale), who is about to be relieved of his throttle forever, opens it wide to chase crooks in a high-powered car. For the rest it's what the kids used to see Saturday afternoons done all at once as a feature. For confirmed hokesters and Chic Sale followers exclusively.

THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO—Universal

YOU can call all the shots in this Western—and not one of 'em hits Ken Maynard. But Ken always gets his man. Villainy is pushed over the cliff and virtue reigns triumphant. Ken, "the Fiddlin' Buckaroo," cleans up the bad, bad gang and saves the girl. His horse, Tarzan, steals the picture. All right for the kiddies, but mama and papa may be bored.

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox

PROPERLY cooked and seasoned, tripe is a delectable dish—if you like tripe. But this portion lacks certain fundamental elements; so a good cast, with Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, Herbert Mundin, Sammy Cohen and Merna Kennedy, is squandered on an old "cheating the cheaters" chromo. You may get a laugh out of Sammy. Better luck next time, Jimmie and Joan!

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.

A VILLAGE tenor (Richard Tauber) rises to Berlin opera fame and makes his debut in "Martha." There is a feeling of anxiety to hurry along the story so one may once again hear Tauber sing. Which, after all, is the main reason—and a good one—for seeing this film. Lucie Englisch plays the sweet-heart left behind. English captions.

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD) Pathe-Natan

THE tragic story of a lonely, misunderstood child who eventually attempts to hang himself in the barn. Robert Lynen, the nicknamed red head, gives an exquisite performance as the boy, and the picture is interspersed with fine characterizations and excellent photography. Dialogue in French with English titles.

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM— Universal

A MYSTERY chamber has been sealed tight for twenty years and there the youngest of three suitors for Gloria Stuart's hand (William Janney) offers to stay over-

night to prove his bravery. He disappears. The next night the next suitor (Onslow Stevens) is shot to death. The third night the third suitor (Paul Lukas) clears up the mystery. Suspense well sustained.

THE LONE AVENGER—World Wide

KEN MAYNARD does his stuff when a bunch of Arizona bandits burglarize the local bank. That he wins the girl in the end, through the paying teller's window, is to be expected. But Ken shows a few more stunts with Tarzan, his horse pal, and the youngsters won't be disappointed.

THE RETURN OF CASEY JONES—Monogram

A BORING, disjointed story of railroad work in which the plot rambles around like eggs in a basket, and finally scrambles itself into what promises to be a wreck thrill. But the wreck doesn't materialize, due to the young engineer's courage in tightening an engine bolt.

"Smilin' Through" Wins!

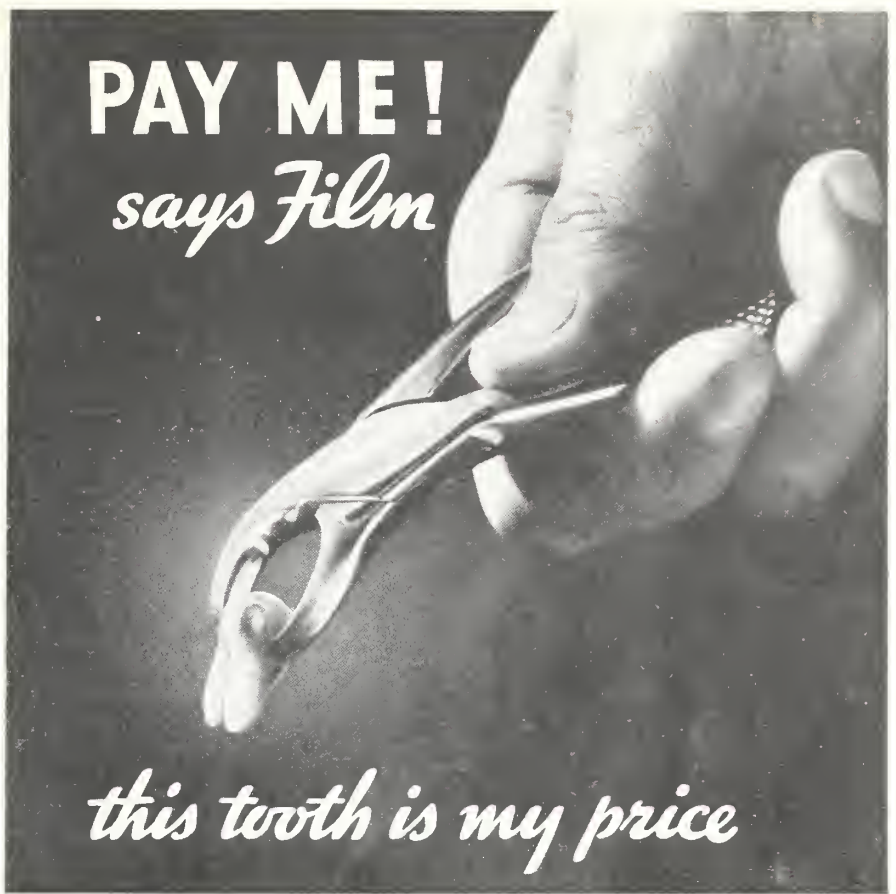
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

to honor such pictures as these! But none of these deserve the honor more than the newcomer in the list.

And PHOTOPLAY—acting on behalf of thousands of picture-goers throughout the land—salutes Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and all who had anything to do with giving us "Smilin' Through"—and takes great pleasure in hailing it as the chosen best picture of 1932!



Wallace Beery is a tough old sea captain in "Tugboat Annie" but he meets his match when he docks 'long side the queen of the water-front. No mistake was made when they co-starred Wallace with Marie Dressler in this brawly legend of the sea



Your safety rests in how you remove that film

"MY dentist has told me *film* is a dangerous enemy of teeth—the chief cause of decay, part cause of many other dental ills. But, what is *film*? Is it on my teeth in spite of daily brushing?"

Yes, very probably, if you brush with ordinary methods. Film forms on all teeth—after every meal. Film is that slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva.

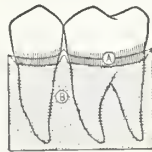
You can feel it with your tongue. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. But that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some of these germs are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live, they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—others, still, with pyorrhea.

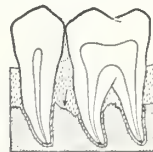
"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. That means extra *safety*. The safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent.

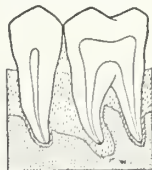
How Film leads to Pyorrhea!



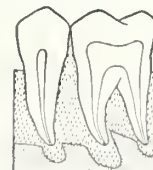
1 A tooth on which film (A) has begun to form along the gum line. (B) is jawbone. Tooth firmly seated in socket.



2 The bacteria in film, and irritation from tartar have resulted in a "pyorrhea pocket." Bone has started to break down.



3 The pyorrhea pocket grows. Teeth are very loose.



4 Pyorrhea is spreading to other teeth. Teeth are lost.

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Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

Sunday Morning Breakfast— Luncheon



'Round about eleven, any Sunday morning you might find gathered in his sunny patio a little group eager for the tasty meal Andy Devine has planned for them. Simple dishes, but always there is that unusual touch. Strawberries, served English style, provide a most delicious forerunner to the main dish



ON Sunday morning at the hour your family or your guests have planned to assemble, why not surprise them with "Devine" scrambled eggs? Sounds simple enough, and so it is.

But Andy has a way with eggs. He uses baking powder and cooks them in a double boiler!

For half a dozen eggs, use one-half teaspoon of baking powder and one-quarter cupful of cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Beat well until they are thick and creamy, then turn into a double boiler in which a little butter has been melted. Have flame low, cook slowly, stir constantly. This eliminates that outside crust and raw-in-the-middle effect often encountered in this dish.

Ideal as a starter for the breakfast-luncheon are large, luscious strawberries served with stems on, placed in circle on a glass plate with mound of powdered sugar in center. A novel arrangement and certainly an aid in hurrying along the meal. For those who must have cream, serve very heavy whipping cream, unwhipped, in individual receptacles.

With the scrambled eggs, Andy serves little pig sausages, fried or grilled, and crisp bacon. Or perhaps you prefer it not so crisp, retaining more of the real bacon flavor. Before frying the bacon, dip each slice in sugar and sprinkle paprika over it. When treated in this way the bacon has to be turned constantly, as the sugar causes it to burn very easily.

If you are sure your guests like onions, you might try Andy's favorite egg dish. Chop or cut half a pound of bacon into small bits. Fry, and remove onto brown paper to drain. Chop an onion or two and fry in bacon fat. Drain off all excess fat, and

add eggs, well beaten and seasoned. Cook, stirring constantly. When done, stir in the bacon. Serve on toast spread with a little anchovy paste.

English crumpets, toasted and served very hot with lots of butter are very appropriate for just such a meal. If your baker does not have them, English muffins, split and toasted, will do quite as well.

And if, a day before your breakfast party, you have the time and the inclination, you might bake

VIRGINIA BEATEN BISCUIT

4 cups flour	1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{7}{8}$ cup sweet milk

Sift together dry ingredients, work butter in thoroughly. Add milk, and knead to smooth dough. Turn onto board and beat with wooden mallet or potato masher until dough blisters. Then fold together and beat again. Repeat folding and beating until all dough is thoroughly beaten. Roll dough out to one-quarter inch thickness and cut biscuit. Bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. It is really well worth a little time and effort to have this delectable addition to your meal.

There is always on the Devine breakfast table a cheese board containing Andy's favorite, Camembert, as well as a variety of others. Cheese on the biscuits or muffins provides a tasty snack. Some, however, prefer the usual—muffins with jelly or marmalade.

Without delicious, rich coffee, made in a glass dripper, no breakfast would be quite complete.

Mama Loves Papa—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

with the breaking heart. Tragedy lurking gaunt and stark behind a grinning mask. At the thought, I gulped back a tear. He was obviously suffering, thanks to some thought I'd started—

"But that's not the only irony." He was pacing the softly carpeted floor of his luxurious hotel drawing-room. Overwrought, frustrated, driven by loneliness to this confession, he spoke rapidly, feverishly. "There's always the *other woman* in my pictures. Such luscious morsels of femininity as Lil Tashman, Kay Francis, Lili Damita. They make a man evermore desirous!"

"Well, those *other women* live in Hollywood the same as you do," I suggested encouragingly.

"**Q**UITE true, they do. But that only heightens the tragedy—turns the knife in the wound. Think of it—living in Hollywood, where pretty women grow in clusters like strawberries—no, that can't be right! Like (excuse me while I consult my farming manual)—ah, like gooseberries! Yes, that's it—gooseberries.

"But what happens when I think, 'Aha! Here at last! Here is one whom I shall win for my own!'"

"I pay my addresses—make my court—and my lady giggles.

"I get more intense—for I can be very intense when I'm serious—and she laughs. 'Oh, Charlie, you're such a scream! Do go on—it's delicious!'"

"Now, I ask you, how can a man keep his mind on making love when his girl gets a laughing jag?"

It certainly was a poser, that question—especially when backed with such a pathetic 'please help me' look from those round eyes—blue as the sea at Malibu—above that pert little mustache. Suddenly, it all seemed just too, too pathetic. When I thought of his tipsy scenes with Roland Young—and thought of his heart-break now—I could have wept like the walrus of "Alice-in-Wonderland."

Which reminded me that Charlie was scheduled to play the *Mad Hatter* in the forthcoming production of that picture. And this reminded me of another question I wanted to ask—

"Mr. Ruggles," I began—when the doorbell rang. He leaped to answer and ushered in—*another journalist*. A lady and a rival.

Like a flash all trace of suffering was erased from his smooth, sleekly-smiling face. That's that, I reflected grimly, drawing on my gloves. On the verge of another stark, uncensored revelation—and bingo, he changes his mood to suit the situation! Just my luck . . . I rose to go.

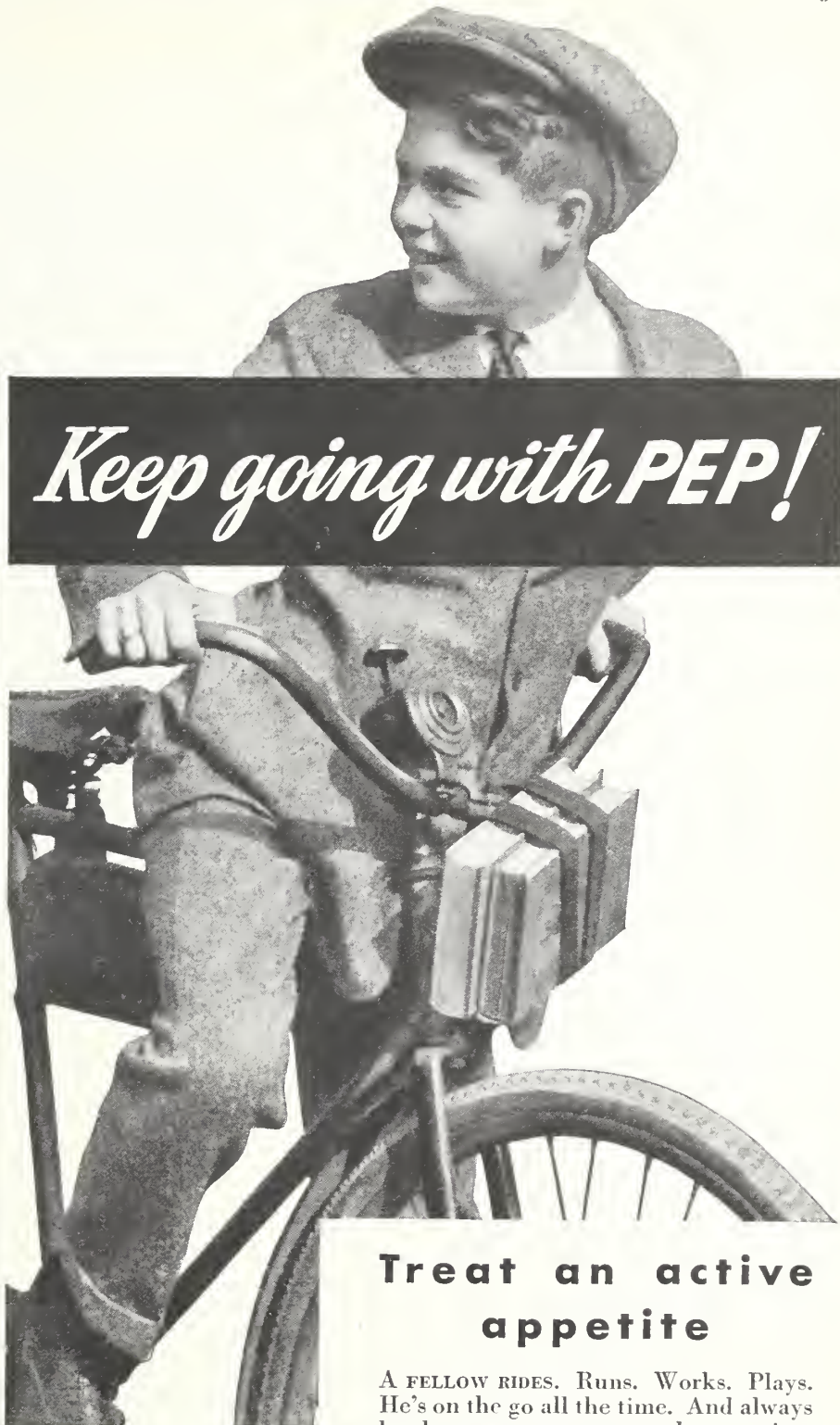
But something my rival was saying stayed my disappointed exit. "Do you like giblets in your gravy, Mr. Ruggles?" I heard her ask in a molasses-y voice.

For a fraction of a second he looked at her, as if he hadn't heard aright. Then his eyes grew dreamy again, like the Pacific at twilight. "The mood, the precious mood again!" I breathed exultantly to myself—and sat down once more.

"**G**IBLETS in my gravy," whispered Charlie, half to himself. In his voice was a soft caress. "That reminds me of my first love . . ."

"We were having Thanksgiving dinner in a Chinese joint in Yackimaw, Washington. The dinner was terrible—but she was lovely. Oh, so lovely! She was a minister's daughter, and she said she loved me . . ."

"You see, she had ambitions to become a second Amy MacPherson. I was doing one night vaudeville and one-horse stock stands at the time—and afterward I sometimes thought she might have wanted to learn the show business from me for her future calling. You know,



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Youngsters—and grown-ups too—enjoy PEP for its flavor. Each crunchy flake has the goodness of toasted wheat. Every bowlful—with milk or cream—adds health and energy.

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STA-RITE Hair Pins**
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how to be dramatic and sway your audiences like a windstorm!

"But, alas, for such dreams! Romance faded when they brought on the dessert. Blueberry pie. Imagine blueberry pie on Thanksgiving. . .

"Quite properly, she gave it one withering look with those lustrous orbs and said, 'What, no pumpkin or mince? . . . Here, Charlie, you eat it. I can never manage blueberry pie. It always drips down my front!'

"Now wasn't that adorable of her?"
Once again he sighed heavily, immersed in his rich memories of the past.

"I ate her portion, too. Of course, it dripped down my front . . . And the sight of me, all blue-berryish, made her roll with laughter. 'Oh, you funny piggy-wiggy, booby Charlie!' she shrieked. 'You're such a comic relief!'

"After that," Charlie continued, "our show jumped to Butte, Montana. And my little evangelical baby jumped with it. . . Maybe she really did love me. Will I ever know?"

"Our romance lasted four weeks to the day. They always do. I run on record schedule.

"Then she left me. . . And it wasn't until two years ago that I heard she'd drifted back to Yackimaw, married a fat salesman, and presented him with four progeny."

SILENTLY, for a moment, he mourned the irrevocable past. Then, turning to me, he said darkly: "Look, you seem to be a smart girl. What's the meaning of this expression, 'comic relief'? That's what I'm always called. By the women whom I desire. By the studio directors who say they desire me. . . 'Good old Charlie, he's such rare comic relief!' they shout.

"They put me in the picture—and then, when the picture's filmed, they send it to the cutting room and *relieve* it of its 'comic relief'. . . So I've about come to the conclusion that this thing called 'comic relief' is what they get rid of when the scene is finished—when the fun's over. . . Tell me," he was choking back the dry, rasping sobs, "am I right?"

I was too overcome to answer the poor fellow. Instead, I grabbed my gloves and purse, and fled.

"Don't Live With Your Mother-in-law"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

asked. "Don't you think much of the success of the plan might lie with her attitude also?"

"Yes, indeed. I had taken it for granted that the young wife would be so terribly in love with her husband she'd be willing to go more than half way to keep him happy in his mother's home. But, there again, that depends so much on the individual.

"**YES**, I think the fast disappearing, clinging-vine type of girl, the girl who's never had to think for herself or carve out her own destiny, might well live happily ever after with her mother-in-law. She may never really care about a home of her own if she's comfortable with her in-laws. For she would be the type to give in readily rather than stand on her own opinion about anything. She's probably a very comfortable sort of wife for a man to have around, but she's rarely interesting to him after marriage has become humdrum.

"But don't misunderstand what I mean about depression wives. I know there have been many marriages during the past two years begun on this all-living-in-together arrangement. That's fine. It's far preferable to putting off the marriage for years. I think people should marry young and plan their lives together. It's so much more thrilling, and practical, too.

"To live with a mother-in-law for a year is

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MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST

(See page 53 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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This special offer is made to avoid disappointment in case the newsstands sell out and may be unable to supply back copies. Take advantage of our Special Contest rate for six months, fill out the coupon below, send \$1.25 (Canada and Foreign \$1.75), and we will send you July and August issues of PHOTOPLAY showing the first two sets of MOVIE MUDDLES and enter your subscription for 4 months, starting with the October issue.

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—in six issues of PHOTOPLAY hundreds of pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth*, and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry. You have read this issue of PHOTOPLAY so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

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Wise babies aren't cry babies about their skins

quite all right. But that, in my humble opinion, is about as long a time as any couple should figure on. After that, there's likely to be clashes, scenes which make the young husband very unhappy and bring about a tenseness which is about as devastating to love as anything I can think of."

I asked her if she thought a mother's jealousy was the most vital problem a young wife had to combat in this situation, and she thought about it a moment before answering.

"I honestly believe that outside of her natural impulse to rush to her son's defense rather than to his wife's when those little troubles arise, I believe mothers, as a rule, resent the young wife being able to do things which had been *her* privilege to do all her life for her son.

"Mothers are apt to think of their sons as quite perfect human beings. You know, 'Sonny can do no wrong' stuff. And his wife knows that isn't true. There is a sort of vanity mothers hold concerning their sons. This vanity is so easily wounded, so easily ruffled, that what seems to be merely a flip remark on the wife's part may be a tragic blow to his mother.

"Do you recall in 'The Silver Cord' when I said to his mother, 'The third time he asked me to marry him I refused him . . .?'"

THE director wanted Laura Hope Crews, the mother, to flare up, to get angry at Irene's words. But Irene and Miss Crews both knew a mother-in-law would be too shocked at the idea of any girl refusing *her* son to utter a sound. She would be simply knocked speechless. And when Miss Crews registered her complete soundless indignation at this point, it proved to be one of the most appreciable moments of the picture.

And that little scene, it seemed to me, most significantly summarizes the attitude of many a mother toward her in-laws, or prospective in-laws. Since her famous rôle as *Sabra* in "Cimarron," Irene Dunne has impressed the picture world with her remarkable versatility. And in private life, she is just as versatile.

She could roll up her sleeves and wash the dishes with as much ease as she could sit across a tea table and discuss Technocracy.

She could dig her pink fingers into the messy earth around summer garden vegetables, brush perspiring hair from her eyes and still look smart in any old tricky overalls. And then, again, she could put the Queen of Sheba to shame as she stood poised on a stairway, garbed in soft chiffons and furs, diamonds and doodads, ready to step gently down to greet the ritziest society in the world.



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's own pure soap

When men, who come to see you, stay to make a fuss over your baby sister—it's time to get busy!

Help yourself to a cake of the baby's Ivory Soap and start taking Ivory's beauty treatments.

What better soap could *you* use than this pure gentle Ivory that keeps a baby's tender skin so petal-smooth? Ivory is pure. It contains no strong dyes or cheap perfumes. And so doctors say it is *the safest soap* even for tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your bath! Ivory's creamy-white lather caresses your skin. It rinses off magically . . . leaving no die-hard soapy smell to conflict with the scent of your real perfume.

Watch your complexion grow lovely and youthful again after your daily Ivory cleansings. Feel its silken-smooth texture. And then say to yourself, "It's Ivory for me from now on!" Ivory beauty treatments cost so little and do so much!

Poor "Maedchen"!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

But of course, he has his own career, managing a chain of publications, and so he can't. I know that all I have to do to see my mother is to write to her to come over—but she is getting old, now, and such a strange land might make her unhappy.

"My brother has just finished his studies to be an engineer, and now must work at his profession—so he cannot come. But," she finished, "of course, I can go to them—or I tell myself that I can. When, I don't know."

BRAVE little "Maedchen!" For all one's sorrow over her misery, it is heartening to see her brave, pathetically girlish attempts to carry herself through the crisis. From the start, she has tried to "fit in."

She took a little apartment, and hired an American woman to cook for her. Not a German cook, of whom there are legion in Hollywood, to try to furnish her with her accustomed

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Let's talk sense, literally. Seeing, smelling, feeling—important to be sure. But how about your sense of taste? Science now calls attention to taste-blindness, a most unfortunate human ailment.

If you're taste-blind, you can't hope to know the joys of flavor, taste and zest in what you eat. Such a person will accept an ordinary, watery tomato juice without comment.

But most of us, reveling in the full enjoyment of our faculties, are *not* taste-blind. We know the advantages of the tasty, tangy flavor of College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Demand that product from the grocer man—the College Inn label is our promise of perfection, and your protection from tasteless, mediocre tomato juices.

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TOMATO JUICE
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German dishes; she strove from the first to thrust all that aside.

She bought a little car, and learned to drive it. Two hours every day she gave over to her English teacher—she now speaks five languages—besides the innumerable hours she studied by herself.

She missed the gay crowds and the colorful cafés of her native land; more, much more, than she would at first admit. But she would not seek the imitation cafés here; instead, she went to the museums and art galleries, wandering around by herself.

"Every day," she says, "I sit down and write a letter to my husband, one to my mother, and another to my brother. For that time I am at home, back there with them, pouring out all the things I see and hear, all my thoughts, pouring out everything to them as I write. I fancy that they are here with me, and that I am talking with them."

Thus she battles—and thus, unless I am all wrong—she will win through, to the time when she is free to seek her beloved homeland again. But meantime, what a trial it is—and what a price it is to pay for devotion to her art!

It Wasn't the Baby's Fault!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

you want me to write anything about you, Slim, just don't bother to ask!" "Playing favorites, are you?"

Slim, in his fumbling, clumsy way, tried to explain to all of them that he had not wanted the story to get out, that he had tried his best to keep it from getting out, that he had not released it to anybody, and that the writer in question had got the story by breaking a promise.

"Well, now that it's out you'll give the rest of us the lowdown, won't you?" he was asked.

(Interest in stars adopting babies was running high, at the time, and every editor wanted a story.)

"We'll be right out with our cameramen," added the reporters. "You've got to give us the dope, now."

And Slim told them, quietly, "No."

IT took a lot of courage to say that "no." If writers get sore at a player, and refuse to mention him ever in print, it doesn't take the public long to forget him.

More than one star has been quietly shoved off the screen that way.

Slim knew quite well that he stood a chance to make an enemy of every writer in Hollywood, and he said "no" just the same, without a moment's hesitation.

"Please, fellows," he begged the reporters, "think of the kid. Give him a chance to grow up thinking Mrs. Summerville and I are his real mother and father. Why, it may break his heart, some day, if he finds out he isn't. Think of him!"

"Nuts!" said one reporter. "You're just trying to pull a Garbo, Slim. You think you'll get more publicity if you pretend you don't want any."

But Slim was *not* lying. He was not trying to get any publicity. He was doing exactly what he said he was doing—thinking of little Elliott's future, and the heart-break it might bring the child, some day, to discover that he was not the Summervilles' real son. And nobody believed Slim. No. Hollywood is a little too sure that nobody ever does things for the reason he says. Sometimes cynicism makes you a little sick. . . .

You might think Slim's making hundreds of enemies in Hollywood was enough. But as a matter of fact that was only the beginning. Things didn't really begin to happen until those writers' stories—oh, yes, they printed them!—got into the papers.

The news was read all over the country, of course. And then it started! Letters! Letters, letters, letters!

THEY are still coming in. To date Slim has received about five hundred. Three hundred odd have been requests for money. The other two hundred are from cranks.

Only about three, to date, have been nice. For example, the one from an orphan asylum down South that reads, "We note by the papers that you have adopted a child. Evidently you love children. . . . The depression is causing

us great difficulty here at the ——— Orphanage. We wonder if you might care to pay off our \$17,000 mortgage, which falls due next month."

Slim wrote a polite, kindly answer to that one. He'd be only too glad to pay off that mortgage, if he could afford it—but a few \$17,000 mortgages, here and there, wouldn't leave much to eat on the Summerville table! He tried to explain that.

BUT that letter is a rare exception. Most of them run about like the one from the Arkansas woman who demands that Slim buy her an electric range and a new car. Three hundred of those, so far! Here is a sample, to show you:

Mr. Slim Summerville,
Universal City, Calif.

Slim S—

Six years ago you and your wife and some friends was driving through Connecticut. You stopped at my auto camp for the night, and in the morning you told me you was broke. I was decent enough to leave you go away without paying, and you promised to send me the money and never sent a penny, you dirty crook. Here you are a big movie actor and you ain't paid me. I just want to tell you I think you are a * * * * *

The rest of the letter is a list of insulting words. Slim could put the man who wrote it in Federal prison for sending profanity through the mails, but he isn't doing it. Incidentally, Slim has never been in Connecticut in his life, nor has he ever stayed overnight at an auto camp.

WHY in the name of heaven, you ask, should people by the hundreds ask Slim for money just because they read he had adopted a baby? Well, it looks very much as if they said to themselves, "This guy is sucker enough to adopt a kid, so he's sucker enough to fall for any gag I can work on him." It's not pleasant to think there are people like that in the world, but there seem to be—three hundred of them, so far, anyhow.

To date, they have asked for new roofs, rent-money, automobiles, college educations (lots of those), clothes, trips to the World's Fair, washing-machines, bridge-tables, tennis rackets—why go on?

A blind man could see, from one look at the letters, that ninety per cent of them are fakes—just greedy, stupid people trying to play Slim for a sap.

Slim, who is one of the gentlest, kindest, sweetest guys in the world!

The other two hundred letters, so far, are mainly from cranks. Busy-bodies telling Slim how to bring up the baby. Diet faddists. Fresh air fiends. Exercise fiends. Cigarette

and liquor fanatics. Here's just one sample. They all read about alike.

Mr. Slim Summerville,
Universal Pictures Co.,
Universal City, Calif.

I will never go to see any more of your pictures, and I wish there was a law so I could put you in jail where you belong. The idea of you taking this innocent baby to bring up. Everybody knows actors are the scum of the earth. I hope you are struck dead by lightning. I suppose you will feed the baby whiskey in its nursing bottle.

Bad enough? You haven't heard anything! It isn't over yet by any means, this persecution. It's still going on.

Letters are still flooding in—and the latest thing is that Slim's appearance in court, to sign the formal adoption papers, was turned into an attempt to trap the baby for newspaper pictures. In California you adopt children on trial. The courts watch your treatment of them for months before they sign final papers. Slim kept the date of his court appearance secret—thought he did, anyhow. He went to court with the baby, Mrs. Summerville, and two investigators from the orphanage.

"You have thoroughly investigated Mr. Summerville's home life?" asked the judge of the investigators, from the bench.

"We have," they said.

"Is the home he is providing for the little boy satisfactory in every respect?"

"Satisfactory? It's wonderful, Your Honor!"

("Those investigators were mighty sweet," says Slim.)

"If you had a child of your own," the judge put a final question, considering gravely, "would you entrust it to Mr. Summerville?"

"We would!" chorused both investigators.

AND then a door banged open, and in from an ante-room poured a horde of grinning reporters and cameramen, making straight for the baby! They had trapped Slim. They were going to get pictures no matter what he said! How they found out the date is a mystery.

Mrs. Summerville had to snatch up little Elliott and run to the elevator, dodging cameramen as she would a pack of hounds, while gangling, lanky Slim dashed down eight flights of stairs to the street to throw them off the scent. It has been going on like this, now, since the very day Slim took the baby into his home. It is still going on, one thing after another! Slim did a fine thing, a tender thing, and a beautiful thing. He has been hounded and harried since the day he did it!

What is Hollywood going to do about it?

White Woman In The Jungle

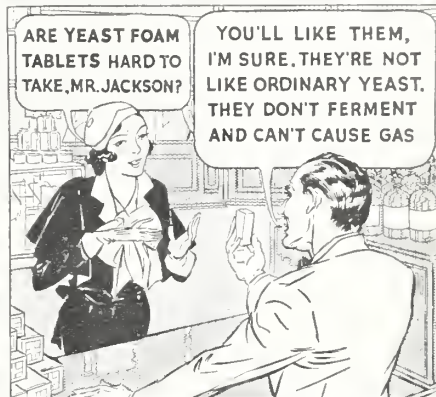
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

"Weeks of this searching went on. Then, one evening, a native boy appeared at our hut and told our interpreter he had located a girl, far out in the wilderness beyond the heavens, he explained. We asked him to bring this girl to us next day.

"Instead of the girl, her father came. He was a tall, dignified native, straight as an arrow and with an apparent culture despite his primitive existence. Ward talked with him through our interpreter. Then he went away, saying he would think it over. Time means nothing to these people. Next year is as good as next week. They've lived quietly for centuries. There is never need for haste.

"Days later, he returned. We would have journeyed out to find him before that if our

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native interpreter hadn't warned us that haste would mean failure. So we waited. Patiently.

"And, at last, our friend showed up, bringing with him his daughter. She is the native girl you see in the picture, a perfect type for the part and the only native girl on the island who wasn't afraid of the camera.

"She had a remarkable sense of poise, could swim and dive like a fish and appeared so natural when Ward gave her a test, that we decided to use her as our heroine.

"**B**UT it wasn't as simple as all that. Her father, strangely well educated for a native of this primitive environment, insisted that we sign a contract. Ward agreed. But when he brought the crude document down to us next day, we discovered it was written in ancient Arabic and not one of the natives could translate it. In sheer desperation, Ward signed it anyway. He paid whatever they asked. It was a small sum, very small, compared to Hollywood standards. But the old Arabic writing proved to us the secret of this man's great dignity and intelligence. He and his daughter were descendants of an old wandering tribe from the desert of Arabia, a tribe that had settled on this jungle island generations back. And even though they had married into Malay families, they had preserved their own native custom of handing down knowledge from generation to generation.

"Thus our venture began. We didn't rehearse these people very much. Ward wanted to catch them in their natural, native manner.

"We learned, just before we started into the jungle to film those wild animals, that the tom tom drums which beat the day of our arrival were, indeed, no welcome for our coming. It had been the signal that a tiger

was prowling; the natives are terrified of a tiger, for he bears an omen of bad luck which they believe follows families for many years.

"Far into the interior our little group gradually went, feeling our way carefully, watching every step for fear of the deadly pythons which wound themselves around trees, glistening like cathedral glass in the shafts of sunlight which filtered occasionally through the heavy foliage.

"The natives who accompanied us for these group scenes had an uncanny sense of danger. They would scream out and pull their hair whenever they scented an animal ahead.

"And once, when we'd gone quite a distance, a native boy saved us from stepping into a nest of poisonous snakes by actually smelling them from a distance.

"We pitched our camp that night and I had my first experience of trying to sleep on a mound of grass. I lay there dreaming of my nice, soft, inner-spring mattress back in Hollywood with its smooth sheets as I tossed about in the torrid heat all night.

"**M**ORNING bathing was quite an adventure. If you saw 'Samarang', you actually saw the way native women take their baths. It was quite different from my built-in tile shower back home—this standing erect with a cloth held out in front of me with one hand while water was scooped from a barrel and thrown over the body with the other hand."

Miss Bara laughed when she told the episode of the quinine pill. One of the native boys caught a cold from diving and she offered to doctor him up. So she gave him a quinine pill from her medicine kit and while she was outside getting a cup of water, the boy bit the pill in half. He was running around like a wild bird when she returned, so bitter was



The natives take a very possessive attitude toward their women on this Malay island. They consider them as personal property and guard them accordingly. Ahmang and Sai-Yu seemed perfectly mated and their friendship grew as their work together on "Samarang" progressed

the taste. And not until she, too, took a pill, would he accept the medicine over which he prayed diligently before he put it into his mouth.

Perhaps her experience at the Malay wedding ceremony was more interesting than some other adventures. But we'll let her tell it in her own way:

"The bride must register no emotion of any kind—else she is branded a bad woman and the ceremony is off. So, in order to give her a sort of emotional third degree, her friends and relatives torment her with insults for twelve hours before she is married. She keeps her eyes cast down. And if she were to flare, to show any signs of temper, she becomes an outcast. After the insults, her relatives become derisive. They call her names. They tell her funny stories, conjure up the silliest imaginings to break her down and make her laugh. Finally, if she comes out of this ordeal, with no display of emotion whatever, she is considered a good girl and worthy of her groom."

We asked Lori Bara what kind of foods they ate, what they lived on for these many months while working on that jungle island.

"NATIVE fruits, vegetables, coconuts and many eggs. Natives eat eggs hard-boiled, set in a cup of water and cooked over bonfires. I managed to concoct some tasty dishes from the foods we could get. There is a 'saffron' rice, used by the natives only on very special occasions for it is less abundant than brown rice. It is an appetizing yellow color and cooks up fluffy. We mixed it with coconut meat and solidified it with whipped eggs and found the most delicious sort of omelet I've ever tasted.

"Then, of course, there are bananas, fresh fish and tropical fruits, all free for the taking. One can manage a delicious fruit salad on these fruits. And the natives have a myriad of ways for preparing bananas. At the wedding ceremony they had arranged a huge offering, the repast after the wedding, to be partaken of by the guests.

"It was mounted on flattened banana leaves and rose majestically into the air, a mound of boiled saffron rice, row on row alternating with native fruits. At the top of this wedding cake, rows of colored eggs (like the kind children color at Easter time) in vivid scarlet, purple, pink and yellow. Each egg was pierced by a tiny gold wire, spun by native fingers into the most fantastic earrings. And when these wires jangled in the strong sunlight, they looked like darting sunbeams.

"One of the native women brought me a gift when we became friends. I had taught her how to curl the ends of her hair and she was eternally grateful. I think she taught every girl on the island how to turn up her ends—no beauty experts required.

"But the gift! I was shocked to find a reptile coiled around in the box she had so carefully brought me. To her, it was as pretty a token as a kitten or a Pekinese puppy would be to us.

"Then I learned that these reptiles were pets down there. One trained them like a pet dog. They actually did stunts if you had enough patience and courage to teach them. They were good friends, too, if you treated them right. I found, strangely enough, that all these things were true. And reptiles no longer appear to be the awesome creatures I once believed. I rather like them now, believe it or not. They are friendly and so helpless, they appreciate every little kindness you show them."

SO that was Lori Bara's experience on the jungle island—a white woman, facing the dangers of this dreaded, primitive place. And coming back with a host of native friends—so friendly, that she is writing another story about them and hopes to return there soon for more of the Malay hospitality. And, by the way, did you know that Lori Bara is the sister of the once famous movie vamp, Theda Bara?

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Try some of the other uses, that Kleenex fans have written us about! Kleenex for applying ointments and lotions. Kleenex for the baby—as a napkin, to prevent cod-liver oil from staining clothes, as toilet tissues, etc. Kleenex for applying cosmetics—and for removing them. Kleenex as a sanitary emergency powder puff.

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| Lona Andre | Baby LeRoy |
| Richard Arlen | Carole Lombard |
| George Barbier | Barton MacLane |
| Richard Bennett | Fredric March |
| Mary Boland | Sari Maritza |
| Grace Bradley | Herbert Marshall |
| Clive Brook | Four Marx Brothers |
| Kathleen Burke | Jack Oakie |
| Burns and Allen | Gail Patrick |
| Maurice Chevalier | George Raft |
| Claudette Colbert | Lyda Roberti |
| Gary Cooper | Charlie Ruggles |
| Ricardo Cortez | Randolph Scott |
| Buster Crabbe | Sylvia Sidney |
| Bing Crosby | Alison Skipworth |
| Marlene Dietrich | Sir Guy Standing |
| Patricia Farley | Kent Taylor |
| W. C. Fields | Jerry Tucker |
| Frances Fuller | Helen Twelvetrees |
| Cary Grant | Mae West |
| Shirley Grey | Dorothea Wieck |
| William Harrigan | Toby Wing |
| Verna Hillie | Elizabeth Young |
| Miriam Hopkins | |

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Vera Allen | Victor Jory |
| Heather Angel | Howard Lally |
| Frank Atkinson | Elissa Landi |
| Lew Ayres | William Lawrence |
| Warner Baxter | Alan Livingston |
| Irene Bentley | Boots Mallory |
| John Boles | Philip Merivale |
| Clara Bow | Jose Mojica |
| El Brendel | Ralph Morgan |
| Henrietta Crosman | Herbert Mundin |
| Florence Desmond | George O'Brien |
| James Dunn | Will Rogers |
| Sally Eilers | Paul Roulien |
| Norman Foster | Sid Silvers |
| Preston Foster | Harvey Stephens |
| Henry Garat | Spencer Tracy |
| Janet Gaynor | Claire Trevor |
| Lilian Harvey | June Vasek |
| Roger Imhoff | Harry Woods |
| Miriam Jordan | |

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Robert Benchley | Katharine Hepburn |
| Constance Bennett | Dorothy Jordan |
| Gloria Blondell | Arline Judge |
| Bill Boyd | Tom Keene |
| June Brewster | Edgar Kennedy |
| Bruce Cabot | Francis Lederer |
| William Cagney | Eric Linden |
| Chic Chandler | Helen Mack |
| Dolores Del Rio | Joel McCrea |
| Richard Dix | Gregory Ratoff |
| Irene Dunne | Ginger Rogers |
| Betty Furness | Bert Wheeler |
| William Gargan | Dorothy Wilson |
| Hale Hamilton | Howard Wilson |
| Ann Harding | Robert Woolsey |

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Eddie Cantor | Al Jolson |
| Charles Chaplin | Mary Pickford |
| Ronald Colman | Gloria Swanson |
| Douglas Fairbanks | |

Columbia Studios, 1433 Gower St.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| Walter Connolly | Toshia Mori |
| Donald Cook | Jessie Ralph |
| Richard Cromwell | Dorothy Tree |
| Jack Holt | Fay Wray |
| Tim McCoy | |

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| Charley Chase | Lillian Moore |
| Billy Gilbert | Billy Nelson |
| Oliver Hardy | Our Gang |
| Patsy Kelly | Thelma Todd |
| Stan Laurel | Oliver Wakefield |
| Dorothy Layton | |

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Tad Alexander | Jean Howard |
| Elizabeth Allan | Benita Hume |
| Nils Asther | Walter Huston |
| Ethel Barrymore | Anthony Jowitt |
| John Barrymore | Muriel Kirkland |
| Lionel Barrymore | Otto Kruger |
| Wallace Beery | Myrna Loy |
| Alice Brady | Ben Lyon |
| Charles Butterworth | Jeanette MacDonald |
| Mary Carlisle | Margaret McConnell |
| Ruth Channing | Una Merkel |
| Mae Clarke | Robert Montgomery |
| Jackie Cooper | Colleen Moore |
| Joan Crawford | Polly Moran |
| Marion Davies | Frank Morgan |
| Marie Dressler | Karen Morley |
| Jimmy Durante | David Newell |
| Nelson Eddy | Ramon Novarro |
| Stuart Erwin | Maureen O'Sullivan |
| Madge Evans | Jean Parker |
| Muriel Evans | May Robson |
| Clark Gable | Ruth Selwyn |
| Sir Greta Garbo | Norma Shearer |
| C. Henry Gordon | Martha Sleeper |
| Lawrence Grant | Lewis Stone |
| William Haines | Franchot Tone |
| Louise Closser Hale | Lee Tracy |
| Russell Hardie | Ernest Truex |
| Jean Harlow | Lupe Velez |
| Helen Hayes | Johnny Weissmuller |
| Jean Hersholt | Diana Wynyard |
| Phillips Holmes | Robert Young |

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Vince Barnett | Charlie Murray |
| Tom Brown | Zasu Pitts |
| Andy Devine | Claude Rains |
| Hugh Enfield | George Sidney |
| Buck Jones | Onslow Stevens |
| Boris Karloff | Gloria Stuart |
| June Knight | Margaret Sullivan |
| Paul Lukas | Slim Summerville |
| Mabel Marden | Luis Trenker |
| Ken Maynard | |

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Loretta Andrews | Allen Jenkins |
| Robert Barrat | Ruby Keeler |
| Richard Barthelmess | Guy Kibbee |
| George Blackwood | Lorena Layson |
| Joan Blondell | Margaret Lindsay |
| George Brent | Marjorie Lytell |
| Joe E. Brown | Aline MacMahon |
| Lynn Browning | Helen Mann |
| James Cagney | Frank McHugh |
| Maxine Cawtway | Adolphe Menjou |
| Ruth Chatterton | Jean Muir |
| Claire Dodd | Paul Muni |
| Ruth Donnelly | Theodore Newton |
| Ann Dvorak | Dick Powell |
| Patricia Ellis | William Powell |
| Glenda Farrell | Edward G. Robinson |
| Kay Francis | Barbara Rogers |
| Geraigne Grear | Jayne Shaddock |
| Hugh Herbert | Barbara Stanwyck |
| Arthur Hohl | Lyle Talbot |
| Eleanor Holm | Sheila Terry |
| Ann Hovey | Helen Vinson |
| Leslie Howard | Renee Whitney |
| Harold Huber | Warren William |
| Alice Jans | Pat Wing |

Hollywood, Calif.

- Robert Agnew, 6357 La Miranda Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

- Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

- George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

They Conquered Self-Consciousness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

was to correct my manner, which was the direct result of my foreign training. And it was then, as a matter of fact, that I did my first acting. I used to watch the popular girls and notice how they gave importance and animation to trifling things they said by a challenging toss of their head and their carefree laughter.

"I absorbed the clever dialogue I read in books and heard in the theater. I don't mean I became a parrot. It was the tempo and feeling of this sort of thing that I tried to absorb and capture. Besides, I did whatever I could to develop my sense of humor so that I could laugh at myself. And, before my mirror, with the door of my room safely closed, I used to practice being casual and gay instead of French and formal.

"MOST important of all, however, before going to a party I wouldn't let myself speculate as to whether or not I was going to have a good time. I wouldn't visualize myself as a little misfit. Instead I would think of myself having a grand time.

"Then, when I arrived at the party, before that miserable feeling of inferiority had time to put lead into my joints and crush my spirit, I'd throw myself into the feeling of that party. . . .

"Appearing in amateur theatricals, any one of us would battle stage fright and its feeling of insecurity with every bit of courage and determination we possessed in order that we might give the best possible performance. Well, making personal appearances in our home, at the office, at parties, we certainly should do the same thing. If you have an unreasoning timidity, you can't afford to sit back and let it get you. You must exercise courage and initiative. You must plunge."

Claudette's timidity came, you will notice, from the fact that she didn't know how to be gay and informal and meet boys half way; that she wasn't like the other girls. Psychoanalysts tell us that such timidities always spring from an inability or an imagined inability to fit into the approved pattern. From a lack of money, family background, popularity, education, or physical attractiveness. Or the imagined or exaggerated lack of these things.

Most such troubles, incidentally, have begun by the time we are six years old. Mothers, with the best intentions in the world, often plant the seeds of the troubles which burden their children all their lives. "Mary has a frightful posture," "John isn't as bright as his brother," "Your father and I have always been poor" . . . simple, apparently unimportant remarks like these can cause untold trouble and in later years bear very bitter fruit.

It depends upon later events and the extent to which we take ourselves in hand how much they develop. However, the girl who is sensitive about being small for her age when she is five, will always have potential worries about her size, and if she grows tall will be prone to develop a feeling of inferiority on this score.

"As a man thinketh," you know, "so is he." Which is why Claudette's plan never to visualize herself as out of things but always to think of herself in the very center of the gayest group was such an excellent scheme.

IT'S difficult, I know, to realize that anyone with the assurance and poise of Fredric March could ever have had any feeling of inferiority. But Fred insists that he has.

"Confidence," he says, "assurance and a belief in yourself may be mighty difficult things to acquire, but they're worth fighting for. And once you get them you've got your troubles pretty well licked.

"When I was getting my start in the thea-

BILLY SAVES THE FAMILY REPUTATION

MY SON, BOBBY, AND LITTLE BILLY ARE GREAT CHUMS, AND I'D LOVE TO BE MORE FRIENDLY WITH BILLY'S MOTHER, ONLY.....

ONLY SHE'S NOT AS CAREFUL AS SHE SHOULD BE, SOMETIMES. POOR THING, THAT ONE FAULT KEEPS PEOPLE FROM —

LATER —

THERE'S A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE PANTRY FOR EACH OF YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST WASH THOSE DIRTY HANDS

MOM, CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT ?

GEE, BOBBY, THIS IS SWELL SOAP. JUST LOOK AT ALL THE LATHER AND IT SMELLS SO CLEAN

IT'S LIFEBUOY. ME AND DAD AND MOM ALWAYS USE IT. IF YOU AND YOUR MOM USE IT YOU WON'T EVER HAVE ANY "B.O."

MUMMY_ BOBBY SAYS IF WE USE LIFEBUOY SOAP WE WON'T HAVE ANY "B.O." CAN'T YOU GET SOME? IT MAKES SWELL LATHER

I'LL GET SOME TODAY! YOU AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE "B.O." DO WE ?

"B.O." GONE — everybody friends!

BILLY JUST ABOUT LIVES HERE, HE COMES OVER SO OFTEN. AND I'M AFRAID I DO, TOO

YOU CAN'T RUN IN TOO OFTEN TO SUIT ME. AND WHAT GOOD TIMES WE HAVE GOING PLACES TOGETHER !

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ter," Fred March explained, "I managed to control a feeling of humility which was getting entirely too active and strong by taking stock of myself, by listing my assets. I was, I felt, fairly intelligent. I was a university graduate. I'd had a pretty good background. Considering these advantages I told myself that I had no excuse for failure, but that I would fail unless I got busy with a little intelligent application and mastered the over-sensitiveness that kept making me feel so inadequate.

"I recommend a listing of assets. It helps."

Fred March's plan sounds excellent. For the main trouble with unreasoning timidity is that it causes you to dwell, not on your assets, but on your liabilities.

FOR instance, if you allow it to make you seclusive because you are afraid to meet people and go places and to put yourself to any test, if you let it turn you cross and grouchy, or make you a bluff and a boaster, then, most certainly it menaces both your present and future happiness and well-being.

Speaking of the unfortunate reactions to this feeling of timidity reminds me of a girl who started off neck-and-neck with Clara Bow, after each had won recognition in a series of contests. But immediately this girl found herself important she tried to impress everyone with the fact that her family was one of the first and finest in America; that while Papa didn't have as much money as he had had, she never wanted for anything; that she had entered the contest solely as a lark.

However, because she wasn't what she pretended to be and because she lived in constant fear of being found out, this girl's inner worry—the force which had driven her to take such a stupid pose in the first place—increased by leaps and bounds. She became suspicious of any and all questions that were asked her. She was supercilious. And she took to belittling others, as if the less she made them the greater she would become. Needless to say, she got exactly nowhere.

Clara Bow, on the other hand, never pretended to be wealthy or a blue blood. She had no time or energy to waste trying to be something she wasn't. She was too busy making the most of her one chance to escape the poverty and obscurity she had known all her life, to get somewhere and be somebody.

To resent your feeling of humility and get out to prove to yourself and everybody else that you really aren't inferior is to turn your trouble to profit. It is, you see, never the feeling of timidity in itself that ruins your life. But your reaction to it.

There's Bob Montgomery. He's another star who, believe it or not, has experienced the demoralizing feeling of inferiority.

"Even as a child," Bob says, "I suffered tortures. Then in spite of the many advantages I enjoyed I constantly found myself standing on the sidelines of activity, watching others play the game.

"It was when my father died and I had to get out and earn my own living that I finally snapped out of it. Ejected from the sidelines, forced to get out in the middle of things, I adopted a mask of easy illippancy and apparent indifference that I might hide how greatly things mattered to me, how anxious I was to do the right thing and be esteemed.

"Gradually that mask became part of me. Acting illippancy, I became flippant. Pretending to be indifferent, I really began to take things less seriously . . . and, this is important, to take myself less seriously."

AGAIN we find the old proverb "As a man thinketh" proving itself.

However, the fact that Bob Montgomery had to fight for a living was also a help, without a doubt. This didn't leave him any too much time to think about himself. And the less time persons with an over-active feeling of bashfulness have to think about themselves the better for them.

Clark Gable had his worst time when he became a star. He was very much afraid he

wouldn't seem the successful star, that he wouldn't look the part or act the part, that people meeting him would say, "Good heavens, isn't he disappointing!"

For years, you see, he had been so occupied making his way, that he hadn't had any too much time for anything else.

"Even meeting people I was miserable for a time," Clark says, "but I've overcome that now. I fortify myself with the comforting knowledge that I'm correct as possible, that I'm properly dressed for an occasion, that I'm doing whatever I'm doing to the best of my ability.

"Besides I've improved my golf game, about which I was particularly self-conscious. I went out alone and practiced and practiced until I could face a veteran foursome with confidence."

A GAIN overcoming a sense of bashfulness and self-doubt means getting out and doing something about it . . . doing whatever lies in your power to remedy your fault or lack and then proceeding to forget about it.

Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper both insist they gained the upper hand as far as their feeling of humility was concerned, by open rebellion.

As a child, Sylvia was overwhelmed by shyness and timidity. She had difficulty mixing with children her own age. Sent away to a girls' school, she was miserable. But it wasn't until a strict school-mistress insisted that Sylvia eat bread and butter which she loathed and which she never had eaten at home that rebellion broke out. She refused to remain in that school under any circumstances and convinced her parents that the only thing to do was to bring her home.

Gary Cooper broke loose only a year or two ago. One night, dining with friends about to hunt big game in Africa, Gary joked about going with them. He had no idea that he would do anything of the kind. He was simply talking, the way we all do sometimes. However, the very afternoon the boat on which his friends were sailing was to depart, Gary made up his mind to chuck everything and go along.

It wasn't until the ship was out of New York harbor that he radioed those who were affected by his sudden departure.

Sylvia and Gary explain that these rebellions gave them a sense of power and that this sense of power was instrumental in each case in subduing timidities that had been getting entirely too active.

Open rebellions, of course, aren't always advisable. But it is almost always possible for us to do something that will, to use the vernacular, make us feel our oats, that will instill within us a sense of our individual power and give us confidence, these things being the very things we need.

"You can't talk yourself out of a feeling of inferiority," Norma Shearer insists. "But you can jerk yourself out of one. I know. With each new accomplishment, no matter how small, you feel a new inner strength and a greater confidence in your own ability. And as this feeling builds, inevitably your feeling of inferiority will lessen."

WHICH is much the advice we get from an old Persian proverb: "Do little things now; so big things shall come to thee by and by asking to be done."

"So!" To jump from a Persian proverb to ourselves . . . Do you return home from parties to reflect painfully upon the mistakes and blunders you have made or that you are afraid you've made? Are you likely to feel that uncomplimentary and unkind remarks are aimed at you? Do you find yourself antagonistic towards people without real cause? Are you prone to belittle others? Are you dateless more often than you like to admit?

If so, what these stars have done to wear down similar feelings in themselves may be of help to you.

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Dryness



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ANYONE can begin the summer looking like a fresh-plucked water lily! But when August arrives what have you? A skin that crackles with dryness like an ancient parchment? Or a texture that's still adorably fresh, soft, and smooth?

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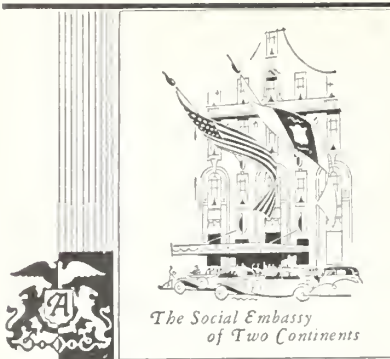
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Movie Fan Clubs Have Association

MOVIE fans everywhere will be interested in the announcement of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, an association fostering the development of legitimate fan clubs and one that will encourage the healthy growth of those already existing which measure up to the requirements for membership in the association. For the fan desiring to join a club the association will provide a dependable source of information making it possible to become a member of a strictly legitimate fan club.

To the true blue movie fan, a club of this sort is most interesting. Here you can interchange opinions on films and stars, have a cozy club of friends with one thought in common where you can give vent to your feelings, collecting photos of your favorites—these are but a few of the actual delights of a movie fan club.

Thousands of fans hold membership in clubs today, clubs which are not operated for profit. The group behind the club is most interested in the progress of their favorite star. In many cities the clubs hold monthly meetings and take group trips regularly to the movies, especially when a star makes a personal appearance at the local theater. Officers are elected and the meetings conducted much the same as in any other club, but with a spirit found only in movie fan clubs.

Through the cooperation of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs the first annual Movie Fan Clubs convention was recently held in Chicago. During the convention delegates visited the Palmolive Building, home of the famous Lindbergh Beacon and the spacious offices of PHOTOPLAY; the N. B. C. Studios and A Century of Progress, with a luncheon at Ye Olde Town Tavern, and a theater party at the RKO-Palace where Jack Pepper, Dan Russo and Adelaide Hall dedicated their respective programs to the conventioners.

The fan clubs represented at the convention were:

John Boles Club
Clara Bow Club
Sue Carol Club
Jackie Cooper Club
Joan Crawford Club
Dolores Del Rio Club
Fifi Dorsay Club
Billie Dove Club
Johnny Downs Club
Jean Harlow Club
Jackie Heller Club
Ivan Lebedeff Club
Joel McCrea Club
Movie Fans Friendship Club
Ruth Roland Club
Peggy Shannon Club
Norma Shearer Club
Barbara Stanwyck Club
The Boosters Club

Since the formation of the association charters have been issued to many clubs and many other clubs have applications pending. Those to whom charters have been given follow:

The Herald Cinema Critics Club
J. H. Bloss, President,
514 Scott Avenue,
Syracuse, N. Y.

The Billie Dove Fan Club
Lenore A. Heidorn, President,
5737 S. Artesian Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Sue Carol Fan Club,
Walter Dreffein, President,
951 North Drake Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Ramon Novarro Fan Club (Canada)
Ethel Musgrove, Secretary-Treasurer,
6384 Elgin Street,
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

The Joan Crawford Fan Club,
Marian L. Dommer, President,
9717—81st Street,
Ozone Park, N. Y.

The Movie Fans Friendship Club,
Chaw Mank, President,
226 E. Mill Street,
Staunton, Illinois.

The Foto Fans,
Etheline Thornburg, President,
816—15th Avenue, So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Jackie Cooper,
Anna Glance, President,
7856 Bennett Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Elissa Landi,
Blanche Insko, President,
214 Clinton Street,
Findlay, Ohio.

The Norma Shearer Club,
Hans Faxdahl, President,
1947 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Barbara Stanwyck Buddies,
Bonnie Bergstrom, President,
6805 South Artesian Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Joel McCrea Fan Club,
Helen Moltz, President,
Route No. 3,
Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Gaynor-Farrell-Gable,
Ruth Fiffer, President,
5300 Pensacola Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Johnny Downs Fan Club,
Ruth E. Keast, President,
4411 South Artesian Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Legion,
Mrs. Eva White,
602 South Main Street,
Bangor, Pennsylvania.

The Screen Fan's Club,
Albert S. Kirk, President,
66 Milwaukee Avenue,
Bethel, Conn.

The Jean Harlow Club,
Dorothy Suter, Secretary,
2404 Ohio Avenue,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Nils Asther Club,
Marion L. Hesse, President,
154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, N. J.

The Minna Gombell Fan Club,
Helen L. Burkett, Secy.-Treas.,
405 Center Street,
Boswell, Penna.

Joan Crawford Fan Club,
Gertrude B. Perkel, Pres.-Treas.,
973 Fox Street,
Bronx, New York.

Dorothy Jordan Fan Club,
Carl E. Leifer, President,
819 West Center Street,
Decatur, Illinois.

The Booster Club,
Pat Ide, Secretary,
811 Burke Avenue,
Harvey, N. D.

The Clara Bow Club (Canada),
Mr. Arthur Hill, Treasurer,
5250 Esplanade Avenue,
Montreal, Que., Canada.

PHOTOPLAY in sponsoring the association, feels that these clubs are performing a worthwhile task. Watch for new members of the Association next month.

Joan's Heart Still Beats For Doug

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"The inevitable result of separation is divorce, naturally. We are still the finest of friends and Douglas is one of the sweetest persons I have ever known.

"There is nothing I wouldn't do to help him. If he needs me I'll go to him. Nothing could keep me away if I knew my presence there would mean his recovery. Our friendship is much too fine and understanding for either of us to ever risk a chance of losing it."

On the third day of his sickness, Douglas' mother wired the crisis was expected that night. It was a difficult eight hours that Joan put in on the set. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately for her, the scenes were light and the dialogue humorous. She was forced to keep up a gay exterior, in spite of her inner feelings.

At nine-thirty that night, the call came in from New York. The crisis had passed. Though weak and still seriously ill, Douglas was out of danger.

THE minute Douglas was able to send a message, his first thought was of Joan. It was a struggle for the nurse to keep him from calling her direct. They finally allowed him to write his own message, which his mother read over the phone.

"No matter how sick I am, please do not delay your picture and come to me," were his words. "I know how important your work is and how necessary it is for your picture to be finished on time. Much as I would love to see you, I could not bear to have you do this for me."

"When Douglas returns, I'll always be within phone reach if he needs me," says Joan. "We're going to continue our beautiful friendship and I shall do everything in my power to see that he takes good care of himself and that this illness is not repeated."

In blasé Hollywood, it's rather nice to know that sincere understanding and genuine loyalty can replace a lost love.



It's not Abraham Lincoln. No, it's Lionel Barrymore made up as a patriarchal farmer eighty-five years old, for "Stranger's Return." Miriam Hopkins and Mr. Barrymore are co-starred, and that combination of talent promises some very fine acting

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out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Riskin. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Ann Carver*, Fay Wray; *Bill Graham*, Gene Raymond; *Carole Rogers*, Claire Dodd; *Ken*, Arthur Pierson; *Judge Bingham*, Claude Gillingwater; *Jim Thompson*, Frank Albertson; *Baker*, Frank Conroy; *Tessie*, Jessie Ralph; *Simmons*, Robert Barrat; *Harrison*, Edward Keane; *Irma*, Diane Bori.

"ARIZONA TO BROADWAY"—Fox.—From the screen play by William Conselman and Henry Johnson. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Smiley*, James Dunn; *Lynn*, Joan Bennett; *Kingfish*, Herbert Mundin; *Morris*, Sammy Cohen; *Wayne*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Flo*, Merna Kennedy; *Sandburg*, Earle Foxe; *Ambrose*, David Wengren; *Tommy*, J. Carrol Naish; *Pete*, Max Wagner; *"Ned Flynn"*, Walter Catlett; *"Jimmy Dante"*, Jerry Lester.

"BERKELEY SQUARE"—Fox.—From the play by John L. Balderston. Screen play by Sonya Levien and John L. Balderston. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Peter Standish*, Leslie Howard; *Helen Pettigrew*, Heather Angel; *Kate Pettigrew*, Valerie Taylor; *Lady Ann Pettigrew*, Irene Browne; *Mrs. Barwick*, Beryl Mercer; *Tom Pettigrew*, Colin Keith-Johnston; *Major Clinton*, Alan Mowbray; *Duchess of Devonshire*, Juliette Compton; *Marjorie Frant*, Betty Lawford; *Mr. Throeste*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *John Quincy Adams*, Samuel Hinds; *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, Olaf Hytten; *Lord Stanley*, David Torrence.

"BEST OF ENEMIES"—Fox.—From the story by Sam Mintz. Directed by Rian James. The cast: *Jimmie Hartman*, Buddy Rogers; *Lena Schneider*, Marian Nixon; *William H. Hartman*, Frank Morgan; *Gus Schneider*, Joseph Cawthorn; *The Blonde*, Greta Nissen; *Emil*, Arno Frey; *August*, William Lawrence; *Professor Herman*, Anders Von Haden.

"CAPTURED!"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Fellow Prisoners" by Sir Philip Gibbs. Screen play by Edward Clodrov. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Allison*, Leslie Howard; *Digby*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Monica*, Margaret Lindsay; *Haversham*, Philip Faversham; *Ahrlich*, Paul Lukas; *Commandant*, Robert Barrat; *Martin*, William LeMaire; *Adjutant*, Frank Reicher; *Cooky*, Arthur Hohl; *Elsa*, Joyce Coad; *Elsa's lover*, Reginald Pasch; *Strogin*, John Bleifer; *Guarand*, J. Carrol Naish; *Sgt. Major*, Bert Sprotte; *Orderly*, Harry Cording; *Orderly*, Hans Joby.

"COLLEGE HUMOR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dean Fales. Screen play by Claude Binyon and Frank Butler. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Frederick Dawners*, Bing Crosby; *Barney Shirrel*, Jack Oakie; *Mondrake*, Richard Arlen; *Barbara Shirrel*, Mary Carlisle; *Amber*, Mary Kornman; *George Burns*, George Burns; *Gracie Allen*, Gracie Allen; *Tex Roust*, Joseph Sauters; *Ginger*, Lona Andre; *Dr. Mandel*, Jimmy Conlin; *Cromwell Dexter*, James Burke; *Marcus Laffin*, James Donlan; *College President*, Lumsden Hare; *Studios Boy*, Churchill Ross; *Bill*, Robert Quirk; *Police Captain*, Jack Kennedy; *Football Coach*, Howard Jones; *Whistler*, Eddie Nugent; *Timid Freshman*, Grady Sutton.

"DANGEROUS CROSSROADS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Horace McCoy. Screen play by Lew Levenson. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: *Rufe*, Chic Sale; *Jackie*, Jackie Searl; *Lois*, Diane Sinclair; *Jimmy Blake*, Frank Albertson; *Hinton*, Preston Foster; *Curtis*, Niles Welch; *Herb Jackson*, Eddie Kane; *Jacky*, Tom Forman; *Pete*, Jack Long; *Osker*, Lela Walters.

"DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL" ("The Golden Goal")—RICHARD TAUBER TONFILM PROD.—Directed by M. Reichmann. The cast: *Toni Lechner*, Richard Tauber; *Leni*, Lucie Englisch; *Loisl*, Oskar Sima; *Mother Lechner*, Sophie Pagay; *Herr Manheimer*, Karl Elzer; *Cora*, Maria Elsner.

"DISGRACED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Alice Duer G. Miller. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Gay Holloway*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Kirk Underwood, Jr.*, Bruce Cabot; *Julia Thorndyke*, Adrienne Ames; *Captain Holloway*, William Hattigan; *Jim McGuire*, Ken Murray; *District Attorney*, Charles Middleton; *Madame*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Miss Peck*, Ara Haswell; *Flynn*, Dorothy Bay.

"DON'T BET ON LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Murray Roth. Screen play by Murray Roth and Howard Rogers. Directed by Howard Rogers. The cast: *Bill McCaffrey*, Lew Ayres; *Molly*, Ginger Rogers; *Pop McCaffrey*, Charles Grapewin; *Goldie*, Shirley Grey; *Molly's Mother*, Lucille Gleason; *Scotty*, Tom Dugan; *Sheldon*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Ruby*, Merna Kennedy.

"DOUBLE HARNESS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Edward Poor Montgomery. Screen play

by Jane Muffin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Joan Colby*, Ann Harding; *John Fletcher*, William Powell; *Valerie*, Lucile Browne; *Col. Colby*, Henry Stephenson; *Monica Page*, Lilian Bond; *Dennis*, George Meeker; *Freeman*, Reginald Owen; *Eleanor Weston*, Kay Hammond; *Leonard Weston*, Leigh Allen; *Farley Drake*, Hugh Huntley; *Postmaster General*, Wallis Clark; *Bruno*, Frederic Santley.

"FIDELIN' BUCKAROO, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Ken Maynard. The cast: *Fiddlin'*, Ken Maynard; *Patricia*, Gloria Shea; *Wolf*, Fred Kohler; *Banty*, Frank Rice; *Sheriff*, Jack Rockwell; *Buck*, Jack Mower; *Deputy Jailer*, Robert McKenzie; *Kerriman*, Joseph Girard; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"GOODBYE AGAIN"—WARNERS.—From the play by George Haight and Allan Scott. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Kenneth Bixby*, Warren William; *Ann*, Joan Blondell; *Julia*, Genevieve Tobin; *Arthur*, Wallace Ford; *Elizabeth*, Helen Chandler; *Harry Wilson*, Hugh Herbert.

"HEADLINE SHOOTER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Wallace West. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Bill Allen*, William Gargan; *Jane Mallory*, Frances Dee; *Hal Caldwell*, Ralph Bellamy; *Ricci*, Jack LaRue; *Gottlieb*, Gregory Ratoff; *Mike*, Wallace Ford; *Radio announcer*, Robert Benchley; *Miss Saunders*, Betty Furness; *Happy*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Betty Kane*, June Brewster; *Crocker*, Franklin Pangborn; *Gangster's Moll*, Dorothy Burgess; *City Editor*, Purnell Pratt; *Judge Bracon*, Henry B. Walthall; *Murderess*, Mary MacLaren.

"HER BODYGUARD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Corey Ford. Screen play by Ralph Spence and Walter DeLeon. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Cassy McCarthy*, Edmund Lowe; *Margot Brienne*, Wynne Gibson; *Orson Bitzer*, Edward Arnold; *Ballyhoo*, Johnny Hines; *Lita*, Marjorie White; *Lester Cunningham*, Alan Dinehart; *Fuzzy*, Fuzzy Knight; *Miss Spook*, Zoila Conan; *Margot's Maid*, Louise Beavers; *Drunk*, Arthur Housman.

"HOLD YOUR MAN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Anita Loos. Screen play by Anita Loos and Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Ruby*, Jean Harlow; *Eddie*, Clark Gable; *Al*, Stuart Erwin; *Gypsy*, Dorothy Burgess; *Bertha*, Muriel Kirkland; *Slim*, Garry Owen; *Sadie*, Barbara Barondess; *Aubrey Mitchell*, Paul Hurst; *Miss Tuttle*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Lily Mae Crippen*, Theresa Harris; *Mrs. Wagner*, Blanche Friderici; *Reverend Crippen*, George Reed; *Miss Davis*, Helen Freeman.

"I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY"—Fox.—From the play by Molly Ricardel and William Du Bois. Screen play by Philip Klein and Horace Jackson. Directed by Henry King and William Cameron Menzies. The cast: *Philip Fletcher*, Warner Baxter; *Vicki Meredith*, Elissa Landi; *Randall Williams*, Victor Jory; *Cynthia Williams*, Miriam Jordan; *"Doc Mary"*, Hanson, Laura Hope Crews.

"IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE"—Fox.—From the story by John D. Swain. Adapted by Paul Perez. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Carlos Martin*, Raul Roulien; *Dorothy Wilton*, Gloria Stuart; *Dr. Prodwell*, Edna May Oliver; *Brooks*, Herbert Mundin; *Tools*, Joan Marsh; *Al Moran*, Dorothy Burgess; *Mrs. Wilton*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Wilton*, Edward Van Sloan; *Perkins*, Robert Greig.

"LADY FOR A DAY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "Madame La Guimp" by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Dave the Dude*, Warren William; *Apple Annie*, May Robson; *"Missouri"*, Martin; *Glenda Farrell*; *Judge Blake*, Guy Kibbee; *Happy*, Ned Sparks; *Louise*, James Parker; *Count Romero*, Walter Connolly; *Carlos*, Barry Norton; *Shakespeare*, Nat Pennington.

"LONE AVENGER, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Forrest Sheldon and Betty Burbridge. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Cal Weston*, Ken Maynard; *Ruth Winters*, Muriel Gordon; *Joel Winters*, James Marcus; *Burl Adams*, Al Bridge; *Martin Carter*, Niles Welch; *Sam Landers*, William Norton Bailey; *Nip*, Ed Brady; *Tuck*, Charles King; *Sheriff*, Jack Rockwell; *Doctor*, Clarence Geldert.

"MAMA LOVES PAPA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson and Douglas MacLean. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson and Arthur Kober. Directed by Norman MacLeod. The cast: *Jessie Todd*, Mary Boland; *Hilbur Todd*, Charlie Ruggles; *Mrs. McIntosh*, Lilian Tashman; *Tom Walker*, Walter

Catlett; *Mr. Kirkwood*, George Barbier; *Mr. McIntosh*, Morgan Wallace; *Sara Walker*, Ruth Warren; *Basil Pew*, Andre Beranger; *Mr. Pierrepont*, Tom Ricketts; *The Radical*, Warner Richmond; *The Mayor*, Frank Sheridan; *O'Leary*, Tom McGuire.

"MAN OF THE FOREST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham and Harold Shumate. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Brett Dale*, Randolph Scott; *Alice Gaynor*, Verna Hillie; *Jim Gaynor*, Harry Carey; *Clint Beasley*, Noah Beery; *Mulvey*, Barton MacLane; *Yegg*, Buster Crabbe; *Big Casino*, Guinn Williams; *Little Casino*, Vince Barnett; *Mrs. Forney*, Blanche Friderici; *Madame*, Tempe Pigott; *Sheriff Blake*, Tom Kennedy; *Pegg*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Jake*, Duke Lee; *Matt Hawkins*, Lew Kelly.

"MARY STEVENS, M. D."—WARNERS.—From the story by Virginia Kellogg. Screen play by Rian James and Robert Lord. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Mary Stevens, M. D.*, Kay Francis; *Don*, Lyle Talbot; *Glenda*, Glenda Farrell; *Lois*, Thelma Todd; *Mrs. Simmons*, Una O'Connor; *Mr. Stevens*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Walter Rising*, Charles Wilson; *Tony*, Harold Huber; *Pete*, George Cooper; *Dr. Lane*, John Marston; *Gus*, Christian Rub; *Dr. Clark*, Walter Walker; *Miss Gordon*, Ann Hovey; *Sanford*, Sidney Miller.

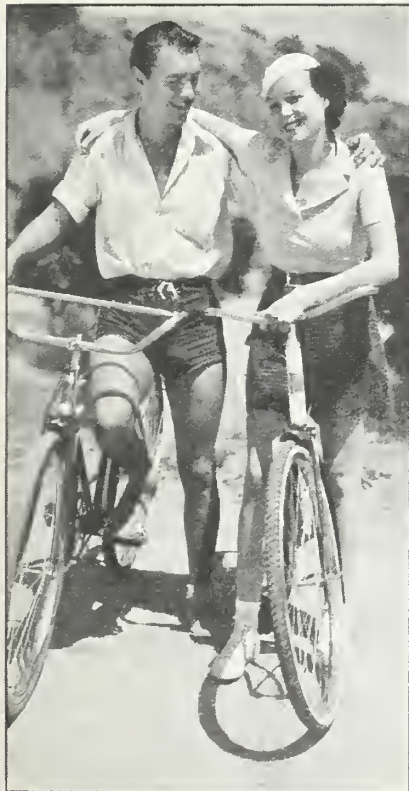
"NO MARRIAGE TIES"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Ad Man" by Arch A. Gaffney and Charles Curran. Screen play by Sam Mintz and Arthur Caesar. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Bruce Foster*, Richard Dix; *Peggy Wilson*, Elizabeth Allan; *Zimmer*, David Landau; *Perkins*, Alan Dinehart; *Adrienne Deane*, Doris Kenyon; *Smith*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Olmstead*, Hilda Vaughn.

"POIL DE CAROTTE" ("The Red Head")—PATHE-NATAN.—From the novel by Jules Renard. Adapted by Julien Duvivier. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The cast: *Monsieur Lepic*, Harry Baur; *Madame Lepic*, Catherine Fontenoy; *Poil de Carotte*, Robert Lynen; *Felix Lepic*, Simon Aubry; *Ernestine Lepic*, Maxine Fromiot; *Annette, the maid*, Christiane Dor; *Parrain, the uncle*, Louis Gouthier; *Honorine, the housekeeper*, Mme. Marthy; *Mathilde*, Colette Segall.

"POWER AND THE GLORY, THE"—FOX.—From the screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Tom Garner*, Spencer Tracy; *Sally*, Colleen Moore; *Henry*, Ralph Morgan; *Eve*, Helen Vinson; *Tom Garner, Jr.*, Clifford Jones; *Mr. Borden*, Henry Kolker; *Henry's Wife*, Sarah Pad-



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den; Tom (the boy), Billy O'Brien; Henry (the boy), Cullen Johnston; Mulligan, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by John P. Johns. Adapted by J. P. McCarthy and Harry O. Jones. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: Jimmy Martin, Charles Starrett; Nona Winters, Ruth Hall; Casey Jones, Robert Elliott; Timothy Shine, George Hayes; Jimmy Martin (boy), Jackie Searl; Bronson, George Walsh; Mrs. Martin, Margaret Seddon; McFarland, G. D. Wood; Fireman, George Nash; Mrs. Curtis, Anne Howard.

"SONG OF SONGS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Herman Sudermann and the play by Edward Sheldon. Screen play by Leo Birinski and Samuel Hofenstein. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: Lilly Czepanek, Marlene Dietrich; Waldow, Brian Aherne; Baron von Merzbach, Lionel Atwill; Mrs. Rasmussen, Alison Skipworth; Walter von Prell, Hardie Albright; Miss von Schwartzegger, Helen Freeman.

"STORM AT DAYBREAK"—M-G-M.—From the play "Black Stemmed Cherries" by Sandor Hunyady. Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: Irina, Kay Francis; Geza, Nils Asther; Dushan, Walter Huston; Csaholyi, Phillips Holmes; Janos, Eugene Pallette; Panto, C. Henry Gordon; Miliza, Louise Closser Hale; Danilza, Jean Parker; Peter, James Bell; Miry, Hal Boyer; Greg, Allan Fox; Jankovitch, Frank Burke; Stephan, Richard Cramer.

"SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Erich Philipp. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: Helldorf, Lionel Atwill; Walter, Paul Lukas; Irene, Gloria Stuart; Foster, Edward Arnold; Frank, Onslow Stevens; Thomas, William Janney; Max, Russell Hopton; Marie, Elizabeth Pat-

erson; Betty, Muriel Kirkland; Butler, Robert Barrat; Stranger, Anders von Haden; Foster's Assistant, James Durkin.

"STRANGER'S RETURN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Phil Stong. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Phil Stong. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Grandpa Storr, Lionel Barrymore; Louise, Miriam Hopkins; Guy, Franchot Tone; Simon, Stuart Erwin; Nellie, Irene Hervey; Beatrice, Bculah Bondi; Allen, Grant Mitchell; Widdie, Tad Alexander; Thelma, Aileen Carlyle.

"VOLTAIRE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by George Gibbs and E. Lawrence Dudley. Screen play by Paul Green and Maude T. Howley. Directed by John Adolph. The cast: Voltaire, George Arliss; Mme. Pompadour, Doris Kenyon; Nanette, Margaret Lindsay; Francois, Theodore Newton; Count de Sarnac, Alan Mowbray; King Louis XV, Reginald Owen; Mme. Denis, Helena Phillips; Dr. Tronchin, David Torrence; Emile, Murray Kinnell; Mme. Clairon, Doris Lloyd; Lechain, Ivan Simpson; Morleau, Leonard Mudie; Oriental King, Douglas Dumbrille.

"WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Willard Mack. The cast: Dr. Dan Davidge, Willard Mack; Amy Harper, Minna Gombell; Ruth Harper, Jean Parker; Beverly Bennett, Betty Grable; John Harper, Bryant Washburn; Tommy Harrow, Ben Alexander; Hannah, Louise Beavers; Horace Harper, Maurice Murphy.

"WOMAN I STOLE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Jim Bradier, Jack Holt; Vida Corew, Fay Wray; General Rayon, Noah Beery; Teresita, Raquel Torres; Corew, Donald Cook; Lentz, Edwin Maxwell; Deleker, Charles Brown; Sixto, Ferdinand Munier; Murdock, Lee Phelps.

The Barnstorming Barrymores

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

so well in those famous Griffith chases with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. As a funster he out-Arbuckled Arbuckle, and as a villain he buckled on his gun over his elephantine paunch and twirled a mean mustache. Also, between pictures, he alternated with the stage in rôles of much the same character.

But these rôles became irksome to him, and Lionel, casting his longing eyes upon leads and character parts, determined to do the impossible—which was to rid himself of exactly one hundred pounds. Paul Whiteman did the same thing not so long since, and a nation held its breath.

HE took off that hundred pounds in exactly one year. And the beginning of the career which since has been climaxed with directorial achievements such as "Madame X" and histrionic highlights such as "A Free Soul," actually occurred from that time. Lionel always had the urge to encompass such things, always knew that he could do them if given the chance, but the eyes of the theatrical world, until he made them fasten upon him, were focused upon the glittering Ethel and John.

Before he lifted himself, as it were, by his own histrionic bootstraps, Lionel Barrymore did one other outstanding thing for which he was seldom, if ever, accorded credit.

He discovered one of the greatest character actors the screen has ever known—Louis Wolheim.

It was during one of his periodical transitions from screen to stage, as far back as 1913, that Lionel, then playing in a Pearl White serial, found himself in Ithaca, New York. Ithaca, as everybody knows, is a lovely little college town, built around Cornell University. Wolheim, who lived at the Ithaca Hotel, where Lionel and his wife were staying, was a study coach who made his living cramming students with knowledge to pass examinations.

Lionel and Wolheim, vastly alike, were drawn to each other and became firm friends.

Wolheim, who looked like a battered pug

and spoke four languages, loved a good argument or a poker game, and so did Lionel. Wolheim's erudition was colossal, and Lionel's, though perhaps not so academic, was nevertheless just as appreciative of the finer things. Wolheim was a profound student of books and life, while Lionel had learned from life itself. Both men scorned all artificialities. The two of them would go for dinner to the old Dutch Grill, get started on some discussion or other, and still be sitting there when the lights went out.

The time came when Lionel's picture was finished and he had to leave. The last night, as they sat together, he said to Wolheim:

"You should be an actor, Wolly, and go to New York."

"What!" gasped the other, "with this face?"

Lionel argued—and prevailed. The two went to New York together. Soon afterwards Wolheim played in "The Jest" with both Lionel and John, and from then on his name appeared in the cast of every Barrymore play.

And that, at long last, is how Louis Wolheim came from the little college town of Ithaca to the glaring cinema city of Hollywood.

Until his death in 1931, he and Lionel Barrymore were the motion picture colony's most devoted friends.

AT last, too, a richly deserved success has come to Lionel Barrymore. With it all, with all the honors and adulation now accorded him, Lionel Barrymore is a lonely man. He is lonely for "Wolly" and a friendship of which death deprived him.

So he putters around second-hand bookshops and art galleries, often dines alone in secluded restaurants with a book propped in front of him. But perhaps his eyes are not on the book so much as his memory is upon the kaleidoscope of his own life; from the blatantries of those roly-poly comedians to the fine shadings of Stephen Ashe, Kringlein, and the mad monk.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

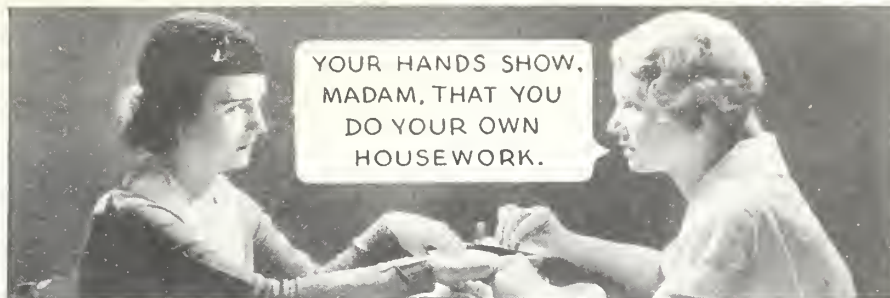
★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who lure gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)



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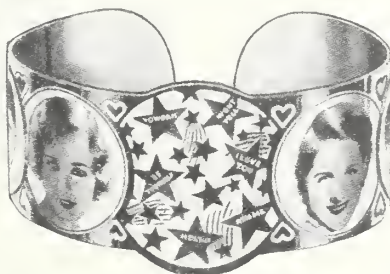
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

AS one might expect, the World War brought to a close one great period of motion picture history—the formative period of split-reelers, slapstick comedies, made for nickel and dime houses—and ushered in a period of more pretentious shows. Amid all the war material in our issue of September, 1918, the change could be seen coming.

Already we were honoring Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin as veterans of the movie's infancy, hardly dreaming that their best days were yet to come. Other pioneer favorites were passing, and a new generation was coming in—a generation which was largely to pass, in its turn, before our day. Some members, however, still are with us—Conrad Nagel, for one. We told how he had been secured from the stage to do *Laurie* in "Little Women." It wasn't done; but Conrad stayed.

The big "catch of the month" from the stage



Conrad Nagel

was Fred Stone; and we made much of Taylor Holmes. (The family picture showed a younger-named Phillips Holmes in one corner.) The "stage child," Madge Evans, was just registering strongly in films; Tom Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson were being accorded the accolade of stardom; Lila Lee had just started to work, after successful children's rôles on the stage.

Among established favorites whom we pictured or told about were Norma Talmadge, Marie Prevost, Eugene O'Brien, Geraldine Farrar, Marguerite Snow, Bessie Love, and Betty Blythe. The film of the month was George M. Cohan's "Hit-The-Trail-Holiday," about a bartender who reformed his customers.

We had an article explaining the efforts to get propaganda into the films—a serial, giving the adventurous efforts of a Secret Service agent to frustrate German plots in the U. S. Cover honors went to Lila Lee.

10 Years Ago

PERHAPS inspired by the wave of exposures which had swept the industry some months before, we did a little exposing of our own in the September, 1923 issue. Remember "Little Farina," the laugh-provoking young colored lady of "Our Gang"? We told at some length about her—then revealed that "she" was Allen Clayton Hoskins, son of a cement contractor!

In keeping with the glittering "jazz" spirit which had swept movies, we went at some length into current movie salaries. Top-notch earners, making a million a year or better, were Harold Lloyd, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Charlie Chaplin, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mary Pickford, and Charles Ray. But they had to meet expenses of their pictures.

Among salaried workers, Mabel Normand drew \$70,000 a picture, while those rating \$5,000 a week included Tom Meighan, Dorothy Dalton, and Alice Brady. Elsie Ferguson and



"Little Farina"

William Farnum drew twice that when working; but it seems that even the "golden jazz age" could not stand that overhead. Jackie Coogan had just been handed an advance of half a million dollars on his new three-year contract.

The "super-picture" movement, foretold in our war issues of five years before, was in full blast, the big "super" then in making being Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." Mrs. Wallace Reid's "Human Wreckage," setting forth the horrors of narcotics addiction, had just been released and we pronounced it excellent. Other films were "Peter the Great," featuring Emil Jannings, and Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round."

We had an interesting page showing Dolores Costello (now Mrs. John Barrymore) with her father Maurice. You may remember him as one of the giants of the screen in pre-war days.

On the cover—Eleanor Boardman.

5 Years Ago

NEWS of the month, in September, 1928, was the "inside story" of Mary Pickford's bob. The cutting had taken place earlier in the year, but now we told why it had been so long deferred. Mary had kept the curls as long as her mother lived.

Less important, undoubtedly, was the fact that this was our second issue dealing with sound pictures. Four were reviewed—the pioneer Fox effort, "The Family Picnic," the noted interview given by George Bernard Shaw, Lionel Barrymore in "The Lion and the Mouse," and "The Lights of New York," with a cast that included Wheeler Oakman and Helene Costello.

Coupled with the advent of "talkies," was recognition of a star whose career has run almost side by side with them. It was a biography entitled "The Story of a Dancing Girl"—and told about Joan Crawford. A news note elsewhere said that Doug, Jr. was



Bebe Daniels

annoyed immensely by rumors of various attachments. His statement was, "I am all wrapped up in Billie and I want the world to know." "Billie," of course, being Billie Cassin—Joan, under her girlhood name.

We hailed a heroine, too—none less than Bebe Daniels. Comparing notes with football hero Bill Hyland about injuries, she revealed that in her years of stunting since 1914, she had suffered ten broken bones, innumerable torn muscles and ligaments, and had gone through two brain concussions, had her lip bitten by a dog.

A girl we said could be a star, if she got a chance, was Myrna Loy.

This was the season when prominent athletes were being screened—yet one after another, they had failed to pull: Gertrude Ederle, Red Grange, Duke Kahanamoku. Babe Ruth took \$30,000—and wisely hid back to baseball.

The cover—Gloria Swanson.

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"Cocoanut Grove"
of
The AMBASSADOR HOTEL

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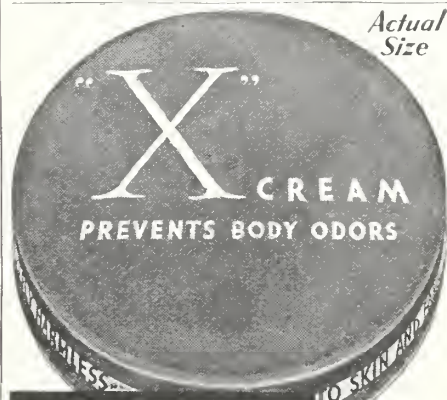
Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to accent the natural sheen of your hair!

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Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

ONE of the staunchest supporters of the anti-vivisection movement in this country is George Arliss. He contributes substantially to the fund, and campaigns insofar as he can, in behalf of the bill. . . .

At the same time, Arliss owes his life to animal experimentation. Were it not for the priceless insulin, so imperative to the treatment of diabetes, he would not be alive today—according to doctors who know the case. Insulin, itself, is derived from animals, and its value was discovered through experimenting on them. And untold lives have been saved through its use.

FRANCHOT TONE, Miriam Hopkins and Stuart Erwin were taken out to a farm for location scenes in their picture, "Stranger's Return." And the farmer who rented out the farm can be "consarned" if he knows what's the matter with the *durned* animals, now the company has gone. He reckons the blasted hogs couldn't be movie struck and yet they're actin' mighty funny. All droopy like! "Won't eat their grub!" he complains. "Jes turn their snoots up at it."

But the movie stars could enlighten the farmer. They (the animals) simply grew accustomed to richer food the three weeks the company stayed there. For every day, instead of eating the box lunches the studio sent out, they fed them to the farm animals and raced to the village inn for fried chicken. As a result, the geese and chickens and pigs lived on a diet of pie and cake for three weeks and cultivated a decided taste for Swiss cheese sandwiches.

Stuart Erwin says, though, that the climax

was reached when he fed his doughnut to a duck and the thing promptly sank to the bottom and never did come up. The whole business surely has that farmer puzzled, however.

GIRLS, if that handsome lad you've had your eye on for some time just passes you right by every time, don't be discouraged. For when Robert Young was a handsome high school lad he couldn't see little Betty Henderson at all. "Thought she was silly," Bob said. "She had too much vitality and energy. And talked too much. It wore me out. Couldn't see her at all." But just the same little Betty never let it discourage her. And with all the blonde beauties of the movies to choose from, Bob went back and married little Betty.

So remember, don't be down-hearted if the "big moment" can't see you. Next year he'll probably come right back after you.

ONE certainly sees strange sights inside the motion picture studio gates. But one of the strangest was a filthy workman, in faded blue denim and dilapidated cap, riding on the purple upholstery of a gorgeous limousine driven by a chauffeur in plum colored livery.

Several visiting ladies nearly collapsed at the sight. But when the car came to a stop and out stepped the workman, they were even more surprised. For it was none other than Wally Beery coming in from the "Tugboat Annie" set to lunch.

HELEN HAYES escorted the celebrated French hairdresser, Antoine, all over the M-G-M lot on a visiting tour. Antoine was

minus his famous glass coffin, in which he is rumored to sleep—but he wore a pair of glass heels.

RABBITS and radishes!

That's what Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton are raising out on their ranch. And Ann did a nip-up when they gathered the first radish bunch and served them for dinner. They also have a cow and a calf—and spend their spare time raising a promising little group of ideas to be big stories and things. Leslie is writing a lot for British publications. Ann is composing music—and both are turning their adaptable minds toward moving picture stories. And both play the piano. Sounds like a full and happy life, with never a dull moment at the Fenton ranch.

RAMON NOVARRO'S concert tour of Europe is so successful that he may prolong his stay throughout the summer.

And by postal card and cablegram he keeps up a steady correspondence with Myrna Loy.

In fact, if she can possibly get a vacation from her motion picture work, Myrna may make a trip to Europe while Ramon is there.

WHILE making "Berkeley Square," one of Heather Angel's nine petticoats disappeared. After much searching, Director Frank Lloyd discovered a scrubwoman mopping the floor with it. The cleaning woman alibied, "Why I never saw a lady wear anything like that! I didn't think it was any good." And Heather immodestly went on the set with only eight petticoats.



Once in UFA Pictures in Germany; then the idol of New York's stage; thence to Hollywood. You'll soon see Francis Lederer, young Czech, in "Romance in Manhattan"



And Fred Astaire, internationally famed dancer, is being launched as a motion picture star. From late honors in the Broadway stage success "Gay Divorce," Fred moves his make-up box to a Hollywood dressing-room—so watch out for him soon—Astaire is on his way to the top

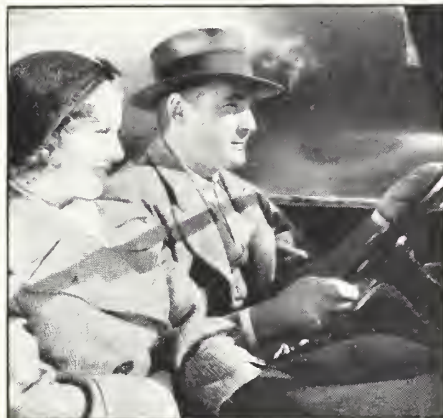
CHARLES FARRELL & GINGER ROGERS

*in a Mobiloil
Movie . .*

“Made for Speed”



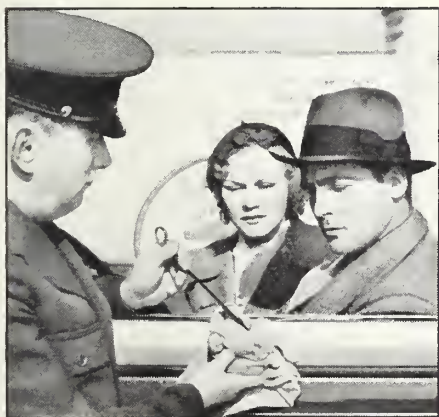
1 GINGER: “That’s swell news! Got to get there in a hurry? We can use my car — she’ll do seventy. You come right over now.”



2 CHARLIE: “It’s a big order. If we can get there in time, the Boss said it would mean a nice piece of money for me. We’d be all set to get married.”



3 CHARLIE: “She’s steaming! Didn’t you have water put in when you got oil yesterday? We’d better pull into a filling station and find out what’s up.”



4 DEALER: “Your oil’s almost all gone. That’s the way with these cheap oils. They break down and use up fast. You ought to use Mobiloil.”



5 CHARLIE: “So we just missed a repair bill! Well, it’s Mobiloil from now on. What’s 30¢ for Mobiloil compared to a bunged-up engine?”



6 CHARLIE: “We made it, honey! And what an order! It’s wedding bells for us. But say — if we elope — be sure and have Mobiloil in that car!”

Today’s speeds give oil double the beating it took 3 years ago. That’s why you need Mobiloil. Ordinary oils break down. If you are using ordinary oil the chances are 10 to 1 you are paying more for oil per year than you would with Mobiloil at 30¢ a quart. In addition you risk expensive repairs and shortened car life.

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

"But even people My Age get 'Pink Tooth Brush,' Dad!"



KAY: Dad, you're just being perverse! It isn't because you're 48 that your teeth look sort of foggy. It's because you've had "pink tooth brush" for perfect ages.

MR. HUNT: I say it's old age. My gums are getting ready to retire from service.

KAY: Fiddlesticks. Even people *my* age get "pink tooth brush." Not that *I'll* ever have it, of course.

MR. HUNT: You immune or something?

KAY: Now, Dad, you listen. People today don't eat tough meats or crunchy foods. Our gums don't get enough *exercise*. Naturally they get soft, then tender. And sometimes they bleed.

MR. HUNT: I follow you perfectly.

KAY: But if you *massaged* your gums

every day—with Ipana Tooth Paste—your gums wouldn't *get* so lazy and tender. Why, I've been massaging Ipana into my gums ever since I was knee-high to a duck! Dr. Grant told me about it *years* ago!

MR. HUNT: You *do* have nice teeth.

KAY: You see, Dad, Ipana has something

called "ziratol" in it, and Dr. Grant said that was what toned up the gums. Now you begin massaging Ipana into *your* gums, like a good boy. And you won't have "pink tooth brush."

MR. HUNT: O.K. You've sold me. Bring me home some Ipana, will you?

* * *

You can't afford to ignore "pink tooth brush." Neglected, it may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Your gums will become firmer, your teeth brighter. And you can forget "pink tooth brush." Start with Ipana today!



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Chicago, June—October, 1933

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"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."



He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

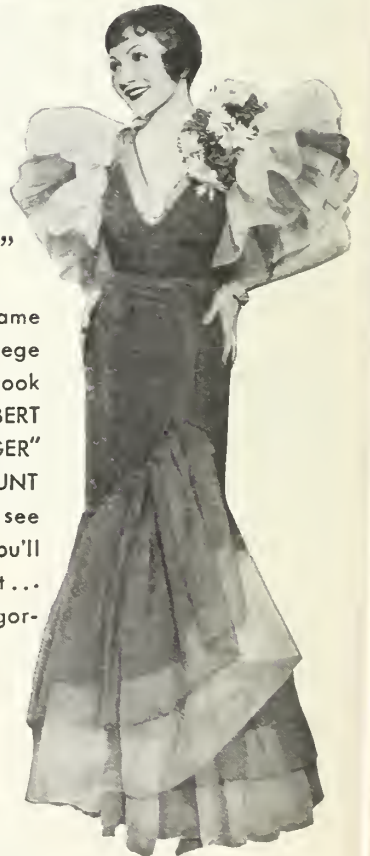
"A Good Number!"

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."



"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.



Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIV No. 5

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

October, 1933



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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On the cover—Ruby Keeler—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



THE \$25 LETTER

I am a doctor practicing psychiatry. As many of you know, obscure troubles of the nervous system are baffling, and physicians too often send these mental cases at once to the asylum or mental hospital. I have another scheme. I send 'em to the movies.

Here's a sample of successful prescriptions:

For melancholia—Laurel and Hardy in anything else that is cracked.

Dementia praecox—The Four Marx Brothers in "Cracked Ice," "Cracked Nuts," or anything else that is cracked.

Nervous prostration—"A Bedtime Story."

Religious mania—"She Done Him Wrong."

Intermittent amnesia—"Gold Diggers" or "42nd Street."

Morbidity—"Peg O' My Heart."

Paranoia—"King Kong" or "Tarzan."

Restlessness and Boredom—"Rome Express."

The jitters—Anything with Marie Dressler. Complicated jitters—Add Wallace Beery to Marie.

I seriously believe that the motion pictures have been a great factor in preserving the world's sanity during the past four years.

J. W. CAMERON, M. D., Regina, Canada

THE \$10 LETTER

Whenever I read a criticism of some minor detail in a film, it occurs to me that the public has become spoiled.

Twenty-five years ago, picture theaters were store-rooms with wooden chairs, all on the same level. A piano player whanged away in one corner. The main picture was generally about a French count who wooed a peasant girl, grew tired of her, and pushed her off a cliff to end the romance. And people thought the movies were wonderful.

Want to cure the double jitters? See any picture featuring Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler. Or so the psychiatrist says. Jitters or no jitters, everybody will welcome the pair in the salt-tanged story of Seattle's waterfront, "Tugboat Annie". You'll laugh and relax

SEEMS like everybody's been concerned with the bloom of youth, music in the air, and that man Tone!

More and more girls are getting lyric over Franchot. We'll bet his picture is the masculine touch on lots of feminine dressing tables.

Half the ladies in the land who have stopped counting birthdays wrote heated letters bawling out the lad who suggested that Mary Pickford retire from the screen 'cause she's no longer a member of the younger generation. Mary's star of glory has not dimmed.

And say! The producers made no mistake when they accidentally made a musical out of "42nd Street." It was supposed to be a straight talkie, you know. But with loads of talent and a big stage, the director decided to toss in a couple of song'n'dance numbers. Result: "42nd Street" was hailed as a musical and the public hollered for more.

Well, everybody ought to be happy: more musicals are in production, Franchot's wearing grease paint, and there are rumors of big things on the Pickford lot.

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.

Nowadays people go to wonderful picture palaces, sit in luxurious seats, hear fine orchestras, and see and hear great films. Then many of them go home and write to magazines criticizing the feature, because the hero had on the kind of suspenders that hadn't been invented at supposed date of the story.

RODERICK DHU, Chicago, Ill.

THE \$5 LETTER

Mom and Pop and Sis and I have our own movies "Who's Who," but we have some heated discussions nominating the favorites. It runs like this:

"But he's so suave and charming. And always romantic! Now take 'Animal Kingdom' . . ." That's Mom, talking about Leslie Howard.

"She's an excellent actress—and good to look at. Humph! Deserves more recognition!" That's Pop, who never misses Aline MacMahon.

"But he's a master of his art—and handsome! Why he has *everything!*" That's Sis. She's that way about Fredric March.

But we all agree that Garbo and Mickey Mouse are chief favorites.

Also we want to thank you for PHOTOPLAY. It means so much to our family. A movie gives us seventy-two minutes of pleasure. PHOTOPLAY has given us years of enjoyment.

RAOUL R. MOORE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A HAPPY EVENING WITH GOLD DIGGERS

Oh! What an enjoyable evening's entertainment one receives in "Gold Diggers of 1933." In times like these we need something humorous. Will we see more of these depression chasers in the future? I laughed until my sides ached! Even the next day at work I would find myself laughing at Aline MacMahon's chiseling.

MARTY HILE, Sunbury, Pa.

BOYS IN UNIFORM

A friend of mine is a cook in a reformatory. It is like Mr. Thompson's in "The Mayor of Hell." Doubtless many others are like that, too. I wish all state officials and reformatory heads would see this interesting picture. It might make them realize the crying need for self-government and other reforms in these schools.

D. N., Olympia, Wash.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE" IS COMING

Bring on your pretty girls and dancing feet. Let's have more "42nd Streets." No babies being born. No baths being taken.

It was a darn good show!


G. S. HUMPHREYS, Logan, Kansas

ADVERTISING PAYS

The advertisers may not know it, but many of their slogans remind me of favorite screen personalities. For instance:—

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

"I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"



Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis... because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both —a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW. G. ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . .
Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George
Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

Another
WARNER BROS.
Hit . . . Coming
to your theatre
soon

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

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (April)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (April)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (April)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (April)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (April)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (April)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scoring "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (April)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (April)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (April)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPEINICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPEINICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (April)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

BEAUTY!

To whom is flawless beauty so important as the star who must appear, day after day, before the searching eye of the camera?

Here PHOTOPLAY serves you—by discovering and describing the newest beauty hints developed in this never-ending battle for perfect appearance. To know the latest and best in the art of being beautiful, read

Carolyn Van Wyck's
Hollywood Beauty Shop
in this and all issues of
PHOTOPLAY

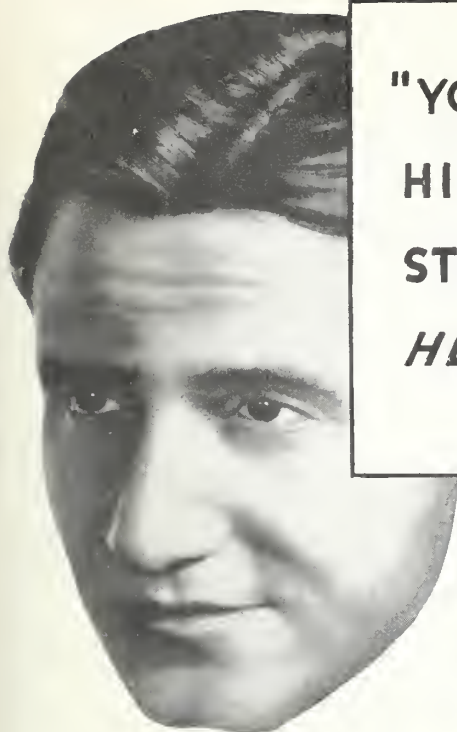
CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (April)



"YOU CAN'T JUDGE
HIM BY ORDINARY
STANDARDS
HE WAS TOO BIG"



... AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures' newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • **COLLEEN MOORE**
RALPH MORGAN • **HELEN VINSON**

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard Story by Preston Sturges



The Public Determines Today



Here's the answer to a lot of prayers. And we aren't referring especially to Jimmy Cagney—but to more musicals. These beautiful girls are hard at work on "Footlight Parade," with Ruby Keeler and Mr. Cagney, ex-hooper



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

THE OTHER WOMAN

"Good to the Last Drop" makes me think of Charlie Ruggles. "Hams What Am" is the Four Marx Brothers. "Beware of Substitutes," makes me think of Garbo and those who copy her, while Walter Huston "Removes the Dirt but Not the Surface," and "They Satisfy" is meant for Wheeler and Woolsey.

MRS. HAY FISHER, Quebec, Canada

TRY AND PLEASE 'EM

Here is a true-life "talkie" entitled: "Why Movie Producers Go Mad."

Mama (after seeing "She Done Him Wrong")—What a raw picture, papa! Have they forgotten how to make wholesome pictures that delight instead of shock?

Papa: That's what I'd like to know, mama! All the pictures nowadays are alike. No fancy. No beauty.

What I wouldn't give to see a good old-fashioned fairy tale on the screen!

A week later the same couple after seeing Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."

Mama: Ho hum. Did you ever see anything so silly, papa! No action—no plot—why I almost fell asleep.

Papa: You said it, mama! Those little fairy stories are okay for the children. They seemed to enjoy it, but we're not kids! There's one thing I like in my picture—and that's realism.

MARIE D. MEYER, Detroit, Mich.

The American girl, with her new freedom, has lost respect for the American wife. A movie such as "When Ladies Meet" will teach the bachelor maidens that it is wisest to leave the married man alone—a lesson no preaching, no sermon, no wife's tears, could teach.

MRS. VANCE VERCELL, Torrington, Conn.

A PERFECT FORTY

A dunce-cap for the schoolboy who says America's Sweetheart is old! The years have taken nothing from Mary Pickford. Each passing season has added something, enriching her fine, unselfish personality, making beautiful a face that in youth was merely pretty and charming.

I've followed with loving interest her growth from a cute youngster to a charming woman, from a clever comedienne to a fine actress. She is perfect now!

R. B. S., Boise, Idaho

Recently you printed a letter from a young man that I would like to spank. He must be very young, because he thinks Mary Pickford is too old to play in the movies. And only an adolescent would fail to realize that at forty a woman can magically combine the beauty and spirit of youth with the poise and understanding of maturity.

I've loved Mary since the early days of Pick-

Better not say anything against Mary unless you want to bring the wrath of thousands down on your head! Her loyal followers, many of whom haven't missed a picture since pigtail days, want more grown-up Pickford pictures like Mary's latest feature, "Secrets"

ford curls and childish antics. Even more I appreciate the grown-up Mary we saw and loved in "Secrets."

The greatest actresses the world has known—Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Duse—were at their best after forty.

Pitkin says, "Life Begins at Forty." Well, I'm glad of that!

It insures us more Pickford films. And besides, I'm forty myself!

Mrs. E. B. W., St. Paul, Minn.

The Pictures of Tomorrow!



Mr. Tone has all the younger girls agog! He takes the part of a handsome young farmer in "Stranger's Return." Lionel Barrymore is the old man, warning Franchot against city slickers. And Miriam Hopkins is why Franchot gets romantic

HE'S COMING BACK

Just read in PHOTOPLAY that my favorite actor has gone home! Is Leslie Howard coming back, or am I going to have to go to England?
MRS. J. C. WHITE, Knoxville, Tenn.

WELL, SCREEN LOVE IS BETTER THAN LIFE!

I am only thirty, but already of the harried appearance that marks the young husband who

Believe it or not, most of the Howard-be-praised letters come from ladies with a Mrs. in front of their names. And they always say things about "poetic soul," "spiritually romantic," etc. Well, they should enjoy "Berkeley Square"

begins to suspect that the better part of his life was his bachelorhood. My dark, ready-made clothes, my twice-soled shoes, and my hair, which is too long for a neat and businesslike aspect, are symptoms of necessary economy. More and more of late I am turning to the phantom world. Always we turn from those actualities to live for a delightful hour in that land where our most impossible dreams come true.

What is the difference between watching a love adventure on the screen and having one? The difference is: A love adventure in story form is guaranteed to be complete in itself. To be over when it is finished. And to leave behind it nothing but a pleasant memory.

A. P. G., Detroit, Mich.

THOSE GOOD OLD NEWSREELS

Perhaps when the bugles announce the newsreel, I may feel impatient with it, but by the time the newsreel has ended I have always had a hearty laugh. I am usually badly bored watching the Duchess of Ham christen a cruiser, or the changing of the guards at London Castle, but all the yawns leave when I get to watch a seventh son of a seventh son finding water with a forked stick from a prune tree.

The newsreels are also to be highly commended for the splendid way in which they bring us the truly dramatic events of today and help us to see more vividly behind the news.

STEWART JOHNSON, Palmyra, Mo.

HER HARMONY

I have always been rather cool and calm about movie heroes (indifferent, to you). But —this Tone lad has completely captured me. If I had a bit of a chance competing with Joan I'd spend my summer vacation camping on Franchot's door-step.

More Tone will be music to my ears.
RUTH E. MIDELBURG, Charleston, W. Va.

WE'RE HAPPY, TOO

I am a young mother with two babies who require a large share of my time. I am unable to afford a servant, and because the babies are too young to take many places I am forced to stay at home.

Can you imagine then the joy I receive in reading of Hollywood's magic splendor and beauty? Through the pages of PHOTOPLAY I am carried to the city that is unlike any other. I read of men and of women whose occupations are widely different from mine, but whose problems are often similar. I feel a kinship with them.

I see very few pictures, but I feel the loss less because I have the reviews in PHOTOPLAY to read. These are so well written that it makes one feel as though he had viewed the picture in an abbreviated form. Can you wonder then that I look forward to each issue? And then when I have avidly read each line, I pass the
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]



Everybody's begging for more laughs! Well, "Too Much Harmony" will shoo the blues away—with Bing Crosby and Oakie, chief shoosers, aided by Judith Allen, Skeets Gallagher and Harry Green

magazine on to someone who awaits it as eagerly as I.

MRS. E. J. HARRIS, Atlanta, Ga.

MEN OF THE FOREST

Being in the Civilian Conservation Corps, we don't get many chances to get to a movie. Here in the forests we are at least ten miles away from the nearest movie house. We can't get to a movie during the week, but on Saturday nights the gang collects and we start walking.

With the anticipation of a good picture, we don't mind the twenty-mile walk there and back. Without this weekly visit to a movie, I imagine camp life would be pretty dull.

The cinema world has some loyal supporters in us Forest Workers.

M. L. LENGEL, Salisbury, Pa.

SICK O' SLAPSTICK

I'm not what they call an ardent movie follower, but I can say I certainly enjoy pictures such as "Be Mine Tonight," "The Little Giant," with laughs galore, "The White Sister," and delightful extravaganzas such as "Gold Diggers of 1933."

But somehow these are a bit spoiled when you've got to sit through one of those comedies in which the "comedians" still throw pies and get tangled up in macaroni. Are there moviegoers who laugh at and enjoy these? I'd really like to know.

R. M. STANTON, Corona, Calif.

MOVIES AND REPEAL

A slap at prohibition, and an urge to remember the part the movies played in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, wins first prize in your reader's department.

I, for one, deplore the part the movies have played in the prohibition question, especially in the minds of our younger generation.

While I know that prohibition isn't what it

should be, we will discover upon its repeal that it had its good points too. Its check, slight as many claimed it is, is far better than no check at all. And when the wet tide sweeps over this country, remember then that the movies helped to remove the barriers prohibition had erected to check the flow of alcohol.

No, I cannot feel proud of the part the screen has played in helping to bring back liquor.

MRS. R. W. CARR, Parkersburg, W. Va.

HILL BILLIES, TOO

In my state, there are many isolated towns and villages in the mountains. For the people in these places, the ablest writers, famous artists and experienced actors toil. Beauty and talent and fashion are brought to their doors, however remote. Through the movies. All honor to the industry that brings such happiness to those who, without it, would find life so much harder to endure.

BESSIE ARMSTRONG, Louisville, Ky.

REFORMING MOTHER

Last night I took my mother to a motion picture. I practically had to use forceful measures to get her there. My mother is one of those people who thinks spending money (thirty cents) to see a show is outrageous, when you might use it for something needy. Well, a good show is what *she* needed.

The picture was "No Man of Her Own." with Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. It was a fine movie with plenty of laughs, and it converted my mother to the movies. She thoroughly enjoyed it and said to me later, "I want to go again!"

MILDRED CARD, Merced, Calif.

SAD BUT LOGICAL

After having seen "Stranger's Return," I couldn't refrain from writing my praise of this excellent movie. I liked, in particular, the ending of the picture, where the two lovers bravely

part, each on a separate journey. It is true that there is a bit of heart-ache, but it is a dramatic, logical ending as sincere and true as life itself. Why do the producers so often feed the public with obstacle-avoiding, automatic endings, which are so unconvincing, so wrong that we fairly ache to see a story which conforms to truth and real art?

MAY TENENBAUM, Chicago, Ill.

CLARK AND JEAN

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow make a great pair. Here's to them! "Hold Your Man" is an exceptional picture. A vivid, colorful romance, and a relief from the humdrum of every day life.

JANE GREY, Salt Lake City, Utah

TEN PENNY PEEP SHOW

"Hold Your Man" belongs to the old-fashioned, ten-cent peep shows. Like those shows, which promised so much before you looked, it is dull, common and vicious. The reformatory is false in every note and the Head crowned with thorns, in the chapel scene, will be re-sented. With this picture, the industry which has shown such vast improvement in the past year, has lost much that it gained.

MAUDE BEAMISH, Harrisburg, Penna.

GOOD MANNERS

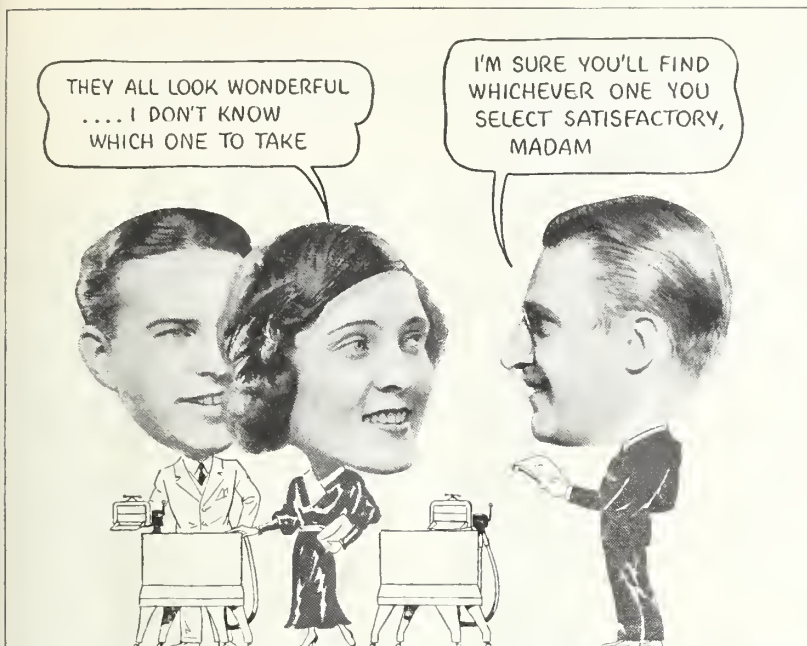
Thank heaven for "The Warrior's Husband!" Just when the country needed a laugh, this picture tickled the funny bones of a teary nation. And how that Manners boy can pull your heart-strings!

MARGARETTE CHASE, Beverly Hills, Calif.

PEACEMAKER

The only thing to regret after seeing such a marvelous picture as "The Eagle and the Hawk," is that it wasn't shown before the Geneva Conference.

MARGARETTE RICHARDSON, Kansas City, Kans.



THEY ALL LOOK WONDERFUL
... I DON'T KNOW
WHICH ONE TO TAKE

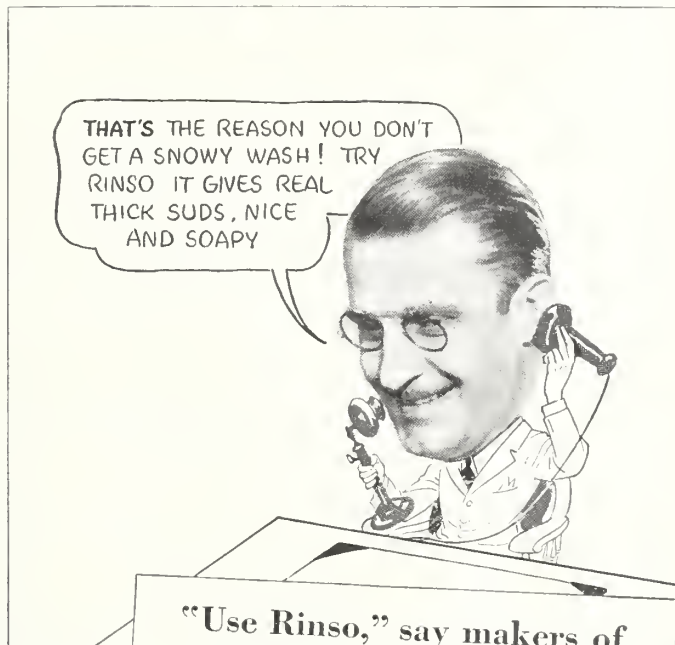
I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND
WHICHEVER ONE YOU
SELECT SATISFACTORY,
MADAM



THERE MUST BE SOME REASON
WHY THIS WASH LOOKS SO DINGY
I KNOW IT CAN'T BE THE WASHER
... IT WORKS FINE



... AND THE SUDS ARE
SO THIN AND WATERY



THAT'S THE REASON YOU DON'T
GET A SNOWY WASH! TRY
RINSO IT GIVES REAL
THICK SUDS, NICE
AND SOAPY



NEXT WASHDAY

I MUST SAY THAT'S THE WHITEST
WASH I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME

I'M USING RINSO... IT
GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5
SHADES WHITER. YOU
NEVER SAW SUCH LIVELY
SUDS! - THEY'RE WONDER
FUL FOR DISHES, TOO



"Use Rinso," say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C	Faultless	Prima
American Beauty	Fedelco	Princess
Apex	Gainaday	Rotarex
Automatic	Haag	Roto-Verso
Barton	Horton	Savage
Bee-Vac	Laundry Queen	Speed Queen
Blackstone	Magnetic	Sunnysuds
Boss	Meadows	Thor
Cinderella	Mengel	Universal
Conlon	National	Voss
Decker	"1900"	Westinghouse
Dexter	Norge	Whirdry
Fairday	One Minute	Woodrow
		Zenith

RINSO is wonderful for tub washing, too. It soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing and boiling. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as light-weight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Makes all cleaning easier. Get the BIG box today.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST DREI TAGE IN THE GUARDHOUSE—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Pette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (April)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (April)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—News-reel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelme! (Aug.)

HERTHIA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuncful German love story with English captions. (May)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE IHER MAJESTY, LOVE—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.— Sylvia Sydney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hoopy. (April)

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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KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ **KING KONG** — RKO-Radio. — A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Apple-woman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prizefighter. (May)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorff child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Palette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

**A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE
AMONG THE GREATEST...**

"LADY FOR A DAY"

★★★★★
**4 STARS AWARDED BY
LIBERTY MAGAZINE**

**"It will be a wow when it hits Broad-
way!"**
predicts The New York Daily News.

**"Only one word can describe this
picture . . . It's swell!"**
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See this great story of love and
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WALTER CONNOLLY
NED SPARKS JEAN PARKER
BARRY NORTON

Screen play by
ROBERT RISKIN
From the story by
DAMON RUNYON

**BIRTH
OFA
NATION**

**SEVENTH
HEAVEN**

**THE
MIRACLE
MAN**

**BIG
PARADE**

**TEN
COMMAND-
MENTS**

**ALL
QUIET ON THE
WESTERN
FRONT**

"LADY FOR A DAY"

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double role of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

MELODY CRUISE—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacifism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warner William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

MORGENROT (DAWN)—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a slyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) leads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled Archduke Rudolf, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to bustling baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

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POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rameau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rameau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

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You'll really *enjoy* eating Ry-Krisp Wafers. There's something about their true, whole rye flavor that makes them so surprisingly different, so completely tantalizing! Toast-

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You can't be popular if your breath is not agreeable.

How *is* your breath today? Is it agreeable—or an offense to others?

The truth is, *you do not know*. You only hope it's normal—but the chances are that it is otherwise. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) may be caused by so many conditions, which exist even in normal mouths, that no one is immune from it.

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Make it right
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AS sedately as a minuet, with all the romance and glamour of the period, Heather Angel and Leslie Howard move through the strange love story of "Berkeley Square," Miss Angel's second American movie. The English star makes a lovely leading lady for Leslie in a beautiful setting of cashmere gowns, powdered wigs, and soft music



BABY LEROY toddled right up to the big bear and sat down. He wasn't scared at all. He isn't seeing much of Maurice these days. Busy vamping the cast of his next picture. The Baby LeRoy you'll see with Richard Arlen in "Captain Jericho" won't be the same bay-bee you saw in "A Bedtime Story." He's sprouted two teeth and increased his vocabulary



INSTEAD of resting in the cool quiet of his dressing-room after a hard scene, Spencer Tracy pulls up a chair off-set and watches proceedings with an anxious, critical eye. Spencer is working on "Shanghai Madness." The man who plays jailbird rôles on the screen started out to be a surgeon, but couldn't bear dissecting! He admits that he is scared of women, too



LYDA ROBERTI has plenty of the "hot-cha" which is considered native to the U. S. A. But Lyda was the daughter of a European clown, born in Warsaw, brought up in a circus train. She first intrigued Americans on the stage in "You Said It," singing American jazz mostly in Polish and dancing with an abandon that took her to Hollywood



HANDS, too,
NEED A LOVELY COMPLEXION

LOVELY hands, smooth... soft... caressing. How vital the role they play in romance! How simple to have them, in spite of work and weather. Consider modern actresses; they aren't Dresden dolls. They play just as hard and use their hands as much as you! But they give them thoughtful care. After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates deeply, to heal and soften. And it costs so little!



AUDETTE COLBERT, whose exquisite hands are so alluring. With Paul Cavanagh in Paramount's film, "Tonight Is Ours."

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, delicate, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON deserts gangster roughstuff to play opposite Kay Francis in "I Loved a Woman." And Miss Francis packs away her tailored clothes and looks highly decorative in feminine frills and furbelows. The tale has to do with a man's amazing struggle for success and is the life story of a prominent American meat packer

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

THE propensity for divorce in Hollywood was, perhaps, formerly exaggerated by the press. Today that is scarcely the case. The demand for freedom from the partner of the moment, that has swept over Hollywood like an epidemic, renders even those who wish to keep apart from it all scarcely safe. Rumor attacks them like a fever, resulting often in a feeling of strange insecurity.

THE Neil Hamiltons felt obliged to quash insistent whispers of a separation with this statement in a Hollywood newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton wish to announce that they have been happily married for eleven years, and that in spite of the many rumors appearing in this and other public prints and heard wherever all true gossipers foregather, they intend to remain so for many times eleven more."

Once it was only necessary to announce that a couple had been married. Now, apparently, it is necessary to tell the world that a couple has no intention of getting a divorce.

The necessity for doing this is one of the most astounding of the phenomena called Hollywood. It shows the extraordinary psychological attitude of that community.

BUT we can no longer sooth ourselves regarding Hollywood as a bewildering fantasmagoria to be spoken of with either wonder or disdain. Though few, if any, seem conscious of the fact, Hollywood is America's sociological laboratory where experiments are unwittingly made that have a tremendous influence upon our private lives.

For the emotions and acts of Hollywood today are the emotions and acts of the people of the United States tomorrow. The styles of Hollywood, beauty standards and ideas are conveyed to us subtly through the motion picture. This we have been told again and again. Repetition does not decrease the truth of that statement.

IF the trend in Hollywood is more and more toward divorce, we may confidently look forward to the same trend in Kansas, Georgia or Connecticut.

Unfortunately, that beacon of righteousness, Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton, with her thousands of

faithful followers gathered about her in Angelus Temple, is not herself immune from the curse of divorce. And if Aimee cannot check this devastating epidemic, who can?

AN expert in such matters, Dr. Paul Popenoe, Chief of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, presents, through an interview, in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, some very striking theories of the fundamental causes of divorce in the picture colony.

I believe this to be a viewpoint never before published and more than worthy of very serious attention. Dr. Popenoe states that—contrary to general belief—conditions that lead to divorce in the film colony are no different from those found elsewhere. For that reason this article is of vital interest to everyone.

IN vivid contrast with the lack of permanency in Hollywood domestic life, is the remarkable case of Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer.

If a "brain trust" were to be formed in Hollywood, Mr. Thalberg's name would be among the first on the list. He was but twenty-five years old when he became production chief for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The list of notable productions for which he was responsible is impressive. Many of them have been brilliant successes, not only from the standpoint of the box-office, but because of their artistry and dramatic merit as well.

At the age of thirty-four, he has just returned from a well-earned vacation in Europe to renewed activities that will give him even greater opportunities.

SINCE their marriage six years ago, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg have shared a remarkable career. Their joint partnership in business has been pursued with a balance unsurpassed except for the happiness of their domestic life.

Such a partnership, particularly in hectic Hollywood, is unique.

Both knew what they wanted in life and worked unceasingly to attain it.

Both knew when they had found what they wanted.

Both had the remarkable good sense and character to cherish and preserve that which they realized could alone maintain their happiness.

The successful outcome of this marriage is not an accident. It is the result only of unswerving fidelity to ideals.

UNA MERKEL tells this one on herself. She received a letter requesting her picture. The letter was carelessly scribbled on a piece of scrap paper and Una took plenty of time deciphering it. But the next day she received another scribbled message from the same person.

"Do not send picture. Am moving and decided I don't want it."

Una answered her ardent fan as follows:

"Picture is sent. You'll take it and like it."

He evidently did, for Una heard no more.

NOW that Pickfair, the home of Mary and Doug, is for sale, it can be told how it came by its name. Mary and Doug's press-agent suggested it first. But neither Mary nor Doug cared for it. "It's out," they both told him.

But the p.a. felt pretty sure the name was a winner, so the next time the reporters dropped in and asked about the house, he very casually mentioned that "Pickfair" had been suggested as a name by a screen admirer, but that nothing had been done about it.

THE reporters eagerly scooped it up, plastered it all over the papers and to Mary and Doug's utter surprise, they found the house generally known as Pickfair.

From then on, they liked it. But the clever press-agent never let on how he had slipped over a fast one on the newspaper boys—or, rather, on his clients.

JIMMY STARR, local Hollywood columnist, was a guest master of ceremonies at a downtown theater. "Romeo," Eskimo juvenile actor brought from the Arctic by Director W. S. Van Dyke, appeared wearing long fur pants.

"Where did you get those pants?" asked Jimmy, right out in public. "Did Dietrich give them to you?"

"No, Dietrich, no. My fadder he shoot dem."

THE ranks of aging troupers are thinning. Gallant Louise Closser Hale is the latest to be called by death. She was stricken by a stroke of apoplexy at the age of sixty-one. For thirty-five years she followed an actress' career. She had long been a close friend of Marie Dressler and May Robson. Her forte had been the rôle of an old woman, and her services were always in big demand at the studios.

A sincere, kindly woman, both in her stage and her motion picture days, she was always generous with advice and her help to young, inexperienced actors or actresses. The screen has lost not only a woman of great talent, but of rare character.

YOU remember George K. Arthur in those Dane-Arthur comedies M-G-M made. When talkies came, Karl Dane couldn't control his accent. It broke up the team; but it takes more than that to break the spirit of the indomitable little George K.

George has opened a repertory theater—with all the talent in Hollywood to select from. At his openings a list of patrons turn out that seldom attend any other Hollywood premiere: Ann Harding, Lubitsch, Chaplin, Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, C. B. De Mille, Maurice Chevalier and Clive Brook are just a few. They are all subscribers, who occupy the same seats every opening night.

And not only do they attend the fine productions—they all want to play in them.

ERNST LUBITSCH arrived in Hollywood by airplane from New York.

"I'm worried sick," he confessed to a friend, "I can't hear. The roar of the motors must have deafened me."

An hour went by. He grew panicky.

"I'm finished," he moaned. "Boys, I'm stone deaf. It's all over. Call a doctor."

A friend looked more closely at Ernst's ears. "I think," he said, "if you took the cotton wads out of your ears you might be all right."

And the friend was right.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is out of luck. He should have had a new picture running in the theaters when the news broke that certain disgruntled patriots of the Far Eastern Empire had marked him for assassination.

If Charlie had been put on the spot about a year ago, in the hope of plunging the United States into war with Japan, as a Japanese lieutenant testifies was planned, it would have been an international tragedy. Probably conflict would not have followed, especially as the great comedian is a British subject. But the potentialities of Chaplin's merry-making are by no means exhausted.

Great comedians, they say, have much pathos in their private lives. And if sadness is the spark that gives impetus to such genius, then Charlie has it in him to create a dozen more comedies as great as "Shoulder Arms" or "The Gold Rush."

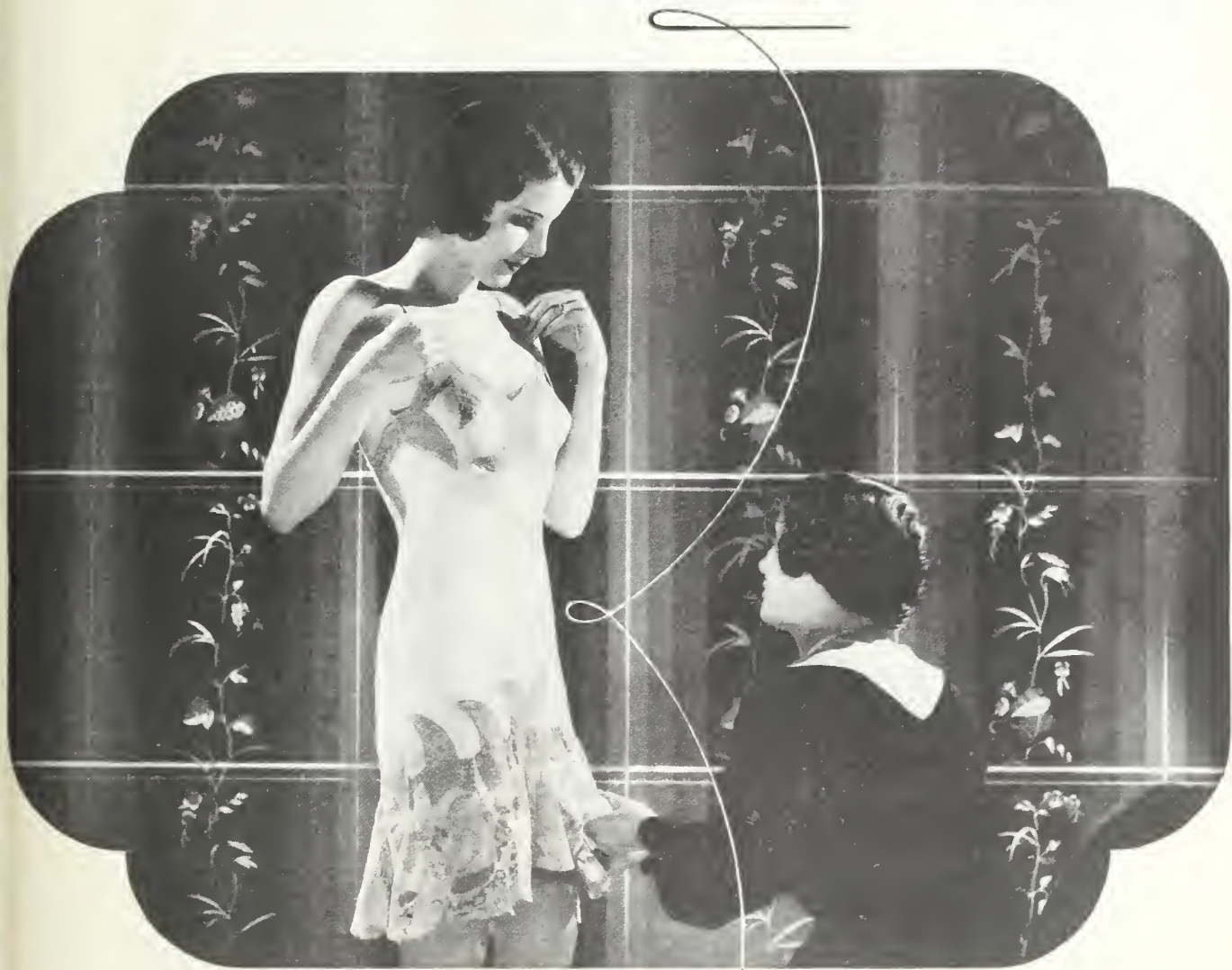
SOME idea of the tremendous interest shown in Mae West may be gleaned from this small incident.

In one issue of one of the Los Angeles daily papers, Paramount announced a "nicknaming contest" for Mae West. No prizes or reward whatsoever were offered. Paramount found itself completely swamped with replies.

And this from Los Angeles only. You can imagine what a national contest on Mae would mean to Hollywood mailmen.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

Silhouette Expert
 at **BONWIT TELLER** says
 "Use **IVORY FLAKES**"



Here we are in the Corset Shop of Bonwit Teller, New York, with the department head. She says, "Ivory Flakes is the soap we advise." Yes, it keeps silk and elastic strong because Ivory's purity won't dry out even a baby's skin!

+ + +

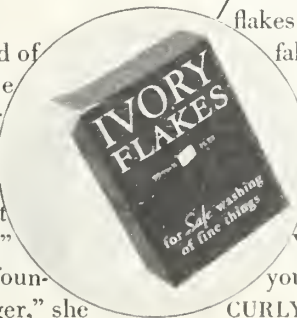
To fashionable Bonwit Teller's comes every kind of figure—even slim ones! And the head of the famous Corset Shop says, "Whether a customer buys a foundation that costs \$5.95 or \$225, we say, 'Wash it often with Ivory Flakes. We've found that a stronger soap is actually almost as hard on elastic and silk as perspiration itself.'"

"Frequent tubbing with Ivory Flakes makes foundations keep their snug fit and last much longer," she

adds. "If women once realized this, I'm sure they'd never be careless."

Try Bonwit Teller's tested method: *Lukewarm* water—very important. Ivory Flakes *most important*, because they are made from pure Ivory Soap. See how quickly these curly flakes go into rich Ivory suds (no flat flakes to stick to the fabric and cause soap spots!). Squeeze Ivory suds through garment. Use *soft* brush on soiled edges. Rinse in several lukewarm waters. Squeeze. Wrap in Turkish towel. Squeeze again. Hang away from heat (not on radiator, please!). Before garment dries completely, limber it with hands.

You get bigger boxes and *more* Ivory Flakes for your money than of any other fine fabrics soap. CURLY, INSTANT-DISSOLVING • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE





Two Queens were Born in Sweden

And the parallel
between the lives of
Greta and the Chris-
tina she interprets
is truly remarkable

A brilliant and magnetic personality was Queen Christina of Sweden. She ruled nearly 300 years ago. From an old print by courtesy Bonnier Pub. House

IT is the year of our Lord 1644, and far off in Sweden a girl sits, lonely and thoughtful, and bowed by the weight of a tremendous burden. Christina ponders the task before her. She is to be crowned Queen of Sweden.

It is the year of our Lord 1933, and here in Hollywood a girl sits. Garbo ponders the task before her. She is to be crowned Queen of Sweden . . . on the screen.

And across the centuries, the two queens clasp hands, their eyes meeting in perfect understanding. You can almost hear Christina saying, "You already have my heart and mind. Now take my crown. It will fit you beautifully."

For Greta Garbo might easily be the reincarnation of Christina, so closely are the two related, emotionally, intellectually and spiritually.

Garbo certainly feels a close kinship with Christina, for it is an open secret that her ambition has always been to play this famous Swedish queen on the screen. She must acknowledge, deep within herself, that emotional accord linking the two most famous Swedes in history—that harmony of mood that stretches back through the years like a golden cord and makes them both say, one to the other, "I understand."

For "the things of the spirit" that Christina possessed, Garbo has also. No one can read a history of the great Queen's life and not be struck instantly with the resemblance between the two. Consider for a moment the architecture of Christina's spiritual being.

She was moody—extremely so; headstrong, secretive, witty, charming; she had the courage of her convictions and those

convictions were definitely individual; she collected books (her library was one of the most famous in the world); she loved horses and dogs; her taste in clothes was distinctly masculine, and she drank nothing but water. She was sullen and scintillating in bewildering succession; she went her own sweet way regardless of public opinion; she refused to marry and did not hesitate to elaborate strongly on her reasons; and she was the most beloved figure in all Sweden in her day. You could substitute the name of Garbo anywhere in this paragraph, except that the great star has never elaborated on her reasons for not marrying . . . or on any other subject, for that matter.

CHRESTINA was one of the most original, mysterious, spectacular, and intriguing personalities the world has ever known. She possessed a subtle, magnetic charm that drew volumes of praise from the letter writers at her court. On the other hand, she was a consummate actress. She thought, did and said exactly what she wished (and usually to a startling, dramatic degree), all of which encouraged the most extravagant commendation and, at the same time, the most bitter criticism. As a queen, she never quite forgot her own individuality. As an individual, she never quite forgot her queenship.

Draw your own parallels. They are very plain.

Very few articles appear on Greta Garbo which do not call attention to her clothes. On the very first page of Mackenzie's history of Christina, the author remarks on her disregard of clothes. Christina herself said that she was "the least curious in clothes of any woman." That may be so, but at the same



Alike in appearance and character, it is fitting that the queenly Garbo should play the part of Sweden's famous monarch

time she was very particular about the clothes she did wear, and she steered totally clear of anything that remotely resembled a feminine frill or ruffle. She wore as near to man's attire as was possible in those days . . . "flat shoes with small black heels, a plain gray jacket, a black mariner's tie, a velvet cavalry cap which she put on and off like a man, and her hair plainly braided." A short gray skirt and shirt usually took the place of the long, flowing robes in fashion then.

HOWEVER, you will notice that the queen dedicated herself a little further to the masculine mode than does Garbo. She "put her hat on and off like a man." Garbo refrains from tipping her beret to friends.

Christina's hands were beautiful and white, but strong and virile; her eyes might have belonged to either sex, and they were extremely intelligent; her voice was clear, deep and emotional. It would be difficult to find a more exact description of Garbo.

Although one of her historians called her "a fiery genius with an insatiable lust for life and knowledge," the queen did close the door of her mind to one subject, and that subject was marriage. In spite of the fact that her ministers of state, her philosophers, and her advisers became almost rabid about it (with an heir to the throne in mind, of course), she refused to discuss it except on rare occasions when she was driven beyond her patience, and then her remarks were harsh and very much to the point.

"I would rather die than be married,"

she said once. "I could never allow anyone to treat me as a peasant does his field." Another time: "My ambition and my pride are incapable of submitting to anyone."

Could not those very well be Garbo's sentiments?

Christina much preferred the company of men to women. She despised the usual feminine inanities and small talk heard at court in those days. Her greatest pleasure was to engage in some deep and weighty discussion with one of the many philosophers who swarmed about her. It was for conversational reasons alone that she persuaded the great Descartes to attach himself to her court. She wished to hear him propound his philosophy. But when he arrived she found that the only hour of her time not taken up with studies and affairs of state was at five o'clock in the morning. So at that uncomfortable hour (when she took her daily canter) she met Descartes each morning, and as they galloped furiously through the forests, the unfortunate man had to shout out to her his plutosophic theories.

EVENTUALLY, Descartes died while at her court, and all Europe blamed Christina for wearing the poor fellow out!

Christina had a life-long struggle against criticism. Garbo, for the eight years she has been in Hollywood, has been the subject of more criticism and ridicule, along with praise, than any other actress.

Christina was born December 8, 1626, and was crowned Queen of Sweden on her eighteenth birthday. It was a magnificent occasion. She sat on a silver [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

By Helen Dale



“What’s Wrecking

Dr. Paul Popenoe, Chief of Los Angeles’ Institute of Family Relations, analyzes the current divorce epidemic with amazing conclusions

NEVER before in the history of Hollywood’s motion picture colony has there been such an avalanche of startling divorce actions.

For the past few months headlines have screamed a new, sensational divorce almost every day. Couples, via court proceedings, have told just why they could no longer live together as man and wife.

Has something suddenly gone wrong in Hollywood? Always, there have been divorces from time to time. But now, there is a veritable epidemic of them. What is the cause?

We sought out the most noteworthy authority on the subject, a man who heads the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles—Dr. Paul Popenoe, whose trained ear has been close to more than 7,000 domestic difficulties since his office was organized in 1930.

His is an authoritative civic bureau, organized to help forestall the increasing divorce statistics of Los Angeles County.

His territory takes in Hollywood. And his keen, analytical mind cleaves to the root of the new Hollywood divorce epidemic with astonishing clarity. Here are some of his startling revelations:

“Human nature does not vary much,” says Dr. Popenoe, “even though many every-day people fondly imagine picture stars’ marriages differ vastly from their own. Hollywood marriage is comparable with all marriage—only the circumstances are exaggerated to the extreme limit. There is too much money, too much sex, too much of the glare of publicity. Everything is high-lighted.

“Also, there is no even balance between the emotions and the intellect. Emotion is the driving force, intellect the restraint. Our emotions tell us to go ahead and do a certain thing—but the intellect applies the brakes.

“The emotional life of Hollywood has the upper hand. People there have not adjusted their emotions to life in the *real* world, of which marriage is an integral part. They forget their marriages are conducted at home—not in the studios. But they bring home the unreal emotions and try to apply them to the domestic institution, and it won’t work.”

WE asked Dr. Popenoe if he had treated any cases of unhappy marriage among moving picture actresses and actors. He looked at us in amused surprise.

“Of course not. They do not want their differences straightened out. They want to change. They regard changes as stepping stones to a bigger career. This is because very few motion picture stars have grown up, emotionally.

“They do not consider *remote objectives*.

“Offer a youngster his choice between a piece of candy now, or a quarter next Christmas. Which will he take? Naturally, he considers the immediate recourse, because the infant lives entirely in the present. In his life, there is no past or future.

“The emotionally adult person keeps an even balance between past, present and future.

“This type will not rush into the divorce court the moment some present grievance arrives. He will consider the past—the wife who shared his struggling years. He will give her the credit due for his present achievement. He will think of her future as well as his own . . . a lonely, unshared old age, perhaps, to be faced by one or both of them.

“Next in importance to living entirely in the present, Hollywood marriages fail because of *superficial judgments*. Hollywood is governed by flash—and this carries right on into marriage. Too much importance is placed on vivacity and face value, at the expense of substantial qualities. The vivacious, pretty girl ‘dresses her window’ artfully, and is apt to get a better husband than she deserves. The same applies to the men.

“The emotional life of the baby is centered on his own



Hollywood Marriage?"

By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



wants. He values the people with whom he comes in contact largely by the extent to which they gratify his desires. There are few greater stimulants to the male ego than a beautiful wife. But that built-up ego can be just as rapidly diminished if she turns out to be hyper-critical, nagging and fault-finding. Or if she is overly flirtatious and her vanity demands constant admiration from other men.

"The main ambition of the baby, or emotional infant, is to have his own way—and if he discovers that can be obtained through a tantrum, then he adopts that as his method for dominating everyone around him.

"From all I can understand, the so-called temperament of many stars is nothing more or less than plain 'tantrums'—and a happy marriage has no room for them.

"If the emotional development of an individual progresses no further, he is arrested at that level. Obviously, such an outlook on life is not compatible with the team-work, the give-and-take, which is the fundamental part of a successful marriage.

"The infantile outlook in regard to sex is similar. It is merely a matter of self-gratification. In the early stages of transition to sex-consciousness, any member of the opposite sex is fascinating and thrilling. As development proceeds, this interest gradually is confined to an exclusive and continued preference for *one person*. This marks the adult level of mating.

"Apparently, many actors and actresses have never grown anywhere near that far. Their adult life represents, emotionally, the normal level of early high school years, combined with a strong influence of nursery attitudes.

"Emotionally, they are of course not old enough to marry successfully, being totally unable to narrow their easily scattered interest to one mate.

"If all the emotional concern that one Hollywood actor diffuses over a variety of women were concentrated on his wife—divorce would be unheard-of!"

Dr. Popenoe paused to let that sink in.

"When a person goes through certain patterns of behavior all day long, he cannot easily turn them off at night, as one turns off an electric light, and blot them out completely. They are likely to influence him during the rest of the time. When these patterns, thus played on the stage or on location, are really of actions not compatible with sound family life—or with any kind of wholesome, happy, and useful life, so far as that goes—the individual's success in switching to a different type of behavior when he goes home is likely to be impaired. Thus it may be difficult for a girl to play 'vamp' rôles six days a week and not unconsciously keep up the part on Sundays!

"The lack of children in motion picture marriages is another important factor. The majority of divorces everywhere are among childless couples. In Hollywood, this is especially true. Statistically, every child cuts the danger of divorce in half.

"Another thing wrong with Hollywood marriage," Dr. Popenoe continued, "is the frequent separations caused by the work. It requires unusually strong character in both man and wife to hold up under prolonged and repeated absences. Successful marriage depends largely on a sharing of experiences. When a husband and wife have few significant experiences in common, they naturally lack the mutual interests that would hold them together.

"Finally, there is in some cases more frequent in Hollywood than elsewhere, I presume—a deliberate attempt to break up a marriage by outsiders who want to gain influence or promote their interests in some way. Few persons are immune to flattery, cajolement, lavish entertainment and sex-appeal.

"The childish, self-centered personality found in some picture stars is particularly susceptible. Subjected to such an attack, it is no wonder many a romance collapses.

"For instance, a girl in a small rôle is playing opposite an important male star with a glamorous name and salary. He is married. This presents merely a temporary obstacle to the ambitious girl.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The LAST of the



Brass may glitter just as brightly, but Cecil B. De Mille still demands gold

By Sara Hamilton

gone, leaving only Cecil behind. Unchanged, undimmed and head unbowed.

Gone is Fatty with his block-long limousine. Gone is Norma with her black eyes melting. Gone is Wally, his house closed forever. Gone is Valentino, who bloomed so dark and scarlet and faded so quickly. Gone the pearls from Swanson's hair and even Griffith with his round-and-round-the-mulberry-bush Lillian. Yes, all the carefree life, the light-hearted laughter, the glamour, the romance of old Hollywood is gone. All of it. Except Cecil.

In its place big business, Warner Bros., mergers, talkies, stage stars, heartaches, efficiency, and yes,

Cecil B. De Mille, the lone survivor of a colorful Hollywood that reveled in glamorous extremes, is constantly accompanied, on the set, by his microphone carrier

WHEN Hollywood was really "Follywood"; when Fatty Arbuckle's bright green car, with the ice box built in, reached from Vine Street to Ivar; when Tom Mix dressed up in a blue velvet tuxedo (yes, he did!) and white cowboy hat; when ZaSu Pitts waltzed with her best beau, Tom Gallery, at the old Hollywood Hotel; while notorious blondes ran screaming in and out of the low windows with notorious directors screaming right after them; when Valentino looked on from the outside with yearning eyes; while Wally Reid kept open house; while Norma Talmadge was in full bloom and Garbo was a little girl in Sweden—Cecil B. De Mille was the "God of Hollywood."

He, it was, who jerked the strings while puppets danced, who flashed his jewels and clicked his gold coins and wore his puttees (heaven help us), and his cap on backwards. Who stormed and raged and draped pearls—yards of, them—in Swanson's hair and on Betty Blythe's bare bosom.

De Mille, the symbol of an era, with the era long since



There's plenty of reminiscing when A. Zukor, president of Paramount, and Mr. De Mille get together. They both worked with the old Famous Players outfit

Veteran Showmen

culture, have crept in. Like a tired old lady in her rocking chair, the old Hollywood Hotel still rests on its corner, basking in the sunshine and living in its memories.

Drooping, forlorn and forgotten.

Forgotten, along with the others. Except Cecil. Who goes marching on. In puttees. Linking the glamour of yesterday with the cold business of today. Never changing.

The coins in his pocket still clink out their melody of moods. Lightly they jingle when all is well and the star sits romantically in her bath-tub.

Furiously they jingle when the star slips on the soap, the hero refuses to remain virile, and two extras, three miles away in the last row of the mob scene, fail to register "temptation rebuffed."

The story of that pocket full of gold is typically De Millish. He began by cherishing the first silver dollar he ever earned. And then, bless his heart, he got it mixed with another silver dollar and couldn't tell which was which.

But nothing daunts Cecil for long. He found the two coins made quite an attractive jingle in his pocket. And gradually he added more and more. All gold, this time. Now the \$102 rest contentedly, if not a little heavily,



C. B. introduces a new "discovery" to an old friend. Judith Allen, the feminine lead in De Mille's latest picture, "This Day and Age," meets Elsie Janis

With kingly authority, De Mille strides about the lot, using extravagant gestures and dramatic speeches as he directs, and followed by a large retinue of personal aides

in the pocket of one of his fifty pair of riding breeches.

His undershirt, his shirt, and even his shorts match the jewel that gleams on his little finger. Green shorts and things mean an emerald. White things mean a diamond. And so on. The puttees, he claims, are not puttees but riding boots made especially for him while directing. Which adds infinitely to the confusion, if you ask me. Especially as he is not going riding.

Four (count them) assistant directors flutter nervously about him. Let them fail to flutter nervously, and they're dismissed. Each assistant (yes men, as they are technically called) has his own particular job. Only they never quite find out what it is. Neither does Cecil know.

Nevertheless, they must keep busy on it. Instructing this group of extras. And that group.

Each individual on a De Mille set, from the highest star to the lowest extra, must have his own particular bit of business to perform. His own lines to speak. During each scene. And heaven help everyone if [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

The "NEW DEAL"



THERE'S to be a new deal now in the way of girls, along with other codes which have come to mean so much in industry.

The "NRA" functioning to pull America out of the rut has swung its force in the direction of femininity. And the national recovery of those good, old-fashioned virtues, which have been so casually dissipated in the hectic turmoil of post-war years, is well on its way. The jazz era is over. We've had enough of sirens and flappers and we're ready now for the sedative qualities of sobriety.

Hollywood picture producers awakened one morning to this startling fact and set out in search of a new roster of girls. These men have their ears trained to the pulse of American demand. And they knew, for a certainty, that America was asking for the new deal in girls, the buoyantly radiant beauty which comes from within, touched lightly by the art of the make-up box.

They wanted girls who radiated vitality, stamina, sincerity; the clean-cut, clear-eyed girls of this new era who typify the backbone of our nation and who emulate the sturdiness of our pioneer women; those women who, in the original history-making days of our country, struggled against all physical odds that an ideal might be preserved.

Vitally lovely Jean Parker, for example, whom M-G-M first spotted in an Olympic Games float, was one of these new deal girls to be signed for pictures.

Redheads, brunettes, or platinum blondes—complexions don't matter. What is important is that each of these Junior players chosen by Warner Bros. is brimful of vim, vigor and vitality. Their beauty is youthful, wholesome, natural rather than artificial. Their charm is radiant health, not glamour. That is the cry of another day

She's typical of the sweet girl graduate, yet there's a forcefulness behind those gentle eyes and a determination of purpose even in the soft curves of her pretty mouth. She's the "beat biscuit and fudge" type of beauty against the cloying seductiveness of a caviar queen.

And June Vlassek, an American girl, despite her foreign name, who hails from Minnesota. June has that live, wholesome force which is magnetic. She's the outdoor type, the "rough towel and shower" beauty who doesn't fritter away her time with nonsense. You have only to chat with her a few brief moments to know that behind her life is a definite plan, a plan of action she formulated herself and by which she hopes to attain the heights of stardom. A prairie beauty of the sort who must have descended from stalwart, pioneer ancestors.

WHEN Judith Allen first arrived in Hollywood, a director immediately spotted in her the sort of new deal girl that was going to be in vogue before long. She was "Mari Coleman" then. They said her name aloud, over and over again. It lacked force. It wasn't vital. In other words, it didn't give you the feeling that here was a girl whose standards were those of the new feminine code. So they changed "Mari Coleman" to "Judith Allen." If you say this name aloud to yourself, you'll note the difference.

in GIRLS

Eyes alight with robust health is the new ideal—and the hunt for them is on

By Virginia Maxwell



June Vlasek, promising little Fox starlet, is refreshingly vigorous. Her allure is the result of healthful activity, rigorously pursued



The screen star that shines brightly in the future will be sparkling with energy and as buoyantly peppy as we see Lyda Roberti to be



Vitality and the unsophisticated beauty of carefree youth make Jean Parker irresistible. She's climbing rapidly up the ladder



Dewy eyes and a fresh, flower-like beauty combined with vital alertness won Judith Allen a coveted rôle and a good contract



Gone are the days of languorous eyes and exotic make-up! The demand is for natural, healthy beauty like Betty Furness'

In the *Godey's Ladies' Book* of another generation you might find a type like Judith Allen. Yet this modern version of gentility which she expresses is fired with the strength of a new sort of vital alertness typical of the new girl. She's the type who radiates a sense of loyalty.

The sort of girl who doesn't need orchids and square-cut emeralds to make her happy; who could enjoy the world from the sanctum of home, no matter how humble it might be.

And that brings us to another side of this new deal girl. Along with the physical attractiveness of these girls who have been chosen to represent the new standard of American girlhood, their stories are being chosen to meet modernized situations. So that we shall be seeing a gradual turn-about of plot if Hollywood predictions come true.

Haven't you noticed some of the recent pictures playing up the idealistic girl? We don't mean the high-hat, intellectual beauty, but rather the average girl who places a high value on her affections.

Promiscuous petting and casual love are fast being relegated to the debris heap of outmoded customs. Hip flasks and "hey hey" mannerisms are as passé as last year's hat.

LORETTA YOUNG first showed the new type of girl in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan" when she played that delightful idealistic character of the rural district, the type of girl who fits the new code like a glove.

It was Loretta who set the boy friend on the right track about life, gave him a spiritual boost and brought out the finer qualities of his character. This attitude, you may recall, is in direct contrast to the flapper dolls who but a few years back were dragging out their savage lure to woo the unwily male.

Right out of an exclusive boarding school into Hollywood, is the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Let's Gather 'Round The Goldfish Bowl

And see what the
actors eat and whom
and how they love

By Carl Vonnell

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

THERE'S a printable stanza or two or three from "Songs of Hollywood," an amusing anthology which has never been published, for sufficient reasons—
They go like this:

If I'm gonna take a hubby,
Or divorce the one I've
got;
If I'm gonna have a baby
(In how long, it matters
not!)—
Why, the whole world
knows it,
Though I haven't told a
soul,
'Cause there aren't any secrets
In this GOLD FISH
BOWL . . . !

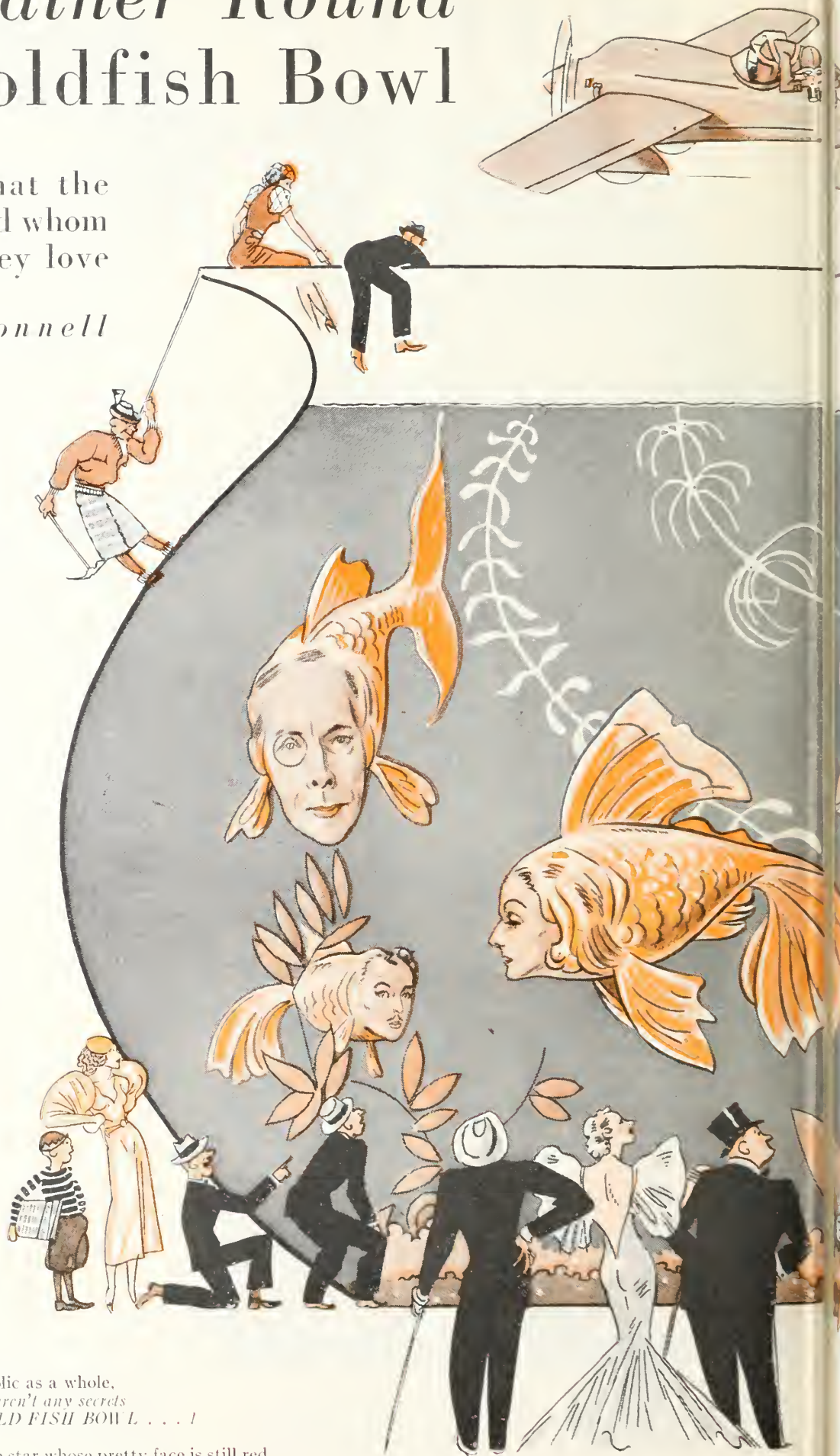
By the way, you know that gag about "Hollywood is the place where a husband reads the paper to find out whether his wife's divorcing him today or not," don't you? Well, in Hollywood they don't think that's funny, any more. It's too true. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., for instance; and Bill Powell, whom Carole Lombard is suing for divorce. . . .

But let's get on with the singing:

What I eat for lunch, for
breakfast;
What I read, and what
I wear;
How I look when taking
sunbaths;
How I get my titian
hair—
Why, it's all wide-open
knowledge

To the public as a whole,
'Cause there aren't any secrets
In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . !

And that reminds me of the star whose pretty face is still red



because she discovered all Hollywood was giggling at the knowledge that her lovely figure is really due to the inventive genius of her hubby, who created a—let's call it a "bandeau"—of rubber, fillable with water to compensate in any desired degree for any inadequacy, upper-thoraxically located,

in Dame Nature's gifts. Well, anyway, there's another stanza—

Just how I lead my love-life;
 If I'm "hot" or if I'm "dead";
 My tactics when in public, and
 My manners when in bed—
 Why, in most clab'rate detail,
 It's like a public scroll;
 'Cause there aren't ANY secrets
 In this GOLD FISH BOWL . . . !

Why, for a movie star, not even a honeymoon is private! One of them returned from hers and discovered that a sweet little bedchamber idea of hers was no secret at all, but a matter of more or less general knowledge. I mean that she'd surprised her new hubby, on the marital night, with a nightgown on which had been embroidered, right over her heart, two little hearts pierced by a Cupid's arrow. And in one heart was her initial, and in the other, her husband's.

CERTAINLY, it's a pretty little gesture, but even so, no bride wants anybody but herself and her hubby to know about things like that.

But after all, there *are* people who have to wash the nighties, and to wash them, they have to see them, and they've got tongues and—well, you know how it is.

And you can also see, can't you, that it's no wonder Hollywoodtown is sometimes called "The Goldfish Bowl" because of its inmates' utter sacrifice of any vestige of privacy, in exchange for their position, fame and fat salaries.

Every now and then, some star—some beautiful lady or some one of your favorite he-actors—nettled beyond endurance by some interviewer's ultra-personal questions, breaks into a rage and shrieks:

"My private life is my own, and it's none of your so-and-so business!"

But even while they say it, they know it isn't so.

They know but too well that, regardless of whether or not it *should be*, their private life is *not* their own, by a long shot! As a matter of fact, there isn't any such thing as a movie star's private life . . . ! Privacy would mean lack of public interest—and lack of public interest means—retirement from the screen.

AND the next time you get tired of being just plain YOU, and begin to wish you were Joan Crawford, stop a moment and put yourself into her place. For a day, say—

She wakes up. Beautiful room, yes—but it just as well might have plate glass walls. It's been pictured, described, written about, endless times. (And as I write this, I recall that only yesterday, a man came to fix the screens on the sunporch of my home. "Nice place y'got here," he condescended, "but I was out to Joan Crawford's house yesterday

[PLEASE TURN TO
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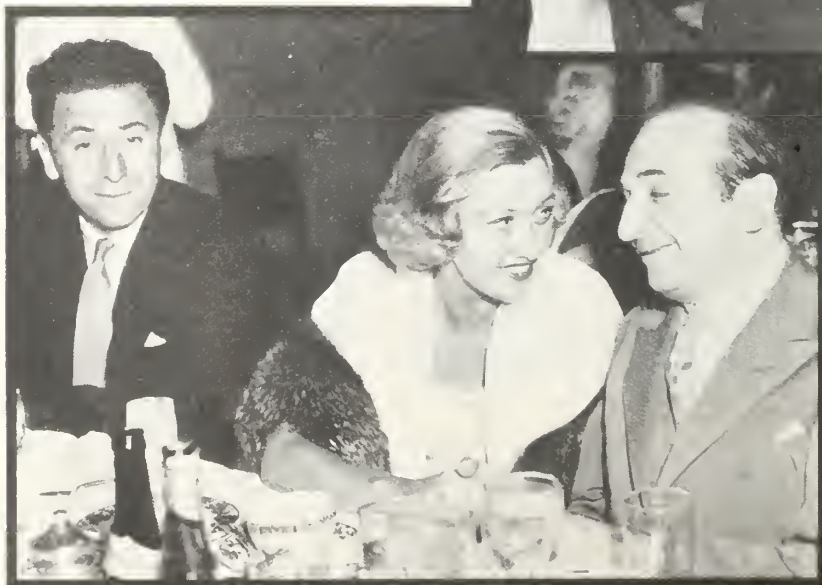
They can't get out of the goldfish bowl, because wherever they go they're recognized! Utter strangers know all the intimate details of their lives. They belong to the public and they can't even enjoy a honeymoon in private



Social



When Stephen Ames came to the Coast recently to visit his wife, Adrienne, they enjoyed all the night spots together, then announced that they had made plans for a temporary separation. No divorce, they say. Just separate paths for a while



Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce were caught by the camera while talking to the English actor, George K. Arthur, at the theater. This picture was taken before the blessed event. For the Gilberts number three now, you know. The baby is a girl

Maybe Evalyn Knapp doesn't like tall stories—or maybe she *does* like ermine wraps. Anyhow, she's turned from Jack Pearl to smile at Louis Shurr, who, they say, always lends his date an ermine cloak. As for Jack—don't worry. He's not lonesome

High-Lights

After dark Hollywood's stars and social lights come out, to dance and dine and be entertained

Staff Photos by William Phillips



That's a proud and adoring glance Mary Brian is bestowing upon Terry Dantzer. And not a crooner in Hollywood will object! Terry, young orchestra leader at the Roosevelt Roof, is Mary's brother. Miss Brian's escort for the evening is Russell Gleason

Oh, it's strictly business—an actress and producer discussing their movie plans. The gentleman is Larry Fox, New York stock broker, who has gone to Hollywood to produce a picture. The lady is Wera Engels, who will star in the movie Larry plans to produce

Sue Carol and Ken Murray are keeping an eye on each other. They are dining at the Miramar Hotel. Looks like Sue's heart wounds are healing. Nick Stuart, from whom she is separated, isn't pouting, either. He's been going places with Bobbe Arnst



He Started LIFE On A Door-Step



Here's a powerful human interest story of a lad bigger and stronger than his environment

By Jim Tully



Wallace Ford was abandoned on the steps of a foundling home. His childhood was a nightmare of temporary adoptions and return trips to the orphanage. A hard climb from the rôle of runaway orphan to that of a successful screen star. Right, Ford with Anita Page in "The Big Cage"

HE was left on the door-step of a Home for Girls. A doctor took him to a Home for Boys. As he was none too clean, he was stripped and taken to what had once been a swimming pool, now empty. A hose was turned upon him. Knocked down by the force of the water, he sprawled pitifully on the slippery cement.

After guessing his age, he was given the name of Sammy Jones. Like most orphans, he wanted to run away.

The years passed.

Life soon became for him, one adoption after another.

He went through the process seven times. The first adoption might have been all right. The woman who adopted him was elderly and kind. Her home was beautiful. The forlorn youngster began to see life through a more brightly colored lens.

His adopted mother died.

In his grief, the boy stole into the room of death and slept upon her coffin. He fought the undertaker when she was taken away. The grief of an orphan is never long considered. He was soon returned to the Home.

His purgatory was now far worse than before. He had ^{not} tasted of heaven.

Five other adoptions followed. Then came the last.

After a fight with another boy, in which a jack-knife was used, the boys were separated, and Sammy Jones, his clothes saturated with blood, was thrown into a padded cell.

All of this happened in Canada.

The superintendent of the Home, according to Sammy Jones, the future Wallace Ford, looked like King George—except that his eyes were much harder. He brought to Sammy's cell, an aged woman and her middle-aged son. They wanted to adopt a boy.

THE superintendent with the hard eyes, showed them Sammy Jones, and said, "He is the worst boy we have in the Home. He is always in a fight."

The old lady's son said, "I guess if I had him on the farm I'd take that out of him mighty quick."

Soon the boy was on a far journey across immense Canada, clear to Manitoba, and beyond to a small village which consisted of a grain elevator, a box car, a telegraph office, and the small railroad station.

The farm, to which the weird old lady, her son, and the vagabond boy drove, was twenty-four miles from the village. The trip was made in silence.

The boy was made to work like [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



AFTER miraculously escaping the clutches of monstrous apes, the screen's greatest scream artist turns to calmer things. Fay Wray, on the set of "Shanghai Madness," looks very lady-like and not at all in danger. She also has a non-horror rôle in "The Bowery." Fay says that narrow escapes and screams do get on your nerves after a while



HERE'S how one of the best figures in Hollywood keeps in shape. Dolores Del Rio enjoys tennis after a hard day's work at the studio on "Dance of Desire." Dolores looks gorgeous in that abbreviated tennis costume—but it must be difficult for her partner to keep his eye on the ball

JUST dishing up a lot of dirt! It's part of Robert Young's home work. After playing around at the studio all day, Bob comes down to earth when he gets home and goes to work in the family garden. The new Mrs. Young is very proud of her flower garden and it keeps Bob busy shoveling and hoeing





GINGER is all set for a high-dive off the boat and a swim in the briny deep. The little Rogers girl was a guest on Charlie Farrell's yachting party. But the voyage was short. Ginger was due at the studio for work on "Broadway Through a Keyhole"

WHEN David Manners decided he wanted an adobe house built in the middle of the desert, he studied the old Mexican-Indian art of brick laying and went to work. David is hauling a wheelbarrow full of desert-mud mortar to bind the adoblar bricks



Robert W. Coburn

"WELL, here's looking at you," says little Barrie Gargan. "Milk in your eye!" and he clinks glasses (of milk) with his father, William Gargan. Barrie has all kinds of ideas about what to do with his father's spare time. A new heir was recently born into the Gargan family. And is Barrie proud of his little brother! Another playmate!

It's A Woozy World says Woolsey

By Hilary
Lynn

AMERICA'S champion cigar twister chewed pensively on his bombshell—the twenty-ninth he'd had that day—and those owlish eyes behind the tortoise shell specs grew thoughtfuller and thoughtfuller.

"So you want a few pungent remarks on world travel? Ah ha!" He eyed me dubiously. "Well, how's this for a beginning? Travel makes the heart grow fonder—hold on a minute; don't put it down yet—for America!"

All of a sudden and all of a piece, strong-armed Woolsey sprang out of his chair and approached me menacingly. I shrank back, but he fixed me with those compelling lenses, and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "Can you stand the truth, girlie?" he snarled. "Well, whether you can or not, you're going to get it!" And the plastered-down hair on both sides of the famous Woolsey part stood up.

"Speaking for myself—it's impossible to speak for that guy, Wheeler—I'd say that this 'round-the-world business is plain torture. Believe me, the Orient's no place for a comic! Showing a funny man to an Asiatic is like showing a chunky side of beef to a jolly old lion! They just gobble you up. Maybe it's because they haven't any screaming comedies of their own



The Woolseys couldn't escape cameras on their trip around the world. That Black Arabian Knight between them is Mr. Wheeler. Can't fool us! Bert tried to introduce new shades for autumn in Arabia

there. As far as I could make out, a good play in Japan is just a sitting contest. The actors come out, make a bow and squat. Maybe they talk and maybe they don't. But the fellow that outsits the others is the winner.

"And that's not the only funny thing about the Orient. Can you feature living in a country where kissing is strictly prohibited? That's Japan for you. Not a kiss in a carload!

"It's funny, too, how ideas of decency change with geography. In China, a woman can show as much of her legs as she wants above her stumpy feet (the stumpier, the more beautiful they are to Chinese men). But to show a square inch of neck is considered as indecent as appearing nude on Broadway. Between you and me and the door-post, I bet Marlene couldn't get a flicker from Peking to Hong Kong."

Woolsey, that masculine mass of muscles, shook his head dolorously. "Don't ever let anyone tell you, honey, that when in the Orient you should do as the Orientals do. What a mistake we made!

"**Y**OU see, the Japanese have invented the neat idea of making their women walk four paces in back of them on the street. Now, that sounded like an excellent idea to Bert and me. Bert even suggested it would be good practice for my wife. Like a chump, I accepted his weak-brained suggestion, and we made her walk behind us, all through Japan and China. Sometimes we didn't even answer her when she spoke to us, just to show her, once and for all, who was ruling the roost. But would you believe it—that woman didn't even appreciate the idea! It just made her mad! And her treatment of me all the way to Singapore [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Woolsey would rather walk a mile than ride one! It was the cigar, not Robert, the camel didn't like. And the humps, not the camel, bothered Bob

Cal York

Announcing-



The skipper and the first mate are called out on deck to face the camera. Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, treat their Hollywood friends to some smooth sailing aboard the Farrell yacht, "Flying Cloud." Aye, aye, Captain! No rocks ahead, and the seas are calm—so ho for a fine trip!

A CUSTOMER of a certain Hollywood beauty parlor drew back the curtain of a certain booth by mistake and stood there, rooted to the spot by what she saw.

For there sat Connie Bennett and a little manicurist, each eating half a ham sandwich and taking turns with one spoon, eating cole slaw out of a paper carton.

MEMBERS of the "Dancing Lady" company were in the projection room, running rushes. There was a scene where Joan Crawford, as a cheap burlesque girl, is brought to her rich boy friend's home for the first time. And just as the scene started and Joan, on the screen, registered a sickly, miserable grin, Joan, sitting looking at it, remarked: "You know, that's exactly the way I felt the first time I went up to Pick-fair."

MAE WEST, who wears tights in her new picture, "I'm No Angel," has a reason.

After "She Done Him Wrong" was shown throughout the country, letters poured in to ask if Mae wore those long dresses because she liked them or because her—er—limbs needed covering.

It burned Mae up. Rushing into a producer's office she yanked up her skirt and said, "Give a look. Have I legs or not? Well, I'll show 'em I have, in the next one."

And so came the tights, little children.

IMAGINE your surprise to find out that the Best-Dressed Man on the Screen hasn't paid for a suit of clothes in ten years!



You have to have nifty under-pinnings to go to a kid's party, if you're a woman. You have to have knickers, if you're a man. So Dorothy Mac-kail, George E. Stone and Constance Talmadge were all properly garbed for the "When-we-were-seven" party which Connie Talmadge threw

All was revealed when twenty-five suits of Adolphe Menjou's personal wardrobe were delivered to the Fox Studio, to be used in "The Worst Woman in Paris."

Menjou was asked to place a value on them—and replied that he hadn't the faintest idea what they were worth!

"But what if something should happen to

them," was the alarmed answer. "In that case, I have fifty more at home," replied Menjou.

And the reason he didn't know the value of the suits was because tailors in all parts of the world make his clothes and present them to him.

All he has to do is wear them!

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Mary Pickford packed her troubles in an old kit bag and left the bag behind her while she went to the Cocoanut Grove to enjoy a gay evening with old friends. The gentleman with Mary is Adolph Zukor, veteran movie producer, who knew her long before the days of Pickfair and love that is past



Three-fourths of the Barthelmess family venture out in the noon day sun to lunch at the Beverly Hills Derby: Stuart Sergeant, his mother, Jessica Barthelmess, and Dick. Little Mary Hay is the absent member. Dick is still being very cautious because of a threat, a while back, to kidnap Mary

WHAT'S happened to Doug and Mary? Is a reconciliation in sight?

With Mary's announcement that Pickfair is not for sale and the declaration that Doug is "absolutely not" going to live in England, there is ground for surmising that the great romance in movie history may be re cemented.

COMMENTS to the contrary, Garbo still insists upon being her own secretive self.

Recently, when Mrs. Vertel, one of her closest friends, was giving a dinner party for a few intimates, Tala Birell walked in.

Garbo immediately covered her face with her hands.

It took Mrs. Vertel almost the rest of the

evening to convince the Swedish actress that Tala was also a dear friend, and not merely a casual acquaintance who just happened to drop in.

When she had convinced her Garbo lowered her hands and let Tala see her face.

THE marriage of Thelma Todd and Pat di Cicco, son of New York's broccoli king, is under the fire of rumor.

A friend of Thelma's describes her as denying that a separation impends.

"Why, I wrote him a lot of letters while I was in Europe," Thelma is quoted as saying. "Three."

And three letters in three months—well, what do you think?

THE first extra announcing the separation of William Powell and Carole Lombard, had scarcely hit the gutter before they were saying in Hollywood that the next Mrs. Powell would be chosen from the extra ranks.

"YOU know," a very close friend of Joan Crawford remarked recently, "I don't think Joan will ever allow herself to fall deeply in love again. Joan is too intense about everything. A thing that concerns her vitally, takes all her interest, all her time, and all her thoughts.

"And Joan is so anxious to keep ahead in her work, she knows falling in love would be fatal to her career."

All of which must be no end of depressing news for one Franchot Tone, who doesn't even try to hide his feelings for Joan.

There's work to do on the set



If Roscoe Karns would remove the hat, maybe Jack LaRue and Shirley Grey would take him seriously. There's no privacy in Hollywood, anyhow! Even Oscar the burro had to come butting in on the party. But Oscar says he will be very glad to kick in on the check

PAULETTE GODDARD, who heretofore has declined to make any comment on reports she and Charlie Chaplin are secretly married, has finally thought up an answer.

"What do you think?" she replied to all inquiries.

THE countess Zanardi-Landi certainly can cook! She's Elissa's mother, you know, and descended directly from the imperial Austrian family.

When Elissa entertains, the Countess rises at six A. M. and prepares the epicurean delicacies with her own hands. Her luncheons start at one and are still going strong at five. One of her choicest dishes is cold breast of chicken served with a specially made paprika sauce that defies description—even in Hollywood!

SEEN on a theater marquee:

"It's Great To Be Alive
With Edna May Oliver."

Well, maybe you're right!

HERE'S a sign Hollywood always takes seriously: When the "little woman" starts redecorating *his* dressing room. Joan Crawford

has just put the finishing touches on Franchot Tone's.

THE pressing problem bothering Una Merkel these days is just this: If she has her tonsils out, will she lose her Southern accent?

IT sounds fantastic but there seems to be just enough foundation to the yarn to make it interesting, and that is, when her next picture is completed, Greta Garbo will marry Rouben Mamoulian, the director of the piece.

THE cabled dispatch from England, hinting at a romance between Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Gertrude Lawrence, stage star, gave Hollywood quite a chuckle.

Douglas will not be free to marry for almost a year, his divorce from Joan Crawford lacking many months of being final, and with his sculpting and his poetry and his play acting, he probably will have changed his mind a dozen times before the wedding day rolls around.

RUTH CHATTERTON seems to be the only casualty of the strike in the Hollywood studios.

The first day the men walked out at Warner Bros.-First National, Ruth got hit on the head by a microphone but—it was almost entirely



East meets West—and many will tell you that blonde Mary McCormic is a yellow peril, too! The opera star, who is making her movie debut in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," found the little Chinese youngster wandering about the set and took him for a ride in an old American rickshaw

But between scenes they can play

her own fault, according to her version of the story. Maybe the new men handling the mike were a bit inexperienced but, in an event, they were a little slow in clearing it out of the way.

Ruth, who had been sitting down for the scene, got up, bumping her head against the heavy instrument.

She was able to resume work the next day.

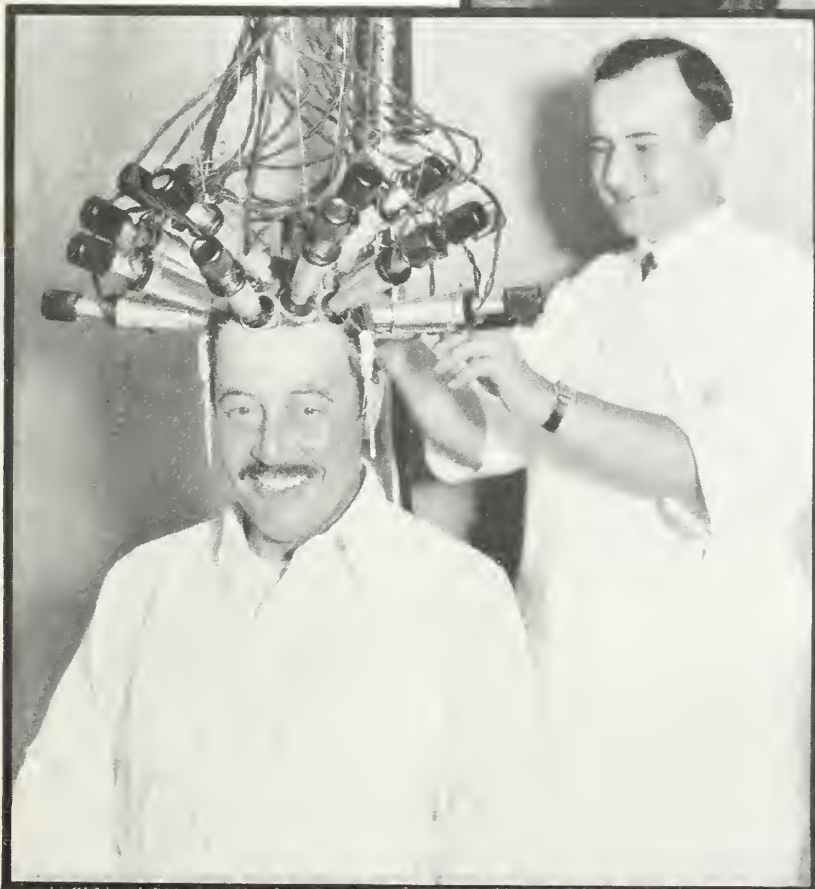
RUMORS that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were going to kiss and make up died a quick death when Lew threw a big birthday party for Ginger Rogers and gave her a beautiful leather bag complete with carved coral fittings.

A LOT of actors who have been making pictures for yeas and yeas—and some of whom have saved their dough, too, are somewhat baffled. They wonder how Jack LaRue, a comparative newcomer, can afford to throw dice with big-shot executives, at a hundred smacks a throw. Gosh, he can't *always* win.

SEPARATION Department: Gloria Stuart and her husband, Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, have taken up residence in different houses. They say no divorce—just a trial separation to see how it works out.



Jackie Cooper doesn't believe in wasting his valuable time. He's practicing ventriloquism between scenes of "Show World." His playmate, who is so much amused at Jackie's efforts, is Romeo, the Eskimo youngster brought down to Hollywood from the Arctic



Globe

Lots of men wouldn't admit it! But Warner Oland doesn't mind telling you about his permanent. And the proof's in the picture! Oh, it's grown out by now. Warner had the wave put in when he stopped being Fu Man-Chu and took to character rôles. Villains never do have curly locks

Divorces: Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou. Judith Allen and Gus Sonnenberg, wrestler (pending).

Marriages: Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams. Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee might be married by transatlantic telephone 'cause they can't wait.

Babies: Skeets Gallaghers—a girl.

Romantic rumors continue to float around about M. Chevalier and Jacqueline Francelle, who closely resembles Chevalier's ex.

SOUND motors were turning, cameras began to grind, when Una Merkel, in the glare of the Klieg lights, felt something slip.

"Well," said Una afterwards, "at least nobody can say I lost 'em in the stock market!"

NILS ASTHER rode his own personal horse in "Storm at Daybreak," a magnificent big black animal, "Chief," which he has owned for seven years.

He says "Chief" is so responsive to the tone of his master's voice that he never has to use the reins at all.

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"There are 7 Kinds

This interview with Carole Lombard reveals the seven various kinds of love she has experienced in her own life. Her statements were made some time before her action for divorce from William Powell. As a consequence, this article has an unusually interesting angle. It brings up the question, "How can we be sure?"



Carole thought her marriage with William Powell would last because theirs was a love of give and take, a romance of opposites

CAROLE says that the most conceited thing anyone can do is to try to define or describe *love*. Every great one from Solomon down has attempted to do it. But none has succeeded.

And so, said Carole, in spite of all this failure, she would nevertheless give her version of love.

There are, claims Carole, seven kinds of love, not one. And she should know, because she has personally experienced all seven, and love, she says, you can know only from intimate experience.

"To begin with, there is Child Love, and let no one say that a child cannot be in love. I mean, *in love*. No one could tell me differently, because I was in love when I was eight years old. The very Impossible He was eleven, and he was named Ralph Pop. You may gauge the extent of my passion by the fact that at an age when the names of Percival and Ronald and Curtis and so on were romantic names to me, I was able to idealize the name of Pop."

Carole was, she explained, as madly in love with what-a-man Pop as ever she has been since with any man! It was a completely adult passion in every one of its manifestations. She wrote him ardent love notes, rather smudgy, but none the less burning and intense. She waited in agonies of alternating hope and fear for the answers that never came. She suffered, then, the torments of unrequited love. She knew sleepless nights and feelings of faintness and the desire for death. She fought tooth and nail, actually and physically fought off other girls who seemed to hover 'round him. She dreamed of the day when she would be Mrs. Pop and they would live together in a cottage by the sea, and there would be lots of babies tumbling about.

"I tell you I was *in love* with Ralph Pop," Carole said, "and even now, after all these years, I can't *really* laugh at it, or about it. I felt all the pain, all the actual intense emotion, all the hurt pride and baffled hope of a woman for a man. Don't ever laugh at a child in love. *Really, don't. It hurts.*

"**T**HEN there is Emotional Love. The love that is nothing but emotion. I suppose it would be called, baldly, physical love, because that is all there is to it. I had that experience, too, when I was in my 'teens. I was so crazy about a boy named Clive that I could think of nothing but making opportunities to be alone with him. I didn't care about anything but being alone with him, because all I wanted from him were his kisses, his love-making.

"I didn't want to *talk* to him. I had nothing to say to him and he had nothing to say to me, nothing I was interested in hearing. We hadn't one taste in common. We didn't think alike. I didn't want to do things with him, go places, or play games, or read books or anything like that.

"The whole point was that I *loved* him, but I did not *like* him. If the quality of emotion had been subtracted from the little affair, there would have been nothing left. So many girls *marry* that kind of a love. Their senses fool their brains. It's too bad, because the instant the emotion, the passion dies away, there is nothing left. And two strangers find themselves living together and, usually, two *enemies*.

"Then there is the Love Ideal. That is, an ideal built up by yourself, out of your own mind, created by something you have read or dreamed about or imagined.

"You build this ideal in your own mind and heart, and then you attach it to the first presentable male who happens to come along. You build your ideal to the proportions of a god, and then attach it to the boy next door, or some casual caller, or some man you

of LOVE”

says

Carole Lombard

to Gladys Hall

How many kinds have you had? The seventh, which she thought ideal, proved otherwise

have seen somewhere and who seems to fit the self-made picture.

“Nine times out of ten, the ideal doesn’t fit the person in any respect. He wears your ideal of him as a man wears a hat several sizes too large or too small.

“I had that experience, too. It is the love that always leaves a faint, sad fragrance, like the breath of lavender, in your memory. Perhaps because it was so perfect, being an illusion.

“AT any rate, I had created my own image of the ideal man. I’d read a lot of poetry and things. I was at that age. I planned out the kind of things this ideal man would do, the flowers he would send to commemorate, sensitively, certain shared and lovely hours. I dreamed of the gallantries he would exhibit, the songs he would sing, the lyrical names he would call me, the poetic things he would want to do with me. And when my ideal was all built and ready-to-wear, I met a stolid, commonplace lad and forthwith pinned my ideal to his rather prosaic chest.

“I waited—on tip-toe—and nothing happened. For weeks and even months, I *made* myself read into his babbitty words things he had never meant to say. I answered him with flights of imagery that left him dumb—and a little cross. I interpreted his rather unimaginative actions into the shining deeds of my own mind. I worked over that love as I never have over any other.

“And then, at last, I had to realize that the poor boy’s feet were clay, wingless clay. So much so, that they had trampled my ideal right under them. It took me a long time to learn that lesson because, of all loves, the love you create yourself is the hardest to kill, takes the longest time to die.

“There is,” Carole continued, cataloging the love classifications on the tips of her pointed fingers, “the Love-on-the-Rebound. Which usually follows some such disappointment as the death of the Love-Ideal. It did with me. You feel so lonely after you have lived with an ideal of your own making for a long while, and then find yourself bereft of it. It must be like giving birth to a fairy child and losing him.

“At any rate, after my Love Ideal was gone I turned to the nearest boy at hand. He was a lad I’d known for years and had never even thought of falling in love with. But then I discovered that my Ideal Love was nothing more nor less than a dream I had dreamed. I thought that love would never come to me. I was afraid of being lonely. I was slightly and very dramatically bitter. I talked a great deal about disillusionment



Carole says she was seriously in love at the age of eight and since then has experienced all the loves in her catalog of seven

and the lamed heart of the world. I was in that phase. The boy listened to all of my young, self-conscious grief and world-weariness. He did all the things I had wanted my ideal to do. He sent flowers on certain days and sang sweet, sad songs to me, and remembered places we had gone together and what I had worn the first time we danced together, and all sorts of things like that.

“I tried to believe that I was in love with him. I told myself that *he* was *real*. But I had gotten over fooling myself after that last experience. He had a funny nose, and I couldn’t make it straight. He had a funny curly mouth, and I couldn’t make it into the mouth of a Galahad. He talked all the time and said funny things, and I couldn’t recreate him into the stern and silent type.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

The Virgin Queen

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

*One day George A.
Strolled in on Mae.*

Said George:

"Dear Miss West, please accept this abrupt
introduction,
"For I hope you'll consider a dual production."

Said Mae:

"So at last you come to see muh, huh?
"I kinda thought yuh wouldn't stay away."

Said George:

"May I thank you? You truly are gracious;
"I am heartened to mention a project
audacious.
"Each producer, each author, each studio office.
"Is demanding some films by Mae West and
George Arliss."

Cooed Mae:

"That'd be some team. . . .
Yuh know what I mean . . . !"

Said George:

"Ah, indeed, yes! But let me get on with my duty,
"Though it make me appear to be slighting
great beauty.
"From the glorious pages of Albion's history,
"We have chosen a tale of romance and of
mystery—"

*At that the Diamond Gal got curious,
Queried in cooing tones luxurious,*

"Come on, big boy, spill it! The gag?"

Cried George:

"Ah, Miss West, in our co-starring tale you'll
be seen,
"As Elizabeth, England's superb Virgin
Queen!"

"What, me!" cried Mae, in agitation,
"Do that, and ruin my reputation—"

Soothed George:



"You truly are gracious. I am heartened to mention a project audacious"

"Please do not be alarmed. This just needs elucidation;

"'Virgin Queen' is a term that requires interpretation—"

"Oho!" said Mae. "Why, then okay;
"That's just the dish for me to play—"

Said George:

"You accept, my dear lady! My word, that is charming!

"There remains one condition, all critics disarming.

"Since Elizabeth held so supreme a position,
"We felt sure you would welcome some help with your diction."

*With that he handed her his present,
A book as huge as he could carry.
Mae took one look, then shrieked;
The volume was a dictionary!*

"Big boy, I like your nerve!" she cried;
"I've never had my pride so tried.
"Just know that I don't need that stuff;
"I can make muh meanin' plain enough.
"When I set out to have my say,
"You bet your hat I gotta way,
"Which every man can understand."

*She let her hips sway,
While George cried in dismay,*

"My dear lady, I just thought I should bring this,
"And also say I would gladly impart the King's English!"

"Oh, yeah?" said she. "Well, I'm no fool;
"I'm wise to what they call 'old school'—"

*In a fit of most furious rage
She started ripping the book page by page,
He could merely emit hums and haws
Till a startling new notion brought pause—*

"I say!" she mused. "It might be so—
"Put on your act! Let's go!"

"Well, you see," he replied, "it's in the inflection.
"Both the lips must be moved in the proper direction."

"Oho!" said Mae. "Please demonstrate;
"This has a chance to turn out great—"

So he pursed both his lips and he said, "Please discern,
"That to each little sound you must give the right turn—"

"I know," said Mae, "but I can't see
"When you're so far away from me.
"Come near—yes, nearer yet;
"There's somethun there I gotta get—"

* * *

And then their lips met.

* * *

*There was a sizzling, burning sound,
Then as Old English to the ground
Did slump, and fall, into his eyes
Came mingled joy and great surprise.*

"Ah, dear me!" he did murmur. "It is perfect, divine—
"Dear Miss West, your inflection is better than mine!"

*And as his soul passed slowly away
Our Mae only smiled and let her hips sway. . . .*



Into his eyes came mingled joy and great surprise. "It is perfect, divine—"



How Sylvia Tamed "Jumpy Nerves" for Gloria Swanson

Sadie Thompson, the character Gloria played when Sylvia first met her. And Gloria herself, like Sadie, proved to be taut as a violin string

I ADORE Laura Hope Crews. She's a grand woman and I wanted to do everything I could for her; but when she told me one day that Gloria Swanson was her best friend and she wanted me to take her I said, "Nothing doing!"

I'd already heard about Gloria. There aren't any secrets in Hollywood, and I knew that she had a habit of keeping people waiting. Well, I was too busy to wait on stars, no matter how important they were.

That's what I told Laura, but every morning when I treated her all I heard was, "Poor Gloria, she's so fatigued. Poor Gloria, she's so run down." And finally one morning she said, "Sylvia, I'm going to stop begging you to take poor Gloria. You've just got to take her—that's all."

My first appointment with La Swanson was for nine P.M., but at seven I got a call from the studio saying she would be an hour late. That was nothing new for Hollywood, so I drove up to Gloria's mansion at ten o'clock.

A very solemn butler let me in and told me to walk up the big stairs with the mulberry carpets. There a very chic French maid showed me into a little den, the walls of which were decorated with sketches that the Marquis had done (Gloria was married to Hank then), and a lot of amusing French books.

Pretty soon the butler came in with a tray of tiny sandwiches and a long chilled glass. After that I must have dozed off, for the next thing I heard was Laura's voice calling, "Yoo hoo, Sylvia, here we are." It was half past eleven, so the first time I took Gloria I had to wait! Gosh, I knew it!

I had to wait some more while Gloria took her perfumed bath and then I began to work on her. She wanted to reduce her tummy and her waistline, but I saw that what she really needed was nerve treatment, for she was as nervous and as sensitive as a race-horse. And no wonder Laura kept calling her "poor Gloria!" She was worn out. As I began to treat her she looked up at me and murmured, "My, Sylvia, that feels good."



One glimpse of Gloria at work as Sadie, though, such as the scene above, is ample to explain her worn, nervous state. Nobody keys herself to such a pitch, or throws herself into rôles, more than Gloria. No wonder Sylvia was needed!

When I left her she was sound asleep. But I wasn't. It was three A.M., too. I got home at sunrise.

The next day a man called and asked me if I would like to be put under contract by Miss Swanson.

"Right now," I told him, "there's not a star wealthy enough to have me exclusively."

"Maybe not a star—but a studio," he said. And then he told me he was Joseph Kennedy, at that time the head of Pathe Studios, so although I went to Pathe to treat all the stars, Gloria was one of my main charges.



FOR years Sylvia, America's foremost physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood's court of last resort for problems in her field. Now she tells every month in PHOTOPLAY how she helped some well-known star conquer a problem of health or appearance, threatening her career.

Sylvia also tells how these wonder-working treatments may be applied by anyone right in the home—and better than that, she has agreed to answer all personal queries on such matters. On page 92 you'll find many of her answers and how to obtain her help. Turn there now!

It's easy to understand why she was considered the queen of that lot. Glamour is written all over her and besides she is one of the most charming stars I know, but she certainly led me a merry chase.

Once I waited six hours for her, but she was such a kid when she was in a playful mood that you had to forgive her anything. When we were late for the studio we used to race down Washington Boulevard, go through all the stop signals as Gloria—with her hair flying—waved and yelled at the astonished cops.

One night she asked me to stay all night so I could treat her first thing in the morning. I told her I didn't have a toothbrush.

"Look," she said and took a dozen new ones out of the cabinet in the bathroom. I said I didn't have any pajamas. She opened up a drawer and showed me a hundred night-gowns, each one more beautiful and sheer than the other. So what can you do with a person like that? I stayed.

But just as I was dropping off to sleep in one of the twin beds in Gloria's room, I felt something like a cake of ice on my stomach. It was Gloria's ice cold toe. She thought that was a big joke, but I didn't think it was amusing. So I sneaked out of the house at six A.M. and wouldn't answer my telephone until ten.

One of the reasons that Gloria is so nervous is that she puts her heart and soul in everything she does. I've seen her playing hide-and-seek in her gar-



But behold the Gloria who learned to rest and relax! As different from the worn Gloria as the sun is from cloud! Sylvia (above) tells how all high-strung girls achieve the same results

den with some friends, and she does that as energetically as she works. She works like a fiend.

Naturally, when a person is nervous, it shows in the face. And a star has to have a beautiful face. But you nervous girls just look at yourselves in the mirror. You'll see plenty of lines and drawn muscles. And if you want to be lovely you've got to work those away—just as I did for Gloria.

Twice every day that I was with her I gave her a facial. That was to soothe the nerves as well as take off her double chin, which was beginning to show. Gloria's studio paid me lots of money for those facials, which you can do yourself.

Listen—you must never, never pull the skin of the face. I believe in being plenty vigorous when you're working on a lump of fat on the body; but the face is different. Yet if wrinkles are to come off and muscles to be relaxed, every bit of the face has to be treated.

With a thick coating of cold cream work with the fingers in a gentle rotating movement. And slowly, slowly you'll [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Another of Sylvia's noted "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for famous stars

And don't miss Sylvia's helpful answers to girls, on page 92!

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

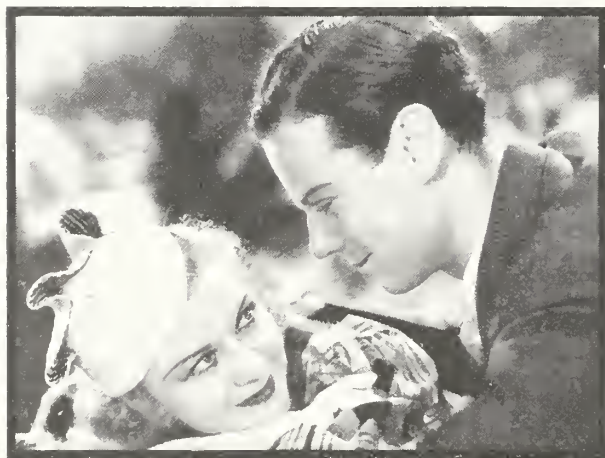


★ *THE MORNING GLORY*—RKO-Radio

FOLLOWERS of Katharine Hepburn should find this a complete evening of what they like. It's Katharine at her superb best—and not much else—from beginning to end.

The story has to do with a naive but ambitious girl from Vermont who's determined to get ahead on the New York stage. Right at the start comes something that nobody but a Hepburn could handle—an immensely long monologue, in which she talks the arm off everybody she meets. But thanks to Hepburn art, she makes you like it.

The rest of it is carried in pretty much the same way, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. giving one of his best performances, as the young playwright willing to cast her, and Adolphe Menjou as a producer of mixed motives and morals. Mary Duncan good, too—but it's Katharine's show.



★ *RAFTER ROMANCE*—RKO-Radio

HERE'S one of those pictures bristling with plot situations that simply couldn't work out as shown, but that you like for its sheer fun and entertainment value.

Ginger Rogers is the snappy girl who can't pay her rent, so gets moved into the attic by her crusty landlord, George Sidney. Another delinquent, artist Norman Foster, is sent aloft too, for the same reason—but it's all right because Ginger's out all day selling refrigerators, and Norman's eating, thanks to a job as a night watchman.

Each hates the unknown fellow tenant—or thinks so, neither one dreaming, when they meet and strike up an affair outside, who the other really is. From that you can guess the comic build-up—and with Laura Hope Crews, Robert Benchley and others helping, you won't be disappointed.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THIS DAY AND AGE*—Paramount

WHEN Cecil B. De Mille is in the directorial chair, we expect plenty of color, drama, and skilled use of mob hysteria. In this one he comes up to all expectations and then some—with a story that's bound to arouse controversy all over the land, both as to theme and performance.

The story is a shrewd and bitter hit at the seeming inability of public authority to cope with gangsters, built up to a powerful and hair-raising climax. Charles Bickford is the gangster who, failing to exact tribute from a kindly, mild-mannered neighborhood tailor, slays him. Then the authorities go through their futile legal hocus-pocus, and Bickford stands vindicated by acquittal.

This so enrages high school boys who were fond of the tailor, that they take up the job the authorities have muffed. Led by Richard Cromwell, Eddie Nugent and Ben Alexander, who turn in marvelous performances, they go after the evidence, while their girl companion, Judith Allen, becomes enmeshed with one of Bickford's gunmen.

Murder of one of the boys, horrible torture of Bickford, and a grand mob scene featuring the boys triumphant, are the resulting high points in this bill of fare of extremely strong meat.

When it ends, you'll have all sorts of questions about the propriety of it all—but no doubt whatever that you've seen one of the season's strongest films.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THIS DAY AND AGE
THE MORNING GLORY
THREE-CORNERED MOON
TUGBOAT ANNIE

THE MAN WHO DARED
RAFTER ROMANCE
ANOTHER LANGUAGE
HER FIRST MATE

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Cromwell in "This Day and Age"
Charles Bickford in "This Day and Age"
Katharine Hepburn in "The Morning Glory"
Mary Boland in "Three-Cornered Moon"
Helen Hayes in "Another Language"
John Beal in "Another Language"
Marie Dressler in "Tugboat Annie"
Wallace Beery in "Tugboat Annie"
Victor Jory in "The Devil's in Love"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ THE MAN WHO DARED—Fox

HERE'S the life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from his start as an immigrant coal mine boy to his end at the hand of an assassin, while accompanying President-elect Roosevelt through Miami. And lest you wonder whether this will be entertaining, let us say right away that if you count a gripping portrayal of American life and political ways good entertainment, you'll have plenty here.

After Jay Ward has done the boy *Jon Novak* (*Jon* is, of course, Cermak), Preston Foster takes over the rôle, while the film paints the old rough-and-tough, brawling, lusty Chicago of early days, as far back as the great Chicago fire of 1871. From there Preston and Chicago move forward together, with Preston battling his way upward and giving an excellent characterization all the way, as well as an authentic picture of Chicago politics, good and bad.

Aiding Preston are Zita Johann, his wife, Leon Waycoff and Irene Biller, his immigrant parents, while Frank Sheridan adds an excellent unsavory politician. The picture owes much of its balance to them.

There, then, you have what this film offers, and you can see that its appeal lies, not in dramatic "situations" or emotional appeal, but in its interesting record of an American public career, as these are so often lived. As such, it can be called a fine job, well done.



★ THREE-CORNERED MOON—Paramount

A LAUGH from the first moment to the end. Vague and incompetent mama Mary Boland has invested and lost all the family money; then proceeds to move through what follows in a befuddled state of mind and an ostrich-trimmed negligée.

The result should be a tragedy. Instead, it's a laugh riot. The grown children, Claudette Colbert, Wally Ford, Tom Brown and Billy Bakewell go about getting jobs, while Claudette's boy friend (Hardie Albright), a dreamy and poverty-stricken author, moves in with the family.

Dr. Stevens (Richard Arlen) also helps out by renting a room in the home and falls in love with Claudette. Thereby making the mix-up worse than ever—and helping you laugh off your own troubles. And that's something!



★ ANOTHER LANGUAGE—M-G-M

TWO things lend this remake of a stage success its value. One is the homely, everyday theme—a narrow, opinionated family making life unbearable for a bride brought into it by a husband who's under a dominating mother's thumb.

The other is the superb, subtle character drawing achieved by a grand cast, headed by Helen Hayes as the bride.

For most, these two advantages will redeem the woefully slow development, up to the wife's final rebellion. Helen, as you would expect, is perfect, while the late Louise Closser Hale does the mother wonderfully. Henry Travers adds one of his delightful helpless fathers, and John Beal is great as the nephew smitten with puppy love. The one slight disappointment might be Bob Montgomery in a slow rôle.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



**TUGBOAT ANNIE—
M-G-M**



MARIE DRESSLER plies the Seattle waterfront with her decrepit tugboat *Narcissus*. Hubby Wally Beery's tipping brings ruin and enrages their son, Bob Young, captain of a smart steamer—until Bob's steamer gets in trouble, and the *Narcissus* appears. This rescue climax may sound old, but just wait till you see how it's done! Movies rarely have offered a better thrill! Finely acted; Maureen O'Sullivan pleasing.



**HER FIRST MATE—
Universal**



SLIM SUMMERVILLE sells peanuts on the night boat to Albany, but ZaSu Pitts thinks he's first mate. Still, knowing his yen to be a captain, ZaSu takes the family savings of five thousand dollars and buys him a ferry-boat that promptly blows up. Una Merkel, his pain-in-the-neck sister, thickens the plot, which gets hilariously funny, with dumber and dumber tricks all around. You'll love it.

**F. P. 1.—
Fox-Gaumont
British-UFA**



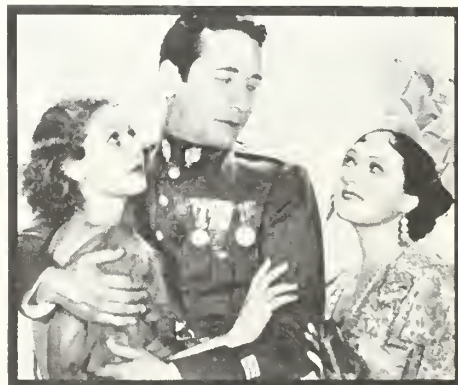
FLOATING PLATFORM ONE is built in mid-ocean as a landing field for transatlantic air service. Building it and preserving it from unscrupulous attacks first unite and then break up the triumvirate of aviator, played by Conrad Veidt, inventor, Leslie Fenton, and the English girl, Jill Esmond. Interesting photography, Veidt's virile acting, Fenton's adequacy, and plot suspense make this novel idea a thriller.

**MIDNIGHT CLUB—
Paramount**



IMPROBABLE in spots and lacking the vim and zest of a good crook picture, this story of a detective who plays crook to catch crooks, still remains fairly amusing entertainment. George Raft seems a bit miscast as the detective who falls in love with Helen Vinson, a thief, while Clive Brook is a bit too suave a villain. Sir Guy Standing, Alison Skipworth and Alan Mowbray adequate.

**THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE—
Fox**



WARMED-over Foreign Legion ideas, built into fair entertainment. Victor Jory, army surgeon at a French post in Morocco, is falsely accused of murdering the brutal commander. His pal, David Manners, helps him escape. Across the border he meets Loretta Young—to find later that she is affianced to his pal. All okay in the end, of course. Colorful atmosphere helps the fine cast put the time-worn story over.

**BIG EXECUTIVE—
Paramount**



ANOTHER of those stock market things. It gets pretty boggled before the end, and turns out to be a character study of an erratic financial mogul, played by Richard Bennett. Ricardo Cortez, as the big executive, seems embarrassed by the whole thing, and you never do find out if he shot his superfluous wife on purpose. A lot of handsome production and Elizabeth Young as heroine, with a weak story.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**THE
WRECKER—**
Columbia



HE-MAN Jack Holt, boss of a house-wrecking gang, develops fondness for George Stone, a Jewish junk man, and for Sidney Blackmer, his employee. All prosper; then Sidney turns home-wrecker and steals Jack's wife, Genevieve Tobin. It's pretty sentimental so far—but after the earthquake traps Genevieve and Sidney in a shoddy school building Sidney built, Jack gets he-man again. Average entertainment.



**DEVIL'S
MATE—**
Monogram

THIS starts out with a murderer himself being murdered in the death chamber just as he is going to the electric chair. Although there is no other situation in the film which can compare with that one, still this mystery thriller will stand up with the run of them. Preston Foster, as the detective, and Peggy Shannon as the newspaper sob-sister who solves the murder mystery, both give creditable performances.

**SAVAGE
GOLD—**
Harold Auten
Prod.



A HAIR-RAISING travel film, showing Commander G. M. Dyott and companions seeking a lost prospector among the Jivaro Indians of the Upper Amazon. Their danger was having their heads cut off and shrunk to the size of oranges (the film shows this being done, by the way, to several heads). If you can stand strong stuff, and like travel pictures, you couldn't ask better than this.



**LIFE IN
THE RAW—**
Fox

LINGERIE blowing about in a desert windstorm, and a bucking bronc' on the dance floor of a night club, add novelty to this Western. Attractive Claire Trevor, as the tenderfoot sister of a young rancher, gets George O'Brien into plenty of trouble trying to save her erring brother. But George's fast riding and quick wit get all three into the clear. Western addicts won't be sorry they've seen it.

**HIS PRIVATE
SECRETARY**
—Showmens
Pictures



EVALYN KNAPP is a sweet young minister's daughter who wins rich playboy John Wayne in marriage—only to have John's crusty papa refuse to see or acknowledge her. Thereupon Evalyn launches a neat flank attack that saves the day. More intelligently written and directed than many of Evalyn's pieces. Good small-time entertainment, well enough acted throughout. Better than a lot of current offerings.



**BLIND
ADVENTURE**
—RKO-Radio

MYSTERY, comedy and romance all in a London fog—and the plot's pretty much befogged, as well as the characters. It's a case of Bob Armstrong, an adventuring young American, involved with a gang of crooks, a pretty girl (Helen Mack) and a congenial burglar (Roland Young). They speed from one exciting episode to another.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 102]



Dolores asked to okay her own stories so that she would be sure to have rôles in which she could wear good looking clothes. Gives her leading men a chance to be handsome, says Dolores

How Many Lives *Has* Del Rio?

A CAT is commonly supposed to have nine lives. It's the only member of the animal kingdom allowed such a weird and unusual privilege.

In Hollywood there is one person—and one only—who seems to be allowed a cinematic exception parallel to that of the felines, from the rules that control the professional lives of most film folk.

It seems that—with the one exception—almost certain retirement from the screen arises from any of the following:

A succession of productions that do not pay out.

A reputation as a "million dollar star"—that is, as one whose power to "pack them in" in the box-office depends upon being surrounded with sumptuously mounted and lavishly cast stories on the grand scale.

A long absence from the screen. Successful "comebacks" have been known—but they have been so rare as hardly to warrant gambling upon any star's ability to stage one.

"But"—you may object, "I can name several who break all these rules all the time, and are still with us. Charlie Chaplin, for one—and Harold Lloyd—and—"

Hold on, though! These people—and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.—do not come under the rules. They finance their own productions; they take their own chances. "Laws" do not apply to them, because they make their own laws governing their productions. We are talking about stars for whom some producing company puts up the money.

And among them, the one "nine-life" exception to the rule, the one person who has gone counter to each of these rules (except the *succession* of failures), yet survived, is—Dolores Del Rio.

She has never invested a cent of her own money in a Del Rio production.

She has spent months, more than a year at a time, between pictures.

Her pictures have all been "million dollar" productions.

Yet since "Bird of Paradise" was released in 1932, she has received more than one hundred offers. And more amazing than that—until she received an offer carrying with it the most sure "passport to oblivion" any ordinary star could have, she said "no" to every proposition. Just as though she were waiting for a chance to flirt with certain screen death!

"Okay, you can be your own boss," Merian Cooper of RKO-Radio said to her at last. "You can okay your own stories."

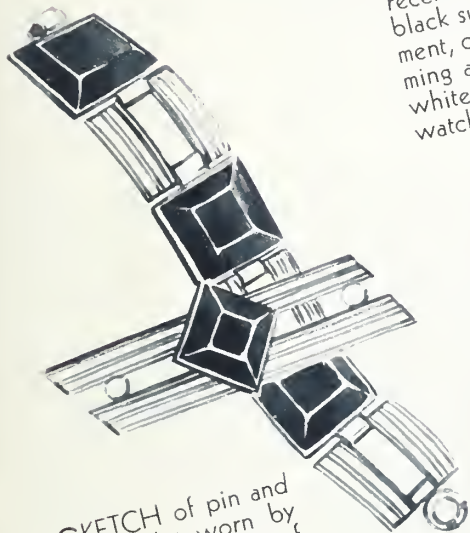
Now, with most stars, that would be like handing them the cup of hemlock Socrates was given to drink. Witness Ruth Chatterton. But Dolores—who does not claim to know more than producers, directors and other technicians about [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Time and again, the rules had her "out." Now she tackles the worst taboo of all—and expects to win!

By Ruth Biery

Hollywood Sketches

SMART accessory notes sponsored by Elizabeth Young at recent Hollywood gatherings. A black suede bag with mirror ornament, chiffon hankie with lace trimming and hand drawn work—and white kid gloves with a wrist watch opening and bow trimming



SKETCH of pin and bracelet worn by Claire Trevor. Part of ensemble of black gailith and gold. She alternates matching necklace and earrings



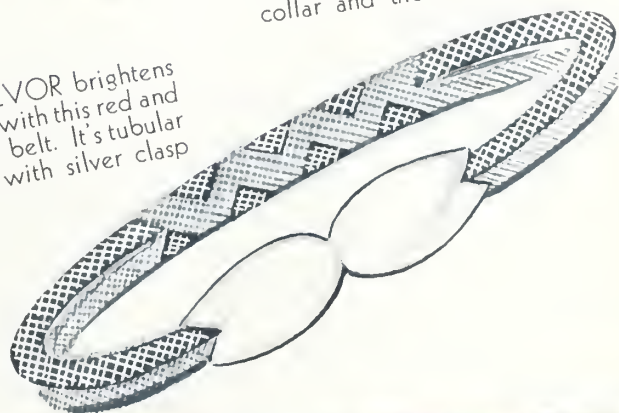
RAQUEL TORRES at luncheon, wearing stunning new gloves of beige kid with draped cuffs. Fille stitching and silver cuff button balls are unusual trimming detail. Raquel's beret is trimmed with similar silver balls



GINGER ROGERS wears a gay printed velvet scarf with her fall suits, in Ascot fashion or in this fly-away manner

STILL another day, Ginger is seen lunching at Sardi's, wearing a simple black dress topped by a wide satin collar reminiscent of Puritan styles. Large crystal buttons trim the collar and the matching cuffs

CLAIRE TREVOR brightens her frocks with this red and black Lyolene belt. It's tubular and braided with silver clasp

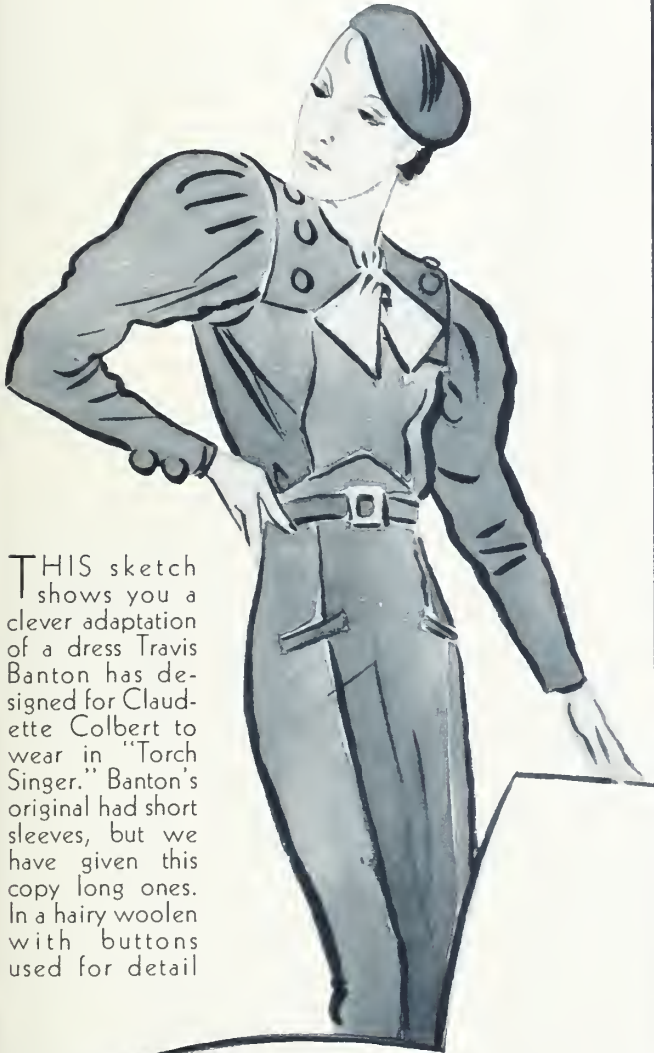




HHEATHER ANGEL plays a school-girl in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and Royer has created this perfect, youthful fall ensemble for her to wear while traveling. It's a four-piece affair with a satin blouse, a diagonal woolen vest with leather frog fasteners, a wool crepe skirt, and topped by a three-quarter length woolen coat

Fabrics Tell Smart Story Of Fashion

- Seymour



THIS sketch shows you a clever adaptation of a dress Travis Banton has designed for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Torch Singer." Banton's original had short sleeves, but we have given this copy long ones. In a hairy woolen with buttons used for detail



DOROTHY TREE has graciously let us copy one of her own favorite costumes. It is this attractive satin suit that she is wearing to smart Hollywood events these early fall days. Her dress has a high collarless neckline with amusing buttons. Her fingertip length jacket is trimmed with candy striped satin

Hollywood Wears A New Evening Gown This Fall



THIS charming black crepe dinner dress from Gloria Stuart's personal wardrobe is studded all over with tiny rhinestones. The fabric elaboration is allowed to carry the interest of the dress with a belt buckle of chromium rondels adding a glittering note. The high neckline is very chic, and a favorite Hollywood note for fall

THE sketch of this Claudette Colbert costume, from "Torch Singer," was snatched practically from Travis Banton's hands so that you could have a preview of it! It is pale blue satin with garlands of pink roses about the arms. Long streamers from the sash form a train. Notice the jeweled shoulder straps and the cowl neckline

HOLLYWOOD 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 those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 119.

Seymour

VERA has designed this exciting costume for Gloria Stuart to wear in "The Secret of the Blue Room." The short gray crepe bolero is given a striking accent in deep gauntlet cuffs and scarf of blue corduroy velvet. The gauntlets pull down over the hand and are detachable. The slim skirt of the gown has a slight train and is slit up on the left side





SATIN is used for smart accessory accent to this green suit of Claire Trevor. Claire wears this traveling in her new picture "The Last Trail." Royer not only designed the costume but the brown satin gauntlet gloves, the sailor hat and blouse. The jacket is short, fashioned by leopard buttons—the leopard collar is sailor-effect at the back. Claire's hatband and very demure blouse collar are white mousseline

Seymour



AND here's another good looking Royer costume worn by Claire Trevor in "The Last Trail." Fabric contrast being an important fall fashion note, it is used here by combining a dark green wool with a green, brown and beige plaid. The back of the frock has a yoke of the plaid, the plain green wool forming a jacket effect. The pleated epaulets give width to the shoulders. Note nice matching hat detail



HELEN CHANDLER is gowned in black satin and white ruffles for the movie, "Goodbye Again." Helen may look fragile, but she's a seasoned trouper. She was an acclaimed actress when, at the age of eight, she played in a Shakespearean play on Broadway. Since the stage was her first love, it is hard to keep her in Hollywood. She keeps darting back to Broadway to win laurels in another play



Jack Freulich

A NEW way to dance was used successfully in "Only Yesterday." You may see Margaret Sullavan and John Boles using the method in a ballroom scene. Margaret and John stood in a dolly, which moved about with the cameras. With a little shoulder swaying on their part and a little jiggling of the dolly, a convincing dance scene was produced

By
*Reginald
Taviner*

MARGARET SULLAVAN accepted a screen career upon condition that she didn't have to be made beautiful.

She came to Hollywood with one of the most unique contracts ever drawn. Among other things, it contained the clause that she should not be "made over" a la Hollywood, and that, if she didn't like the screen colony or anything about it after she had been here ten days, she wouldn't have to stay and make any pictures.

She says she doesn't like it or anything about it—but she's still here, just the same. Actually, she does like the fundamentals—the picture-making—but she doesn't go for the frills.

But about that being-made-beautiful thing.

When John Stahl saw Margaret playing in the "Dinner At Eight" company in New York, he thought he had come to the end of the trail in his search for a girl. He had been searching for months, fruitlessly and at the finish hopelessly, for the lead in "Only Yesterday," now being made at Universal and co-starring John Boles. He had tested virtually every actress in Hollywood and a great many in New York, and still he hadn't found his mental image for the part.

He was about to give up the picture altogether



Not that charming Margaret Sullavan needs the beautician's art. But she had a horror of being made up in the "Hollywood mold"

She *Abhors* Being "BEAUTIFIED"

when he saw Margaret Sullavan. And after he first talked with her, he almost gave it up anyway.

It is a big picture—one of the biggest Universal has made since "All Quiet On The Western Front." Margaret is getting quite the biggest break that any cinematographically unknown player has had since Janet Gaynor was cast in "7th Heaven," or Lew Ayres in "All Quiet." Yet, when Stahl told her all these things and offered her co-stardom in a film of this magnitude, Margaret wasn't the least bit interested.

"I loved the theater and I wanted to stay there," she explained, talking about it. "I didn't think I'd like Hollywood, didn't think I'd like pictures, didn't want to come."

At the time Margaret, though well-known on the stage,

wasn't a star. Born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-two years ago, she went to the University Theater in Cape Cod after majoring in art, Latin, English and dramatics (how's that for versatility?) at private Virginia schools. She played on the road in "Strictly Dishonorable" and the title rôle in "The Modern Virgin" in New York for a year. Then, after other pieces, she landed in "Dinner At Eight."

With that as a background, she disdained movie offers and made no bones whatever about saying so.

Stahl, having found what he considered the ideal personality for his picture, persevered. At first he got blank refusal. Finally, after he had told her what the picture meant to him, Margaret gave in. But before she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

"If I Could

What the famous picture stars would do if they were seventeen

By William F. French



"I determined to meet people—and to stop worrying about what they thought of me. I was miserably self-conscious," says poised Sally Eilers of today



Joan wishes that when she was seventeen she had made a rule never to waste a single hour. In those wasted hours, says Joan, she might have learned many things which would have helped her no end in achieving her screen career

IF I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't run from anything."

Joan Crawford looked up from the little lawn table before which she was kneeling, and emphasized each word with a jerk of her head.

"I mean that while I would, no doubt, follow the exact path I did blaze for myself, I would do a great many things differently. I don't think I would let myself out of certain things as easily as I did. Instead, I'd face them squarely. By living and learning, I have discovered that the most bitter lessons are the most profitable ones. A person cannot possibly mold his character by running away from things.



"It broke me up," says May Robson, "to have had to make a choice between the theater and the young man I loved"

"I don't mean that I have done this of late, but when I was younger and not used to the responsibility of life, I did not realize the importance of facing experience.

"If I were seventeen again I would make it a rule to hold to my plans. I would force myself to study languages, music, singing and art. I wanted to do those things then, but abandoned them because I thought there were more important things I should learn, things that would help me more. Those other things were important, too, but I should not have given up my own desires. I realize now that lost time can never be brought back, and that every moment should be made into a paying one—as to duties first, then desires.

Start Over Again”

“If I could re-live my life, I would learn to be a sketch artist. Today I have many ideas for costumes I would like to wear in my pictures. I can describe the designs, but often it is difficult to paint a word picture.

“When I made ‘Possessed,’ I had to sing a song in three different languages and accompany myself on the piano. It took me weeks to memorize this number. Ordinarily I need only run over a thing two or three times, and I never forget it. If I had been able to read the music, it would have been so much simpler for me.

“Of late I have learned that the hours I wasted as a girl of sixteen and seventeen and the problems I failed to face out in full, demand interest payment almost every day of my life. If I could live over these last six years I would crowd them unmercifully; improving myself in every manner, shape and form.”

THUS this girl who has climbed to the very top of her profession regrets the hours she wasted while in her teens, and this star who is known for her courage in facing the problems that come her way feels she should have stood her ground even more indomitably than she did.

“Face it!” said Joan, setting her jaw—“That’s my religion.”

Marie Dressler, caught in an off moment at her work, answered the question in her usual, brusque, direct manner.

“If I were starting all over again, I’d hope to



Irene Dunne knows what she wants and goes after it. But she insists girls should lay their plans before they are seventeen, as the best picture years are early ones. Endurance is the great test



Elissa Landi would ask her mother’s advice about her career—then follow it. And that is actually what she did do, and says she has never regretted following that advice. Many girls lack this faith

learn quickly what I’ve learned through sad experience, and that is—to ‘take it.’

“I’d learn to take what Fate passed out and make the most of it. The quicker a girl learns that, the better she’ll get along in this world.

“I’d do the job at hand, whatever it might be, as best I know how. That’s what I did then—and now I know it’s the only thing to do.

“I saw I would have to earn my own living and get my own education—one way or another. Nobody else was going to do either for me.

“So I took every job that was offered to me whether it seemed menial or not, and tried to stuff complaints into a dark closet. And I read everything I could get my hands on, which, more often than not, proved to be discarded newspapers.

“The only work I could get was in the chorus in shows playing all over the country. It was very hard work and bitterly disappointing. But I learned then that no job in the world is beneath you until [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Famous Film Flops

History has been made, careers blasted and fortunes lost, when pictures failed

*By Fred
James*



Until that moment, the public had flocked to see Charles Ray. But when "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which took his life's savings, failed, it was his swan song

AS a critical movie follower, you know a successful picture when you see one. But do you also know a flop when one scrambles across the screen? I do not mean just a mediocre film, or a poor show, but a great, big, colossal studio-shaking failure.

What is the dividing line between success and failure in the gamble of making movies to please the public? You have heard all about how the big successes of the screen are made; you have heard the story of their creation from script to net profits. You know who made these big hits, and how and why.

But there are just as many dramatic stories about the failures of the screen. You do not always hear who makes the failures, and you never are told the how and the why of their debacle.

Every big success of the screen creates a new star or a new director, and sometimes both. On the other side of the story, every flop destroys a reputation and blights a career; or, even if the reputation is big enough and well enough established to withstand the blow, then the person involved suffers a setback, a financial loss and a severe shock to the pride.



Nazimova believed the American public had an artistic soul. To prove it, she produced the exotically beautiful "Salome"—and lost

The parade of film flops is a panorama of the motion picture business, just as significant as a list of the successes.

For instance, the first great screen failure followed the first great success. One man—D. W. Griffith—was responsible for both productions. After "The Birth of a Nation" made history, Griffith launched "Intolerance." It cost \$350,000—big money in those days and big money in these days, too. It was an adventure in technique, since it had three different periods of the world's history interwoven into its loose story.

In spite of the spectacle, in spite of its tremendous scenes, the public mind refused to jump from Babylon to Huguenot France to present day America. In baseball language, "Intolerance" lost out on a triple play.

The strange part of the history of flops is that these pictures are nearly always made by people who ought to know better. Apparently it takes brains and money and experience to turn out a first class bloomer. Amateurs and beginners cannot go wrong on a big scale. So, one is tempted to jump to the conclusion, that personal vanity, too much ambition and financial recklessness are the reasons back of the failures.

Of course, the producer of a failure always has the alibi that the film is too artistic and "over the heads of the public." Sometimes, as in the case of "Broken Blossoms," or Cecil De Mille's "The Whispering Chorus," the alibi holds good. In other instances, the public, not the producer or the star, is right.

Let us consider a film called "The Courtship of Miles Standish." This picture, by dying the



Sometimes a beautiful, lavish and well cast production is a dead loss. Among these strange failures is Von Stroheim's romantic picture, "The Wedding March," featuring Fay Wray



"Intolerance" with Mae Marsh, was a notorious flop. It failed for a reason which is simple to any layman. Yet Griffith, pioneer genius of the screen, thought—was sure—it would succeed



"Joan the Woman" was a flop for DeMille. But it rang the bell for Geraldine Farrar and Wally Reid

death of a dog, made screen history. It just about blighted the career of Charles Ray, until then one of the most popular of stars.

What was still harder for Ray, the picture took all his savings—about \$600,000. The money had been earned by Ray when he was the wage slave of the late Thomas H. Ince.

Ray put his all into "The Courtship of Miles Standish." And he lost. The film was tepid, prosy and had no appeal whatever for the public—a public that until that moment had loved Ray's pretty brown eyes.

Alla Nazimova also wrote her own one-way ticket out of pictures with an expensive and exotic filming of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Nazimova wanted to prove to the commercial producers that the screen was capable of absorbing Art and plenty of it. But the picture absorbed the star's money and plenty of it, and the public, as the saying goes, stayed away in droves.

IF you want to be mean—and not strictly just—you can blame all such endeavors on personal vanity, a desire for a star to shine in his or her own way. But this charge is not exactly true.

For one thing, do not forget, a great many persons are concerned in the making of a movie. While the stars and players and directors are directly blamed for a flop and made to suffer for it, too, a failure, like a success, really belongs at the door of an entire organization.

Most of the persons engaged in making a picture are confident of its success with the public. If there weren't this spirit in a studio, movies would be pretty dull affairs. Now when the film is a success, everyone is entitled to say, "I told you so."

| This state of mass hypnotism also permeates the studio where a failure is being concocted. There may be moments of doubt and hesitation, but most { PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 }

"Now I Help You,"

says GARBO to Gilbert

in one of the most
amazing "turnabouts"
of picture history



Here she is—Queen Garbo shaking hands with the first American actor who helped her. Now she's returning the favor, with ample interest

WHIO says that royalty knows no gratitude—or that Garbo is an aloof, mysterious embodiment of perfect screen art, without inner warmth of human feeling? Listen.

Eight years ago last July, a scared, none-too-well-dressed Swedish girl landed in New York, in tow of the great Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller. Brought because Stiller insisted she must come if he did—and ignored as merely part of the price for getting him.

The studio, not much interested, used her in "The Torrent." But no prairies were set afire; the lonely visitor, at whose English people smiled, knew discouragement to its bitter full.

Meanwhile a comparatively new star—an amazingly bright one—was blazing in the movieland firmament. Jack Gilbert, no less, movie idol of nearly every woman throughout our fair land.

Now the studio got a bright idea.

By *Martin Stevers*

The Swedish girl had done well in "The Torrent" and in her next, "The Temptress." Gilbert was popular enough to "carry" anyone, however little her name might mean. Why not use her in his new "Flesh and the Devil"?

Not an unusual decision in movie casting—but what Gilbert did *was* unusual.

Most "kings" would have pouted—if indeed they didn't roar to high heaven—over being given "untried" support.

Gilbert made his supporting lady feel welcome and appreciated as a fellow artist. Garbo speaks of it yet.

More than that: Garbo could have as much publicity as her work might command. No trying to grab it all for himself.

No need to tell you the result—how everyone woke almost overnight to hail a new queen of the cinema. Garbo's star shot up to the heights. The acid test of the talkies only made it twinkle the brighter.

Meanwhile, poor Jack! Faced with talkies, he incautiously thought all he needed to do was talk. The result, with a voice that sounded a bit creaky, practically laughed him off the screen.

FIVE years pass—years that Gilbert played in rôles which meant less and less—unable to live down that unfortunate talkie début.

Then Garbo's trip to Sweden—her return to play *Queen Christina*. The world rejoiced—and nobody thought of Jack. Nobody, that is, except Garbo.

Arrived in Hollywood, she went over the studio's plans for her film, pronounced everything satisfactory. But—

She'd prefer Jack Gilbert in the romantic male lead. And Jack will do the lead, in place of the man previously selected. So now who will say that royalty knows no gratitude—or that Garbo lacks warm human feeling?

ANYONE reading anything about Hollywood last spring could hardly have missed the news about the visit Jimmy Cagney was receiving from his brother Bill, the advertising man from New York. It was just too good—and also funny.

Autograph fans traipsing up to Jimmy, requesting his signature—and getting it. Interviewers turned loose on him, and told all they wanted to know—and then some. People talking to him here, there, and everywhere, and writing home to boast about it. When all the time it was brother Bill, spicing his vacation by “playing Jimmy,” and being near enough to the real thing to get away with it.

Yes, it was a good joke—good enough so folks here, there, and everywhere began thinking, “Wouldn’t they make a grand picture team! Why doesn’t some studio hire them?” An idea which, of course, wasn’t too wide of being good business not to have occurred to the studios themselves. So now it’s happened, though they’re not teamed up together. While going through tryouts—and being selected—by one studio, Bill said “Yes” to the contract another studio, RKO-Radio, thrust before him; and now Hollywood has two Cagneys, almost alike as two peas, though not, as so many movie-goers had hoped, with the same company.

All of which throws a great, illuminating light on much that has been said, and on some things that haven’t been thoroughly turned inside out, about James Cagney, Esquire, in the last few years. About his lack, for instance, of business ability. Point out a neater way to land a brother on the right road to movie fame, and you’ll be eligible for fancy fees as a promoter of stars—



If One Cagney’s Good, Two Should Be Better!

Director Lowell Sherman stops Jimmy Cagney and his brother Bill in the lobby of the Beverly-Wilshire, and has to look carefully to tell them apart. Bill is in the movies, too, now

By Ruth Rankin



Bill, Mrs. James Cagney and Jimmy get a lot of attention when they lunch together at the Brown Derby. According to Jimmy, Bill is an instinctive actor

Hollywood will have plenty of use for your brains. And if Jimmy is a bit of a mark for slick talkers—well, doesn’t John D., Sr., give away dimes right and left?

There’s the answer to one of the commonest yarns told about Jimmy. One of the less familiar sides to his gingery personality also stands out strong. It’s Jimmy’s immense loyalty to all whom he likes, or to whom he feels bound—as, of course, he does to any of the brood of five that Pa and Ma Cagney raised on the lower East Side of New York City.

Jimmy and younger brother Bill (there’s one between and one older than Jimmy, who are both doctors) have been like that always, since they started life in that rough, tough neighborhood. Let’s hearken to Jimmy on that:

“When I was nine and he was a little bit of a fellow, I had a street fight with a boy. Bill was an interested audience. Then, when it was all over and I was on my way home, I looked around and there was Bill [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

"It's A Grand Adventure,"

says Norma Shearer

To Virginia Maxwell

She's speaking of modern marriage and her own life furnishes proof



Norma Shearer is a very modern woman, but she has some old-fashioned ideas on love and marriage. Perhaps that is why nothing is more important to her than being a success as a wife and mother

"MRS. THALBERG, please. . . ." A long buzz. A long wait. A series of telephone calls to various people from the hotel desk at the Waldorf-Astoria. "Mrs. Thalberg's secretary says you may come up. "Please step that way."

I started toward the secluded Tower section of this Park Avenue hostelry—the section reserved for celebrities where privacy of elevators and corridors is the last word in service.

But no. You couldn't even put your foot inside that golden lift until once more you were announced from the Tower desk, checked and re-checked so that no possible mistake might be made and an intruder get by the portals of the Thalberg apartment.

I'd interviewed Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mussolini, Edison and Einstein during my reportorial days, and had a few words once with Kaiser Wilhelm when he took his famous run out of Germany. But this was a bit more difficult. I was beginning to get worried. What had I let myself in for?

And then, when the checking, re-checking and okaying was

over and I had my passport to the portals of that luxurious suite on the thirtieth floor which housed the Thalbergs, Irving, and Norma Shearer, and Irving, Jr., just back from their European jaunt, I made my way up there fearfully and very cautiously.

A secretary let me in. Another secretary led me to an ante-room off the main drawing-room which spread in a vista beyond. A white frocked nurse—baby Junior's monitor—came and went noiselessly. A black frocked maid came to the door, looked in and disappeared. A valet went back and forth with masculine attire over his arm.

I PICKED up a newspaper and began scanning the items. Then, suddenly I heard a musical voice say casually: "Hello—I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

I looked up quickly and saw a little girl, dressed simply in a linen frock of navy blue with white horseshoe figures all over it. At the neckline there was a huge linen bow. Above that collar, a slender throat, an exquisite pink and white complexion, two clear blue eyes, chestnut hair, simply arranged in one softly polished dip with snug curls at the back.

It was, of course, Norma Shearer!

I'd never met her before, but you couldn't mistake that profile with its tiny tilt to her nose, her clear, lovely eyes, her long, pointed brows, her voice like a Christmas bell across a wintry countryside.

We shook hands. And suddenly, she looked around her at the masculine disorder of Irving's bedroom—yes, that's where we were, for the drawing-room beyond was filled with business executives in conference.

"Dear me," said Norma, in that typical sense of orderliness with which she's always planned her entire life, "let's get out of here. . . ."

We went then to her sister Athole's suite. Athole, who's been every step of the way with Norma since those first days, ten years ago, when the two Canadian unknown girls came to New York to begin the adventure of making good in show business. Athole is now Mrs. Howard Hawks, you know.

And under the mellow spell of amber and rose lamps in this smaller but cozier suite, Norma began to tell me about her vacation with Irving, the jaunt through Europe they had taken together and from which Irving Thalberg returned a renewed man after his long siege of ailing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck



A CUNNING new idea in mascara is illustrated by June Vlasek. Small, match-like sticks, the ends of which are dampened and brushed on the lashes. Somewhat reminiscent of the old burnt match method but far better. Convenient



THIS lovely portrait of Dolores Del Rio is a perfect lesson in make-up. Brows are slightly emphasized with a black pencil. The pencil, smudged to softness, darkens upper lid slightly above lash-line. A line along the under lid meets the upper line. Shadow extends to the brows. Lashes are accented

AFTER a busy day, or whenever her eyes are tired, Elizabeth Allan applies these eye packs of soothing balsam, wonderful for eye beauty and health. Also excellent for that puffy condition

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



Mimi Jordan Shops In New York



THIS lovely study of Mimi Jordan illustrates eloquently what a change in coiffure can do. Here is Mimi, completely transformed by soft, gracious curls. Compare this with the severe one at the right. Don't you all agree that Mimi did herself a good turn?



WHILE shopping in New York, Mimi Jordan bought this attractive beauty kit containing nine essentials for skin care and make-up. This kit comes in a bright red or black with checked lining to match, and in combinations for a dry, or an oily or normal skin

HERE is how Mimi Jordan looked before she bobbed her golden hair. Her conventional coiffure "typed" her too definitely for pictures, and so she changed. Almost every girl can benefit by a decided change now and then

Timely New Things For Autumn

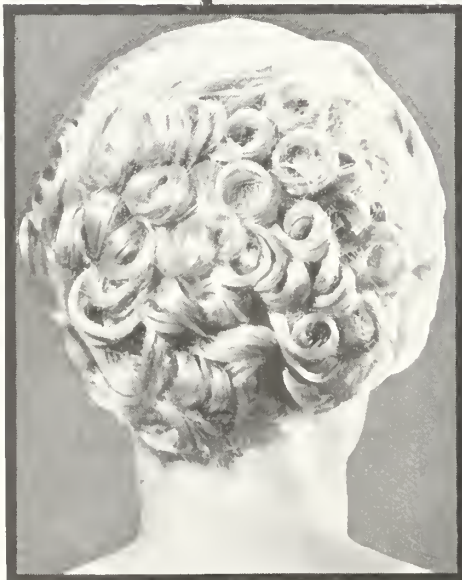


THIS fragrant Eau de Cologne has so many uses that Mimi would not be without it. Splashed or sprayed over the body after a bath it makes a marvelous refreshant and rub-down. It is also an effective lotion for curling the ends of the hair. Very beautifully bottled

MIMI always applies a lotion to her hands before going out. This very new lotion is gorgeously scented, and is particularly good for restoring suppleness to skin dried and burned by summer suns and winds. Applied before powdering, it is a beneficial base

ANOTHER interesting purchase by Mimi was this bath oil fragrantly scented in three odours. Its use in the bath perfumes the whole body and makes the water caressingly soft and soothing. A charming prelude to evening

The Helen of Troy Coiffure



THE classical lines of Shirley Grey's coiffure are wholly Grecian, yet ultra-modern in achievement. A good forehead and hairline are necessary, plus the adroit fingers of a good hairdresser. Wide waves and a mass of flat curls create a simple front view, while the back is a poem in ringlets. Blonde hair, like Shirley's, lends itself perfectly to this modern echo of the beauty that once enthralled ancient Greece



(For more beauty tips
turn to page 94)

Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios..

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."



"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

Why don't you follow her easy LUX method?

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings *do* look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful fit."

YOUR STOCKINGS can fit flatteringly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

TRUST TO LUX



“This soap brings

says HELEN TWELVETREES

“Every screen star knows that lovely skin is irresistibly alluring! We *must* have skin of flawless beauty—that’s why so many of us use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. It keeps skin soft, smooth, infinitely appealing. Any woman who wants to be more attractive would do well to use this same complexion care—for it truly brings greater loveliness!”

Youthful skin! This heart’s desire of every woman is every woman’s birth-right! To keep complexions lovely screen stars for years have used a simple inexpensive beauty care—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

Paramount
Star

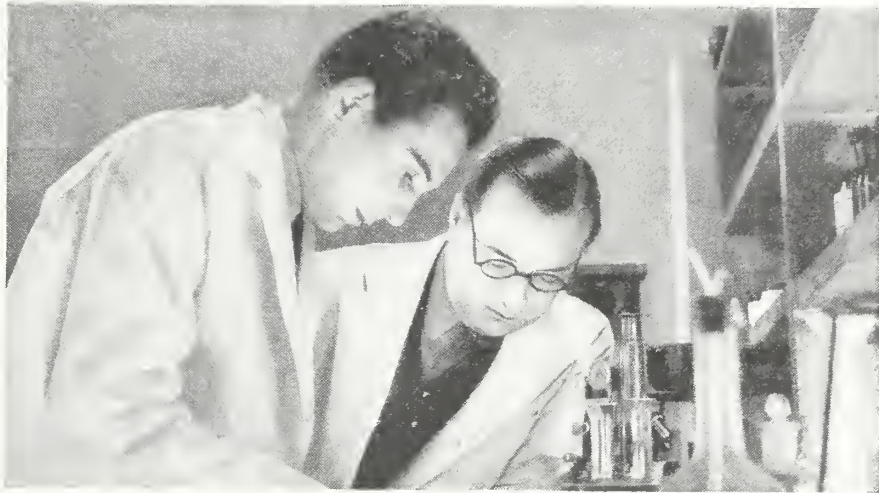


“I wish every girl could know what this soap did for me,”
says Marie Stevens
of Louisville, Ky.



• “I was so discouraged with my skin,” says Marie Stevens of Louisville, Kentucky. “So dull and unattractive, it robbed me of the fun all girls should have. Then I learned how the screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely.”

greater loveliness

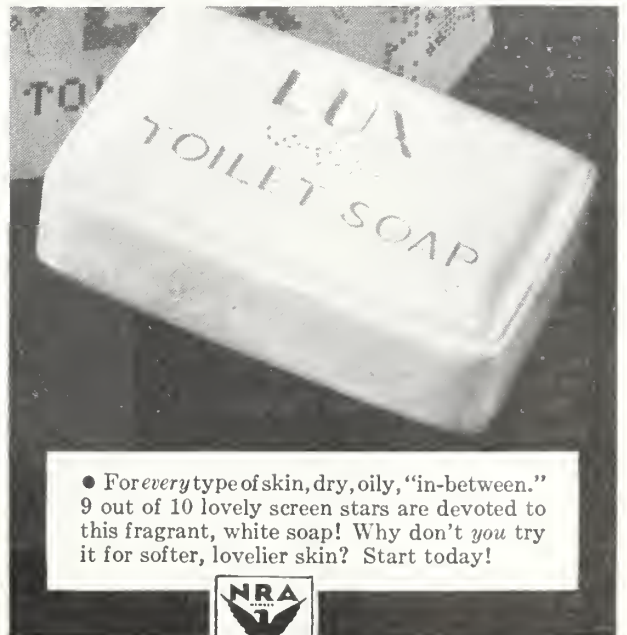


Scientists tell WHY-

Read WHY this soap is such a wonderful aid to complexion beauty. Scientists say: "Tests show Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Skin gradually loses these elements—grows old-looking. This soap *checks the loss* of these elements from the skin. Readily soluble, completely free from harshness, it is a remarkable aid to complexion beauty."



• "I began using the Beauty Soap of the Stars at once! Gradually my skin took on a new loveliness and clearness and won for me all sorts of nice compliments. Now I'm really proud of it—and so happy."



• For every type of skin, dry, oily, "in-between." 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars are devoted to this fragrant, white soap! Why don't *you* try it for softer, lovelier skin? Start today!



NOW IS THE TIME FOR EVERYONE TO STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT

"WE DO OUR PART"

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

POOOR Clara Bow is having her troubles getting down to the required weight for her next picture.

What Hollywood doesn't know is, that a glandular disturbance causes Clara to gain weight faster than she can lose it. Exercise only increases, instead of decreasing, her weight. After two days of swimming, large muscular pads appear on her arms and shoulders.

Diet helps only a little. So there is just one way to get off the overweight. And that's by rubbing. A masseuse calls daily at her home. First, epsom salts is rubbed over her body. As her skin is very dry, the salts tend to burn. Then with her knuckles, the masseuse kneads off the excess fat while Clara lies and screams so loudly people passing in the street can hear her cries.

No wonder Clara would rather remain off the screen. Who wouldn't?

LITTLE Arliss Parrish picked up his crutches and deserted his hospital cot for a movie set. A fine looking crippled child was needed for a part in Ann Harding's next picture, "Beautiful." Studio scouts discovered Arliss at the Orthopedic Hospital, where seven of his eight years had been spent in treatments for infantile paralysis.

The youngster who remained game and cheerful through the years of suffering will have an important rôle in the movie.

THE Von Sternberg-Lubitsch breach was patched up with a bowl of hot soup. They had a quarrel, you remember, over "The Song of Songs."

Lubitsch was sitting in a restaurant the other day when Von Sternberg came in. Lubitsch thought Joe was headed toward his table and uncertain of what would follow, started to get up. Maybe he was nervous. Anyhow, he upset a bowl of soup, right into his lap.

Von Sternberg began to grin. So Lubitsch grinned, too. They both laughed and hard feelings were soon forgotten.

THERE must be *something* in this Sue Carol-Ken Murray romance. They had been up in Yosemite chaperoned by Al and Ena Rogell. And Yosemite is a swell spot for the romantically inclined. Lois Moran and Douglass Montgomery were among the other romancers there.

A LOCAL electric refrigerator dealer was about to donate one of his products from the stage to a contest winner.

He approached Joan Blondell and asked her if she would present the ice-box.

"No, thank you," said the little Blondell.

"Why not?"

"Because I've tried to lift one of those things before," answered Joan.

THOSE motion picture followers who remember Corinne Griffith in the silent days are to have an opportunity of seeing her in real life this fall.

She has gone East to play the leading rôle in a stock company production.

"WOULD you marry for money?" a little blonde on the set asked Ginger Rogers.

"Why of course not," answered Ginger indignantly. "But I would want my husband to be good-natured and naturally he couldn't have a nice disposition if he didn't have money; now could he?"

FOR seven long years Hobart Bosworth's screen career was interrupted while he fought tuberculosis. Now, well and hardy again, he recently made a personal appearance tour, visiting tuberculosis sanitariums, giving hope to thousands of sufferers who had lost

hope. And his mail-bag is full of thank-you letters from these invalids to whom he gave a new lease on life.

THE reason Anita Louise asked for a release from her RKO-Radio contract, some would have you believe, is because of a series of tiffs with Constance Bennett.

MARY BRIAN'S kid brother, Terry Dantzer, has stepped out as the leader of a band that is making people Roosevelt Hotel conscious these hot summer nights. The Roosevelt Roof, with its smiling maitre d' hotel, Joe Mann, is one of Hollywood's most popular spots. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



George Raft tried out a new dance step while lights were changed on the set of "Midnight Club." George shouldn't have to try very hard. He was a recognized dancer before he went to Hollywood. Became famous, you may remember, when he taught the Prince of Wales to Charleston

LOVE IS *not* BLIND

COULD *Your* COMPLEXION STAND THIS TEST?

OR WOULD an ugly shiny nose mar both your beauty and romance?

You need no longer be embarrassed, for Pompeian has created a new powder that clings for hours. Half-Hour Nose is a thing of the past. You no longer have to powder every time you turn around. At all times, in all circumstances, you can always be sure of looking your romantic best if you use Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian not only clings for hours, but it gives the skin the smooth naturalness that only a soft, fine powder can give. The

ingredients are as skilfully blended and as high in quality as any powder sold. It comes in tones to flatter every shade of skin. Its subtle fragrance is of the finest French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, one that will not enlarge the pores, nor irritate the skin in any way. The famous Pompeian creams and rouges are equally high in quality and moderate in price. Regular sizes are available at all department and drug stores, and convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHE & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York City.

Pompeian
BEAUTY
POWDER

Windblown through Silk

Margaret Sullivan and John Boles in a scene from John M. Stahl's production "Only Yesterday," a Universal picture

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

INTIMATE friends of Adolphe Menjou and his wife Kathryn Carver give the reason for the break as Kathryn's desire to go places and spend money, in opposition to Adolphe's thrift. Wonder how he feels about that demand for *all* the community property? Ouch! Say he'll fight and we bet he will!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT had the highest priced manicure on record.

Claudette has always gone to Dolly, popular manicurist. When she recently had to have her nails manicured for a scene in a picture, she wanted Dolly for the job.

But Dolly is camera shy. Just to get out of appearing in a picture, she hiked her price up and up. And when she got it so high that she just couldn't make it any higher, the studio said okay.

So Dolly had to do it and the studio paid the bill. And Claudette got the manicure the way she wanted it.

DON'T pinch Jack Pearl's ear! He's superstitious about it. Has to pinch back, or else—Frank Fay did it once, back stage. Then ran. Jack left the show flat and didn't come back till he found Fay.

Abe Lyman didn't believe it either. He pinched, and Pearl chased him all over the Cocoanut Grove till he cornered Lyman's ear and broke the jinx.

IT looks as though the house of Fairbanks is giving America the go-by. True, they will return to Hollywood to make an occasional picture, but the two Dougs had just taken a ninety-nine year lease on a London house and say they intend to make it their permanent home.

The English influence, it seems, has got 'em. Or maybe they have dukes and princes in the real estate business over there.

HARPO MARX was in a strange city with nothing to do, so he dropped into a local movie to see his picture "Animal Crackers."

Everything went all right until it came to the scene where Harpo eats the telephone. A big, burly fellow sitting next, snorted in disgust and, turning to Harpo, said, "Know what I think? I think that guy is nuts."

"I do, too," Harpo replied and hurried out of the theater.

GRETA GARBO has broken a habit of years by making a screen test in advance of beginning actual work in a picture.

Because "Queen Christina" is a costume picture, she consented to put on the gowns for a test before the cameras.

EVERYBODY thought William Gargan would be *grand* opposite Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady." That is, everybody but Joan thought so.

She said if Gargan were cast in the rôle, she would walk out!

The studio was stunned with this outburst until someone explained that when they were making "Rain," Gargan had candidly remarked that he thought Miss Crawford was not so much as an actress.

DAVE HUTTON, the rotund husband of Aimee Semple McPherson, has literary aspirations.

But, imagine everyone's surprise, when the evangelist's husband tried to sell Paramount a screen story for Mae West.

"What a subject for a choir leader," Mae snorted. "I think I will go right on writing my own stuff."

AND Sally Blane writes from England that she finds most of the nobility over there "oldish and dullish."

But maybe she has made that discovery only after the rather sudden marriage of her boy friend, the Earl of Warwick.

POWIE! Bam! Socko! The director mopped his brow when the fight between June Knight, Sally O'Neil, Mary Carlisle and Dorothy Burgess in "Ladies Must Love" was over.

"Whew!" said the director. "Tom Santschi and Bill Farnum were just patting each other with cream puffs in 'The Spoilers.' The female is more deadly than the male!"



They came in for their share of chewing gum, lollipops and pink lemonade at Constance Talmadge's kid party too. It's George Bancroft and his wife, having a gay young time with others of the picture colony

O. O. McINTYRE, through his widely read column, recently pinned the medal of his personal approval upon Myrna Loy's taste in screen frocks. Seymour, checking hastily, finds that the fair Loy has had a place in his sheaf of selected Hollywood styles most consistently in the past issues of PHOTOPLAY in fashions from "Thirteen Women," "Animal Kingdom," "Topaze," and "The Barbarian." Gentlemen agree, Myrna.

SUE CAROL told Ken Murray she was about to break down and paint her sun porch—would he like to bring a can of paint and join the party?

"Sure," said Ken, "I'll get some gilt paint, and we'll look guilty in no time!"

A RECENT preview of "Berkeley Square" in Long Beach wasn't so good for Uncle Sam's Navy.

A chief petty officer, with nineteen years of service, wrote the producer as follows:

"Your picture is going to cost me a pension and a life I had dedicated to the Navy. After seeing it I decided there was something beautiful in romance and I'm going to quit the Navy to marry the girl I've known fifteen years."

LOUISE FAZENDA is back playing her first part since a long time before her baby arrived. It's a Universal comedy titled "Nature in the Rough."

And Louise says she needs no rehearsals for a picture like that!

AT a press party on a Warner Bros. set the other day, Ann Dvorak and husband Leslie Fenton, appeared hand in hand.

And something in Ann's face kept drawing every eye. She fairly gleamed with happiness and is much lovelier than when she left over a year ago.

We'll be seeing Ann soon in a Warner Bros. picture.

AND now it's Northwestern University, Illinois, that takes a bow.

Lucille Lund, Northwestern's campus beauty, has been signed by Universal as a result of a contest to discover the "All American Girl." She gets a rôle in the forthcoming football film, "Saturday's Millions," which will feature Johnny Mack Brown.

ANYBODY who walks on the big "Foot-light Parade" set over at Warners, takes his life in his hands. There is an immense swimming-pool where the chorus girls are doing fancy aquatics—and they can see no reason why everybody else shouldn't be all wet, too.

Joe E. Brown, who hadn't been warned, was showing his friend, Lieut. Falconi, the Italian flyer, around the lot.

He strolled into the forbidden territory, and lured on by the girls, found himself—new suit, wrist watch and all—doing a totally unexpected dive.

Falconi was protected by his uniform—you know how girls are about uniforms.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Every woman's had these
hosiery troubles

-but they're over now!

●No, ma'am! . . . No stocking has any right to gag the thighs. Drift around on the knees. Fall short of meeting the garters. Or roll up in spare tires around the top. But many of them do—or *did*—as nine out of ten women can tell you!

●Now—Phoenix has fixed up all that! No matter what kind of legs you have—perfect or—you can get a perfect fit. Phoenix' Custom-Fit Top stretches *both* ways. It fits you as though it had been tailored for you—and you alone. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs.

●In Hollywood, Phoenix Custom-Fit Top is a smart favorite. And all women love the Phoenix "long-mileage" foot. Remember, too, that all Phoenix Hosiery is made of Certified Silk. Priced from \$1 to \$1.95.



HER SUIT—a custom model by VERA of Hollywood.
HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP.
JUNE KNIGHT, (above) Universal's dainty star, wears this costume in the motion picture, "Ladies Must Live."



PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

THEY rubbed their eyes and stared. Yes sir, there he sat. Jack La Rue on a merry-go-round.

All by himself and riding like mad.

"For heavens sake," his friends asked, "what are you doing all alone on a merry-go-round?"

"I'm learning to ride a horse for my next picture, 'To The Last Man.' I've never been on a horse before so I thought I'd get a little practice on this kind first."

And off he rode. Grabbing the brass rings and giving himself a big time.

WELL, what do you know about this!

"Frankenstein" is on his way back—but that isn't the half of it. Sex has reared its

ugly head—and how ugly—Dear old "Frank" is to have a monster-mate after all.

Universal is busy on "The Return of Frankenstein" with Boris Karloff in his original rôle—and Colin Clive, whom you will remember was the scientist who constructed the monster out of whole cloth, as it were, is building up a better-half for him. In other words, when better monsters are made, Colin Clive will make them!

HEDDA HOPPER has been taking her big son, a six-footer, about the studio, seeing the sights. And the lad proved to be the biggest sight of all for Hedda's friends. They simply can't believe their eyes. When Ed Wynn found the lad was exactly two inches

taller than his own boy, he sulked all day. "Honest, Hedda," Alice Brady told her, "I'd pretend he had glandular trouble and grew out of proportion to his years. And I'd carry about a lot of medicine to prove it."

But Hedda doesn't mind their joshing. You should see the proud look in that swanky lady's eyes.

"WHERE'S your brother Wally?"
a friend asked Betty Reid, young daughter of Mrs. Wallace Reid.

"Oh, he's working his way up from under the Ford!" explained Betty.

WELL! Well! Joel McCrea is in a huddle with two architects and a flock of plans for a new house up on his ranch acreage above Chatsworth. And folks that know, say without any doubt, it's a honeymoon house . . . unless Frances Dee changes her mind, which seems unlikely.

WHISPER. Irene Dunne's husband came to town, making one of those Garbo visits of his. "G.G.," because no one ever knows a thing about it until long after he's gone. Just happens we know a doctor who knows the doctor who is Irene's husband! That's how.

KATHARINE HEPBURN is all laced up in corsets and frilled out in hoop-skirts these "Little Women" days. The other afternoon, she saw someone across the lot, gave a couple of typical Hepburn whoops and was after them in a cloud of crinoline. When she returned, her director remarked "don't you realize that a lady in that get-up should be calm and collected?" Hepburn, still panting, smoothed her stays and answered, "I may not be calm, but I certainly am collected!"

A GREAT deal is said about Lupe Velez' boy friends, but little is said about her mother. Lupe provides an apartment for her mother in Hollywood. "And why do I?" Lupe screams. "She won't stay in it. Gad, gad, gad all day." Driving home from San Francisco, Lupe's car was knocked off the road. Lupe phoned her mother in Hollywood.

"Mother," she said, "I'm all right."

Her mother, knowing nothing of the accident, could only answer "What?"

"I'm all right," Lupe repeated.

"And you call me up in the middle of the night to tell me that? Humph, I knew it all the time."

And her mother hung up.

IF you were decorating Mae West's dressing-room, what colors would you choose as suiting her best. Cerise and orange or purple and scarlet? Well, just recently, "curvacious Mae" personally supervised the redecorating of her dressing-room apartment at the Paramount Studio. And here's what she chose.

Light grey walls and carpet of the same color, contrasted by salmon pink moire striped draperies, plain satin furniture of the same shade of pink, and salmon white chiffon curtains.

Can you picture Mae in that pink and white setting? Neither can we.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



No! Marie Dressler's wardrobe is certainly not limited to rags-and-tags and the threadbare dresses she wears in her hard-boiled, waterfront rôles. Here's the real Marie, stylishly gowned, and photographed as she was leaving the theater after the preview of her latest, "Tugboat Annie"

ROMANCE BEGINS

with that schoolgirl complexion

*A lovely skin
invites Romance*



Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . . if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Nature's own beauty aids

Won't you let Palmolive—the soap of youth—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but with a thoroughness that is necessary and wholesome. Palmolive's mild lather

penetrates the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Pure, safe, natural

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. No artificial color—no strong perfume. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

Palmolive . . . *the Soap of Youth*



Hors d'oeuvres Add Zest To Your Meal



Pretty June Knight sets up an attractive tray of tasty tidbits with which to tempt her guests. So delicious are they that, even though on strict diet, one can hardly resist

WHILE indispensable as a beginning at the dinner party, hors d'oeuvres also play an important rôle in the success of cocktail festivities. Which latter may begin and finish, too, with the same delectable novelties. There should be a goodly quantity, and a variety to satisfy all tastes.

Dress up your simple dinner by serving a colorful assortment of these piquant little appetizers, as June Knight makes them. Your imagination and ingenuity can have full play.

They must be made of foods that have a distinct appetite-encouraging quality. The idea is, of course, to tease the appetite, but not satisfy it. The ideal hors d'oeuvre is a racy and interesting morsel which provokes thirst and hunger by unusual combinations of savory substances.

In preference to crackers as a foundation for the various mixtures, Miss Knight uses toast. The bread should be a few days old, cut in thin slices, and shaped with a cutter in circles, diamond shapes, strips and ovals. These may be sautéed in just enough butter to keep them from burning, or toasted a delicate, golden brown.

ONE of June's favorites—and one of the easiest to prepare—is made by rolling a stuffed green olive in a strip of bacon and anchoring it with a toothpick. Place in broiler until bacon is a bit crisp.

Cut boiled frankfurters in inch length sections and place a toothpick in each. With these, serve a bowl of grated horseradish or a hot Spanish sauce in which the frankfurters may be dipped.

Anchovy Canapes are made as follows: Season two tablespoons anchovy paste with two tablespoons lemon juice and one tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese. Spread on small squares of toast. Split anchovies lengthwise and lay diagonally

across canape. Rice two hard-boiled eggs and place a pyramid of riced egg at point where the anchovies cross. Petal shaped pieces of egg white may radiate from this center decoration. Amounts used serve six.

Caviar with egg! Cut slices of hard-boiled egg, take out the yolk, place the white circle on a slice of buttered toast. Fill the circle with caviar, place the yolk, riced, around the edge, and sprinkle with grated onion.

Sardine Appetizers: Mix sardines, hard-boiled egg and capers, all finely minced. Add a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Spread on buttered toast, decorated on the edge with a little fluting of sardine paste.

Chicken Liver Paste: Cook the livers in hot chicken fat, slowly, for five minutes. Drain and force through sieve. Sauté fresh or dried mushrooms, chop very fine. Mix with liver paste, add lemon and onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Spread on buttered toast, add strip of pimento. (Calves liver may be used instead of chicken liver.)

As a time-saver, you may prefer to use one of the many crackers on the market in place of toast. This, of course, is simply a matter of choice.

Be certain to have plenty of hors d'oeuvres for your party, for you'll need them.



CHIC HOLLANDERS
appreciate diamonds
... and Spuds

At Amsterdam, city of diamond-cutters ... at The Hague, where one of the few remaining courts of Europe calls forth jeweled orders and hand-kissing ... one finds the international set buying jewels. Here, too, one finds Spuds in the crested cigarette-cases. For this throat-smooth, mouth-cool round of tobacco enjoyment is now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe...quite at home among royalty.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c

(10c IN CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

How Sylvia Tamed "Jumpy Nerves" for Gloria Swanson

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

feel the blood coming to the face. That's just the effect you want. Doesn't it feel wonderful? You bet it does!

There are three spots on the face that are sort of nerve centers and they've got to be relaxed. They are the eyes, the side of the head just above the cheek bone, and the cheeks just under the cheek bone. Press these two last named places as hard as you can and make your fingers vibrate, as you do it, but be sure to keep the rest of the face relaxed.

Then gently, gently rotate the finger tips just at the corner of the eyes. That will keep those wrinkles away. And slowly stroke the eye-lids, too, as well as tap them ever so gently.

To take down the double chin you've got to use more vigorous methods. Use both hands on this, rubbing down with the palm of one hand and up with the back of the other. And don't forget about using plenty of cold cream. But as you do this be sure to get your hand well under the chin right to the neck.

It won't do a bit of good if you just pull the chin muscles down. Dig in under your chin. That's the stuff! And last, with the back of both hands give your chin, underneath, a good sound slapping for five minutes.

That's the type of facial I gave Gloria Swanson twice every day, and it worked wonders. For if you're nervous your face shows it first, and even when you've conquered nerves, that

face remains drawn and wrinkled. So all you girls who have the jitters get busy on the face. And it won't do you placid girls a bit of harm, either.

Then at night, just before you go to sleep, press those bones of the head just back of the ears and also press the bone which the eyebrows cover, too. That will relax your nerves and make you drop right off to sleep.

Also, I gave Gloria every sort of soothing treatment—which you can do for yourself—gently massaging the body all over and then working good and hard on the spine to get the circulation up. As for her stomach and waistline I had to be rougher. I squeezed off the fat around the waistline. The stomach exercise you already know. If you don't, you haven't been reading my articles as carefully as you should, and ought to be ashamed of yourself!

HERE is the diet I gave Gloria:

The first thing every morning she had a glass of water into which a lemon had been squeezed. After she took her bath and gave herself a brisk rub with a good stiff brush, she had her breakfast: berries in season with thin coffee cream, two slices of thick broiled calves liver, two slices of melba toast with a little butter and jam, and tea.

For luncheon she had three vegetables, a fresh green salad, and fruit in season. Remem-

ber that a nervous person should not eat too much meat. In the middle of the afternoon she had a glass of orange juice to pep her up, and at seven she had her dinner. For this she could have a fruit cup, clear soup, roast or broiled meat, two vegetables and a baked potato, salad and some small dessert like a little bit of cup custard with caramel sauce, fruit gelatine, water ice or ice cream.

Gloria had to be constantly made to think of her nerves, because when she does a thing she strains her nerves to the limit and she doesn't care. No amount of lecturing will make her mend her ways. When she works—oh boy, how she works! She's a marvelous mother, too, and makes absolutely no difference between her own two girls and her adopted boy, Joseph. I've already told you how vigorously she plays. So, to counteract all that expending of energy, I had to be with her constantly to quiet those nerves.

But you nervous girls can't have me all the time. You've just got to pull yourselves together. Take it easy. Don't worry. Laugh it off. Nothing in your life is so bad that somebody hasn't worse breaks. Make yourself sleep by doing the things for yourself that I did for Gloria. And above all, while you're quieting your nerves, don't forget to give your face a chance. You'll regret it in a couple of years if you don't!

Answers by Sylvia

SLUMPED-OVER SHOULDERS

Dear Sylvia:

I've tried and tried to hold my shoulders up by doing everything you said, but honestly it seems to be a hopeless task and I always find myself slumping. Isn't there anything I can do?
M. D. E., Providence, R. I.

You bet there's something you can do. You can get enough will power to keep those shoulders up. And that's something I can't do for you. If, as you say, you've done everything I've told you to do, then you know how it should be done. The trouble with you is you won't do it. And that is up to you. I've got no patience with girls who haven't any will power.

BONY, RED HANDS

Dear Madame Sylvia:

My hands are so big and bony and they're red most of the time. Besides, they have large veins in them. I know that the bone formation can't be changed but I thought something could be done for the redness.

L. L., Lexington, Ky.

Thank heaven you're smart enough to realize that bones can't be changed. I'm grateful for women like you. Now you'll just have to give a lot of time and thought to your hands. Here's your routine. Every night before you go to bed massage your hands with a good cold cream and massage each finger, too, with a movement as if you were pulling on a very tight glove. Then put gobs of cold cream on your hands and sleep with loose kid gloves on.

Every morning wash your hands in luke-warm water and use plenty of hand lotion on them; then a dozen times during the day rub down your hand and fingers with that same glove movement. Just before you meet somebody upon whom you want to make a big impression, hold your hands above your head (in private, of course, they'll think you're crazy

TROUBLES, bothers, worries — what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

otherwise) so that the blood can run away from your hands. And when you're sitting, don't let your arms hang down by your side. Keep them so that the blood runs back toward the arms.

TOO MUCH SUNBURN

My Dear Sylvia:

I had a marvelous sunburn and thought it would turn into a good tan. But now the skin is peeling off and I look too terrible. What do you suppose is the trouble?

Mrs. M. J., Fort Worth, Texas

I think that you had too much sunshine at once. Do you know that the stars spend weeks working up that fine tan of theirs? The first day you should lie in the sun just five minutes on each side. The next day lie for ten minutes, and then lie for ten minutes for three or four days.

Don't take the sun too quickly. That causes bad sunburn and the peeling you complain of. Some skins can take more sun than others but until you know how you react, take it slowly, lady, take it slowly. Maybe next summer you'll know better.

ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR SYLVIA'S ANEMIA TREATMENT

Dear Sylvia:

I just want to thank you. I had an incipient case of anemia, but, according to your instruc-

tion, I drank gallons of turnip greens juice and did all the rest of the things you recommended for anemia. The other day I had a doctor's examination and there's not the slightest trace of anemia now.

G. D. H., San Francisco, Calif.

Three cheers and a couple of big whoops. That's wonderful. I'd rather get a letter like that than a big check. Thanks a million for writing me.

SQUEEZING OFF FAT

Dear Sylvia:

In squeezing off fat is it possible to squeeze too hard? My husband tells me that I might injure myself.

Mrs. R. T. W., Milwaukee, Wis.

Personally, I don't believe that you'll squeeze too hard because you won't take the punishment when you're giving it to yourself. When I was treating the stars I used to make them yell so loud that I had to keep my radio going the whole time to drown out the noise. I thought maybe the police would think I was tossing off a murder.

You mustn't squeeze too hard on the stomach and, of course, you must not squeeze the breasts at all. But I think you can squeeze and slap off lumps of fat anywhere else as hard as you like. Ten minutes a day of squeezing is enough, however. Do the rest by exercise. You can take off large areas of fat with exercise. It's just those persistent lumps that need real pressure.

AVOCADOS FOR WEIGHT

My dear Sylvia:

Are avocados fattening?

F. L., Pasadena, Calif.

Yes, indeed they are. They'll put weight on fast. I always give them in my diets for thin girls.



Claire Windsor

VIVACIOUS SCREEN BEAUTY

poses in her pert
Red Cross Cobbies

She's lovely to look at—isn't she? But it's hard to imagine this buoyant, bubbling Miss Windsor sitting still. Yet there she is, poised peacefully on the fence with her always-on-the-go feet trimly clothed in Red Cross Cobbies.

THESE trig, new, outdoorish Cobbies have caught the fancy of youthful women from Maribu to Montauk. There's a dash and a go about them—there's a swank and a verve you can't resist. And they do invite going, for they are true Red Cross Shoes—*made to fit all four of your feet.* They dress your "sitting" feet and your "walking" feet in beauty, yet they never pinch or rub. Why, do you know Red Cross Shoes never even need "breaking-in?"

Go to the nearest Red Cross Shoe dealer's. See these breezy Cobbies—and all the other smart models for Fall. You'll love everything about them, including the very modest price. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

• **It's a Cobbie**



THE BUCCANEER... A Spectator sports oxford, with tassel and laces. In brown or black heath, with calf underlay and slashed pinking. Also in brown scuffed caracul.

\$6 AND \$6⁵⁰

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RED CROSS SHOES

FIT ALL FOUR OF YOUR FEET



Finding Your Type in the Stars

By Carolyn Van Wyck



the benefit of our appearance, but much in the way of the little niceties of life, the fine points that always pave the way for any girl.

Then when you see your own star in these pages, try her make-up tricks, her method of caring for her skin or arrangement of her hair. These things may not always be right for you, but often they will. And the difference that a well rouged mouth or well made-up eyes can make in anyone is tremendous.

Sit right down at your dressing-table and try. Experiment. See if a bang would be becoming. You need not, of course, cut your hair for this, but simply pull it over the forehead in this manner. Take your hand mirror and study the effect carefully, and then ask a few friends. Or take a black or brown eyebrow crayon and see if a tiny, light extension of the brow does something for you; or try blending your rouge lightly and high up, almost to the eyelid.

I do not think there are any standard, set rules for make-up. Every face is a new canvas. All of us, however, are not artists enough to know the correct application of color, line and depth of tone. This is how your star can help you, if you choose a type that is truly yours. She, as a rule, is a finished artist in the art of make-up and hair. It is her business to be. If she is not, studio artists teach her the trick, so you can hardly make a mistake.

If your star has not been shown recently in this department or if you would like to see more of her, please write to me, and tell me just what phase of her appearance interests you. Then I will try to show her.

THE whole purpose of this department, ever since its beginning, has been to bring to our readers true information about all the beauty, glamour and charm that is Hollywood; to try to show, in turn, how it may be accomplished by any girl who is truly interested in herself.

But the reader is, none the less, left with a serious problem—that of finding her true star type. It is very hard to know what we actually look like. We grow accustomed to that same image in the mirror, and, then, perhaps no one really sees exactly the same picture in the same person.

The matter of personal coloring is not important in trying to pick your type, except as it applies to make-up.

The important points to follow, however, are the actual formations of your face—the shape of it, your nose, mouth, eyes—and then, yourself, the real you. If you possess that spirit of world-old sophistication, graphically portrayed by Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, the tricks of Janet Gaynor and Nancy Carroll, the embodiments of youthful loveliness, will not apply, any more than will the ways of poised Ann Harding and Kay Francis fit the Jean Parker or Betty Furness type of girl.

And so—if you are really interested in any special star, first study yourself carefully to be sure that your mentor is the right one for you. Then if you really want to make the most of yourself, so far as your appearance is concerned, watch her. You will get splendid ideas from her, particularly when you see her on the screen. There you have a real opportunity to study her, from every angle, to decide if the back or side view is really as lovely as the front. Watch her figure; the way she walks, rises, sits down. If you apply yourself sincerely to this—and of course I mean when the star is in the character of a person you would wish to emulate—she can supply a sort of finishing school for you. We can all learn much, not only for

SHIRLEY GREY exhibits a beauty kit that is a marvel of efficiency. Aside from its useful contents of cleansing cream, tissue cream, skin lotion, astringent and powder, in combinations for oily or dry skins, it is rubber lined. A slide fastener assures safety. The covering is a modernistic green silk. Very nice for travel



LINA MERKEL'S advice on rouging lips. Begin at center and draw to the end of the lip, then fill in. Now bring the upper lip down over the lower for a perfect outline

Carolyn Van Wyck is always happy to help you personally with your beauty problems, no matter what their nature. Her interesting new leaflets on hair, skin, make-up, perfumes, and personal daintiness are available on request. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your letter—no post cards, please—to her at PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



A GLANCE behind the scenes. Here is Jean Parker being made-up by Mel Berns for her part as *Beth* in "Little Women." The most perfect face requires make-up—and plenty—for screen

JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star
in
"Dancing Lady"

Max Factor's Make-Up
used exclusively



HOW Joan Crawford gives her Beauty dramatic appeal!

Florence Vondelle Interviews Joan Crawford

HOLLYWOOD is a world of personalities. The personality of Joan Crawford reflects this modern age. She believes that one must be at one's best, at all times, to harvest the greatest rewards.

"Life itself is colorful," says Joan Crawford, "but even a colorful personality can stand added charm... That is where make-up comes in. That is the double reason for color

harmony make-up. Max Factor's idea in creating color harmony make-up is to accentuate beauty... This means to bring out your own personality with the correct color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasizing your more attractive features with color harmony make-up."

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1-10-70

NAME	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
_____	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
_____	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
_____	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
_____	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
_____	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
_____	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	
STATE			

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... COSMETICS OF THE STARS

Ask The Answer Man



ALL the big names and pretty faces have to take a back seat this month and make room for Sterling Holloway, the most asked about lad in pictures. Some of the readers happened to know his name, but many of them, when they wrote in, just referred to him as the "blond boy" who is such a picture stealer.

Sterling was born in Cedartown, Georgia. He missed being a New Year's present by just thirteen days. That was back in 1905. Since then he has managed to stretch to 5 feet, 10½ inches in height and 130 pounds in weight. He has red-gold hair, blue eyes and is still a bachelor. He attended the Georgia Military Academy and later the American Academy of Dramatic Art. His career has been varied. For a time he appeared with the Theatre Guild. Then in the "Garrick Gaieties," musical comedy, radio and night club work. He is a great creative dancer. Those intricate steps are what keep him so thin.

Although Sterling is a born comedian and has spent most of his working hours doing comedy rôles, he did a grand bit of dramatic work in "Hell Below." His work in that film as the injured sailor trapped in chlorine gas, brought in plenty of applause.

His latest pictures are "Adorable," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "When Ladies Meet," "Professional Sweetheart," and "Wild Boys of the Road," not to mention a number of short comedies.

WALTER SCHMIDT, NAPERVILLE, ILL.—You're a real friend, Walt, saying such nice things. Now I'll tell you about Sally Blane. Her real name is Betty Jane Young, sister of Loretta Young. She was born in Salida, Colo., on July 11, 1910. Her latest picture is "Trick for Trick." Sally is a free-lance player.

Why look so wistful, Sterling? Readers say you walk away with almost every scene you are in. Even those who do not know your name are commenting on your work and asking all about you

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.

MICHAEL F. SCHENK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mike, if you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find the addresses of the stars. Each month in the back of the book we print the casts of the pictures being reviewed. Many of our readers paste these casts in scrap books and always have them when they want to check up on their favorite stars and pictures. Why don't you start a book now? Then you'll always be up to date.

ALICE COLTON, HARTFORD, CONN.—Gene Raymond's real name is Raymond Guion. He was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. Anything more you'd like to know about him?

WALTER MILLAN, SCRANTON, PENNA.—Having no desire to have anyone "bury me out on the prairie," I didn't master the words of the ditty by that name. However, I think if you write to Ken Maynard at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif., he will give you the words to that song as well as the others you asked about. Ken has quite a collection of cowboy songs.

M.M.B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The cute little trick who answers to the name of Mary Carlisle, is a Bostonian. She was 21 years old on the 3rd of February this year. Mary is just 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 100 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. A Wampas Baby Star of 1932. Her latest picture is "College Humor." What did you want to know about Clara and Joan?

BERTHA MILLIGAN, CHARLESTON, S. C.—Bertha, you haven't been following your movies very closely, or perhaps the pictures do not reach your town very early, for Phillips Holmes has certainly been turning out some grand work. His most recent pictures are "Men Must Fight," "Looking Forward," "The Big Brain," "Storm at Daybreak" and "Dinner at Eight." Watch for them. Now for your second question—the tiny tot in "Second Hand Wife" really did play the violin. Her name is Karol Kay and she is considered quite an accomplished violinist.

BRANHAM OF K. C.—Fredric March and Kay Francis appeared together in "The Marriage Playground" and "Strangers in Love."

GEORGIANA, GLENWOOD, IA.—I haven't the space here to give you the complete cast as you requested. If you will send me a stamped return envelope I will send you the cast.

SALLY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Jan Kiepura, who sang so delightfully in "Be Mine Tonight," is under contract to Universal. His name is pronounced Kee-poo-rah.

THE CRAZY FOUR, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—And it's Dick Powell you are crazy about! Dick sounded his first "ah" in Mountain View, Ark., one November day in 1904. The 14th if you really want to know. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 177 pounds and has auburn hair and blue eyes. For two years he was a featured tenor in an orchestra. Following that he was Master of Ceremonies in a picture house for four and a half years. Then came picture offers, his first being "Blessed Event." Watch for him in "Footlight Parade" with Ruby Keeler.

D. M. OF NEW YORK.—Here are a few particulars about Kent Taylor who is rapidly becoming a favorite. Kent first saw light on a ranch near Nashua, Ia. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 and has dark wavy hair and brown eyes. You will see him soon in the new Mae West picture "I'm No Angel."

JANE AND JUNE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Jeanette MacDonald would be pleased if she heard all the nice things you said about her. She has recently returned to the film capital, from Europe. Her next picture will be "The Cat and the Fiddle." And who do you suppose is her leading man? None other than Ramon Novarro. What think you of that combination?

She Abhors Being "Beautified"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

did give in, she laid out and had incorporated in her contract a set of conditions the like of which even Hollywood had never seen before.

To begin with, she had a small—"a very small," she insists—mole just beneath her left nostril. Stahl noticed it and suggested that she have it removed—or that Universal have it removed for her.

"Nothing doing!" decreed Miss Sullavan. "I won't be beautified. I'll stay exactly as I am, movies or no movies!"

Since she has come to the Coast, however, the mole *has* been removed. Because she consented to be beautified? Good lord, no!

"Just imagine," she snorted indignantly—if such a charmingly vivacious young lady can be said to snort—"they called it a *wart!* They did! I couldn't possibly keep it after that, could I?"

SHE pointed to a tiny scar the size of a pin-prick. "Look," she said, "What a chump I was! I'll carry that clear to my grave!"

Of course she won't. And if she does, it doesn't matter. Nobody but she would know.

But about the tooth, Margaret hasn't given in, and swears she won't.

It seems that she has just *one* tooth that is very, very slightly uneven, and Stahl, beauty dissectionist that he is, noticed that too. He suggested that with very little trouble, and no pain at all, a good dentist could make it a perfect match in an hour or so.

"Absolutely not!" decreed Miss Sullavan again. "I absolutely will not." And she hasn't.

Looking at Margaret, it isn't hard to realize why she objected to being beautified. It isn't necessary at all.

She realizes that she isn't the Hollywood-doll type, and that's what she thought might happen to her if she didn't guard against it. But the secret of Margaret's appeal, the thing that won Stahl so instantly, was her utter charm.

She's a sort of white Topsy—a natural rebel. She doesn't fraternize with the movie crowd at all, refuses even to contemplate the usual things that most picture people do.

"I live at a very nice apartment-hotel," she said sweetly. "We have a lovely swimming pool that the other guests don't use, so I have it all to myself. I don't go to openings, soirees, movie teas, cabarets, parties, or anything like that, of course. I tried them all out just once, and I didn't like any of them."

It may be interesting, in passing, to remark that in her first picture Margaret is being supported by such veteran screen and stage names as Edna May Oliver, Benita Hume, Robert McWade, Reginald Denny, Billie Burke, Julia Faye, Mary Doran, Natalie Moorhead and dozens and dozens of others.

AT the studio she always eats at the lunch-counter. She doesn't like the "atmosphere" in Universal's exclusive "Indian Room," where all the stars and executives eat.

The first day when they saw her sitting there at the counter, they thought it was a mistake—that she just didn't know any better.

"Oh," a big, double-barreled executive went over to her and said, "you mustn't sit over here, Miss Sullavan—it won't quite do for a leading lady, you know." He jerked his head towards the *sanctum cavarium*. "We all eat in there."

"I see," responded Miss Sullavan contritely. "I'll remember after this."

She did, too. Still eats seated at the lunch counter. She really likes the grips, carpenters, and electricians.

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While we were lunching, a bus-load of autograph hunters was unloaded outside. The Universal commissary is the only one open to the public, and has a sign outside inviting the rubbernecks to "eat with the stars." The visitors swarmed into the cafe. This day Paul Lukas was seated at one table, John Boles at another, Gloria Stuart at a third and Margaret herself at a fourth.

Seeing Margaret in make-up, and not having the faintest idea who she was—they couldn't have had because she hasn't yet made a single picture—the signature shooters came swarming over.

Margaret scribbled obligingly on their cards and in their books. But what she scribbled was: "Farina." You'll remember Farina as the little colored star of Our Gang several years ago.

"They couldn't possibly know the difference," Margaret explained, "and I'm sure they'd prefer Farina's autograph to mine."

FOR that first ten days in Hollywood Margaret's life was just one mad whirl. Tests—tests—tests; but, reversing the usual procedure of ten or twenty girls before one camera-

man to see which of *them* registered best, in Margaret's case Universal tried out over a dozen of Hollywood's crack cameramen to see which of *them* could photograph *her* best. Then there were wardrobe fittings, hairdressers, everything that a studio throws behind a girl they're out to make a star of Margaret stood it—and stood it.

"I hate Hollywood!" she stormed. "I hate the movies! I hate the whole place and everything in it!"

THE picture began. Drive, drive. Stahl, always a thorough, painstaking director, made each scene over and over, it seemed to Margaret, innumerable times. She was in almost every shot. She was hungry, hot and tired—so tired.

"I hate Hollywood!" she said again at luncheon. "I hate the movies! I hate it all! I wish I hadn't stayed!"

She sighed.

But she added a moment later, "perhaps if I could have just three days rest I'd probably love it all!"

And that's how Hollywood and a screen career affects the girl who won't be beautified.

It's a Woozy World, says Woolsey

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

should have been reported to the S.P.C.A. "Nope, I've learned a thing or two from that costly trip. I've learned that every country has its styles in women just like it has its styles in clothes!

"And I've learned that it's sometimes worse to be too popular than not to be popular at all! "Imagine if you can," he continued dramatically, "being chased up and down Asia for three solid months—from Batavia to Singapore, from Mandalay to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Cairo, from Cairo to Bagdad. Chased by mobs of frenzied followers who grabbed for my cigar or my specs, and if they couldn't get away with those, they'd snatch the buttons off my coat, or take a scrap of my trousers as a memento.

"Gosh, it was ten times worse than being chased through an African jungle by that lunatic, Wheeler.

"By the time we reached Singapore I was feeling pretty shaky. What with having the clothes torn off my back, and my wife in a state because of the way we'd treated her in China and Japan, I was what you'd call slightly the worse for wear.

"To make matters more desperate, we hadn't any money. What I hadn't spent on cigars, we'd lost in the exchange. Remember that ghastly week when the dollar kept sinking and sinking?

"Well, it hit the low on our second day in Singapore. We were stranded!

"That memorable morning I held my coin purse up to Wheeler's ear. 'Hear that,' I said, giving it a violent shake.

"All we heard was the faint jingle of two lonely Japanese yen. 'That,' said I, 'is the death rattle.'

"So we had to borrow enough money from a man who wanted our autographs to cable for cash to move on. Jumping Jupiter, a fugitive from an autograph-hunting gang has got to keep moving! Just to escape his own gags!"

MARTYR Woolsey shuddered. "Yes ma'am, and I guess my weirdest autograph experience was a written request from someone in Scotland, which read: 'Please sir, send me an old shoe-string or something with your name on it.'

"It took me a week of powerful concentrating to figure out how I'd get my name on a shoe string without embroidering it for the

guy. But Bob Woolsey never fails his public!"

The man who "never fails his public" pirouetted around the room and displayed a few invisible muscles.

"Just look at me, look at me now," he said sadly. The man who once had won the Ignoble Prize squeezed the place where those muscles might once have been. Tears blurred the lenses of his specs.

"Believe it or not, I was forced to eat my way around the world! Me—aesthetic Bob Woolsey—with a stomach so delicate that the missus lies awake nights trying to concoct menus to tempt my peckish appetite—me, forced to surrender himself to those native banquets.

"OH, the horror of those snakes *au gratin*—the nightmare of those tender sharks' fins *en casserole*—the deluge of those birds' nest soups—and the grittiness of those betel nuts!

"That wasn't the worst of it, either. If we were allowed to stop eating—it was only to take time off to drink to someone's health. I drank so many healths, I ruined my own for life.

"By the time we arrived in Ireland, where we were to be entertained by President De Valera, I'd drunk so many healths, I'd run smack out of toasts.

"And I had a terrible premonition that I wasn't going to stand up under this health drinking much longer.

"Well, I was right. We arrived in Dublin. Our car was stopped in the main street, and the crowd roared for ten minutes. Thinking I ought to acknowledge such an ovation, I tried to step out of the car. But the strain of those three months had been too great. I couldn't stand up under it. I missed the curb, and fell flat on my schnozzle. And would you believe it—they thought I was being funny on purpose. And cheered for another half hour!

"When we were finally presented to President De Valera, I took it upon myself to tell him how much we appreciated every little thing that had been done for us. Says I, 'You've made a couple of little Americans very happy, sir.' 'Indeed, I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Woolsey,' he answered. 'But begorra, you amaze me. You're the first American I've ever met who referred to himself as *little*'

"And I should say," concluded the world-weary diplomaniac, "that that remark wasn't half bad for an amateur."

"There are 7 Kinds of Love"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

I couldn't make believe about him for very long . . ."

There often follows, Carole says, Companion-ship Love. And that is the direct antithesis to the Love Emotional. The Companionship love is *all* friendship and *no* emotion. All prose and no poetry. All practicality and no passion. Love for companionship, she explained, is really friendship, but young people are so incurably romantic that they must attach the poor tired tag line of love to any relationship between the sexes.

"I HAD the Companionship Love too. He was a slightly older man. They usually are when they play this rôle. I admired him enormously. I *liked* everything about him. I liked his mannerisms and his manners, I liked his style. I liked his tastes, his hobbies, his friends, the things he did and the way he did them.

"He taught me things, lots of them. He opened doors to me. He brought out 'the best' in me. And—I would have been positively ill if he had ever kissed me. The thrilling ingredient that sets friendship on fire simply was not there.

"There is, of course, the Maternal Love. I mean the maternal love of a woman for a man. In every love, I think, there is some element of the maternal, or there should be if the woman is a thoroughly normal woman.

"But that is not what I mean now. I mean the love that is *all* maternal, that takes a man and makes a little boy of him, spoiled, dependent, indulged, forgiven all things. The love that assumes all of the responsibility for everything, takes all the burdens, makes all the decisions.

"This is the love that usually comes to strong and dominant women for rather weakling men.

"They become the mothers of these men. That is what they want to be. They are never attracted to men who are stronger and more dominant than they.

"And this, also, happened to me. I seem to be giving a complete symposium of my love affairs. But I'm glad I have a symposium. Only by the process of elimination does a woman ever know what is real, authentic, *true*.

"I fell in love with this boy. I tried to make him over. I wanted to replace his habits with other habits. I tried to find jobs for him, and when he had a job I kept it for him, or thought I did.

"I tried to protect him from criticism and from unkindness on the part of other people. I finally discovered that he was as yellow as the yolk of an egg and that nothing I could ever do would improve him one iota.

"This maternal love is, or can be, the most dangerous love of all, because it usually comes to strong women who crave children of their own, and when that woman marries her weakling mate and has children, and that craving is satisfied, he has served his purpose and shipwreck follows.

"AND now," said Carole slowly, "there is the seventh love. The real love. My love for Junior. Junior's love for me."

"Junior," I must pause to tell you, is Carole's name for Bill Powell. She said, when my look of inquiry and more than slight surprise appeared upon my face, "But I always call him Junior—didn't you know?" And isn't it too perfect for him? *Junior!* Just think of Bill, so suave and dignified and all the things he is, and then think of calling him Junior and you will appreciate the really divine humor of it, if I do say so—!

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"I BELIEVE that like marrying like is a great a fallacy as love at first sight. Neither one of these pretty notions works. Our love is the love that gives and takes. It is the perfect see-saw love.

"When Junior is up I am down, and when Junior is down I am up, and so neither one of us is either too far down or too fantastically far up—but *balanced*.

"There are all the elements. I write Junior ardent little notes such as I once wrote to Ralph Pop. There is the element of Emotional Love. There is also the counter-balancing element of the Companionship Love. He fits

enough of my Love Ideal so that he never lets me down. If he has feet of clay they are winged feet, too.

"The Love-on-the-Rebound element is there too, because, of course, I have rebounded from all these others.

"And there is enough of the maternal quality for me to want to cheer Junior when he is despondent, help him when he is tired, amuse him when he is bored.

"There is only one 'accident' that can happen to this Healthy Love and that is, if one person outgrows the other. That is why I believe in divorce because out-growing does happen sometimes."

BUT even this seventh kind of love did not prevent the break between Carole and Bill. At this time she is seeking a divorce in Reno.

There, then, must be an *eighth* kind of love. What is it?

"What's Wrecking Hollywood Marriage?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

"The average male is an easy victim to any designing female. His vanity is so great that he can be easily blinded to the fact that he is being hooked.

"Then the problem of the 'other woman' enters into the actor's home.

"There are three paths open to the wife:

"She can regard it as ground for an open break.

"She can conceal her knowledge and ignore it.

"Or the situation can be discussed frankly and an intelligent decision attempted.

"This problem places a heavy strain on marriage, and is one of the most frequently encountered situations in Hollywood. No invariable rule is applicable, but there is this to be said:

"Since possession is nine points of the law, the wife has the advantage. If it is a temporary infatuation from which she thinks her husband will recover, and she earnestly desires to preserve her home, she can ignore the whole business.

"In Hollywood, that is difficult, with every gossip columnist pointing it out to her. This is where the civilian wife has the advantage. She can pretend ignorance much more convincingly.

"If the average wife would make the same attempt to *hold* her husband that the other woman makes to *vamp* him, the divorce courts could go begging!

"I am amazed daily at the number of women who think their work is over when they have snared their man. Wives in Hollywood as well as all wives should realize that marriage is a

competitive business—to a greater degree than any other business.

"No marriage is worth having that is not worth keeping."

WE then asked Dr. Popenoe about the ever-present Hollywood problem of marriage versus career. He answered that few women had the energy and vitality to handle two full-time jobs.

They put the most in the job that presents the greatest competition—so one or the other is bound to be slighted—and it is too often the home.

He added that statistics had proved a woman's career can be conducted successfully along with her home—if she does not make more money and have greater success than her husband.

It takes an almost superhuman male to forgive that damage to his ego, according to Dr. Popenoe.

A line which is very pertinent, we thought, is Dr. Popenoe's "all but the most intelligent and astute young females suffer with a chronic inability to realize when they are well off! They too often feel that any change would be for the better, when as a matter of fact, one man is very like another. So much is up to the woman to make him a good husband. An actress with a career hasn't the time to concentrate on it.

"Marriage is the most free relationship in the world. There are no rules. We make our own.

"It is only when the two people concerned take unfair advantage of that freedom that the structure collapses!"

If One Cagney's Good, Two Should Be Better

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

wading right into him. Thought I had let him off too easy. He was only four, but he sure put up a swell battle."

Bill, however, can match memories of boyish admiration.

"Jimmy used to be the best catcher on the neighborhood baseball team—so I lived for the day when I could be a good catcher, too. After each game, Jim always treated to sodas. That was a real treat in those days, and Jim had to work like a horse to get the dough. But he never let us down. He was the boss of the neighborhood."

So it was quite natural, once Jimmy had landed in Hollywood, that he should want to see brother Bill there, too. Not that Bill needed a job. Jimmy will hasten to set you right on that:

"The kid was good. He had a bankroll when he was twenty-one. Swell business head. Handled the Strand Theater publicity and other accounts, and liked it.

"He stuck with advertising even when the business was at its lowest ebb—and he was making money. Not important dough, but enough to get by on."

No, it was a case with Jimmy of seeing that while advertising might be good, with the set-up they could achieve, movies would be better. So he went to work, along lines that would do credit to the cagiest diplomat of the old school. As he tells it:

"Bill was in bad physical condition." (Trust a Cagney, whose fists have been his passport from cradle days, to feel worried about that!)

"I persuaded him to come out here, take a six months' lay-off, and get into shape. And see what would turn up.

"He started right out playing handball, wrestling, and boxing. He worked at it. The kid sticks with things. Took off thirty-two pounds—went from 196 to 164—and now he's in top shape."

THAT was when, between bouts, Jimmy "showed the young brother the town" and (whisper it!) also showed the town the young brother—with the publicity people fairly eating it up, making Bill famous, and keeping a grand prospective treat before the public. There was one thing he might have had to watch, had Bill been like so many others; but Bill being what he was, Jimmy had no bother. He'll tell you about that, too.

"He was out here four months before he even had a date," the elder Cagney will confide. "He's very cagey about it. Figured it was an easy town to go hay-wire in, so he started out very cautiously, and got the habit. He's hard to get, that one."

Which, by the way, sounds a good deal like Jimmy himself, the lad who never smokes, unless the script demands it, might take a drink about once in two months, and get the razz from his family when he does, for putting on a "bad man" act. The same Jimmy, who, being asked by a not-over-discerning interviewer, about his love life, snapped, "I'm married!" and shut off that topic for keeps.

So now Cagney the Younger has landed for his chance—and the natural question is, what will come of it? Jimmy and Bill both have ideas on that—sound ones. Says Jimmy:

"He's better equipped physically than I am. Taller, good carriage, and he has a grand natural assurance that I had to cultivate. He's an instinctive actor.

"The kid's a much more agreeable guy than I am. Laughs more easily. He hasn't a nerve in his body. Sits in a chair and relaxes as if he'd been born in it. Me, now, I'm jumpy, poised to spring.

"Any business involving speed and action would be Bill's choice. If it happens to be a Cagney rôle, and he gives it the works, that's okay with me. But he's fitted for more romantic stuff than I am. Better looking," adds Jimmy, not at all conscious of modesty.

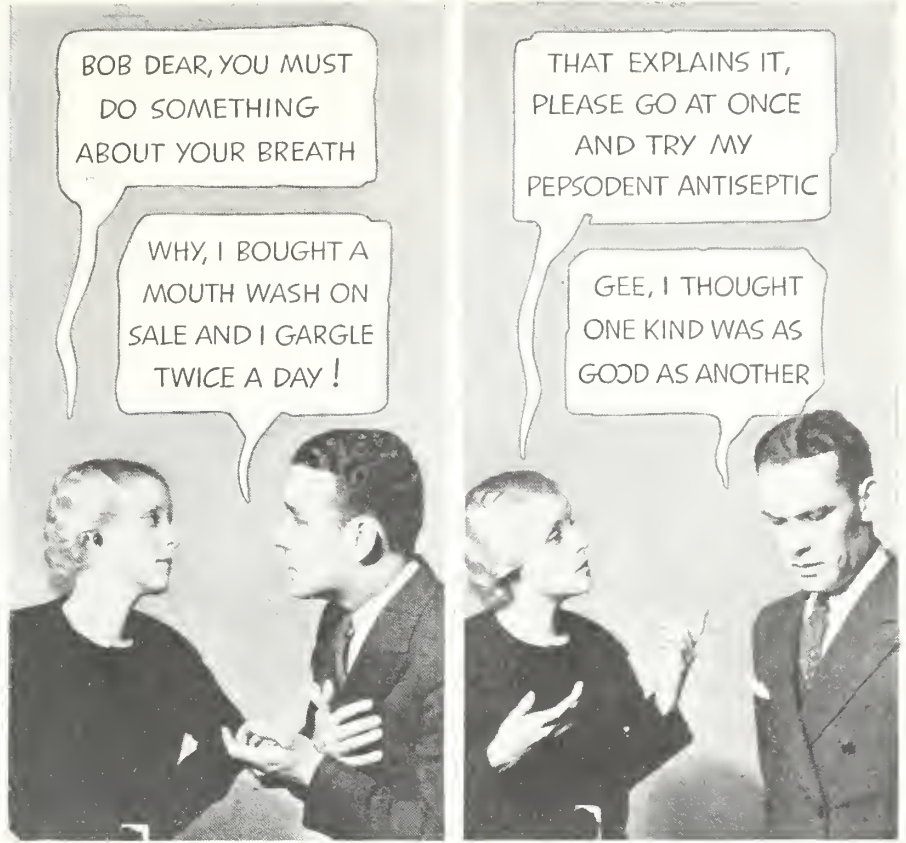
THAT'S Jimmy on the subject of which Hollywood has seen so much—family rivalry, most of it unpleasant.

But Bill cherishes no ideas of beating brother Jim at his own game.

"It would lead to inevitable comparisons—and there's only one Jimmy. I couldn't equal him, and nobody else can. He's the best there is—so why should I try to crash that field?"

That's Bill's idea—and that's where matters stand right now, while the situation is being warmed up for the screen introduction of Bill. Meanwhile Bill, with a contract tucked away, has rented a house, and is bringing his mother and sis to live with him. "Sis" is just fourteen, and determined to be a doctor, like two of her four grown-up brothers.

And sitting on the side-lines, and knowing what the movies can do, when they take the notion, we'd say it won't be long before, somehow, the two Cagneys are put together. And since Bill, for all that the brothers say about each other, at bottom still is a Cagney, there ought to be plenty of fun for all of us, when that happens. At any event, it looks more like a "natural" than anything we've noticed in many a moon!



Pepsodent Antiseptic assures a pure, sweet breath at 1/3 the cost!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

IN almost every family—certainly in every group of friends—there is someone who is being fooled by ineffective mouth antiseptics. It's a friendly act to tell them about Pepsodent . . . how Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—how, by adding water, you make it go three times as far and thus get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still* kill germs in less than 10 seconds.

Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. The result is too important—whether fighting colds or unpleasant breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

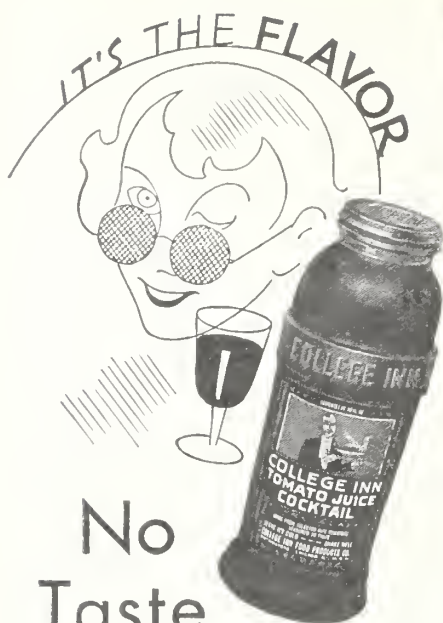
Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Sore Throat Colds | Cuts and Abrasions |
| Head Colds | Chapped Hands |
| Smoker's Throat | Dandruff |
| Bad Breath | Skin Irritations |
| Mouth Irritations | Checks Under-Arm |
| Irritations of the Gums | Perspiration Odor |
| After Extractions | "Athlete's Foot" |
| After Shaving | Tired, Aching Feet |



Pepsodent Antiseptic

Importance of Bulletins For Movie Fan Clubs



No
Taste
Blindness
Here

Pity the folks who are taste blind! Fighting words? Not at all, for most of us are taste-conscious. Only College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail will satisfy those who enjoy a full, rich, flavorsome appetizer. Common sense—all your senses—prove the importance of those words "College Inn" and "Cocktail" when ordering from the food store.

Ordinary, watery juices may get by the taste-blind palate. But full enjoyment of fine flavor necessitates your ordering College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail—invitingly packed in the famous shaker-shaped bottle, with the magic "White" cap that opens so easily.

True epicures boast of fine-flavored foods. With them, College Inn is favored. Rather significant, we think.

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL
TOMATO JUICE
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

DURING the past month many interesting and attractive bulletins from movie fan clubs have been received by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs. These point definitely toward the fact that some of the Fan Clubs are actually building an organization which will not only keep its present members interested but will serve to attract prospective members.

Clubs which have not found it possible to publish some sort of paper or organ can look forward to that experience with the assurance that it will create a closer feeling between members and bring about a feeling of accomplishment.

It is not necessary to spend a large amount of money for the bulletin, especially at first, for its newness will offset any doubt as to its appearance which members might feel. Then, if it is found to be successful, you will have plenty of time in which to dress it up.

NEARLY every club publication had a humble start and its success is due to the united efforts of the entire club membership. You'll find many of your members will be able to contribute worthwhile suggestions, and in some instances furnish articles for the paper.

Interest, of course, is the requisite for a successful club paper, and a variation of the contents is necessary if you want to please everyone. Much of the content can be about the star you sponsor, but there should also be items concerning other stars and movie fan clubs.

You'll find it possible to exchange your bulletin with other clubs and in doing this you will broaden your experience and be able to pick up many good suggestions to work into your own paper.

Among the bulletins received were: Cooper Twinkles, The Jackie Cooper Fan Club, Dove Tales, The Billie Dove Fan Club, Among the

Stars, The Screen Fan's Club, The Legionaire, The Legion, Yours For Fun, The Johnny Downs Fan Club, The MFFC News, The Movie Fans Friendship Club, The Harlow Herald, The Jean Harlow Fan Club, The Crawford Chatter, The Joan Crawford Fan Club, and clippings from The Herald Cinema Club.

The Association will be glad to give you any information or possible help in regard to Club bulletins if you will just drop a line to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHARTERS have been issued by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs to these additional clubs:

The John Boles Music Club,
Lillian Musgrave, President,
2700 Vincent Avenue North,
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Bing Crosby Club,
Fay E. Zinn, President,
109 Orchard Road,
Maplewood, N. J.

The Ruth Roland Club,
Lilian Conrad, President,
4822 Meade Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

The name of the Gaynor-Farrell-Gable Club, of which Ruth Fiffer, 5300 Pensacola Avenue, is president, has been changed to the Clark Gable Fan Club.

Anna Glance, president of the Jackie Cooper Club, advises that her address now is 7953 Merrill Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THIS IS AMERICA—
Frederick Ullman, Jr., Prod.

A VIVID demonstration that newsreels can be made to tell history. By careful selecting newsreel material since April, 1917, Gilbert Selles has woven together a gripping and authentic story, in terms of real folks, great and little, who shaped America's story through war, the jazz age, boom and collapse. Spiced with clever film effects, it is genuinely entertaining for adults, splendidly educational for children.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—
Remington Pictures

A RATHER better than usual British attempt at musical farce, turned on the old twist of a man and a girl supposed to be married, and being continually thrust into bedrooms, etc. It happens when newshawk Stanley Lupino is sent to investigate some crooked maneuvers aimed at Polly Walker, daughter of an American millionaire. The rest

is stock farce, with songs and dances, but not too heavily British.

THE LAST TRAIL—Fox

THIS time it's the racketeers instead of the rustlers who muscle in on George O'Brien's ancestral ranch. Also, speed cops instead of cowboys come to the rescue. The story otherwise is strictly Zane Grey, and it is rather regrettable that it did not remain an out-and-out Western. Comedy is predominant, with El Brendel at least sharing honors with the star.

THE STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY—First Division

A COMPILATION of newsreel and photographic material, rather artlessly (and therefore, the more effectively) reviewing this noted case. Theodore Dreiser makes the opening speech, and Mooney himself, a broken, aged man, closes, from the door of the San Francisco jail. A moving presentation, from Mooney's viewpoint, of his claim that his con-

viction was "framed," with prejudiced passion making it stick.

THE TRAIL DRIVE—Universal

AN acceptable offering for all who must have their weekly Western, and for others who can take average entertainment for an evening. *Honest John* turns out to be a crook who steals all the steers in Texas with a gag based on the late depression, and Ken Maynard restores prosperity in the good old Maynard way. Lots of stunt riding and shooting and a rousing fight.

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied

GETS away to a slow start, but achieves a bang-up finish. Russell Hopton, a dying reporter, sacrifices his life by taking the place of Donald Dillaway who, as Mary Brian's newlywed husband, is on his way to the electric chair. Not too logical, but it's good enough drama in spite of that. Especially if all the obtrusive gags shown at the preview are eliminated before you see it.

SKYWAY—Monogram

AS an airplane pilot in "Skyway," Ray Walker, a newcomer to motion pictures from the New York stage, goes about popping people a little too frequently. His ever-ready fist gets him into several jams as well as an introduction to the banker's daughter. Suspected of theft, he flies out to sea just in time to snatch the real criminal off a liner, and save the money, the girl and the story.

THE FIGHTING PARSON—Allied-First Division

HOOT GIBSON injects comedy into the Western, by donning, while hungry, a minister's garments found in the desert. Reaching Red Dog, he's snared into performing a christening. Pal *Arizona* saves him with an old trick. Of course there's a tangle with crooks, and virtue triumphs in the end, thanks to Hoot. Not enough riding, and there's no shooting; so, since Hoot's not exactly a comic riot, the film runs thin.

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures

PICTORIAL narrative of events in the World War, taken from official material. It is, of course, silent, but has vocal explanation. Being authentic, the photography is dim, but there are some excellent shots of sinking ships. As seems to be the fashion with such offerings, anti-war propaganda is rubbed in. It seems they just can't let these pictures tell their own story of cruel horror!

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures

IT'S the old story of a wife trying to reform a wayward husband. Leila Hyams tries it on Don Dillaway and it ends in tragedy. As a torch singer on a gambling ship, Leila escapes from her lover, Paul Lukas, after a shooting scrape and marries Don, a wealthy ne'er do well. Ruth Donnelly and George Stone also in the cast. A story that had possibilities before it got mishandled.

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION (THE BIG ATTRACTION)—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.

RICHARD TAUBER, as headliner of a vaudeville troupe called "The Big Attraction," is pursued by an American dancer who is determined to win her way into his act—and his heart—and does both! The story is just fair and moves a bit too slowly, but Tauber's grand singing makes up for all of that. English subtitles aid those not thoroughly familiar with German.



"Gee, honey—I get such a kick out of watching Mildred over there with her new flame". . .
 "Yes, Dave—it's thrilling—he's so obviously fallen. You helped in that, Dave."
 "I? Why?". . .
 "Well, you know—the time you got brutal. And showed Milly that ad about the seven stains". . .
 "Oh, that! Well, maybe you're right. She sure has those teeth men-love-to-see—now!"

Don't let the 7 stains dim the beauty of your teeth!

THE loveliest teeth in the world can lose their dazzle at the dining table. Can . . . and do!

For everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . 7 different kinds of stains, all told.

Some are tell-tale. Like blueberries. Others become visible only over a period of time. Yet ALL are a threat to beauty.

Though you be neat as a Dutch girl—though you conscientiously clean your teeth three times a day—those stains still may linger.

Why? Because all 7 stains will not surrender to the single cleansing action of many

toothpastes. It takes TWO actions to rout them all—the TWO actions that Colgate's gives.

First, an emulsive action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action, that safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

Isn't it worth 19 cents to have lovelier teeth—a more attractive smile? That's what a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream costs. Buy it. Try it—for 10 days. And let your mirror prove the difference it can make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins	3. Vegetables
2. Cereals and other starchy foods	4. Sweets
	5. Fruits
	6. Beverages
	7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven

LARGE 25c TUBE
Special 19¢
 2 FOR 37c

STA-RITE



Now you can get genuine Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half-round) Bob Pins—the kind beauty experts recommend—together with a lovely photo-miniature of your favorite star for your movie album or dressing table.

Select Your Favorite

Twelve popular stars to choose from. You'll want to collect the whole series.

Claudette Colbert
Neil Hamilton Jack Holt
Genevieve Tobin
Ralph Forbes Wynne Gibson
Constance Cummings
Edmund Lowe Ginger Rogers
Dorothy Mackaill
Ralph Bellamy Tom Brown

At Leading Stores and Beauty Shops

Note: Similar cards with "midget" size bob pins, featuring members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" are available for little misses.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN Co.
Shelbyville, Ill.
In Canada, 49 Wellington St.,
Toronto.

STA-RITE

For soft, lovely, natural waves
use Sta-Rite Wave Set



The "New Deal" in Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

meteoric rise of Betty Furness. Why? Because Betty's picture was spotted by a movie executive one day while flipping the pages of a class book. The era of the new girl was just beginning to dawn and with the mad scramble to sign up the vigorous, healthy youngsters, Betty found herself in demand. She was as much surprised as was her Park Avenue father.

And with parental objections overcome, Betty was on her way to RKO-Radio film fame before you could say Merian Cooper.

I asked Betty one day what she thought she had to offer in the way of screen talent and she didn't hesitate a moment to reply:

"Gosh, I don't know. I don't seem like a siren and I certainly am not a glamorous type. I've often wondered myself what they saw in me."

The secret is herewith offered, Miss Furness. It was exactly that, and nothing else, which

gave you that picture contract. Your unsophisticated, natural, wholesome slant on life, and the fact that you *look* exactly like what you represent.

Lyda Roberti is another of the "new deal" girls—one hundred pounds of vim and vigor.

I could go on at great lengths mentioning names of new starlets; girls who have been chosen to conform to feminine standards of this new era which our country is heading into. The new deal in girls is to be reflected through the mirror of national trends—the motion picture screen.

But you will be seeing these starlets in future pictures and you can tell best, on your own judgment, whether these girls are representative of what the "new deal" girl should be like. For it is the public who has created this new standard of beauty. And it is for them to say whether her requirements have truly been fulfilled.

Let's Gather 'Round the Goldfish Bowl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

fixin' her screens—and y'oughtta see *her* bedroom . . .!" And then he gave a minute description of it, with personal comment. That's privacy, or is it?)

JOAN rings a bell via pushbutton beside her bed and a maid answers. Nice—but Joan can't help but wonder if, some day, that maid isn't going to "tell all" or sell out her mistress' boudoir secrets for a reporter's ten-dollar bill. She dresses, makes up—and realizes that her every action has been detailed in publicity stories, and that every gown in the wardrobe she selects from has been pictured in fashion layouts.

She steps into her car, and tells Bennett, the chauffeur, to drive to the studio. And is glad she has Bennett, because she still remembers the chauffeur she and Doug, Jr. had to fire for driving recklessly—and he got mad and made the circuit of the newspaper offices in Los Angeles with an offer to sell, for fifty dollars, some more of the private lives of his ex-employers!

She gets to the studio, finds an interview arranged. The interviewer is an utter stranger. But asks, nevertheless, the most intimate questions about her life with Doug, Jr. and why she divorced him. The interviewer asks things that not even the divorce court judge would ask, and wonders why Joan evades answering!

Then to the portrait gallery, where a new set of publicity pictures is to be taken. Then, say, she's got an engagement at the Ambassador Hotel at tea-time, with another interviewer. She gets there early, steps into the fashionable gown shop in the hotel lobby to look over some new clothes. Forthwith, the shop suddenly swarms with other hotel guests who finger a veil, look at a hat, ask a salesgirl about a dress—but who have no intention whatever of buying. They merely jam in to see Joan Crawford.

And Joan steps across the lobby and into the café—and as she walks between the tables to her favorite booth, the hum of the room ceases and heads turn and there's a barrage of eyes, eyes, EYES, EYES! EYES . . .! And whispers: ". . . it's Joan . . . Crawford . . . there's Crawford . . . it's Joan . . . wonder who she's gonna meet . . ." and so on. Joan sees them, hears them—but she's got to ignore them. Imagine doing that, if you think it's easy!

At the tea table with the interviewer. More questions, more prying into intimate secrets. A waiter steps up. "Miss Crawford, there is a telephone call for you . . ."

She steps over to the phone. It's out in the open, not a booth. "Yes—oh, hello Franchot," the room hears her say. And there's a hiss of whispering and then a swelling hum of undertone talk, and she knows everyone that heard is chattering that "there's Joan talking with Franchot Tone again and—buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz . . ."

She comes back to the table. "I suppose now it'll be all over the newspapers that I've talked with Franchot Tone again." And she adds: "I've heard that Winchell pays telephone operators in big hotels to listen in on conversations and tip him off."

Another touch at her elbow, and it's a perfectly strange woman. "Miss Crawford, I hope you don't think I'm intruding, but I'm here for a vacation from Minnesota—and would you sign this menu card for me, please, so I can take your autograph back and tell the folks that I met and talked with you?" It's easier to sign than not, so Joan signs and answers a few silly questions. And that's once, but it happens hundreds of times a month!

The interview is over, and Joan wonders if she's said anything that will read in print as though she'd meant something else, and she wonders why it is that innocent statements can appear, in type, so utterly, differently significant.

HOME, and there's time for a half-hour's sunbath. So Joan stretched out in her private garden, sunbathing nude—and wonders if ever will happen to her what happened to Garbo. Garbo, sunbathing in her own private garden one afternoon, heard a voice calling: "Oh, Miss Garbo . . .!" She looked up startled, and into a camera lens, and there was a click. And a man's face grinning behind the camera. Into the house fled the naked Garbo, and telephoned. And the studio functioned, and eventually located a man who'd come to Hollywood from the East with the determination he'd show Hollywood reporters that Garbo's picture could be *had!* The picture was never published, but it was taken. M-G-M saw to it that the negative was destroyed.

A maid. "Mr. So-and-So to see you." It's a lawyer. Joan dresses hurriedly, sees the lawyer.

What \$2.50 Will Bring You

In twelve numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, hundreds of pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing. The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photo-play, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for \$2.50 [Canada \$3.50; Foreign \$3.50] for the next 12 issues, addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. H-10, 919 No. Michigan Av., CHICAGO

It's about the matter of the disgruntled freelance writer, who, in revenge because Joan hadn't "tipped him off" in advance about her separation from Doug, had threatened to blast wide open to the world some horrendous secrets about a years-ago hospitalization Joan had undergone.

"We had to dig into years and years of hospital records to get the details on that case—actually, I had my tonsils out," said Joan, "and what the man threatened to broadcast was something entirely different!"

DRESSING again, and a car purrs up and Franchot Tone comes to take her to dinner and dancing. Joan knows, as she goes out, that the columnists will have it all next day, with cracks about "thataway" and "romance" and "Doug's successor." But she's used to it—as used, that is, as one can get to that sort of unprivacy.

As they draw up before the Beverly-Wilshire and the car door opens, POW goes a camera flashlight, and Joan and Tone have been photographed by a candid camera. Another one pops as they step into the hotel. Joan knows that when the picture comes out—unposed, unretouched—that she'll look exactly like one always looks on a picture of that kind, and wonders how long the public will continue to believe she's beautiful and glamorous, with pictures like that being taken by the dozen.

Well—dinner and dancing. And eventually, home.

And maybe, an hour after she drops off to fitful sleep, the ultra-ultra-private telephone by her bedside rings. This is not the private phone to her house, but a secondary private phone, the number of which is supposed to be very, very secret. Joan, knowing that only two or three most intimate friends have that number, wakes and answers.

And it's a newspaperman! With a question about a rumor that she and Doug are reconciling and leaving for China, or something equally silly! "How *did* you get this number?" asks Joan, half bewildered, half angry. "Oh, we have ways," says the newspaperman, and Joan knows that tomorrow for the eleven millionth time, it seems, she'll have to have the phone company change all her numbers again, so she'll have two or three days of freedom from impertinent telephonings!

And so to sleep, if any. And if you think that's one bit exaggerated, you're wrong. If anything, it's mild, compared to one of Joan's days. And it's not Joan alone—I just picked Joan because she's one of scores.

There's not a movie star in Hollywood who doesn't, day in and day out, have the same routine of unprivacy!

"Go away from it," you suggest? First, they can't. They have to stay in Hollywood and work.

When they're not working, they can go away, of course—but not *from it*. Their faces are their fortunes, but at the same time they're their doom when it comes to privacy-seeking.

No matter where they go, they're bound to be recognized—and unprivacy away from Hollywood is even more determined than in cinemaland! I could tell you a thousand tales . . .

ON a train, to New York, in the dead of night. A small-town stop. A rapping on the window of her compartment, and Joan raises the shade.

And there on the platform is half the population of the town calling to her.

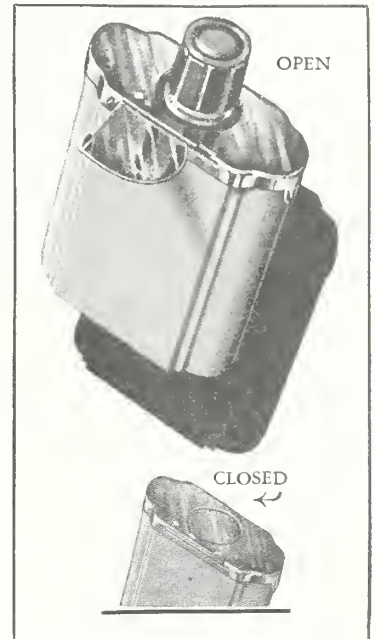
They'd been tipped off that she was on board, and the grinning porter had pointed out her compartment window. So she got up, stepped out on the platform in negligée, shook hands, signed books. On the same trip she stepped into a New York store, bought a five-hundred-dollar feather boa. By the time she came out, word had spread. The sidewalk was crowded. Joan had to literally fight her way to her car at the curb. By the time she got there, the boa had been plucked like a chicken for

A Beautiful PERFUME CONTAINER

A Startling Offer!

Up-to-date women will be delighted to obtain one or more of these new, non-leakable perfume containers. Easily filled, occupying very little space and available in six attractive colors, they readily become a highly welcome accessory to milady's handbag.

To get yours, just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted . . . using the convenient coupon printed below.



LINIT in your BATH

*The Bathway
to a Soft,
Smooth Skin*

will give you a new sensation and make your skin feel as soft as a rose petal . . . *immediately*. To enjoy this marvelous LINIT Beauty Bath . . . merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual . . . using your favorite soap. Then . . . feel your skin . . . delightfully smooth and silky. LINIT is so economical that you should at least give it a trial. Let *results* convince you.



Perfumed LINIT is on sale at grocers, druggists and department stores. Unscented LINIT is sold only by grocers.

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Please send me . . . perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$. . . and . . . LINIT package tops.

- Black
- Brown
- Red
- Blue
- Green
- Ivory

Name

Address City State



JUNE BREWSTER, LOVELY R. K. O. SCREEN STAR

Make your Eyes ENTICING

EASY • THRILLING • NEW

● Dark, heavy lashes curtain your eyes with glamour and mystery. You can have such lashes . . . if you follow the beauty secret of movie stars! Use Winx, the NEW type mascara that makes lashes look caressingly soft . . . and enchantingly long.

Winx is easy to apply—not too thick; pleasant to use—never smarts. Best of all, it *can't* smear, smudge or fleck off . . . as ordinary mascaras so often do. Even tears won't affect Winx.

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"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"



—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 4-K, 555 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampo-Kolor," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valtigny, Dept. 43, 23 W. 30th St., N. Y.

roasting! And scores of fans had feathers from Joan's boa as souvenirs.

Oh, I could fill this whole magazine with stories—

—about the girl who called Nils Asther at three A.M. to tell him she'd read an item that he had a cold and if he'd spread hot camphor oil on it, it'd help. Or the matron of Beverly Hills who called up his press-agent and ordered Nils, in evening dress, for a dinner at her home at eight, and how much would it cost?—of how stars can't shop in person, but send agents because (1) they are mobbed and (2) unscrupulous shop proprietors boost prices for them! —of how stars' automobiles, recognized by unusual color-jobs, or monograms or license cards, are half stripped by souvenir hunters!—of how, on the day after the papers printed news of Robert Montgomery's baby being born at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital, that hospital's visiting crowd suddenly tripled or more, and every one of them asks to be shown the Montgomery baby!—of how Hollywood believes the rumor that the nurses of the foremost physicians are paid to tip certain columnists off to when a star or star's wife expects a blessed event!

—of how ex-servants, ex-friends, babble to reporters the most inviolable secrets of a star's personal life!—of how Clark Gable's ex-wife, a Hollywood voice coach, told about her life as Mrs. Gable—of how certain of Garbo's ex-admirers told intimate things about her—of how honeymoons become personal appearance tours, marriages become publicity expeditions!

—of a million and one other unprivacies of the stars.

I could tell of how John Barrymore, ill in bed, listened to an argument under his sick-room window between his gardener and two insistent women who'd crashed his gates and intruded on his place, until his nerves cracked and he leaped half-naked to the bedroom balcony and screamed at them until they fled in terror. Or of how John Gilbert was hounded from one night cafe to another one night when he and a girl friend wanted a bit of privacy, and how they couldn't find it anywhere but in Gilbert's own home at last, at four A.M. And then Gilbert, having found privacy, got so bored by not having other people around, that he called up a press-agent at that ungodly hour to come over and keep them company! (But that's another story.)—and even of how a photographer actually took pictures of Marlene Dietrich's underwear to settle the question of what she wore under her mannish suits, masculine beeeveedees or feminine fripperies!

OH—I could tell you scores and scores of such things. But they would be repetitious. And probably you'd get sick and tired of reading about them and say:

"Well, what of it? These stars get thousands of dollars a week, don't they? It's because they are so famous that we want to know all about them! So why should they kick . . . ?

And maybe you're right.

And maybe not.

But *who* wants to be a goldfish?

Come on, you movie devotees, here's an interesting spelling game. By starting from any letter in the above square and moving to the next adjoining letter in any direction, up, down, right, left or diagonally, the last names of thirty-four men and women movie stars can be found. How many do you find? Perhaps you will discover more. We've spelled "Page," for example. Note the arrows. Let's go! The list of stars whose names are hidden here will be found on page 118. There's no prize. But, like you work a jig-saw or crossword puzzle, you play this for the fun of it

The Last of the Veteran Showmen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

they have spoken it not. Every stand-in must learn all the lines and do all the bits of business. Which sends them screaming into the front office for more money. If they're going to act, they want pay for it.

Every extra becomes a bit player, to say nothing of a raving maniac, before it's over. For instance, if Freddie March said to Claudette Colbert in a scene from "The Sign of the Cross," "I will not succumb to your charms, and tell that to your leopards," why at least ten blocks away in the last row of the mob, one extra must say to another, "Thinketh thee not the Empress is a two-timing mama, oh Roman olive vendor in the market place?" Or words to that effect. And with gestures, mind you. Always with gestures.

"When I was with Mansfield" is a favorite line with Cecil. Production is halted twenty-seven times a day with executives prancing up and down the studio hallways and New York bankers tearing out their rapidly graying hair while Cecil "is with Mansfield." Just to show how innocent little incidents work, that little matter of Cecil once being with Mansfield has already cost Paramount \$250,000 in delayed production. And if they could find out who this Mansfield guy is and where, they'd sue him instantly.

DURING the making of "This Day and Age," he yelled at the astounded mob of high school boys, "When I was with Mansfield, we acted. Really acted. If Mansfield said, 'The mob muttereth,' we immediately muttered 'rumba, rumba, rumba, rumba'."

"Yes, Mr. De Mille," piped out a lad in the front row, "but I never learned the rumba."

Like a flash, the four assistants sprang to the tottering director's side while the coins rattled viciously.

It is very difficult to distinguish a director from the rest of the people about on an ordinary set. "Which is the director?" one invariably has to ask. They dress as ordinary business men. Their voices are low, their manners mild, their instructions more casual than deliberate. Their one and only assistant is never obvious. There are no flashing jewels to match colored underwear, no clattering of gold pieces, no megaphones, no loud speakers, no caps on backwards. They are scarcely aware of visitors.

But not so Cecil. No one ever need ask just who is the director. No one could possibly mistake him for anything but the master supreme of all he surveys. As on a pedestal he standeth and looketh on his work and seeth that it is good. Or rotten. As the case may be.

About him flutter his assistants. His light dauber, his megaphone carrier, his "finder" carrier and his microphone toter. All Cecil's own inventions with patents applied for.

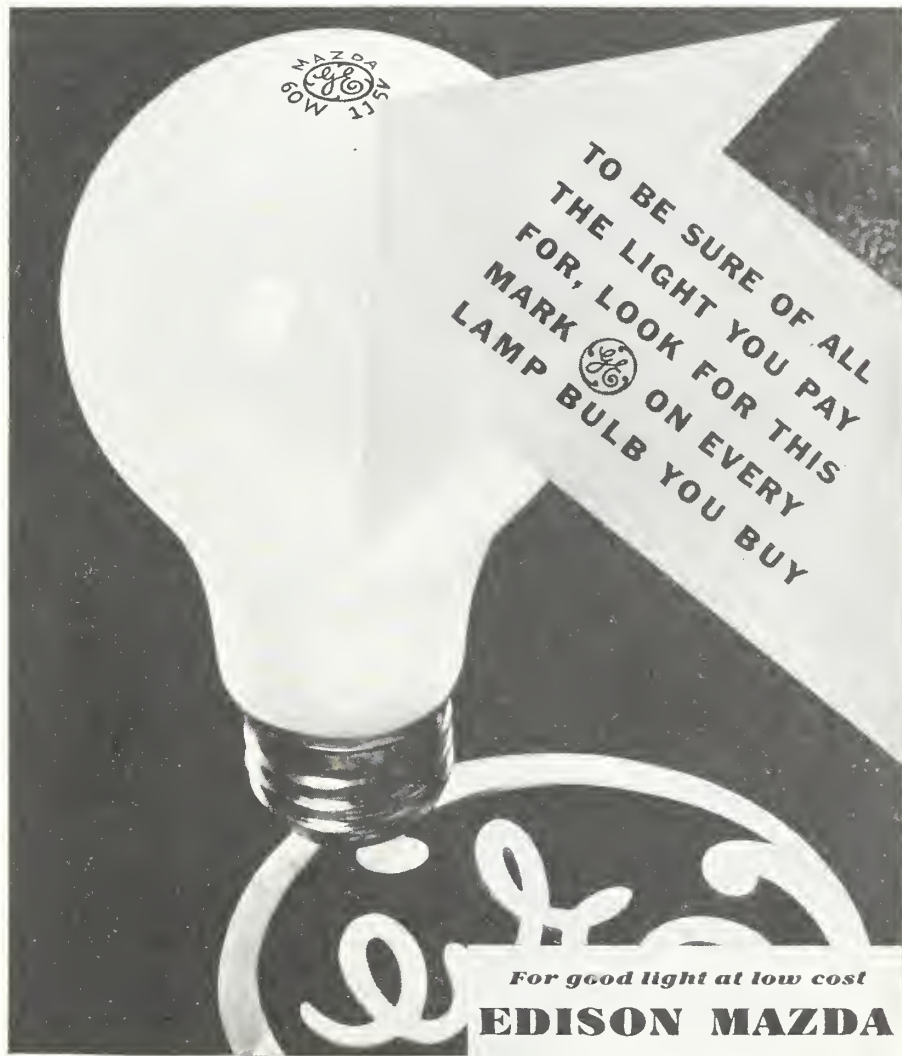
THE light dauber stands at this angle and that angle. Watching for the slightest object that may do a bit of gleaming out of turn. For instance, if he thinks a door knob may glisten a bit too brightly in the reflection of an arc light, he immediately runs forward, never walks or strolls, mind you, but runs and daubs the door knob with paint. If this still doesn't help, he's liable to daub the arc light. And has even been known, when occasion demanded, to daub the extras.

Then there's the megaphone carrier. This instrument passed out of movies with the coming of Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," but not with Cecil. Strapped firmly to the wrist of an efficient young woman is the megaphone. And there she sits or stands or lies practically prone. Every time De Mille sits or stands or



You won't take eleven eggs for a "dozen"


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For good light at low cost


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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

IF YOU could measure light as easily as you count eggs, you would make sure that every lamp you use bears the  monogram.

The simple fact is this: Inferior "bar-gain" lamps use the same amount of current as good lamps. But they give less light, blacken quickly or die too soon. They make you pay for light you do not get.

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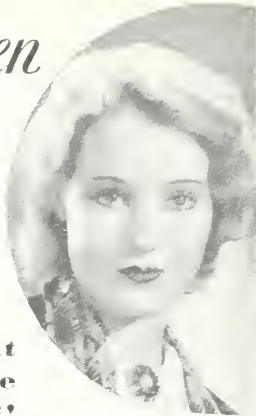
light you pay for. Always ask for Edison MAZDA lamps. They are made by General Electric, give all the light that can be obtained for the current consumed, and make electricity an even more economical servant, Edison MAZDA Lamps are identified by this monogram  on the end of the bulb.

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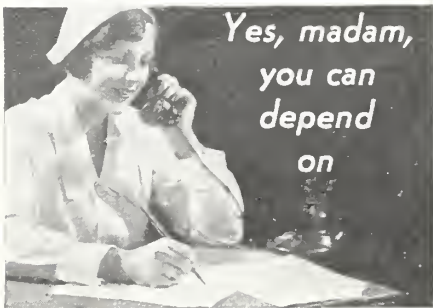
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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair: _____

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lies practically prone. There is no telling from what position he may wish to scream through the megaphone at an extra on the ten yard line. And no one can say she isn't right there when the master feels a bit of yelling coming on.

Directly on the other side, the microphone carrier, a sturdy lad, sits or stands or lies prone. In case Mr. De Mille wishes to hurl blasphemy on the bewildered head of a dumb struck extra on the sixty yard line, the "mike" will be on an exact level with his mouth. Waiting and set.

The three lying there together (and the lion shall lie down with the lamb) on the set, surveying a scene from the ground, is one of the sights to which they should really run excursions. In no other part of the globe can such a cozy and intimate little group be found. Cecil, his megaphone carrier and his "mike" carrier. Flat on their stomachs and a hey nonny, nonny.

The "finder," a little instrument which looks like an opera glass and is used to spot out extras who are not emoting according to Mansfield, is carried in a leather case strapped about the shoulder of the script girl. The only member of the entire De Mille assembly who is called upon to perform two duties at once. "Scripting" and "finder carrying."

LET a visitor enter yon stage door where Cecil works and the first assistant director groans. The groan is relayed to the second assistant who, in turn, relays it to the third. It is then sent on to the fourth.

They know that once more production is to be halted as soon as Cecil gets his baby blue peepers on the awe-struck visitors. For Cecil invariably puts on a show that fairly stuns them with its fury.

He'll center out one person, usually a flea-bitten, down-trodden extra in the background, for his vitriolic attack. He is going to show these visitors from Pittsburgh that the old maestro is still maestroing.

He'll scourge the amazed extra with words, shrivel him with burning sarcasm and wither him with frosty, hoary epigrams.

"Get off my set," he'll scream in \$5,000 worth of fury. The coins in his pocket going it like mad. "Get off this lot. Never let me see your face again."

Shamed, and practically bleeding from his crucifixion, the extra will rise to his feet and start off.

"Here, here," De Mille will shout, "where are you going? Sit down."

He hadn't even seen the extra as an individual. He was merely putting on a De Mille production for the benefit of the guests. If the extra only knew it, he had been singled out for a grand part.

He'll look at the extra, his brows drawn together in bewilderment. "What's the matter with that guy?" he'll mutter. "Started to go off the set for some reason. What's he want to do, hold up production?"

DURING the making of "The Sign of the Cross," the press were invited to witness the Christians being devoured by lions. Mr. De Mille was notified of the visit and all had been going well. Several Christians had been torn to bleeding shreds and Cecil was happy. Suddenly he spied the press entering the arena.

"And who?" he dramatically demanded, "are these people?" As if he didn't already know. "The press, Mr. De Mille," he was told.

"Oh, yes. The press. Well, well!" And that was all that was needed. He had the audience he loved. For two hours not one scene was shot. He screamed at Freddy March. He screamed at Claudette Colbert. In tears of rage they left the place and had to be coaxed back. He stormed. He raged. He did everything but act on the trapeze and ride a horse bareback in pink tights.

The other companies and directors got wind of it and called off production to witness the performance. For miles around people heard of it and came running. He was marvelous,

was Cecil. Even Mansfield himself would have envied him that performance.

And then the climax was reached.

Far on the last tier of the arena, he spied, with the aid of his finder, of course, an extra girl whispering to another while he was giving instructions. Ah, hah! Here was his meat. "So," he screamed in his nasal, high-pitched voice, "our little movie is unimportant, is it? Well, we'll just discontinue our little movie while you two girls finish your talk. Or no, better yet, we'd all like to hear what you have just said."

HIS words fairly dripped with sarcasm. "Come here, to the center of the arena," he urged, "and tell us all the very interesting thing you were saying."

The extra quivered and turned white.

"Either come forward," Cecil demanded, "or get off this lot. And stay off it."

In fear and trembling, the poor wretched girl crept forward.

"All right now, here's the microphone. Tell us all what you were saying. We're all interested, I'm sure."

"It's too embarrassing." The girl hung her head in shame.

"Speak the truth or leave," De Mille tortured his victim.

Slowly the girl lifted her lips to the loud speaker. "I just said I wondered when that bald-headed — was going to let us go to lunch."

For a moment there was a deadly silence.

Suddenly De Mille threw back his head. And roared. He loved it.

"This bald-headed — is going to let you all go to lunch this minute," he said and patted the girl on the back.

The most remarkable thing about this tyrant De Mille is his ability to take it as well as dish it out. He loves all sorts of criticism. And cherishes every bit of fun that is poked at him. He repeats it to all his friends. He'll cut out every line and every drawing that depicts the ridiculous in this old master of the movies.

ONE night the company all sat in the projection room viewing the day's rushes.

"Who shot that scene?" Cecil screamed, leaping to his feet.

"I did, sir," a cameraman said.

"Leave this room," he stormed. "Never let me see your face again. You've shot that whole scene from the wrong angle. You're fired. Get out."

And the cameraman rose and departed. Into the land of Canaan, no doubt.

"Too bad about the cameraman being fired that way," someone said on the set the next day.

"Oh, he wasn't really fired," an assistant director said. "There he is over there at work. Why, De Mille's been firing that guy every night for ten years, but he's never lost a day's work yet."

And there's his habit of changing people's names. At the drop of the hat, he'll change every player's name from the leading lady down to the merest extra.

"Say," someone said jestingly one day, "let's get J. Pierpont Morgan to play the big 'business brain' in De Mille's picture."

"Naw," was the reply, "De Mille would only want to change his name." And De Mille went about telling the story on himself for weeks.

For all his tantrums and didos his co-workers cling to him. Giving him their undying loyalty. No matter how fiercely they may grumble among themselves, no one else dare criticize. They are always willing and even anxious to go back to him.

Yes, through the years from yesterday, he has come. And survived. From an age when directors were gods on their Olympus, hurling defiance at producers and mortals. He still stands on his peak, commanding his slaves below. The only real survival from the days

of the glamorous old Hollywood. The last of the Great Showmen. Still directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with *Eva* going to heaven with the Christians and the bloodhounds skipping o'er the Red Sea.

Perhaps the best story ever told on De Mille is a true one. Cecil and his prop men and assistants had gone to look over a location. He stood on the shore and looked at the sea. Dramatically he surveyed it while two bums lay on the beach and watched him with interest.

Turning his back to the sea he surveyed the barren stretch of land. "Here," he said, with a sweeping gesture, "I want a city. Behind it I want towering mountains."

"Let's get out of here," one bum said to the other, his eyes wide.

"No, wait," said the other. "I want to see him walk on the water."

He Started Life On a Door-Step

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

a man. From early in the morning until late at night, his labor was unceasing.

He built the fire before dawn, did the chores, and at seven he was at labor in the field. And all this at an age when other children were crying for their parents. He was eleven years old.

His newly adopted mother weighed three hundred pounds, and suffered from dropsy. The disease irritated her, and as a consequence she followed the ancient instinct—when in doubt, whip a homeless child.

When the heavy lady became angry, which was often, the future Wallace Ford was forced to go to the arms of nature and cut his own switch.

Once, in the middle of a very successful thrashing, the switch broke.

Oliver Twist, asking for more porridge, caused no more consternation.

The dropsical lady's massive dignity crumbled. The broken whip fell from her trembling hand. She wept.

That night, when her son came home, the weeping mother told him what had happened.

To save the family honor, the son was forced to cut a much larger and stronger switch with which to whip the boy.

His body turned black and blue, and became so tender that wearing his few clothes caused him pain.

TOM, the son, and the whipper, was almost as large as his mother.

The orphan boy's suffering under the whip touched him so, that he, Tom, and not the boy, went to a revival meeting and got religion.

The boy often thought that Tom was insane. But that was of no importance in a sparsely settled country, except to the boy.

The superintendent in charge of the Home, traveled yearly over Canada to see how "his boys" were getting along.

He asked Sammy Jones if he was happy, and Sammy, properly coached by his adopted relatives, and in fear of a whipping, told the superintendent that he was very, very happy, and that he went to school every day, instead of working like a slave.

"I just love Mrs. Newton and Tom," he added.

Thus, again, the angels in heaven smiled in pity at the lies of an orphan boy.

These people, I blush to say it, were Irish. They taught Sammy Jones to hate the King of England, and to pray for Ireland.

As it made no difference to either the King, Ireland or Sammy, the boy, feeling that to avoid a whipping was much the better part of valor, did as he was told.

What color nails at the Casino? ALL SHADES!



At the Central Park Casino in New York: MISS KATHARINE MOSS, in white crinkled crêpe with smart accents of brown mink and Coral nails. MISS FLORENCE ROOME, in black ciré satin and deep Ruby nails—very elegant. MRS. MARSHALL MacLEOD—exquisite in candy pink satin, soft blue fox and delicate Rose nails.

IN the smarter midnight-to-dawn clubs, just try to find a really smart evening frock without its accent of tinted finger nails.

No modern girl needs to be told twice that Variety in Finger Nails simply *multiplies* allure. What you can do with it is wicked—delightfully wicked—that's what it is!

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PERFUMED
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CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

In two years came the boy's first challenge to life. He was thirteen years old.

The old lady became more ill than usual. Her son went many miles for a doctor in the middle of a raging blizzard. It lasted two days.

The monotony of the howling wind drove the woman frantic. To pass the time, she ordered Sammy to get a switch. Sammy was in no mood for such trifles. He refused.

"When my son comes home you'll get it," the woman screamed.

Sammy still remembered the last whipping. He ran away.

As he reached the railroad station he saw, through the whirling blizzard, Tom and the doctor driving toward the home of Mrs. Newton.

HE trudged on to the railroad station in silence.

It was locked until a few minutes before the train arrived. With half frozen feet and numb body, the boy waited outside.

When the train came in, he told the conductor of his plight. He wanted to go to Winnipeg.

The conductor, and may the Eternal Bookkeeper write his name in the Book of Gold, put him on the engine. He pushed coal down the tender for the fireman.

Engineer and fireman shared their lunch with the runaway boy. Thus, all in a night, supreme kindness was shown to the lad who had been abandoned on the door-step, of all places—a Home for Girls!

When the train reached its destination, the engineer took the orphan boy to his home. The next day another phase of life opened for him.

There was a strike nearby. The strike-breakers needed some one to run errands for them, so they engaged the innocent Sammy Jones.

He worked for a few weeks, when the conductor, who had not forgotten him, secured for him a job as callboy. His duties were to go to the homes of different trainmen and tell them when they were to report for duty.

After six months of this work he was eligible for a pass to Winnipeg.

His money soon gave out in Winnipeg. He worked at odd jobs; a soda fountain clerk, a page boy in a hotel. He was too small to be a bell boy.

Later, he met the night watchman of a theater. They soon became friends.

It was the night watchman's job to pick up the discarded programs. Soon the boy did that, and other work for him.

RELIEVED of different duties, the watchman managed to punch the clock each night, between drinks in the green-room with old cronies. The boy was allowed to sleep in a dressing-room.

A stock company played at the theater. Its director was later to become famous in the films as Theodore Roberts.

If this were a novel, I might write that Roberts took an interest in the boy. Alas, I cannot.

Sammy Jones relieved another boy as usher two nights a week. He thus earned fifty cents.

Roberts moved on to fame and glory in Hollywood, and was succeeded by Wilson Hummel. In the meantime, Sammy Jones became a regular usher.

The curse of a tawdry ambition seized him. He dreamed of becoming an actor.

After much pleading, when "Under Two Flags" was put on, the director allowed the boy to walk on the stage in the part of a soldier—as atmosphere.

As a soldier, he was supposed to look perspired and dirty. Instead, he came on the stage, clean as George Arliss in the part of an ancient snob.

The boy's cleanliness so impressed the director that he was given a permanent place in the theater—as usher.

Reduced to mutton when he so much wanted to be ham—his heart was broken.

When he was fourteen, he placed a Bishop in the local critic's seat, and lost his job as usher.

He is next heard of as sleeping on a pool table at night, and learning to be a barber in Moler's Barber College by day. He quit the college before graduating. Wisely deciding that life was more varied as hobo than barber, he took to the road.

At a water tank eighty miles from Winnipeg, he met a vagabond who had two ambitions—to avoid work, and return to America to see his mother. She lived in an Iowa town.

He joined forces with the vagabond and changed the course of his life.

Many harrowing experiences followed.

The man was killed before half the journey was over.

Sammy Jones took a last look at his dead comrade, and went on to tell the mother of the end to which her son had come.

The dead vagabond's name had been Wallace Ford. It was all he had left in the world. Sammy Jones took it.

When he reached the town he found that the mother had died at approximately the same time as her son.

He remained, living as best he could, a slunky in a restaurant, a hanger-on at the local theater.

WHEN times became too hard, he joined the navy, for the duration of the World War. Looking about him after his enlistment, he naively asked where his ship was. Upon learning that it was still far out at sea, that he was fifteen hundred miles from the ocean, and that he might not be called before the war ended, he took a job as short order cook in a restaurant. He immediately cooked a meal for himself, and burned the next meal he cooked. Being promptly fired, he again hung about the theater.

Back and forth between jobs as dishwasher, busboy and other menial work, he shifted, while all the time he was absorbing the technique of acting.

Tiring of restaurant work, he secured an old guitar and played and sang for all who would listen.

At last, he gave up all desire for future work that did not pertain to acting.

Slowly, but surely, in many stock companies over the land, he learned more of his chosen work. This company would fail, that company would release him, but still he persisted.

A leading man became temperamental. Ford took the rôle, made good, and quietly demanded a contract which called for the same salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, which the temperamental leading man had received.

The curtain was about to go up. The contract was refused. Ford played the first act. Still the contract was refused. He played the second act, and then emphatically refused to finish the third act without the contract.

It was given.

Now over the hurdle, years of success followed. His salary went to four hundred dollars a week.

A chance came to play a leading part in "Bad Girl" in Los Angeles, if he would cut his salary in half.

Feeling that there might be an opening in films if he made good, he took the chance.

There was.

CLARENCE BROWN, the director, saw him in the rôle. He was given a part in films. He made good at once.

He has since appeared in more than twenty-five feature pictures.

His salary is now two thousand dollars a week.

Even in a tale of fiction, it would be a far journey from a castaway baby on a door-step to a mansion in Beverly Hills.

But all this happened—and strangely enough, the lad who made the journey is still unchanged.

That, in Hollywood, is the great miracle.

"If I Could Start Over Again"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

you can work up to something better. I also learned that the more bitter the pill you have to swallow, the stronger your throat is after you've swallowed it.

"Then the next pill won't be quite so hard to get down.

"That same lesson I'd hope to learn all over again, if I were seventeen.

"I had to learn to take what Fate passed out—and I was fortunate to learn the lesson early in life.

"If I had a daughter or a young friend, I'd tell her to do what came her way to do, the best she could, and get the benefit of having gone through the ordeal."

IRENE DUNNE leaned forward in her chair, and spoke slowly, searching words to express this double-jointed thought of hers: "I would do two things, prepare for the future and against the future.

"I'd prepare for the future by equipping myself for the endurance test this profession invariably develops into, and against the future by turning to a profession that assures a reward that can never be taken from its followers.

"Only," and she smiled, "I'd make my decision long before I was seventeen. Then I'd stick to it.

"In preparing for the future I would go in for swimming—all kinds of swimming. I'd love to be a marvelous swimmer, and then I would have the physical stamina needed for this endurance test we call life—and for the strenuous grind of my profession.

"It doesn't take one long to learn that Hollywood's craze for athletics is really a matter of keeping fit and of offsetting the wear and tear of hard weeks at the studios. So I would do a great deal of swimming.

"Then I would adopt an intensive program of study—to prepare mentally for the future. I would establish firmly in my mind the conviction that a little intelligent thought and study in my teens would save me a lot of hard work and disappointment later.

"The time to guarantee your future success is between the ages of fourteen and twenty, I firmly believe.

"Certainly it is if you are coming into our profession.

"And now, about preparing against the future.

"Surely the last three years have proved to all of us that we can lose anything material that we accumulate—no matter what our worldly goods may be.

"Not only in this profession, but in every other profession, trade and business, people have lost their positions, their savings and even their personal belongings. I wouldn't dare say how many of my friends have been robbed of fame, position and wealth in the last few years.

"I WOULD prepare against the future by turning to something that would pay me in satisfaction and pleasure, as well as in money. I would stick to my music and work to be a great pianist.

"Then, as an artist, most of my reward would be in accomplishment—in things that could never be taken from me.

"I know musicians who so love their profession that their worldly possessions mean little to them.

"Although the world paid them well for their art, they put little stock in their income or their accumulation of worldly goods.

"They worked for the love of their work, not for the financial returns it would bring. Naturally, they were glad to have the money

They Save Teeth Now in a New Way



They End the Film

Countless people are now cleaning their teeth in a new way. And modern dentists all over America are urging other people to join them.

The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay, and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens, and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It combines with other substances to harden into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are among the chief causes of pyorrhea.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

Let It Convince You

The Pepsodent results are quickly apparent. After a few days' use you will never forget them.

The basis is a special cleansing and polishing material. Its object is to remove film, then to retard its accumulation.

Some cleansing materials remove film but scratch enamel. Others are safe but too soft to be effective. That fact made the development of the ideal material seem impossible.

But, after 13 years, the ideal material was developed. It is accepted as one of the truly great discoveries of the day. This new material is unique in film-removing power. But it is twice as soft as those commonly used in tooth pastes. Thus it is ABSOLUTELY safe.

Safe for both children and adults. It is this discovery that makes Pepsodent entirely different in both formula and result.

Years have been spent by dentists in proving the value of this product.

Now we urge all people to prove it by a home test.

Please send the coupon below for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Act now.

Free — 10-Day Supply

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Dept. 1110, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



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WITH THE STARS at the
WORLD FAMOUS
"Cocoanut Grove"
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**The AMBASSADOR
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*"Where the World meets
Hollywood and Hollywood
meets the World . . ."*

The center of Smart Movie
and Social Life of Southern
California.

Every outdoor sport
available at this
great hotel. Rates
lowest in years.

B. L. FRANK
Manager



and made the most of it—but money was the smallest part of their reward.

"Hard times could not rob them of their reward—for they were prepared against the future.

"To them their country homes or cars or clothes were only homes, cars and clothes, not their life's blood and the net of all their efforts.

"WE have learned that there is no such thing as absolute security in regard to a position, to fame or to worldly goods—that the only things which cannot be taken from us is that which is a part of us.

"So, that's why I'd prepare against the future, as much as for the future."

"I'd turn my whole efforts to overcoming shyness," says Sally Eilers. "I would put that ahead of everything else.

"Maybe you wouldn't think so now, but I used to be so shy I was terrified at the thought of meeting strangers. Because of my fear of meeting people I lost a lot of valuable time when I should have been getting acquainted and getting ahead.

"Finally one of my friends was good enough to tell me that unless I learned to meet and talk to strangers I could never get anywhere in life—and proved it to me.

"RIGHT there and then I determined to meet people—and to stop worrying about what they thought of me and being so miserably self-conscious.

"Almost from that moment on things began to break for me."

Elissa Landi says she would ask her mother's

advice about her career, and then take it. Indeed, that is what she actually did do, and says she has never regretted following that advice.

Says May Robson:

"I'd make up my mind to live my own life, even if it meant the choice between the one man and my work.

"Perhaps my background did not fit me for the part of wife.

"My father was a navy officer and when I was a small child our family traveled from Australia to England, stopping at various ports, and later I was sent to school in Brussels, Paris and London.

"The varied background of my upbringing proved a great stimulation to my ambition—and was probably responsible for my resisting the romantic impulse that usually leads young girls into domesticity. I had seen too much of the world to settle down as the wife of any man.

"IT broke me up at the time, to have to make a decision between the theater and the young man I was in love with, when the company prepared to go on the road—but I still say that if I had to do it over again I'd determine my own life."

So it all seems to boil down to this: First, know what you want to do.

Second, face things squarely and don't look for the easiest way out.

Third, follow your own inclinations.

Fourth, give the best you have and bravely take what comes your way.

Finally, prepare against the future as well as for it.

Miss BLONDE ... want to be Mrs.?



OF COURSE you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the special blonde hair shampoo, that safely brings back all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes—no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. Now Blondex comes in the new, inexpensive 25¢ size. At all good drug and department stores.



Fifth Avenue's Newest Sensation Changette

Just think of having a beautiful ornament attached to your bag which cleverly conceals nickels and dimes! Be the first to wear Changette, the latest, smartest novelty of exquisite beauty and usefulness.

IT'S NEW AND DIFFERENT!

Your friends will rave about it! No more fumbling in your bag! There's always change at your finger tip for bus, carfare or phone!

Comes in 6 attractive colors with handsome jewel to match your bag, or clothes: black, brown, blue, white, red and silver. Just pin a Dollar Bill to this advertisement and mail TODAY, mentioning color wanted.

AGENTS WANTED! Sell your friends and make money, too!

CHANGETTE, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., Dept. 913, New York, N. Y.



Lots of excitement at the Chicago World's Fair. That famous stutterer, Roscoe Ates, and his charming daughter Dorothy created a great stir by autographing thousands of copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Roscoe's inimitable vocal hesitation was broadcast through amplifiers over the Fair grounds. If you were at A Century of Progress and you did not get your copy of PHOTOPLAY autographed by Roscoe, as did Director Jack Sullivan, extreme left, and Director George Jesse, just back of Dorothy, or see these four busy making a motion picture, then you were gyped

MENTAL HAPPINESS

DO YOU SEEK IT?

Have happiness in your home; make new friends; change the aspects of your life. Use the unknown creative powers of your mind. Let the Rosicrucians send you a FREE COPY of "The Wisdom of the Sages". It tells how you may learn to MENTALLY DOMINATE your conditions. Address Friar K.W.W.

ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSE (A. M. O. R. C.) CALIFORNIA

Two Queens were Born in Sweden

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

throne, surrounded by her counsellors of state and representatives from every country in the world, and took the oath as *king* of Sweden.

(It is strangely coincident that Garbo began her career of dramatic queen when she was about eighteen.)

Shortly after Christina's coronation, she wished to abdicate. But she reigned for nearly ten years before she "set herself free," as she phrased it. The abdication ceremony was even more dramatic than the coronation. When the moment came for Count Brahe to take the crown from her head, he refused to do it. The queen rose gallantly to the occasion and took it off herself. Then she threw off her royal mantle, which was immediately torn into a thousand pieces by those present for souvenirs. Sounds somewhat like a Hollywood première, doesn't it? And this scene will be one of the most spectacular in the picture.

AND now comes that portion of the queen's life, which Garbo will delight to play.

After the abdication, Christina left her palace on horseback, disguised as a man. She rode for Denmark, her gun slung over her shoulder, a red scarf worn in the Spanish manner, and her pistols at her side.

The Queen of Denmark, curious to meet Christina (who did not like her and who had refused to see her) disguised herself also, but as a servant, and waited on her at a country inn. All through the meal, Christina talked of nothing but the stupidity and wickedness of the Danish queen.

"It serves her right," was her only remark when told of the identity of the "waitress," but there are strong suspicions that she knew it all the time.

Another prank Christina played would have had serious results had it been discovered. Disguised as a young cavalier, with a black wig, big hat and high boots, she visited a Jesuit monastery, a place no woman had ever set foot in, chatted all afternoon with the monks, and departed greatly pleased with herself.

She was Christina—unique and unassailable. And Garbo, unique and unassailable, will play her. Can you imagine anyone else in the rôle?

"She had a magnetic charm," writes MacKenzie about Christina, "which she could exert to the destruction of all criticism, and her sense of the stage never failed her. Sometimes she could not resist making grimaces at the crowd, and a favorite trick was to make a lightning change of clothes in her coach, queen to cavalier and *vice versa*."

She amused herself every day at a certain hour by gathering her entourage about her and listening eagerly to the latest bits of gossip about herself; the more exaggerated they were, the more she enjoyed them. Garbo reads avidly everything that is written about her.

THERE are, however, two great differences between Garbo and Christina. Christina was short, a trifle dumpy, and quite dowdy. Her shirts never quite met her skirts, and her wigs were always awry. And she loved people around her, the more the better.

Garbo is tall, slim, and always well dressed. And her dislike of people about her amounts almost to a phobia.

There was a tremendous uproar at Christina's abdication. A great surge of sorrow caught the country. "Keep your crown on your head!" the people of Sweden implored.

And now that rumor has it that "Queen Christina" will be Garbo's last gesture as Queen of the Screen, so do we cry, "Keep your crown on your head, Garbo."

The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!

VOICES IN THE DARK



JENNY, DEAR...NOT QUITTING NOW? THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG

SORRY, BUT I...ER... HAVE A HEADACHE. PERHAPS LATER WE...



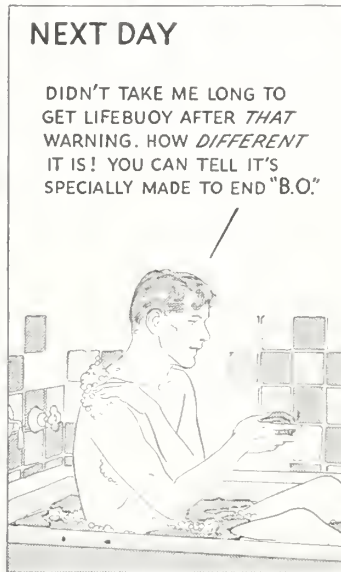
LATER

MAYBE SOME FRESH AIR WILL FIX ME UP. CAN'T HELP FEELING LOW — JENNY'S "HEADACHE" SOUNDED SO FISHY. SHE WAS FULL OF PEP AT FIRST. SHE'S TIRED OF ME — THAT'S ALL!



JENNY'S INSIDE CRYING. I WONDER WHY SHE WOULDN'T DANCE WITH HIM?

MY GUESS IS "B.O." IT'S A CRIME SUCH A SWELL FELLOW IS CARELESS AT TIMES



NEXT DAY

DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO GET LIFEBOUY AFTER THAT WARNING. HOW DIFFERENT IT IS! YOU CAN TELL IT'S SPECIALLY MADE TO END "B.O."



"B.O." GONE — *partners for life!*

OH DARLING, THEY'RE NOT STOPPING SO SOON!

NEVER MIND, JENNY SWEET, WE'LL BE DANCING TOGETHER FOR YEARS TO COME!

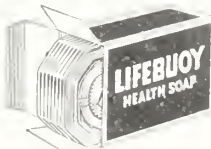
I WOULDN'T DARE RISK "B.O."... I OBJECT TO IT SO MUCH IN OTHERS


I ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY, TOO. AND IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION

YOU can't condemn "B.O." in others — unless you play safe, yourself. Bathing with Lifebuoy is a delightful habit, anyway. Its lather is soft, creamy, luxurious. Leaves you feeling fresh as a daisy — pores purified, freed from every trace of "B.O." (*body odor*).

Your complexion freshens
Lifebuoy deep-cleanses face pores of clogged impurities — clears and freshens cloudy skin. Wash with it nightly — gain the healthy, radiantly lovely complexion

Lifebuoy's quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent promises you.





WE DO OUR PART

How Many Lives Has Del Rio?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

their crafts, who does not even claim to be a judge of well-written scripts—took the offer. And is sure she will make good.

For a simple reason that can be written in one word.

Clothes.

Yes, sir, that's it—clothes, the one thing she claims to know right down to the ground, or the skin, or wherever it is that clothes have their foundation. Also the one thing she never has been allowed to exploit on the screen.

In private life, she has been at various times the best-dressed woman of Mexico City, the court of Spain, the cities of Paris and Hollywood.

When she was sixteen, Patou designed a creation of emerald velvet and named it the "Dolores." That was in Paris.

"And on the screen, I have worn nothing that cost over thirty-five cents a yard and never much more than a yard at that. In 'Bird of Paradise' it was half a yard. How can woman look beautiful for thirty-five cents?" she demanded.

One of those strange anomalies of pictures. By far the majority of our feminine headliners came from homes and were reared upon experiences where thirty-five cents was a high price for dress materials. Few of our so-called best-dressed women knew anything about clothes until studio designers trained them. But Dolores, the one who has known from childhood, has been covered with rags and ballyhooed as one who could best wear thirty-five cent cottons.

When Edwin Carewe first brought her to Hollywood, she pleaded with him, in her few imperfect words of our language, to be allowed to take publicity pictures in her own imported wardrobe. Her press-agent, Harry Wilson, added his plea. But Director Carewe shook his head. To show her *as she was* might spoil the illusion of the ragamuffin child he intended to make her.

Since "Ramona" netted four million profit and "Resurrection" almost as much, Eddie Carewe may have been wise. He was protecting, perhaps, his half of those profits—as well as United Artists'.

WHEN she went with Joseph Schenck, she pleaded to do "Mata Hari" or some other sophisticated production in which she could show the world herself as she is—a woman of beauty, figure and the ability to enhance both by proper gowning.

"But that is not your type!" Mr. Schenck exclaimed. "You must be poor; wear cotton—" That terrible picture, "The Bad One," resulted.

She pleaded with David Selznick at RKO-Radio. His words paralleled Mr. Schenck's in meaning. "Bird of Paradise" resulted.

Fortunately, "Bird of Paradise" was successful at the box-office at a time when box-office successes were a rarity.

Dolores' popularity in Spanish speaking countries is stupendous, and "Paradise" told a story through pictures. Natives did not need to understand the dialogue to understand the picture.

Her success in that production brought more than a hundred offers. In each one she would have been a native girl in cotton! But for once, Dolores stood firm. "No picture in which I cannot choose my own story!"

After eight months, Merian Cooper asked her why. He undoubtedly reminded her of what had happened to other women who had been likewise insistent. Then she told him her story.

"For seven years I haven't been able to con-



SIX BEAUTIFUL COLOR PORTRAITS OF POPULAR FILM STARS

Six—for only 15 cents

Not ordinary pictures, but attractive reproductions made from the original color pastelles by Earl Christy.

We have selected the six poses illustrated above and have reproduced them in color on good quality stock. Sheet size of each picture 5 7/8" x 4 7/8". They will be supplied unmounted suitable for framing or mounting in your collection book.

This choice selection includes the following stars

- | | |
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| GRETA GARBO | CLAUDETTE COLBERT |
| NANCY CARROLL | NORMA SHEARER |
| JANET GAYNOR | JOAN BENNETT |

All six pictures for only 15 cents

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find 15 cents for which send me the six portraits of movie stars printed in color, as per your advertisement.

Name

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City State

PH-10-33



vince anyone that I should wear clothes—after my entire life has been devoted to a study of clothes.

"I wish I had the money in the bank I have spent on them. I do not want to wear exotic clothes. I want to be *very, very* fashionable. I want to show *fashion* through architectural lines.

"My face is clear cut, not soft. It is definite with high cheek bones. I have no baby blue eyes or fluffy hair. I am fitted for the architectural in clothes. I do not want to wear the ruffles and puffs so common today.

"I want to show women how they can design clothes architecturally to fit the way they are themselves architecturally molded. We all have our own architectural lines, you know, like houses. As houses are furnished to conform with the style of the architecture, so we should be dressed to harmonize with it.

"I do not wish to subjugate the story to clothes, but I do want to mold clothes taste with the help of a good story. I will not make another in which only rags are demanded."

HER arguments were made in perfect English from which accent has almost entirely disappeared. Dolores has been studying English for seven years.

When she had finished, Producer Cooper gave her control. Her first will be "Dance of Desire."

Studio designers will not see her. She will design most of her costumes with the aid of international dressmakers whom she chooses from Hollywood, New York or Paris.

At last, Dolores Del Rio has *carte blanche* with someone else's money to develop a dream which originated when Eddie Carewe first brought her to this country.

She will not wear flowers unless those flowers are designed from "modern" fashions. *Architecturally matching* flowers, if you please.

Her accessories, also, will show the modernistic trend—which, by the way, her husband, art director Cedric Gibbons, has helped to make famous.

Sophistication, modernism and *fashion* will be the keynote of this new Del Rio.

What will the world say when it sees her as she is in life, as one of the most smartly gowned women of all nations?

Only time can answer! The world is curious in its reactions. Veterans like Edwin Carewe, Joseph Schenck and David Selznick felt it meant doom to remove her from ashes to castles, even though they knew her private life had always centered about castles.

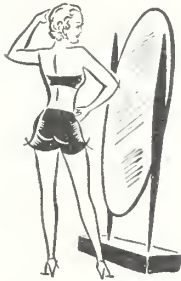
SHE is confident. You should have seen her face, the other day, when she led leading man Joel McCrea into the gallery for publicity pictures. He was in tails; she in svelte, sleazy, form-fitting white satin. She was radiant; joyous; like a young girl just released from a restraining boarding school. The last time they had had pictures taken together, each had been in a half-yard of cotton for "Bird of Paradise."

"He looks better, too. Now, my leading men will have a chance to show how handsome they are. This is the first time in seven years—"

She knows that by all the laws of Hollywood, she should be looking for bit parts or cooking for her husband by now. But here she is with a completely *new* life—the first of her own dictating. If *it* should fail—

Well, she can always return to rags. There seems to be no end to the professional lives of Del Rio.

Can Hair Loveliness be This Simple?



At Home . . . instead of the wet messiness of ordinary shampoos, try the ease and simplicity of Eden's Wave, the glorious liquid *dry* shampoo that dry cleans your hair and scalp. With Eden's Wave you don't wash away your permanent . . . you *preserve* and *deepen* it.



At the Office . . . where neatness and dispatch are indispensable. With Eden's Wave handy, the "neatness" is assured . . . because it is a perfect hair groom. For "dispatch" Eden's Wave is just the thing . . . it's as easy to use as powdering your nose, and darn near as quick.



For that Exciting Date . . . when you need that "right from the hairdresser" look to make a big impression, use Eden's Wave. It enhances the loveliness of your hair and gives you a perfectly groomed appearance. It makes last month's permanent look like yesterday's. And there's no wet messiness, no colds for fall and winter.



For the Autumn Week-End . . . when golf and tennis and riding whip your locks into a good imitation of Medusa, use Eden's Wave as a hair groom. Pat it on sparingly and run a comb through your hair. Eden's Wave will keep your wave in place so well that even your horse might say: how can she be so boisterous and yet so neat?



Eden's Wave is unique. It is the only "four-way" hair preparation for sale in the smart shops. Primarily, Eden's Wave is a liquid dry shampoo. It cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . yet simply and quickly. It is a tonic . . . it conditions the hair and scalp, makes and keeps it healthy. It actually deepens and preserves a natural or permanent wave. As a hair groom made especially

for women of discrimination, it uncovers and emphasizes the hair's natural beauty. But above all, Eden's Wave has one priceless virtue . . . when you use it, you know your hair *is* and *looks* its loveliest.

HOUSE OF EDEN, Inc.,
551 Fifth Ave., New York

Kindly send me your booklet on Eden's Wave, the glorious dry shampoo.

Name

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WAVE

AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE

What's new in Hollywood Styles?
Seymour
tells you on pages 61-66

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



BY THE DAY,
MONTH OR YEAR

at the

SHERRY-NETHERLAND



A residence of quiet, private-home charm... individually decorated rooms and the advantages of Sherry-Netherland service. Tower apartments, and suites of one to four rooms. Boudoir dressing-rooms, serving pantries. Fifth Ave. at 59th St. on Central Park, New York.

THE war was at its climax when our issue of October, 1918, went to press, and how it stalked through our pages! Anita Stewart doing war gardening on her estate—several pages of pictures showing screen personalities in the service—Dorothy Dalton and others “adopting” companies and regiments! And we told that war-time coal shortage had forced producers to complete the transfer of all filmmaking from New Jersey to Hollywood.



Anita Stewart

In our wonderings over what films would be like after the war, we worried particularly about comedy. We thought the possibilities in slapstick and custard pies exhausted, and said the comedy of the future would use possible though funny situations of real life. Within the month, Charlie Chaplin’s “Shoulder Arms” was to enlarge our notions of comedy; but now we said the best future comedians would be like Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

Here’s a good one! Considerable space was devoted to the question—“Will Mary Pickford Retire?” Think of that—then of what she did in the following fifteen years!

Another odd one—the story of Bill Hart playing a hard-boiled sailor, *Shark Monroe*. Still another: David Warfield, of stage fame, turned down \$5,000 a day to do a film version of “The Music Master.” It seems that big money was current then, as in 1929.

The outstanding marriage we chronicled was that of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

While there was no selection of “best” films in those days, we waxed enthusiastic over Harry Morey and Betty Blythe in “All Man,” Mildred Harris and Lew Cody in “For Husbands Only,” Kathlyn Williams in “We Can’t Have Everything,” Olive Thomas in “Toton,” and Elsie Ferguson in “The Danger Mark.” On the cover, Marguerite Clayton.

10 Years Ago

OUR issue of October, 1923, made it plain that the coming winter was to be a fruitful season for new stars, many of whom became leading luminaries of the “pre-talkie” days. Most of them came from the stage, which by now had been overcome by Hollywood’s golden lure. Among the recruits were Mary Astor, beauty contest winner, and Billie Dove, late of the Follies, and now to be one of Tom Mix’s leading ladies!



Billie Dove

Other and longer established kings and queens of the coming era were in notice, too—particularly Gloria Swanson. Folks had been wondering whether Pola Negri, imported that spring, would dethrone Gloria; but we said Gloria was “burning them up,” and would have the best chance of her career in “Zaza.” At the same time, we told how separate appearances at the same party made it plain that the Negri-Chaplin engagement was most definitely “off.” Constance Tal-

madge wrote us an article explaining, now that she was divorced from John Pialoglou, what kind of man she wanted. Yes, of course—he must be a “good” bad man, strong and silent—but with a sense of humor!

Then, as though recognizing the “milestone” character of the season, we had an article telling how the first decade of serious effort in movies had ripened the art of the Talmadge sisters, Charlie Chaplin, Doug Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford.

Our current history of the movies told how an exceptionally cloudy winter, back in 1909-10, had forced producers to California.

Leading pictures: Marion Davies in “Little Old New York”; Norma Talmadge in “Ashes of Vengeance”; George Arliss in “The Green Goddess”; a galaxy of stars in “Hollywood”; Gloria Swanson in “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife”; Francis McDonald and Andree Lafayette in “Trilby.” Alla Nazimova on the cover.

5 Years Ago

FOUR months before, unthought of—now “sound pictures” and their results were all over our issue of October, 1928! Among those whose “nexts” were to be “talkie” were, John Barrymore, Harold Lloyd, Pauline Frederick, Lupe Velez was to get a real start in Griffith’s “The Love Song,” with an Irving Berlin ditty written for her.



Emil Jannings

Casualties, too—stars being dimmed already! Emil Jannings’ next was to be a “sound picture” but not a “talkie”—a distinction much heard then. What it meant was, an accompaniment of sound effects, but no speech. Emil could not learn English—so ere long we saw him no more.

Another casualty with a different end to the story. Nils Asther, we reported, was “tired of mass production methods”—longed for the intimacy of Swedish production. We know better now since Nils, master of English, made his great comeback not quite two years ago. An

interesting footnote to it all—we told that the chance to sing had swung the decision with Ramon Novarro. He would not forsake movies for the priesthood.

Judge Ben Lindsay explained Hollywood divorces as a case of being too highly emotional folks.

The second installment of Joan Crawford’s life story told of leaving a home behind a Kansas City laundry to join the chorus. We reviewed the acknowledged “last picture” of Pola Negri’s career.

This was the season when Janet Gaynor’s “7th Heaven” and “Street Angel” were sweeping the country. Best (silent) films: Marion Davies, “The Cardboard Lover”; Dolores Costello, George O’Brien, “Noah’s Ark”; Dolores Del Rio, “Revenge”; Thomas Meighan, “The Mating Call”; Billie Dove, Paul Lukas, “The Night Watch”; Fred Thomson, “Kit Carson.” In sound, Al Jolson, “The Singing Fool.” Cover: Evelyn Brent.

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Walter Abel	Roscoe Karns
Brian Aherne	Jack La Rue
Judith Allen	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	Baby LeRoy
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
George Barbier	Barton MacLane
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Grace Bradley	Herbert Marshall
Kathleen Burke	Four Marx Brothers
Burns and Allen	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Lyda Roberti
Ricardo Cortez	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Bing Crosby	Sylvia Sidney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Lombar
Patricia Farley	Sir Guy Standing
W. C. Fields	Kent Taylor
Frances Fuller	Helen Twelvetrees
Cary Grant	Evelyn Venable
Shirley Grey	Mae West
William Harrigan	Dorothea Wieck
Verna Hillie	Toby Wing
Miriam Hopkins	Elizabeth Young

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Lillian Moore
Billy Gilbert	Billy Nelson
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Patsy Kelly	Thelma Todd
Stan Laurel	Oliver Wakefield
Dorothy Layton	

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander	Walter Huston
Elizabeth Allan	Otto Kruger
Nils Asther	Myna Loy
John Barrymore	Ben Lyon
Lionel Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Wallace Beery	Margaret McConnell
Alice Brady	Florine McKinney
Charles Butterworth	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Ruth Channing	Colleen Moore
Mae Clarke	Polly Moran
Jackie Cooper	Frank Morgan
Joan Crawford	Karen Morley
Marion Davies	David Newell
Marie Dressler	Ramon Novarro
Jimmy Durante	Maureen O'Sullivan
Nelson Eddy	Earl Oxford
Stuart Erwin	Jean Parker
Madge Evans	Jack Pearl
Muriel Evans	May Robson
Clark Gable	Ruth Selwyn
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
C. Henry Gordon	Martha Sleeper
Lawrence Grant	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Franchot Tone
Russell Hardie	Lee Tracy
Jean Harlow	Lee Velez
Helen Hayes	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Hersholt	Ed Wynn
Phillips Holmes	Diana Wynyard
Jean Howard	Robert Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Vera Allen	Roger Imhoff
Heather Angel	Miriam Jordan
Lew Ayres	Victor Jory
Warner Baxter	Howard Lally
Irene Bentley	William Lawrence
John Boles	Philip Merivale
Clara Bow	Jose Mojica
El Brendel	Ralph Morgan
Henrietta Crosman	Herbert Mundin
Florence Desmond	George O'Brien
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulien
Norman Foster	Sid Silvers
Preston Foster	Harvey Stephens
Henry Garat	Spencer Tracy
Janet Gaynor	Claire Trevor
Lilian Harvey	June Vlasak

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky	Ken Maynard
Vince Barnett	Chester Morris
Tom Brown	Charlie Murray
Andy Devine	ZaSu Pitts
Hugh Enfield	Claude Rains
Sterling Holloway	George Sidney
Leila Hyams	Onslow Stevens
Buck Jones	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullivan
June Knight	Slim Sumner
Paul Lukas	Luis Trenker
Mabel Marden	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Robert Barrat	Lorena Layson
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
George Blackwood	Marjorie Lytell
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
Lynn Browning	Adolphe Menjou
Hugh Cagney	Jean Muir
Maxine Cantway	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Pat O'Brien
Claire Dodd	Edwin Phillips
Ruth Donnelly	Dick Powell
Ann Dvorak	William Powell
Patricia Ellis	Edward G. Robinson
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Rogers
Philip Faversham	Jayne Shaddock
Kay Francis	Barbara Stanwyck
Geraine Gear	Lyle Talbot
Hugh Herbert	Sheila Terry
Arthur Hohl	Helen Vinson
Ann Hovey	Juliette Ware
Leslie Howard	Gordon Westcott
Alice Jans	Renee Whitney
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Pat Wing
Ruby Keeler	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Robert Benchley	Benita Hume
Gloria Blondell	Dorothy Jordan
Bill Boyd	Arline Judge
June Brewster	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Edgar Kennedy
William Cagney	Francis Lederer
Chic Chandler	Dorothy Lee
Dolores Del Rio	Eric Linden
Richard Dix	Helen Mack
Irene Dunne	Joel McCrea
Betty Furness	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Ginger Rogers
Wynne Gibson	Bert Wheeler
Hale Hamilton	Howard Wilson
Ann Harding	Robert Woolsey
Katharine Hepburn	

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Al Jolson
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Ronald Colman	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss	Paul Kelly
George Bancroft	Fay Wray
Constance Bennett	Loretta Young
Constance Cummings	

Columbia Studios, 1433 Gower St.

Walter Connolly	Tim McCoy
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



Mrs. Jim: "Oh, Mabel, that's the song Jim sang to me so much after we were married. He was so proud of my hands! But he doesn't sing it now—I don't blame him. Dishwashing has certainly ruined my hands—rough, red old things!"



Mabel: "Why, you poor lamb! Don't you know Lux in the dishpan will keep them soft and white? Ordinary soaps too often irritate your skin, hands get red and rough. Gentle Lux will give your hands a beauty bath three times a day!"



Jim: "Look at those beautiful hands! What have you been doing to them?"

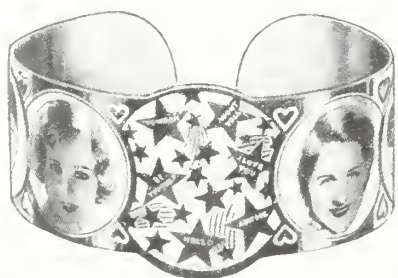
Mrs. Jim: "A kitchen beauty treatment, Jimmie! I'm using Lux for dishes now and it keeps my hands white and soft!"

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (*April*)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (*April*)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (*May*)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (*Aug.*)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (*Aug.*)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (*May*)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (*April*)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (*Sept.*)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (*June*)

WORLD GONEMAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (*July*)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (*June*)

NAMES

Here is the complete list of thirty-four names that can be made from the letter chart appearing on page 106.

Brook	Page
March	Stone
Raft	Chase
Baxter	Hardy
Boles	Brown
Nixon	Fox
Tracy	Mix
Dix	Lukas
Oliver	Pitts
Dove	Dee
Chaplin	Brent
Cantor	Francis
Fairbanks	Lyon
Daniels	Marx
Garbo	Wray
Huston	Avres
Loy	Woolsey

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—

POLLOCK'S,
FORT SMITH.

DELAWARE—

ARTHUR'S APPAREL SHOP, INC.,
WILMINGTON.

FLORIDA—

RUTLAND BROS.,
ST. PETERSBURG.

ILLINOIS—

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
CHICAGO.

CLARKE & COMPANY,
PEORIA.

OWENS, INCORPORATED,
ROCKFORD.

S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD.

INDIANA—

WOLF & DESSAUER,
FORT WAYNE.

L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INC.,
INDIANAPOLIS.

ROBERTSON BROS. DEPT. STORE, INC.,
SOUTH BEND.

IOWA—

M. L. PARKER COMPANY,
DAVENPORT.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,
DES MOINES.

MARYLAND—

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,
BALTIMORE.

MICHIGAN—

THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY,
DETROIT.

WURZBURG'S,
GRAND RAPIDS.

THE STYLE SHOP,
LANSING.

MINNESOTA—

THE DAYTON COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS.

THE FANDEL COMPANY,
ST. CLOUD.

NEBRASKA—

RUDGE & GUENZEL CO.,
LINCOLN.

NEW JERSEY—

QUACKENBUSH COMPANY,
PATERSON.

NEW YORK—

THE MORTON COMPANY,
BINGHAMTON.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,
BROOKLYN.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
BUFFALO.

THE GORTON COMPANY,
ELMIRA.

BLOOMINGDALE'S,
NEW YORK CITY.

NORTH CAROLINA—

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,
CHARLOTTE.

OHIO—

THE A. POLSKY COMPANY,
AKRON.

THE STERN & MANN COMPANY,
CANTON.

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
CINCINNATI.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,
CLEVELAND.

THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS Co.,
COLUMBUS.

THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.

THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG Co.,
YOUNGSTOWN.

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WATT & SHAND,
LANCASTER.

GIMBEL BROTHERS,
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JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,
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THE WOLFF & MARX Co.,
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WEST VIRGINIA—

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MONTREAL.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,
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"WHO is she? Introduce me."

An eager greeting, one dance—and the brief thrill is over.

Too bad, that she cannot hear the whispered conversations that would tell her the reason for her failure to "click"—underarm perspiration odor.

How inexcusable it is when it is so easy to keep the underarms free from all odor. With Mum!

Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. Use it any time, when dressing or afterwards.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to skin. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, Mum simply prevents unpleasant odor—not perspiration itself.

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WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

Famous Film Flops

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 73]

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THE • TOWN • HOUSE



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of the players, technicians and producers of pictures feel sure that the public is going to like their creation.

In short, even when a film is obviously a dud, it is only rarely that anyone, in the course of its filming, has courage or authority enough to stop the slaughter and proclaim the whole enterprise just a basket of over-ripe tomatoes.

In most cases, the movie producers do not know whether they have a success or failure until you—the public—tell them.

Sometimes two master minds get together and produce a failure. Mary Pickford and Ernst Lubitsch would like to forget "Rosita." After the success of "Passion," a foreign-made sensation starring Pola Negri, Mary decided that Lubitsch must be brought to this country to help Mary gain a little sophistication.

"Passion" was the first great German movie to come to these shores and, after its successful showing, sophistication was in high demand. Mary, who is a clever girl, had a little mental lapse when she figured that a director who could do right by the smoldering Pola was just the person to bring out the hidden allure in America's Sweetheart. Lubitsch, too, had similar illusions, and "Rosita" was made with the best intentions in the world. Heralded as a new era in Mary Pickfordism, it soon flickered into oblivion.

But Mary and Ernst, being stout-hearted troupers, went marching on.

Nearly every director or star, no matter how successful, has some picture that started out with the hopes of winning PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal and ended up in the red, with dirty looks from the company's auditors. Even

that miracle man, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, once made a picture that never earned its celluloid.

And yet that picture, "A Woman of Paris," is numbered among the great of the screen. Charlie, you may remember, wanted to be a director, and so he concocted a Parisian romance about the figures of Edna Purviance and the then unknown Adolphe Menjou. The film was born too soon; the public wouldn't face the fact that illegal love has its lighter moments.

So Mr. Chaplin lost money; but the obscure Mr. Menjou was skyrocketed to fame and gold. The public, while condemning the morals of the episode, just adored the nonchalant way in which Mr. Menjou went to Edna Purviance's bureau and, with the familiarity of custom, extracted a handkerchief.

A DIRECTOR like Cecil B. De Mille has to go out of his way to produce a failure, but his prestige as a box-office expert received a setback when "The Godless Girl" went down for a loss. The film, purporting to show the abuses of reformatories, was too brutal, too harsh for public taste; especially for a public expecting only perfumed messages from Mr. De Mille. If the picture injured De Mille, it was still more harmful to Lina Basquette, since her hopes for stardom depended on her work in the title rôle.

De Mille, by the way, was started along the path of perfumed messages by the biggest flop of his career, "Joan the Woman." This filming of the life and death of Joan of Arc failed completely—yet it sent its star, Geraldine Farrar, on to bigger film popularity, launched

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"I beg your pardon. . . I'm looking for the mens' room!"

Wally Reid as a box-office idol and vastly aided the De Mille career. Failures are as eccentric as lightning in their tricks.

In the case of Eric Von Stroheim, you get another side of the story. Mr. Von Stroheim produces either great, flaming money-makers like "The Merry Widow," or enormous, stupendous, hideous flops like "Greed" and "The Wedding March."

It is all a matter of indifference to Mr. Von Stroheim, and he captains a sinking ship with the same bravery that he guides a record breaker.

"Greed," for instance, with its powerful, repellent story, represented just about everything that the public did *not* want to see at the moment. It was the sort of film that only a Von Stroheim—and a Viennese Von Stroheim—could love. Yet a benign Providence and a still more merciful studio allowed Eric to complete every one of its sixty-seven reels, in the vain hope that the public might give it a break.

FIRST NATIONAL'S "Kismet" came near being one of those three-quarter of a million failures. If there is one thing to which the American public seems splendidly indifferent it is Oriental splendor. Indeed, the astute Doug Fairbanks skated along the edge of a colossal flop with his ornate spectacle of the East, "The Thief of Bagdad." Years later, radio and Walter Winchell were able to do more for the magic carpet than the redoubtable Doug with all his expenditures and camera tricks.

Having turned out one of the great films of all time, "The Covered Wagon," James Cruze, the director, tripped with a crash when he tried his hand at whimsy in making "Beggar on Horseback" in 1925.

In fact, "Beggar on Horseback" brought a glittering directorial career to a momentary halt.

Emmett Flynn was riding the directorial skies when he tackled the romantic film, "In the Palace of the King." When he quit, over half a million had been spent, the screen had another super-flop, and Flynn's career was wrecked for the time being.

Paramount ran into one of those large, expansive failures when it pictured the biblical career of the Prodigal Son in "The Wanderer." It cost a lot of money and did no one any good, least of all its principals, Greta Nissen and Willie Collier, Jr.

Rex Ingram washed himself up as a director of importance in 1926 when he filmed Ibanez's "Mare Nostrum," at his French studios. It was too decadent for popular consumption.

In 1927, the statuesque Maria Corda was imported to play the lady whose face launched a thousand ships, Helen of Troy. Alexander Korda built a \$600,000 picture spectacle around Helen, but the film was just another noteworthy failure. The producers ended up with a wooden horse and a bad taste—and later Miss Corda went home disappointed.

WHEN a director such as King Vidor makes two "artistic failures," he has to possess a lot of come-back power to retain his place in pictures. "Hallelujah" still is looked upon by many as one of America's finest films. But America, unfortunately for Mr. Vidor, did not give a darn about his study of the every-day negro life in the South. "The Crowd" was a conscientious, calculated close-up of big city mediocrity. But it didn't get to first base as box-office entertainment. Vidor won praise with both of these films but he had to make a "Street Scene" to prove he still had the box-office punch.

"Wet Parade" bordered upon the edge of being a classic flop. It made the mistake of straddling the prohibition question at the very moment that America had made up her mind to be wet.

And, of all things, it had a prohibition agent as a hero.

So you can see what a fine chance it had for success.



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There is something magical in lovely light hair. It fascinates men. Long ago the golden-haired beauty of the Lorelei enchanted the sailors of the Rhine. Today the blonde draws men to her side—with irresistible power it seems!

How magical—yet how real is the lure of light hair! Make it yours!

Be one of the girls who enjoys good times, marries well and stays young looking. MARCHAND'S WILL HELP!

If your blonde hair has darkened, bring back youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light pretty hair.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic

beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your beauty. Many shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

Some people may wonder at your new-found loveliness—but the secret will be yours! No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!—

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rose Franken. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Stella*, Helen Hayes; *Victor*, Robert Montgomery; *"Mom"*, Louise Closser Hale; *Jerry*, John Boal; *"Pop"*, Henry Travers; *Helen*, Margaret Hamilton; *Harry*, Willard Robertson; *Grace*, Irene Cattell; *Paul*, Minor Watson; *Walter*, Hal Dawson; *Ella*, Maidei Turner.

"BIG EXECUTIVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Laurence Stallings. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Victor Conway*, Ricardo Cortez; *Helena Grant*, Elizabeth Young; *Commodore Richardson*, Richard Bennett; *Miss Healy*, Sharon Lynne; *Mrs. Conway*, Dorothy Peterson; *Harry*, the *Guide*, Barton MacLane; *Sheriff*, Charles Middleton; *Coroner*, Pop Kenton; *Coroner's Wife*, Maude Eburne; *Reverend Oates*, Albert Hart; *Aunt Henrietta*, Jean Beaks; *Richardson's Secretary*, Frank Darien; *Caddy*, Wilson Bengel-Parenbroeker; *Tenen Holtz*; *Harrison*, John M. Sullivan; *Storkeeper*, Irving Bacon; *Aunt Peke*, Mildred Hardy.

"BLIND ADVENTURE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the screen play by Ruth Rose. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Richard Bruce*, Robert Armstrong; *Rose Thorne*, Helen Mack; *Burglar*, Roland Young; *Jim Steele*, Ralph Bellamy; *Regan*, John Miljan; *Lady Rockingham*, Laura Hope Crews; *Major Thorne*, Henry Stephenson; *Gwen*, Phyllis Barry; *Reggie*, John Warburton; *Mrs. Thorne*, Marjorie Gateson; *Chambermaid*, Beryl Mercer; *Gerald Fairfax*, Tyrell Davis; *Harvey*, Desmond Roberts; *Bill*, Charles Irwin; *General*, Fred Sullivan; *Inebriated Guest*, George K. Arthur; *Butler*, Ivan Simpson.

"DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Andre*, Victor Jory; *Margot*, Loretta Young; *Rena*, Vivienne Osborne; *Jean*, David Manners; *Capt. Radak*, C. Henry Gordon; *Bimpy*, Herbert Mundin; *Father Carmine*, Emil Chautard; *Salazar*, J. Carroll Naish.

"DEVIL'S MATE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Leonard Fields and David Silverstein. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Nancy Weaver*, Peggy Shannon; *Inspector O'Brien*, Preston Foster; *Natural*, Ray Walker; *Parkhurst*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Gwen*, Barbara Barondess; *Joe*, Harold Waldridge; *Clinton*, Jason Robards; *Warden*, James Durkin; *District Attorney*, Bryant Washburn; *McGee*, Harry Holman; *Nick*, Paul Porcasi; *Maloney*, Paul Fix; *Butler*, Gordon DeMain; *Collins*, George Hayes.

"DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION" ("The Big Attraction")—TOBIS-TAUBER-EMELKA PROD.—Music by Dr. Caper. Directed by Max Reichmann. The cast: *Riccardo*, Richard Tauber; *Kitty*, Marianne Winkelstern; *Juana*, Margo Lyon; *Felipe*, Siegfried Arno; *Tommy*, Teddy Bill.

"FIGHTING PARSON, THE"—ALLIED-FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Harry Fraser. Directed by Harry Fraser. The cast: *Steve*, Hoot Gibson; *Susan*, Marcelline Day; *Mr. Doolittle*, Robert Frazer; *Bart*, Stanley Blystone; *Arizona*, "Skeeter" Bill Robbins; *Mike*, Charles King; *Marshal*, Jules Cowles; *Mr. Larkin*, Phil Dunham; *Mrs. Larkin*, Ethel Wales.

"F. P. 1."—FOX-GAUMONT BRITISH-UFA.—From the story by Walter Reisch and Kurt Siodmak. Screen play by Walter Reisch. Directed by Karl Hartl. The cast: *Drosie*, Leslie Fenton; *Ellisen*, Conrad Veidt; *Claire*, Jill Esmond; *Lubin*, George Merritt; *Photographer*, Donald Calthrop; *Sailor with Toothache*, Alexander Field; *Argumentative Sailor*, Francis L. Sullivan; *First Officer*, Warwick Ward; *Matthias*, Nicholas Hannen; *Konrad*, William Freshman; *Doctor*, Dr. Philip Manning.

"HELL'S HOLIDAY"—SUPERB PICTURES.—A compilation of World War scenes. Narrated by Eugene Dennis. Music and sound effects by Joseph Finston.

"HER FIRST MATE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Dan Jarrett and John Golden. Screen play by Earle Snell, H. M. Walker and Clarence Marks. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *John Horner*, Slim Summerville; *Mary Horner*, ZaSu Pitts; *Hattie*, Una Merkel; *Percy*, Warren Hymer; *Davis*, Bertton Churchill; *Sam*, George Marion; *Socrates*, Henry Armetta.

"HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY"—SHOWMENS PICTURES.—From the story by Lew Collins. Directed by Phil Whitman. The cast: *Marion Hall*, Evelyn Knapp; *Dick Wallace*, John Wayne; *Dr. Hall*, Alec B. Francis; *Wallace, Sr.*, Reginald Barlow; *Polly*, Natalie Kingston; *Little*, Arthur Hoyt; *Garage Owner*, Al St. John.

"LAST TRAIL, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Tom Daley*,

George O'Brien; *Patricia Carter*, Claire Trevor; *Newt Olsen*, El Brendel; *Mrs. Wilson*, Lucille La Verne; *Looney McGann*, Matt McHugh; *Japonica Jones*, George Reed; *John Ross*, J. Carrol Naish; *Sally Olsen*, Ruth Warren; *Pedro Gonzales*, Luis Alberni; *Judge Wilson*, Edward Le Saint.

"LIFE IN THE RAW"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Jim*, George O'Brien; *Judy*, Claire Trevor; *Belle*, Greta Nissen; *Myles*, Francis Ford; *Lamson*, Warner Richmond; *Tom*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Petroff*, Alan Edwards; *McTavish*, Nigel De Brulier.

"MAN WHO DARED, THE"—FOX.—From the screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Jon Noak*, Preston Foster; *Teena Pavelic*, Zita Johann; *Joan*, Joan Marsh; *Tereza Novak*, Irene Biller; *Dick*, Clifford Jones; *Barbara*, June Vladek; *Yosef Novak*, Leon Waycott; *Dan Foley*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Judge Collier*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Senator McGunness*, Frank Sheridan; *Postlpo*, Leonid Snegoff; *Ruzena*, Elsie Larson; *Miss Rainey*, Lita Chevret; *Ronda*, Vivian Reid; *Karel*, Matt McHugh; *Jon Noak (the boy)*, Jay Ward.

"MIDNIGHT CLUB"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Screen play by Seton Miller and Leslie Charteris. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes. The cast: *Colin Grant*, Clive Brook; *Nick Mason*, George Raft; *Iris Whitney*, Helen Vinson; *Lady Barrett-Smythe*, Alison Skipworth; *Commissioner Hope*, Sir Guy Standing; *Arthur Bradley*, Alan Mowbray; *George Rubens*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *The Duchess*, Ethel Griffies; *Thomas Roberts*, Forrester Harvey; *First Detective*, Billy Bevan; *Second Detective*, Charles McNaughton; *Grant's Double*, Paul Perry; *Iris' Double*, Celeste Ford; *Bradley's Double*, Pat Somerset; *Nick's Landlady*, Rita

Carlyle; *Head Waiter*, Jean De Briac; *Waiter*, Lee White; *Nishi*, Teru Shimada; *Jenkins*, Charles Coleman.

"MORNING GLORY, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Zoe Akins. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Eva Lovelace*, Katharine Hepburn; *Joe Sheridan*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Louis Easton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Rita Vernon*, Mary Duncan; *Hedges*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Gigolo*, Don Alvarado; *C. Seymour*, Frederic Santley; *Henry Lawrence*, Richard Carle; *Charles Van Dusen*, Tyler Brooke; *Actress*, Geneva Mitchell.

"ONE YEAR LATER"—ALLIED.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert and Paul Perez. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Molly Collins*, Mary Brian; *Tony Richards*, Russell Hopton; *Jim Collins*, Donald Dillaway; *J. Atwell Hunt*, George Irving; *Will Ahern*, Will Ahern; *Joyce Carewe*, Gladys Ahern; *Deputy Russell*, DeWitt Jennings; *Clarence*, Jackie Searl; *Fera Marks*, Pauline Garon; *The Wisecracker*, Marjorie Beebe; *Greggs*, Al Hill; *Mrs. Hunt*, Myrtle Steadman; *Mr. Grant*, Edward Keane; *The Fat Man*, Harry Holman; *Conductor*, William Humphrey; *Mr. Wells*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Mrs. Wells*, Nina Guilbert; *Jim's Father*, John Ince; *Second Reporter*, Pat O'Malley.

"RAFTER ROMANCE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by John Wells. Screen play by H. W. Hane-mann, Sam Mintz and Glenn Tryon. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Mary Carroll*, Ginger Rogers; *Jack Bacon*, Norman Foster; *Max Eckbaum*, George Sidney; *Hubbell*, Robert Benchley; *Elise*, Laura Hope Crews; *Fritze*, Guinn Williams; *Rosie Eckbaum*, Ferike Boros; *Julius*, Sidney Miller.

"SAVAGE GOLD"—HAROLD AUTEN PROD.—A record of Commander G. M. Dyott's adventures in Ecuador. Photographed by G. M. Dyott. Edited by L. F. Kennedy. Dialogue written by Burnet Hershey, spoken by John Martin.

"SING SINNER SING"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the play by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Howard Christy. The cast: *Phil Carida*, Paul Lukas; *Lela Larson*, Leila Hyams; *Ted Rendon*, Donald Dillaway; *Margaret Flannigan*, Ruth Donnelly; *Spats*, George E. Stone; *Gwen*, Joyce Compton; *Sadie*, Jill Dennett; *Uncle Homer*, Arthur Hoyt; *Louis*, Walter McGrail; *Cecily Gordon*, Gladys Blake; *Jerry*, Arthur Housman; *Roberts*, Edgar Norton; *James Parks*, John Sainpolis; *Aunt Emily*, Stella Adams; *Comley*, Pat O'Malley; *Rtordan*, Walter Brennon; *Johann van Puyten*, William Humphrey.

"SKYWAY"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Paul B. Franklin. Screen play by Albert E. DeMond. Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: *Flash*, Ray Walker; *Lila Beaumont*, Kathryn Crawford; *Hamilton*, Arthur Vinton; *Beaumont*, Claude Gillingwater; *Webster*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tug*, Tommy Dugan; *Baker*, Jed Prouty; *Girl*, Alice Lake; *Spike*, Jack Pennick; *Taylor*, George Hayes; *O'Toole*, Jack Kennedy.

"SLEEPLESS NIGHTS"—REMINGTON PICTURES.—From the story by Stanley Lupino. Adapted by Victor Kendall. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: *Peg*, Polly Walker; *Guy*, Stanley Lupino; *Jerry*, Gerald Rawlinson; *Drew*, Frederick Lloyd; *Percy*, Percy Parsons.

"STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE"—FIRST DIVISION.—A screen record of the Mooney case. Foreword by Theodore Dreiser.

"THIS DAY AND AGE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Garrett*, Charles Bickford; *Guy Merrick*, Judith Allen; *Steve Smith*, Richard Cromwell; *Don Merrick*, Eddie Nugent; *Morry Dorer*, Ben Alexander; *Herman*, Harry Green; *Sam Weber*, Lester Arnold; *Max*, Fuzzy Knight; *The Sheriff*, Wade Boteler; *Toledo*, Bradley Page; *Manager of Night Club*, Billy Gilbert; *Mr. Smith*, Harry C. Bradley; *Mrs. Smith*, Louise Carter; *Billy Anderson*, Michael Stuart; *Chief of Police*, Guy Usher; *Judge Maguire*, George Barbier; *Gus*, Oscar Rudolph; *District Attorney*, Charles Middleton; *Defense Attorney*, Warner Richmond; *George Harris*, Orest Conly; *Mayor*, Samuel Hinds; *Mosher*, Mickey Daniels; *City Editor*, Howard Lang; *Little Fellow*, Arthur Vinton; *Little Fellow's Wife*, Nella Walker.

"THIS IS AMERICA"—FREDERICK ULLMAN, JR. PROD.—A compilation of newsreel scenes from 1917 to 1933. Edited by Gilbert Seldes. Musical arrangement by Dr. Hugo Riesendorf.

"THREE-CORNERED MOON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Gertrude Tonkonogy. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Ray Harris. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Elizabeth Rimplegar*, Claudette Colbert; *Dr. Alan Stevens*, Richard Arlen; *Mrs. Nellie Rimplegar*, Mary Boland; *Kenneth Rimplegar*, Wallace Ford; *Jenny*, Lynda Roberti; *Kitty*, Joan Marsh; *Eddie Rimplegar*, Tom Brown; *Ronald*,



Ricardo Cortez looks like he's ready to pick a fight with any stevedore that walks the dock. If Ricardo fights as well as he swims, it's okay. That abbreviated yacht costume is for a scene in Paramount's film, "Big Executive"

Hardie Albright; *Douglas Rimplegar*, William Bakeswell; *Laudady*, Clara Blandick; *Mike*, Edward Gargan; *Truck Driver*, John Kelly; *Hawkins*, Sam Hardy.

"TRAIL DRIVE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Alan James. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken*, Ken Maynard; *Virginia*, Cecilia Parker; *Honest John*, William Gould; *Thirsty*, Frank Rice; *Blake*, Bob Kortman; *Aunt Marthe*, Fern Emmett.

"TUGBOAT ANNIE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Norman Reilly Raine. Adapted by Zelda

Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Annie*, Marie Dressler; *Terry*, Wallace Beery; *Alec*, Robert Young; *Pat*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Severn*, Willard Robertson; *Shiftless*, Tammany Young; *Alec (as a child)*, Frankie Darro; *Pete*, Jack Pennick; *Sam*, Paul Hurst.

"WRECKER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Albert Rogell. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Chuck Regan*, Jack Holt; *Mary*, Genevieve Tobin; *Tom Cummings*, Sidney Blackmer; *Shapiro*, George E. Stone; *Cramer*, Ward Bond; *Chuck, Jr.*, Russell Waddle.

Carrie Comfort

Helps Out an Old Friend

"It's A Grand Adventure," says Norma Shearer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

"You see," she said, after we'd chatted about the health baths at Bad Nauheim, and Scottish golf courses and Nazi doings in Germany, "I'm the sort of person who doesn't approve of separations. Oh, I know, it may sound Victorian and passé, but Irving and I believe in taking our vacations together, enjoying the same things, going the same places. You see, we have never been separated—with the exception of two business trips Irving had to take to New York when I was in the middle of a picture.

"MY motto is, if we must separate, why not go together? I don't like to give him the chance to find he can get along without me. On the other hand, he says he wouldn't trust me as far as you can throw a piano—which is rather flattering, don't you think?"

The subject of the recent avalanche of Hollywood divorces followed on this.

"There are so many glamorous personalities in Hollywood and they are all thrown into such sudden personal contact with each other in the course of picture making, that it is very easy sometimes in that highly charged atmosphere of sex, romance, sophistication and excitement to go off on emotional tangents. In fact, you would not be quite human if you did not have to guard against it.

"But unless one is fancy-free, it is dangerous and stupid and can hurt so many other people. Those who don't guard against it, usually make a mess of their lives. I think this is one of the causes of divorce in Hollywood, but goodness knows it is understandable in that hectic, fascinating world of make believe.

"Personally, I feel if one has something precious in one's life, one should fight to guard it with all one's strength and try to do nothing deliberately that will destroy it or even take off a little of the bloom.

"Forgive me for getting on that soap-box—you see, I have my fingers crossed."

One couldn't quite reconcile this old-fashioned formula for marital happiness with one so attractively modern as Norma Shearer. She is the typical 1933 wife; gracious, charming, knowing how to order her servants without being obvious, spending many hours of her personal and precious time in the nursery where Irving, Jr., plays happily most of the afternoon. An amazingly vital mind, keen to current interests, talking business and politics and love with equal facility and depth of knowledge. Always in command of herself, brisk, alert, what one might truly define as a vivacious personality.

"DON'T you think this is a very idealistic age?" Norma remarked suddenly. "Up until twenty years ago the average girl married for protection, to be supported—she picked herself the first decent, available male who could earn an honest living and who would be kind to her and her children. If she happened to love him, too, and he loved her, that was a bit of rare good fortune. Nowadays, with their earning capacity, girls can marry for love and love alone. And if they don't find love, they say, 'Sorry, dear, let's not try to compromise. This is wrong—let's try again.' Consequently,

the people who do stay married do so for no other reason than that they like each other better than anyone else in the world.

"Now, marriage is the beginning of a grand and glorious adventure. It's the beginning of romance instead of the end of it. Haven't you noticed how many recent pictures are built on this premise?"

"I love doing married stories on the screen. They have for the most part been successful. 'The Divorcee,' for all its sophistication and risqué flavor, was a beautiful love story of two married people first losing and then finding each other again. It touched so many people's lives, especially the losing part—so many people used to write to me when that picture was playing and say: 'This is just the story of my life only without the happy ending.' Poor dears."

NORMA SHEARER has everything to make life smooth and comfortable for her. She could so easily fall into the routine of easy life, rising only when she was thoroughly rested, dining when she wished, going places and doing things on inspiration alone with never a thought to studio schedule. Yet she isn't the type for this. She has an abundance of vitality and she is so orderly you can almost visualize her as the super-efficient secretary if life had not been so kind to give her that first chance in pictures; the chance showing of her face and her figure on a short reel back in the silent days—the chance which brought her to the attention of the major studio officials who had faith in this quiet girl as a "comer."

Everything that Norma Shearer does is done with quiet precision. When you ask her a question, she looks directly at you with her sincere blue eyes and thinks for a moment before replying. It is as if she wanted to be sure of her statements before recording them. Yet there is a genuineness about her which makes you believe every opinion she gives is an honest one; her personal beliefs, uncolored by the slightest ulterior motive.

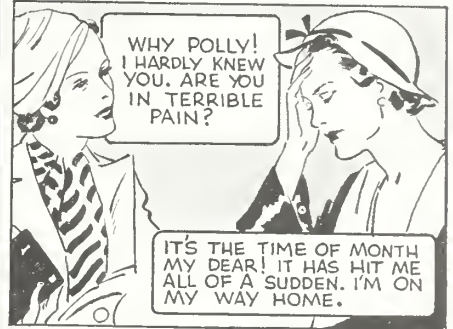
AS this is being written, her plans for the future are indefinite. Rumors of bigger and better things in store for her; rumors of a new contract for both Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. For Norma insists that Irving's interests shall be her interests and vice versa.

She wants to do, from now on, human interest dramas. Stories of real people, with situations to face and problems to solve.

"They are the most interesting stories to work out on the screen," she says, "and I believe they are the sort of stories most people like to see."

Norma has returned from her restful, European vacation, a new girl; rejuvenated in body and mind and ambition. And Irving Thalberg has again accomplished what he went to do—regaining his health.

There will be more stories like "The Divorcee" and "Let Us Be Gay" and "Smilin' Through," for these hold the problems of average people. And Norma, despite the luxury which Fate has so abundantly poured into her lap, insists upon being—just herself.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Ernest A. Bachrach

Happy dreams! And get up in time for breakfast. But you can't be sure whether he's sleeping or not, the old fox! For it's Roland Young as *Mr. Sherlock Holmes*, a very tricky gentleman, in the RKO-Radio comedy drama, "Blind Adventure," a London story, with a laugh for every scream

WHEN the Marx Brothers arrived from the East recently, a man from the publicity department went to the train. A negro chauffeur was polishing an expensive new car of foreign extraction.

"Gee," he said in admiration, "who are you going to meet with that?"

"Mr. Zeppo Marx," the chauffeur said.

"Why, I've got a car here for Mr. Marx," the publicist said, pointing to a studio limousine.

The chauffeur looked it over disdainfully.

"Humph," he sniffed, "you can take his suitcase back in that, if you-all want to."

THERE'S the one Chester Morris tells of a visit he and Dick Arlen paid to an insane asylum in Oregon.

One of the inmates approached the superintendent and said:

"You are the crazy one. You've got the keys to get out of here and still you stay."

IT was an elegant cafe in "My Weakness," Lilian Harvey's new picture.

Hundreds of beautiful young women, charmingly gowned, with their gentlemen escorts, all smooth and handsome, were sitting about at tables. Then a young man with a megaphone started shouting orders.

"All right, girls on that stairway. Don't move so fast this time. Everybody ready."

Then, remembering something, he picked up his megaphone and shouted, "And say, you society dames, no gum-chewing in this scene."

MAE WEST is reported to have given a hastily gathered and nondescript camera crew on the first day of the studio strike, the reverse English of her famous "Come up and see me sometime."

"I'd like to get *that* in the microphone," one of the crew retorted as they folded up.

MY goodness! None other than cagey young Bill Cagney is rushing the lady we had thought right along was all dated up by Gary Cooper—Judith Allen is the name. Oh well, pardon us if we can't keep up. These things develop faster than the measles, but they don't show up so plainly.

THELMA TODD had parked too long. Up strode the cop.

She looked at the cop helplessly and explained that really she just couldn't move because she must pick up a friend who was shopping in the store before which she was parked. And would the kind policeman please tell the friend that Miss Todd was waiting?

Which, hat in hand, he did.

IN "This Day and Age," you will see the sons of five one-time famous actors, stepping out on their own.

Wally Reid's son, Bryant Washburn's son, and the sons of Fred Kohler, Carlyle Blackwell and Eric Von Stroheim. They are not far apart in years and each has a small but important part to play.

An interesting angle is in the fact that director C. B. DeMille's early successes were all with Wallace Reid.

MRS. OAKIE'S proudest possession these days is a telegram of congratulation from Marie Dressler—Mrs. Oakie is playing son Jack's mother in "Too Much Harmony," and she is doing it without a rehearsal, since the lady has been in practice for just such a part for some thirty odd years now.



They're married! They've busted up! They're never going to marry! They were married months ago! Close your eyes and put your finger down without looking. Your guess is as good as ours. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have everybody guessing. But she will star in his next film

In Brooklyn . . .

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Are Sold Exclusively by ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Inc.



The new Abraham & Straus "Hollywood Shop," recently opened in the East Building, Third Floor; here "Hollywood Fashions," exclusive with the big Brooklyn store, are shown at moderate prices.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S exquisite evening gown, designed by Travis Banton for Miss Colbert's adventurous role in the exciting new Paramount picture, "The Torch Singer". . . one of several lovely "Hollywood Fashions"

It Is a Far Cry from the great, expansive institution of Abraham & Straus, in the heart of Brooklyn, to the progressive store of the M. L. Parker Company in Davenport, Iowa . . . yet each is known for its style leadership . . . each sells "Hollywood Fashions!" And in many other confidence-commanding stores in many principal cities (see Page 119) you will find exact reproductions of these clever motion picture costumes . . . selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, published each month in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion section (see Pages 61-66) and worn by the most fashionable stars in smartest picture plays!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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" I STARTED SMOKING
 CAMELS FOURTEEN
 YEARS AGO ——— "

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II

■ Before her marriage to the famous yachtsman whose "Ace" in the star class won the Bacardi cup in Cuba again this year, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, II was Madeleine L'Engle. She grew up in New Orleans and the warmth and graciousness of the South is a definite part of her charm. She has an endless fund of enthusiasm and can always manage time to work in her garden at East Williston, Long Island, or make a flying trip to her seaside place on the Massachusetts coast. Her interest in painting is keen and she is an ardent collector of first editions. Her wit makes her a delightful hostess and her Southern spoon bread is famous. She always serves Camel cigarettes.



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

"I started smoking Camels fourteen years ago—and I like them just as much today as I did then," says Mrs. Iselin with conviction.

"There must be better tobacco in Camels because they are mild without being flat and I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor. The way a carton of Camels gets smoked up over a weekend is amazing—practically everyone

who stops in seems to prefer them."

Because their costlier tobaccos give an even, steady pleasure, people don't get tired of Camels. They are always mild and cool and never get on the nerves, no matter how many you smoke.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.



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Stein*

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The Man
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Chew **Tempters!**

It's a Hollywood Habit

(If you should doubt it, look at the cast of "Too Much Harmony," a Paramount Production)

5 STARS SELECT THEIR FAVORITE TEMPTERS



RED
Cinnamon

★ For Judith Allen — Cinnamon Tempters — she likes that tangy flavor you can't chew out.



PINK
Tutti-frutti

★ Try to find Kitty Kelly without a cute little bundle of Tempters — Pink Tutti-frutti for her.



What! Bing Crosby not crooning? How unusual! Judging by the smile, guess he just took time out to have a Tempter.

Look at those smiles! Look at those teeth! The luscious ladies in "Too Much Harmony" are wild about Tempters, the new chewing gum sensation that became Hollywood's habit over night. Why so popular? Because they're new and *different*. Absolutely fresh flavor is sealed in and kept fresh by a crisp delicious candy coating. No other flavor can compare with the quick tasteful rush of savor when you bite into a Tempter. And what a flavor assortment . . . peppermint, spearmint, licorice, cinnamon, tutti-frutti. Select your favorite or try them all. Four Tempters in a Sylphrap pack. Three packs for 5c. What a nickel's worth!



WHITE
Peppermint



★ What else but real Peppermint would suit happy Jack Oakie?



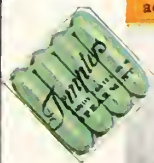
ORANGE
Licorice



★ And for Skeets Gallagher — good old Licorice. A he-man flavor for a he-man actor.



Ready! Action! Camera! Shooting scenes from trick angles is all in the day's work to Cameraman Sparkuhl. But it takes steady nerves, and it helps to chew Tempters. Which flavor? Any one! He likes all five.



GREEN
Spearmint



★ Oh yes, Toby Wing, here's yours. Delicious Spearmint — the best of all, many say.



Tempters

5 FLAVORS
3 FOR 5 CENTS

A BETTER FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE



What a FOOL She is!



Her TABLE MUST BE PERFECT... BUT HER TEETH

ARE DINGY... HER GUMS TENDER... AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

IF IN this last final look she discovers one fleck of lint on a glass, one fork misplaced, one napkin that isn't snowy-white—the maid will hear about it, never fear!

Yet, foolish lady, the moment she smiles, some observant guest is going to notice how dull and dingy her teeth look.

She neglects her teeth and she takes no care of her gums. Daily she finds that warning "pink" upon her tooth brush.

"Pink tooth brush" indicates a tender,

unhealthy condition of the gums. Neglected, it may lead to such serious gum troubles as Vincent's disease, to gingivitis, and even, though rarely, to pyorrhea. And it may even endanger perfectly sound teeth.

**IPANA AND MASSAGE
DEFEAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

Like this lovely lady, you eat soft foods—foods that fail to stimulate your gums. And inactive gums become tender gums.

To avoid "pink tooth brush," clean your

teeth with Ipana. Each time, put a little more Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and gently rub it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana acts directly on the gums, and with the massage helps tone them back to firmness.

Before you have finished using one full-size tube of Ipana, your teeth will be cleaner. They'll be *whiter*. Your gums will improve, and you needn't worry about "pink tooth brush."



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"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better. . . so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL'. I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time"



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it's the best
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LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Morx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

and that word is "Polyondry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play.



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Vol. XLIV No. 6

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

November, 1933



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- 1926
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- 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.

You can always take the children to see Joe E. Brown. One of his chief charms lies in the fact that everybody — from baby to grandmother — can enjoy his pictures. Joe himself is very much interested in his three-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann and finds time to play with her

THE \$25 LETTER

I would say she is about twenty-three. She wears a red knitted tam that is too big for her, and a short tan coat with a moth-eaten fur collar. Her eyes are dull behind thick glasses. Her body is awkward and clumsy. She is always alone.

Yes, she is ugly. When she was a child, boys pulled her braids and girls laughed at their teasing. Now they never notice her.

She enters the theater and eagerly comes to my aisle. I take her to a seat "near the front, please." And she sits down, alone, childishly excited in anticipation of the picture she is going to see.

As I usher people past her I can see her smiling. She is no longer Mary Jones. She is no longer alone. She is not shy, silent, now. She is on the screen. Now she has a chance to love and be loved. To laugh, to sing. A chance to live.

MILTON WHITE, Springfield, Mass.

THE \$10 LETTER

Much is said about moving pictures, the acting, the scenes, but little is said about the folks who attend. Shouldn't something be done to teach people how to act when they go to the movies.

Look at what we have to stand:—
There's the toe-stepper.

There's the seat hog. He'd never, never budge! There's the popcorn-bag rustler, with

his constant crackling, crumpling, munching and swishing. There's the gum-chewer whose mastication strikes the ear as maddeningly as the drip-drip of Inquisition times.

There's the giggler—who must laugh at the death-scenes.

There's the chatterbox.

ANYBODY want an argument? A just a little ten cent argument, or a great big dollar-fifty argument? We have plenty!

Whew! Several debate teams could have been organized among the contributors of this month's letters! Everybody was in an argumentative mood!

Well, not quite everybody. There were a few calm, heart-warming letters about "Another Language" and how it kept husband and wife under the same roof. Experiences like that always set us up! Wish we'd hear more of them.

But just now we're sitting tight in our swivel chair and holding on with both hands till that "King Tone" letter casts a bomb among the Gable followers!

And, that's all right. The more fights the merrier. We like to referee!

There's the self-appointed interlocutor. How about an "Emily Post" department for theater-going behavior?

MRS. VANCE VERCELL, Torrington, Conn.

THE \$5 LETTER

When the toddler smashes a quart of milk on the newly-scrubbed front porch, and the four-year-old comes in crying with a bumped nose just at the very moment you are trying to get the snarls out of the oldest one's hair, then I say:

"Thank God for a good Saturday matinee at the neighborhood movie!"

With this prayer of thanks, the baby is tucked in for her afternoon nap, the other two are taken to the show. I believe that thousands of other mothers will agree that good neighborhood movies have prevented many a nervous breakdown!

MRS. KATHRYN HARPER, San Francisco, Calif.

PAPA NEED NOT SPANK

Why doesn't mother and father of the letter titled "Papa Spank" in the September issue choose the pictures for their Junior to see? Then papa wouldn't have to spank.

That is one reason why PHOTOPLAY has gone to the trouble to give us previews of current pictures. Before I take any child to the movies I study PHOTOPLAY. Then I choose pictures like "Adorable" or "Penrod and Sam."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



CLIMAXING WARNER BROS.' GLITTERING PARADE OF MUSICALS!

Glorious "42nd Street"—magnificent "Gold Diggers"—actually surpassed by the master makers of musical films! . . . In this new show packed with surprising novelties! . . . Jimmy Cagney singing and dancing for the first time on the screen! Stupendous dance spectacles with hundreds of glorified beauties, staged UNDER WATER! New laughs and song-hits from Gold Diggers' famous stars . . . All directed and staged by the internationally famous creators of "42nd Street", Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley. CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF MISSING IT?



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JAMES CAGNEY • RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL • JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • RUTH DONNELLY • FRANK McHUGH • HUGH HERBERT



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

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (May)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventureous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Raffaella Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (May)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

See the Films You Know You'll Like!

You'll find every new picture reviewed at length—and a summary of all reviews for six months back—in every issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Whenever a picture reaches your theater—consult PHOTOPLAY and let America's most skilled reviewers help you decide whether you want to see it!

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (May)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (May)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kormman, good enough. (Sept.)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (May)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (May)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

LILIAN HARVEY LEW AYRES

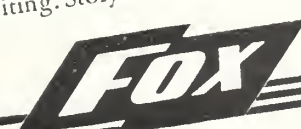
in **MY WEAKNESS**

A sparkling romance of melody,
beauty and fun



with
**CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY**
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS
B. G. DESYLVA Production

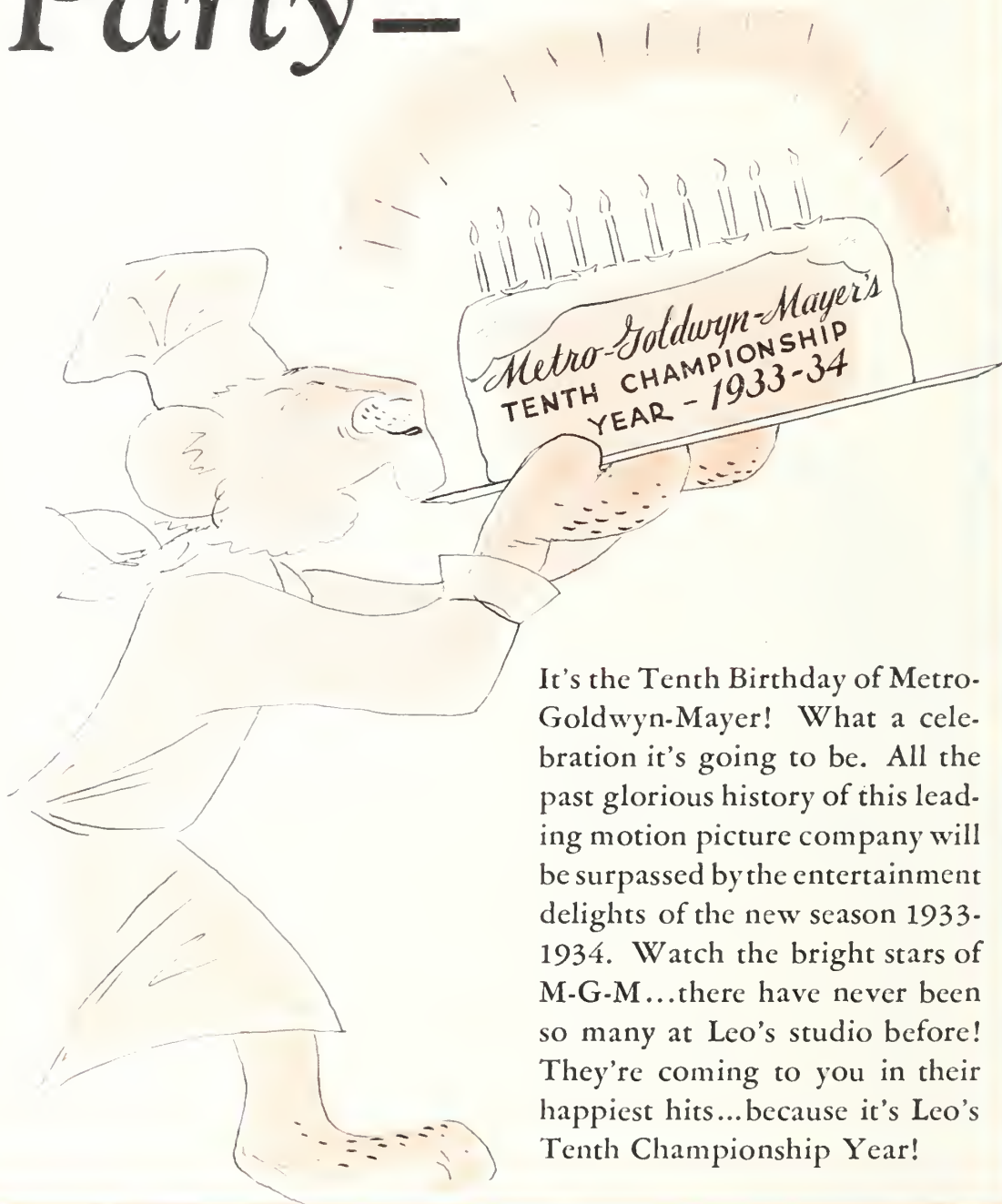
Directed by David Butler
Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and
Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva



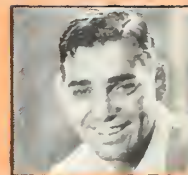


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It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!



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 LIONEL BARRYMORE
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 JIMMY DURANTE
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 GRETA GARBO
 JEAN HARLOW
 HELEN HAYES
 JEANETTE MacDONALD
 ROBERT MONTGOMERY
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 JACK PEARL
 NORMA SHEARER
 LEE TRACY
 ED WYNN
 Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

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 Tad Alexander
 Nils Asther
 Alice Brody
 Charles Butterworth
 Mary Corlisse
 Mae Clarke
 Jackie Cooper
 Nelson Eddy
 Stuart Erwin
 Madge Evans
 Muriel Evans
 C. Henry Gordon
 Margaret Hamilton
 Russell Hordie
 Jeon Hersholt
 Phillips Holmes
 Jeon Howard
 Walter Huston
 Otto Kruger
 Myrna Loy
 Ben Lyon
 Willard Mack
 Margaret McConnell
 Una Merkel
 Frank Morgan
 Karen Morley
 Moureen O'Sullivan
 Jeon Porker
 Moy Robson
 Ruth Selwyn
 Mortho Sleeper
 Lewis Stone
 Franchot Tone
 Lupe Velez
 Johnny Weissmuller
 Diana Wynyard
 Robert Young



Watch for
 GRETA GARBO'S
 triumphant return in "Queen Christina"
 reunited with JOHN GILBERT.

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring
 Clark Gable,
 Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore,
 Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy).

JOAN CRAWFORD CLARK GABLE
 in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone

BROADWAY to HOLLYWOOD
 (starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan,
 Jimmie Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge
 Evans, and many others).



THE CAST:
 Marie Dressler
 John Barrymore
 Wallace Beery
 Jean Harlow
 Lionel Barrymore
 Lee Tracy
 Edmund Lowe
 Billie Burke
 Madge Evans
 Jeon Hersholt
 Karen Morley
 Phillips Holmes



DINNER at 8

Filmed in Arctic Wilds—Bigger than "Trader Horn"

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

METRO Goldwyn MAYER

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



It seems a number of marriages which were getting shaky because of in-law troubles were saved from collapse by the true-to-life marriage drama, "Another Language," co-starring Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery

And now they are making "Little Women" and "Alice in Wonderland."

I like these pictures too, so I haven't lost any of my time when I take a youngster to see one. In fact, it helps me keep my mind young and fresh.

KATE JENKINS, Birmingham, Ala.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER LIKES JOE

There are four generations in our family, and I happen to be the oldest. You see, what I say doesn't usually count, that's why I'm writing to you.

I've been going to the pictures much longer than most of you, and I want to say that I think the finest thing that's happened to pictures is Joe E. Brown! Let me tell you why. I can take the whole family, even the baby, to see his pictures, because they're good and clean!

I think I've guessed the secret of his success.

He wouldn't make a picture that wasn't fit for his own youngster to see.

MRS. SARAH PETERSON, San Francisco, Calif.

WHAT CHILDREN WANT

The gang in our neighborhood thinks that too much mushy stuff is being put on the screen and wish you would oblige by giving us more pirate and cowboy stories with good action and a few gangsters mixed in.

PAT SPALDING, San Francisco, Calif.

AY TANK SHE'S NO ANGEL

Oh, the hipless undulations of our Greta neat and slim
Intrigue me and allure me, for I want to keep in trim.

But now there is another with the most alluring way
And she's making curves and billows quite all the rage today.

So I've bought myself a corset, with a wasp-waist just too cute,
And bulgy hips and bosom that will fit my new fall suit.

But still I'm in a quandary, for I can't make up my mind
Whether to be voluptuous or the sleek and slinking kind.

So Ay tank Ay go home and practice on my very newest line:
"Hello, there, dark and handsome. Whyn't ya come up some time?"

JEAN M. LIEBELER, Minneapolis, Minn.

A HUSBAND'S REFORM

Recently I saw "Another Language." It was one of the best pictures I have seen this year.

And, being a misunderstood daughter-in-law myself, I especially appreciated it.

I am actually forced to believe that a Mr. Walter Winchell peeked through our key-hole, then told what he saw to a playwright. For "Another Language" was our story!

But it isn't us any longer! That is all past now.

My husband learned a good lesson from that picture!

I want to sincerely thank everyone connected with "Another Language" for saving our marriage from going on the rocks.

Mrs. B. S., Stamford, Conn.

A FIANCE'S REFORM!

One night last week I saw "Another Language."

It happens that my fiance's family is just as unreasonable as the *Hallam* family.

On my next date I persuaded my fiance to see "Another Language" and with such a splendid example before him, I'm sure he won't hesitate to speak "my language" regardless of family disapproval.

H. B., Chicago, Ill.

HE FINDS "USHERING" PLEASANT

Up until today I have seen "Tugboat Annie" thirty-five times. And I still think it is wonderful. No, I'm not Baron Munchausen. I'm an usher. It is one picture I never grew tired of watching.

AL ROSE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN
in
"LITTLE WOMEN"

by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her...*living*...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!



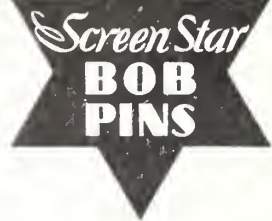
with
JOAN BENNETT
PAUL LUKAS
EDNA MAY OLIVER
JEAN PARKER
FRANCES DEE
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
HENRY STEPHENSON
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE CUKOR



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- Ralph Bellamy
- Jack Holt
- Wynne Gibson
- Constance Cummings
- Ginger Rogers
- Dorothy Mackaill
- Tom Brown

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STA-RITE

For soft, lovely, natural waves use Sta-Rite Wave Set



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DREITAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's mad seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (May)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (May)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

F. P. I.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (May)

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—a good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—News-reel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

HELL BELOW—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Coking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (Aug.)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.— Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Kay Francis and George Brent lend romance to a blackmailing mystery. (May)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

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★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

★ **LAST TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

★ **LAUGHING AT LIFE**—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

★ **LIFE IN THE RAW**—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE**—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prizefighter. (May)

★ **LILLY TURNER**—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robison, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

★ **LONE AVENGER, THE**—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

★ **LOVE IN MOROCCO**—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

★ **LUCKY DOG**—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

★ **"M"**—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

★ **MADE ON BROADWAY**—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

★ **MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE**—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

★ **MAN OF THE FOREST**—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

★ **MAN WHO WON, THE**—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MARY STEVENS, M.D.**—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

★ **MELODY CRUISE**—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

★ **MIDNIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

★ **MIDNIGHT MARY**—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

★ **MIDNIGHT WARNING**—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

★ **MIND READER, THE**—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

★ **MORGENROT (DAWN)**—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

★ **MURDERS IN THE ZOO**—Paramount.—Lionel Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

★ **MUSSOLINI SPEAKS**—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

★ **NARROW CORNER, THE**—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT AND DAY**—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NO MARRIAGE TIES**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

★ **OBEY THE LAW**—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

★ **OLIVER TWIST**—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

★ **ONE YEAR LATER**—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **OUR BETTERS**—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

★ **OUT ALL NIGHT**—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

★ **OVER THE SEVEN SEAS**—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

★ **PAROLE GIRL**—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

★ **PENAL CODE, THE**—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

★ **PERFECT UNDERSTANDING**—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

★ **PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE**—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE**—RKO-Radio.—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled *Archduke Rudolf*, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neif Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

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**"YOUR HAT MAY
BE SMART BUT:**

How's your Breath today?"

Hilda recoiled. Never in all her life had such a question been put to her—and by a comparative stranger, a steamship acquaintance. Even if he was an oral surgeon, even if he said it in a half-joking manner, that did not excuse his impertinence.

Back on the sun deck she tried to interest herself in a book but his dreadful question persisted. Had there been times when her breath was not what it should be . . . Of course not! . . . She was so fastidious . . . Still there was a possibility . . . Fred's growing indifference . . . the fact that she had had fewer dates lately . . . and the girls hadn't asked her to the last bridge fight . . . Was it for that reason? . . . Why hadn't it occurred to her before? . . .

No one cares how well-dressed, attractive, and charming you are if you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing is that you yourself never know when you have it—and your best friend won't tell you.

What is more, *you are very likely to have it.* Halitosis is caused by a number of conditions existing every day, in even normal mouths.

Why guess about your breath? Why risk offending? Put your breath beyond suspicion by rinsing the mouth with Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Do it every morning, every night, and in between times before meeting others.

Listerine instantly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles that even careful tooth-brushing fails to remove. Such fermentation, say dental authorities, causes 90% of unpleasant breath. Smoking is also a major cause; the smoke precipitates in the mouth certain chemicals having evil odors. Decaying teeth, minor infections of the oral tract, and excesses of eating and drinking also are responsible for halitosis.

To be sure that your breath will not offend, use only Listerine. Tests show that Listerine immediately conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes sold primarily on a bargain appeal cannot hide in twelve hours. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



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CHERRILL,
tall and blonde and
statuesque, is one
of the quietest ladies
in Hollywood—and
one of the most
beautiful. Reared in
the strict routine of
an exclusive school,
Virginia ran off to
Chicago to become
a coat model, and
rose to sudden
movie fame several
years ago when
Chaplin chose her
for his lead in "City
Lights." "Ladies
Must Love" is the
name of her next

Clarence Sinclair Bull





Ernest A. Bachrach

SARI MARITZA always looks secretly amused. Maybe she is still chuckling over the hoax she pulled when she came to Hollywood—an inexperienced English girl who posed as a great Hungarian star—and got away with it. Sari doesn't have to pretend any more. She has proved she is good. Her latest rôle is with Ann Harding in "Beautiful"



Will Walling, Jr.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT didn't intend to be an actress. She wanted to be an artist. Then, quite by chance, she got a small part in a Broadway play—and the theater wouldn't let her go. The movies have Claudette tied down now! She's slated to play the lead in at least half a dozen future features. Her latest picture is "Torch Singer"



UNTIL recently Loretta Young was recognized as one of Hollywood's prettier youngsters. But she's growing up. The schoolgirl simplicity is being replaced by feminine allure and the pretty girl has become a beautiful woman. After considering many of the stars, and screen-testing most of the promising ingénues, the studio gave Loretta the coveted feminine lead in "A Man's Castle"

Hurrell



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Moods caught en passant...

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tion long after it is released from its crystal flacon and patted on to your satiny skin . . . or your silky lingerie.

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A man may think that he is indifferent to such things, but a woman

knows better! She realizes that Coty has created Perfumes among the most lovely and famous in all the world—and rightly she prefers their enchantment to *heighten* her own glamour.

Most Coty odeurs are obtainable in small smart purse-size flacons, from \$1.10. Glorious cut-crystal containers, in cases of rich leather, to \$55. *Hint* now, in time for this Christmas!



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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

AFTER all the talk about Great Britain's seizing Hollywood's film crown—by capturing Hollywood stars and imitating Hollywood production methods—this comment by Jack Buchanan, of the New York and London musical comedy stage and American and British films, has some significance.

Buchanan, who has just finished a film in England, in which he triples as producer, director and star, says in an interview with PHOTOPLAY's London correspondent: "Speaking from an actor's viewpoint, I say Hollywood is the one place in the world where perfection in picture-making is most nearly attained." And he attributes this to "Hollywood directors as a whole."

"IT'S all very well to say it's the star who draws 'em in," he goes on. "In Hollywood it's the director who makes the star. If anybody doubts it, let him reflect on what has happened to the American stars who have come over here to work in British pictures.

"Almost without a single exception, these American stars have been shockingly bad, their performances in the chief rôle enough in itself to account for the failure of the picture. Yet those same stars—in Hollywood—with capable direction—make 'comebacks' that regain them their lost popularity in England."

JUST one man's opinion, but it is strikingly like that expressed by other motion picture actors.

Buchanan believes that the greatest weakness of English films—indifferent direction—will eventually be remedied. But meanwhile Hollywood continues its world domination.

THE best army will lose a battle with an incompetent general. Eleven star football players are helpless without a good coach. Comparisons like that apparently clinch Jack Buchanan's argument.

But what becomes of the tradition that occasionally an actor makes a director?

JEAN HARLOW is an amazing young woman. Introduced to the screen world four years ago as the epitome of sex; exploited because of her crowning platinum glory; dragged through a terrible personal tragedy; regarded lightly by the critics as an actress,

and by the public largely with curiosity, she emerges from this labyrinth as an actress of distinction.

Only twenty-two years old, she finds herself entirely at home in the company of as distinguished a cast as either Hollywood movies or the American speaking stage has ever assembled. If you want to see a most promising star in ascendancy, you must not miss Harlow as *Kitty Packard* in "Dinner At Eight."

Ability is not enough to succeed in this world. It must be attended by character and fortitude. I believe that Harlow has these attributes and that a great career lies before her. May her recent marriage to photographer Harold G. Rosson remove from her life the last trace of tragedy.

GET ready, Paris! Mae West is on her way. As soon as Mae finishes her personal appearance tour, she starts for gay Paree where they've simply gone Mae West mad. Not since Gaby Deslys has any one person taken such a hold on the Parisian fancy.

Her costumes from "She Done Him Wrong" have taken the fashionable capital by storm, where Mae West parties are the rage of the hour. Her influence will be felt in every little frock and gown that comes out of the fashionable dress shops.

"I always did want a duke or something," Mae winks, "so I thought I'd kinda look the place over. I've never been abroad before."

CHICAGO is out of the red. "A Century of Progress" did it. In one hundred days the Fair brought over fourteen million visitors. Not a single picture theater is "dark." Mortgages have been lifted, fear of bankruptcy vanquished, and showmen are tossing their surplus money into the banks. Double queues in line for admission twist themselves around the block.

What every city, town and hamlet in the United States apparently needs is a Fair the year round.

TALK about your choosy stars—about your trick contracts! Not even Garbo, Colman or Ann Harding can compete with Primo Carnera, the "Vast Venetian" heavyweight champion who is making his screen debut along with Max Baer in "The Prize-fighter and the Lady."

Cagy Camera, who found himself in a peculiar spot when called upon to fight before the cameras a man whom he would probably have to battle in earnest a little later, with his ring crown at stake, didn't want any asparagus cast at his dignity and punching prestige.

HERE'S what he insisted on—and got: No knockout by Baer (they even had to change the script for this); no wisecracks or fun-poking with Primo as the target, about his size, tonnage or nationality; equal billing with Max Baer; no public for background scenes; no admittance of the press; no “ribbing” or practical jokes on the set; no tricks on the part of the impetuous Max, who, it was feared, might take a serious punch and injure Primo's prestige as a publicity move.

Temperament is not, after all, the sole prerogative of weak womanhood.

A STUDIO called Lueille Gleason to play “a fat woman in a bathtub.”

In spite of her wounded pride, Lueille rallied and reported. But the director looked her over regretfully.

“Sorry, but you aren't fat enough,” he apologized.

“Thanks!” literally shouted Lucille.

But when she returned to her husband Jimmy with what she thought was glorious news, he gave her the famous Gleason scowl.

“See what you get for dieting,” admonished Jimmy; “you lose your big chance.”

MARY PICKFORD is perennially young—young in appearance, young in spirit and ideas. The other day she said to me: “I am intensely interested in the future. My ambitions are all ahead.”

And then she added quaintly, “The noise the clock makes means no time to me.” A very shrewd philosopher Mary shows herself to be by that remark.

When well past sixty, Sarah Bernhardt was at the height of her career. And Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at seventy, added luster, this past month, to the New York stage play, “A Party.”

The incomparable May Robson has been before the public now this half century. And look at the performance she gave us as the old apple woman in “Lady for a Day”!

It's a good motto for everybody: “The noise the clock makes means no time to me.” That's the spirit of youth, and youth is always immortal.

HERE'S another reminder that every phase of our manner of living from love to cottages—is shaped by motion pictures.

A set—a background—was honored in the mail received at the studio after the showing of the picture, “When Ladies Meet.”

There were plenty of letters to the actors, of course,

But that delightful converted farmhouse where the wife and girl friend get stranded in the storm—where everybody, in fact, gets together—that was one of the stars of the piece.

LETTERS from all over, Canada included, have flooded the office of Cedric Gibbons, who designed the cottage and its furnishings. They ask for plans, photographs, descriptions, drawings.

One influential gentleman in the East even wired his Western representative to get in touch with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and obtain photographs because he wanted some of the furnishings copied!

THAT charmingly rotund personality, Charles Laughton, has amazed all Hollywood. He announces he is going to leave pictures for a while to play on the English stage.

Laughton, who up to a few years ago was a hotel clerk in London, was hailed by the critics and the public as a great actor in his first screen appearance. “Why then,” ask puzzled Hollywoodians, “should he retire from his present honors and income to make a new start later on? Other men who have never known the feel of a stage plank have been big film successes.”

On the other hand, Laughton doubtless believes that stage experience is more likely to give an actor a sure and finished technique.

There is a distinguished roster of such men, and women too, in Hollywood. Lionel and John Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Herbert Marshall, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Marie Dressler, Mae West, Joan Bennett, Mary Pickford, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton are a few of the names one can recall offhand, who have a stage background.

Contrariwise, there have been scores of capable stage players that have flopped in pictures. Perhaps it is entirely a matter of the individual.

There is another angle to this Laughton decision. He has recently completed the film, “The Private Life of King Henry the VIII,” and Charles wants to try out a Shakespearean rôle on the stage. In that he is following excellent precedent. Laughton is really a great comedian, and comedians seem to have an irresistible longing to play *Hamlet*.

SILENT pictures were noisier by far than sound movies, according to Anna Q. Nilsson. Asked about the principal difference she noticed between the picture, “The World Changes,” in which she is now working and the old silents, she replied, “The quiet.”

When a silent picture was in the process of making, carpenters might be hammering together a set right over the actors' heads, and the first one to complain was a sissy. It was considered the height of temperament to protest against the noise.

It's different nowadays when a dropped pin sounds like an explosion.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



“**A**TTA BOY! That’s a jump!” That’s what Harvey Stephens says to his dog—but we might say it of this newcomer from the Broadway stage. One appearance in “The Cheat” led to his contract and a good rôle in Janet Gaynor’s “Paddy, the Next Best Thing.” Next one—“The Worst Woman in Paris”

The Man all Hollywood

FEARS

HE has Hollywood—all of Hollywood—scared half to death!

He causes more bad dreams than Boris Karloff, more headaches than Will Hays. In a caste ridden town he topples sacred cows right and left. Moguls and minions alike are his targets. He says "No" to yes-men and "Yes" to no-men. He goes out of his way to plunge the greatest stars, directors, executives, celebrities, and the Lord only knows who else, into quivering confusion.

He is the scourge of filmland.

Yet he looks quite as harmless as a June-bug. A short, roly-poly little man with a shining bald head, wind wing ears, and an absurd mustache perched over a tremendous rubber-elastic Hapsburg lip.

If you met him on the street, you would probably politely turn your head to snicker, as you do when you see him on the screen. And if you met him at a party, as you probably would in Hollywood, you would count him the last person possible in the room to hand you an inferiority complex—but that's his specialty.

Vince Barnett is Hollywood's champion "ribber," a professional purveyor of insults (rates on request). He has been getting in Hollywood's hair for five years now, ever since he first tested producer Jack Warner's nonchalance by telling him he should learn the fundamentals of making pictures.

During that time, he has made life miserable for everyone you have ever heard of, and miraculously escaped death or serious injury. For three years, he devoted all of his energies to dishing out insults at parties, banquets and special occasions, at so much the insult, and made quite a good thing out of it until "Scarface" came along and made him one of your favorite comedians, and one of the busiest actors on the screen.

His list of victims is bound by the cover of Hollywood's blue book.

Mary Pickford was one of the first. At a beach party, Vince, who is as Irish as Paddy's pig, was introduced as a German exhibitor. It was right after a German orchestra had played "The Star Spangled Banner," after a private showing of one of Mary's pictures.

He has made more stars unhappy than can all the studio executives

By Kirtley Baskette

In broken English, Vince congratulated her on her publicity sense. Mary didn't understand. "Didn't you pay der orchestra?" asked Vince.

Then he proceeded to insult all her guests. He told Elsie Janis she had gone to war as a publicity stunt. Mary thought he needed conversion to altruism. She asked him outside to talk it over.

"I nefer leave a party mit a married voman," huffed Vince, indignantly—and then Douglas Fairbanks mercifully exposed the joke.

Raoul Walsh, the director, brought him to a party where four hundred of filmdom's elite were assembled. Vince made the

rounds as "head waiter," accused everyone of stealing the silver, snatched plates from under their noses, and generally made a mess of the party. He bawled out Charlie Chaplin for trying to attract attention, and when Winston Churchill, a distinguished guest, placed his arm on a chair in which a young lady sat, Vince batted it off reproachfully.

"We have rooms upstairs for that," he admonished. Tom Mix blushed crimson with the same accusation when his arm was lifted unceremoniously from Lupe Velez' chair. Only Tom, more impetuous, set about choking the insulter, and forced Walsh to give the joke away to save Vince's good health.

INCREDIBLY enough, Barnett "ribbed" Mix successfully four different times. He had already accomplished the feat thrice in various poses, when he mentioned the fact one day to Carl Laemmle, Jr. The producer scoffed, there was a bet, and just then Tom arrived. He had been to the sheriff's office and he remarked that there were more men in the Los Angeles jail than in a certain small South American republic.

"You're a liar," said Vince calmly.

"What!" thundered Tom, turning pale.

"You're a liar," repeated Vince. "It's not true."

"In my country," gritted Mix, doubling his fists, "we don't take that."

"Then why don't you go back to your country?" countered Vince, "whatever it is."

Mix choked, "I'm an American, you—"



"I nefer leave a party mit a married voman," huffed Vince. Thus Mary Pickford was indignantly admonished



"In my country we don't take that," gritted Tom Mix, showing his fists to the man who had called him a liar



Jones' drive rolled to edge of the green. The "Terror" sniffed, "Sarazen would have gotten on!"

"I don't believe it. Prove it!"

This to Tom Mix, who had served in three wars, was too much. As he saw red, the joke was tactfully disclosed and Barnett collected!

Maurice Chevalier took his "ribbing" at a cocktail party which Marion Davies gave with Vince in the rôle of butler.

Serving the cocktails, butler Barnett hovered around the polite Parisian with his hors d'oeuvres and tinkling glasses, purposely missing him. When Maurice, still mannerly but longing for a drink, would reach for a glass, Vince would draw away the tray until the nervous Gaul was fit to be tied. And he never got a cocktail, although Barnett openly upbraided him for being greedy when all the glasses were empty.

Clark Gable is the only star who actually lost control of himself and went into action upon the irritating ribber. Usually posing as a foreign executive, or important exhibitor, Vince was frequently saved from bodily harm, because even stars hesitated to commit mayhem on one who bought their pictures. Gable didn't let that stop him.

It was at one of Joan Crawford's parties. Vince was talking to Doug, Jr. and Heather Thatcher. Clark, alone at the other end of the mantel, passed by. Vince grabbed him.

"What do you mean," he demanded angrily, "walking away when I'm talking to you?"

Gable was nonplussed, but protested.

"You weren't talking to me, my man."

"Your man," sneered Vince. "I'm not your man—and just because you're the Great Gable—"

"Don't call me 'the Great Gable'—"

And so it flamed until Clark set his jaw and turned to the rest of the guests.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize in advance for this," he said, and then swung one from the floor.

Luckily Vince ducked.

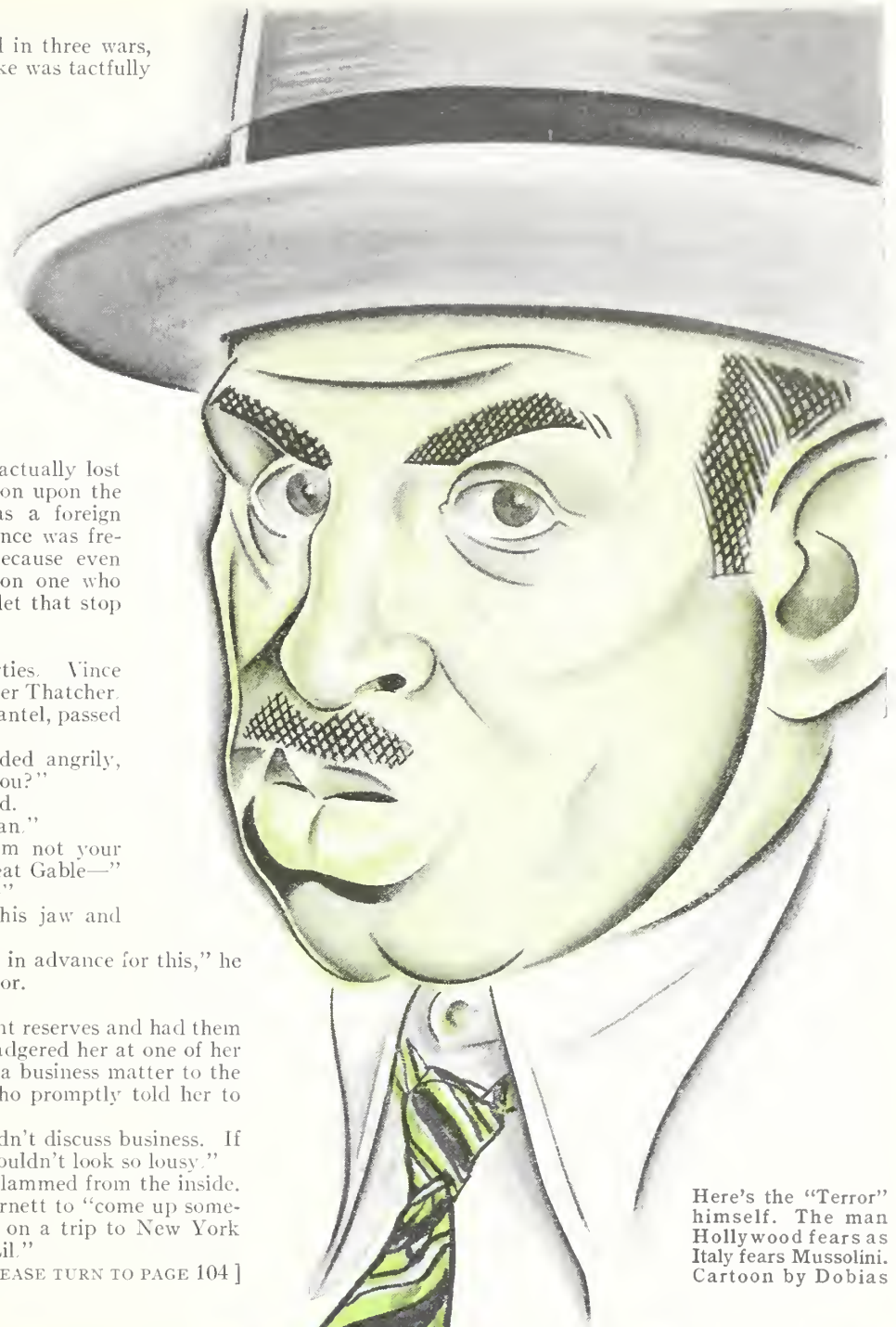
Norma Shearer called out the servant reserves and had them give Vince the bum's rush when he badgered her at one of her parties. She ventured an opinion on a business matter to the pseudo-Eastern executive Barnett, who promptly told her to mind her own business.

"House wives," he insulted, "shouldn't discuss business. If you paid attention to your house it wouldn't look so lousy."

Norma rang the bell and the door slammed from the inside.

And Mae West won't ask Vince Barnett to "come up sometime" after the one he pulled on her on a trip to New York when she was playing in "Diamond Lil."

Posing as a member of the vice [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Here's the "Terror" himself. The man Hollywood fears as Italy fears Mussolini. Cartoon by Dobias



"Retire or else take voice lessons from Texas Guinan," so Richard Barthelmess was advised



"No smoking!" And with that the cigar was snatched from Dempsey's mouth at Dempsey's own party



Wera Engels was pale with anger when thus scolded: "You let yourself go in Paris. You got very fat"

"These Are My Plans,"

says
Doug, Sr.

to Kathlyn Hayden



The two Fairbanks on the golf links before saying goodbye to Hollywood. Now London "bachelors," they plan new cinemative triumphs

hopes to bring Ronald Colman and Maurice Chevalier into the plan.

"The only reason," he says, "why English films haven't equaled American films has been their lack of sufficient money. We have plenty of money, and we mean to produce on a Hollywood scale. Also, like Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and others, we can recoup our production cost from a market much greater than Great Britain alone."

You will recall that he, together with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, formed United Artists. Doug harks back to that now, with, if anything, greater enthusiasm than when he launched into that venture.

"Never," he says, "since I persuaded my fellow stars to establish United Artists have I been so enthusiastic. By doing that we gave machine methods a beating. Now I am certain I can give the picture lovers of the world a greater novelty—because of gorgeous unfamiliar backgrounds, British and European—than they have seen since the earliest days of Westerns. This is possible only by using London as the taking-off place."

THAT is Douglas Fairbanks' own statement of what he intends to do—what he believes he can do. That he should have had some such project in mind when he upped and gave Hollywood the go-bye, after a period of evermore extensive globe-trotting, is not exactly a surprise to those who have kept track of his feelings during the past several years. It was plain to them that ever-increasing boredom sooner or later would drive Doug into such a move.

"I got a tremendous thrill as a youngster," he says, "when I became a stage star with Tom Wise in 'The Gentleman from Mississippi,' and with William H. Crane, and on my own.

"Then I saw 'The Birth of a Nation,' and decided that films were my meat. Seeing earnings mount from a few hundred dollars a week to many hundreds daily has helped me keep enthusiastic. But eventually the whole thing palled.

"Forming United Artists, and also the establishment of Pickfair, intrigued me for several years. But aside from the momentary thrill I got when talkies came in, ennui got me again,

so I took to traveling the world, in an aimless endeavor to find a new interest in life.

"I was on my way to China when I chanced to see the London première of 'The Private Life of King Henry VIII,' starring Charles Laughton. The direction given that film hit me like a sledgehammer. I said to myself, 'Give me that director, and we'll clean up.'

"So I met Alexander Korda—and then abruptly ended my travels eastward.

"Another thing hit me too at this time. My son's future is of tremendous interest to me. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

GOODBYE, Hollywood!"

Thus says Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in the first interview he has given on the subject since leaving the United States. And he means it—doubly.

Pickfair will see him no more. And in addition to withdrawing personally from the film capital, he intends to give Hollywood keen competition in the picture markets of the world.

And note this: In this campaign he considers his own withdrawal less important than his set purpose of inspiring his son. He wants to continue the Fairbanks' acting tradition. He



Jack Gilbert steps in between his sovereign (Garbo) and the menacing swashbuckler. A scene from "Queen Christina"

Reunion in the Palace

I AM happier today than I have been at any other time in my life. "It is a fresh start—the beginning of a new career. The slate is wiped clean of the past. What has happened has gone by."

"For the first time in five years, I have a part I feel I can play. It is a great opportunity. And I owe to Miss Greta Garbo a far greater debt of gratitude than I can ever hope to repay."

"I have been miserable for a long time. It was terrifying to discover that overnight I had plunged from the height of popularity to almost oblivion. Now, quite as suddenly as that happened, comes this amazing reversal. It is an astonishing experience."

"It is a profound delight to play again on the screen with Miss Garbo. She is a great artist and a great woman. It is no secret that it was she who was responsible for my playing this part. She believed I was the victim of a terrible wrong. She simply wanted to set it right, if she could. My only hope and concern now is that I might justify the faith placed in me."—*Jack Gilbert.*

"THIS is colossal!" said Jack. And that broke the ice.

The scene was the office of an M-G-M executive. Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert had met there—for the first time in several years.

For Garbo, defying all opposition, bringing every ounce of her vastly influential pressure to bear—had at last succeeded in

The queen's favor brings a dethroned monarch back into his own, after exile

By Ruth Rankin

breaking M-G-M officials down to the point of signing Jack Gilbert to be her leading man.

They met—Jack self-conscious, nervous, bewildered at his sudden unprecedented state of good fortune . . . Garbo—who knows how Garbo felt or what she was thinking?

And then the old devil-may-care Jack came to the rescue. "This is colossal!" he beamed. And Garbo permitted herself the ghost of a smile to hear his favorite expression of old, "colossal,"

the first word of English Jack taught the shy, awkward Swedish girl to speak, eight years ago, when he gave her her first break in his picture, "Flesh and the Devil."

From the time Jack married Ina Claire until they met to sign that momentous contract Garbo and Gilbert had never spoken to or seen each other.

All these years between, they have been under contract to the same studio—working on the same lot. Garbo going up the ladder to unprecedented fame—Gilbert's star receding until it was almost invisible.

There are those who say that when Garbo and Gilbert set the whole movie world agog with the power of their love scenes, "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs," it was a case of their own love being enacted for the world to see. Certain it was that at this period, for the first and only time in her life, Garbo went out in public. She was sociable, even gregarious. Her long legs went flying about playing tennis at Jack's house. (Interesting to note [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115])

Why American Men Make

Foreign stars' comparisons of their native men with our own

MEN are the best judges of men, and women of women. Unless you are talking about motion picture actresses. For the latter are shrewd appraisers of members of the opposite sex. And when these actresses are foreign born, if they make a comparison between their native men and our own, what they say is well worth listening to. They know. Here is a symposium of a dozen representatives of born-abroad screen actresses.

We will start off with the little girl from across the border, Lupe Velez.

Possibly Lupe may be a little prejudiced in favor of our boys because of that stalwart young American, Johnny Weissmuller. But still little Lupe has seen lots of American men at close range, and she has good eye-sight!

Lupe says, "The American woman doesn't have to do *anything* and still the husband is satisfied! The American man is simply marvelous to his wife. And boy, is it gorgeous to see how proud he is of her. He even says proudly to a charming dinner partner, 'Don't you think my wife is brilliant?' Now most foreign men want women to be beautiful but dumb. Believe me, darling, Americans are *good men!*"

Or take the opinion of Benita Hume, an English girl who went "home" planning to marry one of her own countrymen. Benita says, "The most amazing thing about the American man is that he actually will get up in the morning and make his own coffee rather than disturb his wife! Now an Englishman simply wouldn't do such a thing. And if he found himself in that position, his loud storms of protest would arouse the entire household.

"Of course," she adds critically, "the American is less meticulous about his clothes than the Englishman. But he makes up for that detail with his tremendous thoughtfulness. He is less egotistical than the European, too. He seems young and fresh in comparison with the blasé, self-satisfied man from the other shore."

But the picture of Mr. United States getting up and fixing his own breakfast coffee doesn't surprise Diana Wynyard. It's exactly what she would expect of him—and she isn't at all sure she likes it.

Diana complains, "The American man still puts woman on a pedestal! He doesn't treat her as a partner. In England there is a closer camaraderie between the sexes. The desire of the American man apparently is to protect and shelter women rather than to meet them on an equal ground. For this reason he prefers gaiety and charm in a woman rather than intelligence."

Elissa Landi is inclined to agree with Miss Wynyard. Elissa says, "Your American husband is



Benita Hume



Marlene Dietrich



Elissa Landi



Mona Maris



Maureen O'Sullivan

The GREATEST LOVERS

By Elza Shallert



Lupe Velez



Greta Nissen



Sari Maritza



Diana Wynyard



Lilian Harvey

inclined to give too much to his wife and not share enough with her. This is particularly true in times of anxiety and tribulations. He is too much concerned with sparing his wife any family worry.

"The Englishman in times of stress will frankly put the entire matter up to his wife. He will probably say, 'Old girl, we've got to share this misfortune together.' And women of fine caliber want to share it. What's the use of being a wife if you can't enjoy success and misfortune alike with your husband?"

"Then there is one quality I believe American men lack, which Englishmen have in abundant degree," continues Miss Landi. "It is *elan*—a sort of reckless enthusiasm, the ability to regard business and sports as high adventure."

Well, *elan* must be nice. But on the other hand, "high adventurers" aren't always good breadwinners, and many a European woman has envied the business ability of American men.

Mona Maris, the petite little South American beauty, whom you may recall as one of Leslie Howard's "affairs" in "Secrets," is particularly impressed by the Yankee's skill in collecting shekels.

Says Mona, "The American man can always be depended upon to make money for himself and his family. He is a model husband for all men. And he well should be. There aren't many men who are as generous to their families. Neither does he rob a woman of her independence nor annoy her by showering her with too much attention. I used to think that only the polished European was worth while. I now find the American even more attractive in his attention to women because he has the sense not to overdo it. And his gifts are beautifully, generously chosen."


Sari Maritza agrees in part. "The American man is great for business, yes!" says Sari. "But he is lacking in the smaller graces. He is the most active person alive, he is forever doing something or going some place. His motto is 'Action.' That's all right if you're equal to it. But we Europeans are slower."

Greta Nissen, too, once believed that "Europeans are slower."

She said to me, several years ago, "I will never marry an American man. The European woman's training and temperament are at too wide a variance with the American's."

But Greta *did* marry an American—Weldon Heyburn. According to Greta he is "one hundred per cent American in his speed, restlessness and impetuosity." Greta says, "I adore the loyalty and friendship of the American man. He is the best 'pal' a woman can have."

Before her marriage to a "one hundred per cent American," when her opinion was more analytical because it was impersonal, Greta said, "The American man is unparalleled in his enormous sentimentality. He listens to a throbbing, seductive, yet often foolish song on the radio, and jumps in his car and proposes marriage to a girl. He is too [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



The face Schmeling saw when he lost his chance at the heavyweight crown. Now you'll see it — in pictures!

YES, he's at it, this Max Baer chap. Having knocked Schmeling for a loop and for fistic oblivion, Max is training for a finish fight with a game in which only two men of his background ever lasted more than a round or two. The game of trying to make an athletics star into a screen star.

With just one chance for avoiding what usually is a certain knock-out. He promises to have what put over these two exceptions to the rule. How important that is becomes plain when you look at the men, good men, tried and true, who tackled the same game and took the count.

There was Jim Jeffries of the gorilla arms, still dizzy from the socking he took from Jack Johnson at Reno. Nobody thought Jim would be good for more than an appearance or two—and he wasn't. Nor was Corbett, for all that "Gentleman Jim" knew about entertaining from successful appearances in vaudeville.

Jack Dempsey even had his nose rebuilt for his whirl at it—no go. "Gorgeous Georges" Carpentier had a better chance, one might think, from the way women plugged for him—in the ring. But in the ring only. His box-office performance sent him back to Paris after one appearance.

Gene Tunney—seemingly another possibility, was really a wash-out. Bill Tilden likewise. Babe Ruth—a sad strike-out in the studios. Red Grange scored one screen touchdown in "One Minute to Play," and was thrown for a huge loss in his next. Charlie Paddock, Jim Thorpe, Gertrude Ederle—but why go on? We'll understand Max Baer's chances better if we look at the two who made the grade.

Number One—Fred Thomson, former Princeton track star, winner of the American and Inter-Allied Games all-around athletic title. Until his death, in 1928, Fred went high, wide and handsome in adventurous stuff. "The Eagle's Talons," "Thundering Hoofs," "Silver Comes Thru," "Jesse James"

He's A Baer!

Contender for the fistic crown takes a crack at films. Max is surefire!

By Kirtley Baskette

are some of the titles. And what did he have that the others lacked?

He was romantic, dashing. He had spirituality, too—son of a minister, Fred had preached in his time. He had what it takes, apart from his athletics—and could have got there had he never breasted a tape on a college track. His athletic prowess simply earned him his chance to display his cinematic wares.

Number Two—Johnny Weissmuller, of "Tarzan" fame, and before that, of an aquatic fame that literally cluttered the swimming annals with broken records. But was it the sight of his lithe body flashing through the water that turned the trick for him? Well, he did swim in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," but is that what sent the women home "oh-ing" and "ah-ing," or that brought on an outbreak of "Tarzanitis," evidenced by broken arms and legs, among the youngsters of the land?

The questions answer themselves. Johnny, like Fred, had what it takes—and would have made good if the only water that ever touched his hide had been the water in his bathtub.

Which brings us to what Max Baer may or may not have that will help him become the third lad to break the rule that "athletes flop in the movies."

One thing he has in plenty: Sex-appeal, with a big S.

The shrill shouts that applauded him throughout the Schmeling fight, and the feminine mobs that besieged him after he had won, indicated that. Sacks and sacks of amorous mail have deluged him ever since. Mash notes, marriage proposals, heart-beats from all over the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

"The Silliest Question I Was Ever Asked"

By Hilary Lynn

EVER since I heard a certain gushing lady scribe—noted for her untiring efforts to dig up the neatly-buried "private lives" of the stars—put a certain question to Bert Wheeler, a burning desire has grown within me to come to the rescue of these long-suffering luminaries.

Fun is fun, and comedians can stand a lot of punishment. The more they stand, the more they earn. But enough is enough. What would you do if a beaming lady fixed you with her ferret-like eyes, as she did Bert, and queried: "How do you sleep in bed?"

Would you have invited her, as did the irrepressible Bert, to "come up and see me sometime"? Or would you have blushed—and indicated the direction of the front door?

Clark Gable while vacationing recently in a small town had, of course, the representatives of all the local news sheets hot on his trail. There was one question, maybe a minor cause of his recent illness, which Clark says gave him stitches. The interviewer was a gangling, dyspeptic youth, out to glean some information for himself, as well as for his paper.

"What would be your advice, Mr. Gable," he asked, nervously, "on the most effective way to make women fall in love with you?"

Still, that was tact personified compared with the question posed by a fluttering writer at the end of an interview in Diana Wynyard's dressing-room.

"Now, Miss Wynyard, just between you and me, tell me whom you consider to be the most ardent lover—an American or an Englishman?"



We'll give you three chances to outstrip this one. As Warner Baxter says, "Perhaps it wasn't the silliest question ever asked me, but it certainly was the most embarrassing. A very shy young lady, who seemed to be having difficulty in interviewing me—maybe I'm just hard to talk to—demanded the terrible following: 'Have you ever known what it feels like,' she said, 'to have a baby?'"

From the profundity of these staggering queries, let's slide to the ridiculous.

Says Janet Gaynor: "A very important newspaper interviewer asked me: 'How many times a day do you look at your watch or the clock?' And then I asked him, 'Do you think the cuckoos and cuckoo-clocks should abide by the NRA?'"

"That's nothing, Janet," said Lilian Harvey, who happened to be on the Fox set while I was talking with Janet. "A bright young thing once asked me if I cut lettuce with a knife or with a fork?"

"And," chimed in Heather Angel—she made the third of the three graces to be watching the shooting of "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"—"one lady interviewer asked me, with a portentous note in her voice, if I had ever *slapped* a man's face!"

We think, though, that the most illuminating example of stoicism since the Golden Age in Greece was the behavior of Joel McCrea when a sweet morsel of scatter-brained girlhood was doing a "wardrobe story" on that azure-eyed bachelor for the motion picture column of her school paper.

Joel stood up nobly under a persistent barrage of inquiries concerning his wearing apparel for sundry occasions.

"AND now, Mr. McCrea," said the girl, concluding the interview, "what do you wear when you take sun-baths?"

"A camel's-hair overcoat," wearily replied our hero.

Another ingenious lady reporter once caused John Boles to choke on his coffee at a little tête-à-tête luncheon. With an angelic expression, she asked him whether he believed his voice was influenced by the shade of clothes he wore.

Which question seemed to be up the same alley with one that another inquiring reporter propounded to Victor Jory:

"She asked me," said Victor, "what shade of underwear I preferred—and whether I had that shade on at the time. Well, believe it or not, *I didn't have any on.*"

List to this one on Mae West. It may not exactly be a question, but it's a wow!

An interviewer, sent from a New England paper, was waiting breathlessly for Queen Mae in her dressing-room at the studio. Miss West apologized for the delay, ordered tea, and then asked the girl reporter what the subject of the interview was to be. But the woman just sat there, looking at Mae with *such* a mournful expression on her face, her mouth half open. Finally she spoke: "You've ruined my story. You speak *grammatically*. Everyone says you talk off-stage exactly as you do on the screen. I haven't anything to ask you. You've ruined my story with culture!" And the poor girl staggered out, sobbing.

A timid young lady asked Chevalier, "Do you have to practice your French accent much, Mr. Chevalier? Do you think it sounds convincing to the people in France?"

Gary Cooper received a list of written questions—"to be

answered truthfully"—from an out-of-town writer. Among others was this shining gem:

"Will the person you marry be a blonde, a redhead, or a brunette?"

To which Gary replied, with a flourish of his grandfather's goose quill, "The person I marry will be a girl!"

Then there is that famous-in-the-annals-of-Hollywood retort courteous by none other than our little Ginger Rogers. An ambitious young cub, eager to try his wings, was to extract information from that fire-crested ingénue. His hopes were punctured by his first question:

"Are you Will Rogers' wife?" he burbled.

"No! Nor Buddy Rogers' mother!" Ginger squelched.

But, take off your hats to El Brendel and Boris Karloff for possessing the sweetest, most forgiving natures this side of Paradise!

To El Brendel came this suave flattery in question form: "What do you put on your face to make you look so much like a monkey?"

And to Boris Karloff: "You really enjoy playing mean parts, don't you, Mr. Karloff? Doesn't that prove you're a mean man at heart?" Scratch. Scratch.

If there's a kinder, milder-mannered human being now walking terra firma, I've yet to meet him!

DID Gracie Allen say this—or didn't she? Spencer Tracy insists it was a gentle little journalist, but I have my suspicions.

"Mr. Tracy, do you believe that playing polo has a tendency to improve your mental state?"

That's almost as paralyzing as the innocent little query put to Max Baer during his first day of work on "The Prizefighter and the Lady":

"Does it hurt when the other man hits you in a fight?"

"No, lady," responded the redoubtable Max, "if we give more than love taps, we're penalized!" and she said, "Thank you!"

Bette Davis nearly had apoplexy when someone asked her: "Have you ever paid money to see an embalmed whale?" Then, when she'd finally managed to stave off an attack, the same interviewer, full of those quaint ideas, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



MEET Hollywood's youngest film stars—youngest in age and in length of screen careers! They are the pick of this year's baby contest winners, and Jack Hays has signed them to do his Baby Burlesk satires. The cups? Oh, just some of the honors they've won on their way to Hollywood

Al Knows Better Now!



Al Jolson was a big star until he got romantic aspirations. But he knows his limitations now

"He's the greatest entertainer of all," says Ruby. And Al vows he won't make a liar out of Ruby

CAN Al Jolson, once king of entertainers, come back? For months that has been one of the most insistent speculations in Hollywood. Even Al's sudden burst into the spotlight by way of a right swing to Walter Winchell's neck, a bevy of wild statements and a dash by air to New York, have not in the least changed the odds in the betting as to Al's ability to cause the movie-going public to forget his last few pictures and recognize him as the master entertainer of old.

As to the exact "Why" of Jolson's steady toboggan since making such outstanding hits as "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool," public opinions are few and private opinions many. That Jolson has fallen far

from his pinnacle of five years ago is evidenced in many ways other than his recent extremely "conservative" contract with Warners.

Jolson's famous "banana bag" contract with Joseph Schenck, originally written on a brown paper bag at Palm Springs and calling for two million dollars in two years at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a week for forty weeks each year, as compared to his reported thousand a week deal with Warners, is, many claim, merely in keeping with other features of his downward plunge.

Yet, according to many others, all this doesn't mean a thing. Jolson is still Jolson, and once back on the old lot, he [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

No more heroics—the Jolson "comeback" will be with the stuff that the crowd always loved

By William F. French

"I'd Rather Know Joan

says

Franchot Tone

to Jack Jamison

Here, for the first time, the man whom everyone is wondering about expresses, in words, his admiration for Joan Crawford

EVERYBODY knows that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are dining and dancing together at all the smart places.

What everybody *wants* to know is: What lies behind it?

Here is the answer, from Franchot Tone himself.

"What lies behind it is quite simple," he says. "It's that I'd rather know Joan Crawford than anybody else I know. And I have any number of reasons.

"In the first place, Joan is more intelligent than most people. Joan has what the French call *intelligence de coeur*, or intelligence of the heart.

"It is a human and sympathetic intelligence, the power of learning by putting herself in the other person's place.

"But it is more than that, too. It is the power of giving meaning to every new experience by relating it to a past experience. When Joan comes in contact with something new, she instantly coordinates it with the rest of her knowledge. Therefore, Joan is intelligent in a deep and understanding way.

"She is receptive to every new idea. There are some people who make a pose of being receptive and brag about being 'open-minded.' Not so with Joan. She never accepts anything just because it is new, or because she wants to prove she is broad-minded. But she examines everything with an open mind, then chooses that which she considers worthwhile. And she has an instinctive mental judgment which helps her pick the wheat from the chaff.

"For example, Joan honestly believes that she knows nothing about acting, and is just beginning to learn. And yet, when we talk about the stage, when I tell her things that happened to me when I was on the New York stage, little tricks of technique that I saw actors use there—she can pick the good ones from the bad ones instantly. She knows at once what would be right for pictures and what would be wrong.

"Then there is Joan Crawford's beauty. I hardly need mention that. But a fascinating thing about her beauty—and a thing you don't realize until you know her personally—is that she is beautiful in two distinct and different ways.

"On the screen her beauty is formal. It gives you the impression of a classic statue. It might be sculptured, that head of hers.

"But you don't really appreciate her beauty until you see her without her make-up. Sometimes when you're traveling in a foreign country you suddenly come across a woman who literally makes you catch your breath. If you're in Bavaria



Than Anybody Else—”



you find yourself saying, 'Here is the perfect type of Bavarian beauty.' Well, seeing Joan as she really is, so fresh-looking, with that clean-scrubbed look of hers, you say: 'Here is the perfect type of American beauty.' And her freckles are a part of it.

"I think the first time I became aware of her great beauty was once when I had been asked to her house for lunch. She was in the back yard taking a sun bath. She came in, her hair rumpled, and oil all over her face and arms. And she was beautiful! Beauty like hers is a real thing. You can't mistake it!

"And then, of course, there's her sense of humor. You can always tell if a person really has a sense of humor by his willingness to let himself seem ridiculous. Joan loves to be caught looking 'silly,' so that people will laugh.

"Sometimes at the end of a scene, while the cameras are still turning, she makes a face or lets her mouth hang open. Then when she goes into the projection room to see the rushes, she too laughs at the foolish picture of herself. It isn't loud, insincere laughter—the kind of laughter so many people use to cover a situation which embarrasses them. Nor is it the kind of laughter that seems to say, 'See what a good sport I am.' It's more a snicker, like a youngster's, but very real. She honestly loves to kid herself.

"SHE loves to kid other people, too, but never cruelly—always gently. Once when we were making a picture together, I was supposed to do a swimming scene. Joan went to the director and asked anxiously, 'The tank isn't deep, is it?'

"'Sure! Ten feet or so,' the director replied. 'Why?'

"'Mr. Tone can't swim.'

"'Can't he swim at all?'

"'Well,' she said, 'he can do the breast-stroke a little.'

"She had them nearly crazy, explaining that I'd look silly if I couldn't do a crawl stroke, wondering if they could get a shallow tank so I could just wade, arranging for me to stay up all night and learn strokes. Then after they were all wild, she broke down and told them that I really could swim, after all.

"But there is something even more important than a sense of humor—especially in a woman. And that is good taste. Joan's taste is exquisite. Like her intelligence, it is instinctive. While William Haines gets the credit for decorating her beautiful home, Joan, as a matter of fact, did a great deal of the actual choosing.

"And her taste is as creative as it is discriminating. I've even heard her make suggestions to Adrian when he was planning clothes for her. They must have been good suggestions, because Adrian followed them."

Incidentally, Joan's wardrobe is stunning because she has good taste and not because she spends large sums of money on clothes. Undoubtedly one of the best-dressed girls in pictures, she spends far less for clothes than many another feminine star. Recently, when complimented on a lovely new outfit, Joan winked and said, "Last year's suit. New scarf and new hat, that's all."

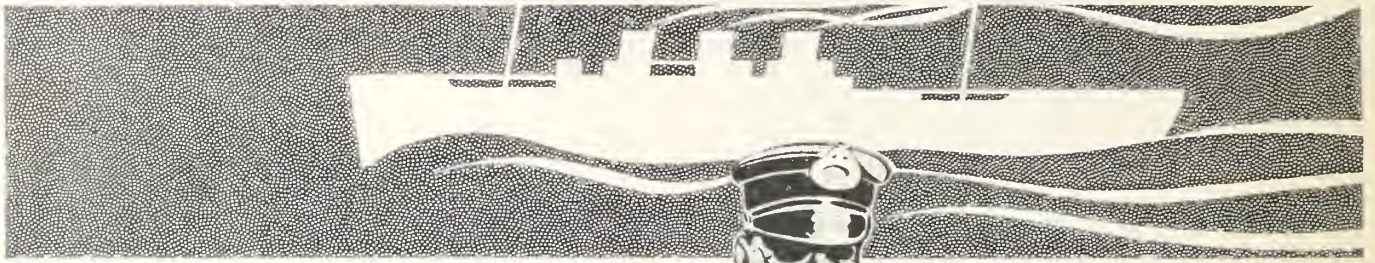
But while men consider it important for a woman to choose her clothes well, Franchot says, "Most important is her taste in people.

"I have never, and there is not a single exception, found a soul she liked whom I didn't like, too. In choosing her friends, accomplishment—what they've *done*—means nothing to her. She's interested in what they *are*. If what they are helped them to do something, that is another matter. But popular acclaim, fame, popularity—they mean nothing to her. The two qualities Joan looks for in a person are sincerity and self-reliance.

This is how you'll see Franchot and Joan in "Dancing Lady." But what interests us all is the real-life situation he relates

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Star News from London



London, England.

AT luncheon at the Savoy, I had an hour with Wally Beery—over here with his wife and adopted child, Carol Ann, for a holiday. Thank heaven for a Wally in this make-believe business! His bluntness is a rare relief from the insincere tactfulness of most visiting celebrities.

"I think it's the bunk," he replied in answer to my question as to his opinion of travel abroad. "Why anybody wants to give up a comfortable home and congenial friends to go gallivanting around in strange countries is beyond me. Sight-seeing gives me a pain in the neck. Fancy food doesn't suit my stomach. I hate trains; it's bad enough to have to be on time at the studio without living by timetables. And, anyhow, I like my own bed."

Wally, it developed, is making the grand tour because it has long been Mrs. Beery's dearest ambition to "do" England and the Continent.

"After all," he said with a characteristic grin, "a mugg with such rotten taste as I've got can't deny the wife a little culture—when it means so much to her!"

FAIRBANKS, Sr. has definitely gone County. (There is no literal translation for this purely English idiom, and it has nothing in common with that bit of choice Americanese, "going Hollywood.")

In the sixty-day interim between the formation of his new British company, and actual starting of the first production, Fairbanks has been living in the country. This, obviously, is the first step one must take if one wishes to take rank as a country gentleman.

Also it helps a lot if you want to keep inquiring newspaper reporters at a distance. And this, it would seem, Fairbanks does want—almost as much as he wants to be accepted on terms of equality by County folk.

How he vaulted over railings and used back stairs to escape from the newspaper people—when word of the break-up of his marriage reached London — is known on your side, I believe. It would have made a good film, if only cameras had caught it.



AS for Fairbanks, Jr.—that young man is equally determined not to be annoyed by people of the press. For all that he is appearing in "Z"—the new title for the revised version of "The Mark of Zorro" which is to be one of the new Fairbanks films—he seems to share his father's distaste for publicity.

He is in hiding in London—in a service flat in Hyde Park Place. So far as I have been able to ascertain, I am the only journalist in London who knows the exact address. Also, I have his private telephone number in my note book. Doubtless the London executives of United Artists (the organization which is to release the Fairbanks films in the United States) have this information. But you couldn't drag it out of them no matter how you tried. Every newspaper in London has tried—unsuccessfully.

TOM GERAGHTY who for years has been devoted to Fairbanks, is now serving young Douglas in a similar capacity. Geraghty divides his time between the country estate and the flat, his chief job being to balk would-be interviewers. And he is succeeding famously. In fact, he has discouraged Fleet Street (London's newspaper center) to such an extent as to lead the newspapers to decide that they can get along very nicely without so much as a mention of the Fairbanks name in their columns!

AT the studios at Elstree, life is leisurely. At least, that's the way it impresses me after the general thunder of American picture making in Hollywood, from whence I

have just returned to the homeland.

Without any governmental Codes and without any attempt to ameliorate the unemployment situation, your Englishman is chronically addicted to the habit of living leisurely.

The five-day week is an old story here. Ten o'clock in the morning is an outrageously early hour to start the day's work. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Kathlyn Hayden
PHOTOPLAY's London Correspondent



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE little Irish girl looks quite dazzling in rhinestone tights, and it's a bet that no one will object if she *never* goes back to tiger skins or gingham aprons! Maureen O'Sullivan is the dancing daughter of the stage-struck parent in the forthcoming film, "Stage Mother." Title rôle by Alice Brady, who made a grand comeback in "When Ladies Meet"

Fred Shows JOAN *some new* Dance Steps



WHAT the well-dressed Bavarian bride will wear. And—page Walter Winchell—the handsomely garbed bridegroom is Mr. Astaire. But the ceremony, like the costumes, is part of the movie. And Joan surely makes a charming peasant ingénue

A THREE point two-step—danced to the tuneful clinking of glasses of foaming beer. Joan Crawford, who started her acting career in the ballet of a Broadway chorus, and Fred Astaire, famous hooper, in a scene from the movie, "Dancing Lady"



FRED gave Joan the run-around. But she asked for it! For years Fred Astaire and his sister thrilled audiences with an intricate dance, known as "the run-around." Fred would never teach it to anybody else. But that Crawford lady has a way about her! So Fred told her his dance secret and Joan was taught the steps of the famous number



GONE are the yellow braids, the embroidered frock. Joan is back in the arms of Franchot Tone. A fox-trot in modern setting. Party scene from "Dancing Lady"

STOP, look and listen! It's part of the quaint routine of the old Bavarian folk-dance that Joan and Fred do to the rollicking music supplied by an inspired brass band





DRESSED in tawdry finery, a woman with a beautiful face and a gallant spirit, *Nana* is one of the most intriguing figures in literature. The search for an actress to play the rôle on the screen ended when the Russian star, Anna Sten, was discovered. Miss Sten has been in Hollywood over a year, preparing for the star part in Zola's "*Nana*"

The Big Hollywood Robbery

Jean Harlow plays the lead rôle in a daring hold-up

By Curtis Burton

HOLLYWOOD is still gasping over the most notorious theft in the history of the movies. And Jean Harlow is the culprit. I am not referring to her "theft" of photographer Harold G. Rosson, with whom she eloped to Yuma, and married. No, another matter.

Jean stole first honors. From the Barrymores and Lee Tracy, from Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, from Edmund Lowe, Billie Burke, Madge Evans and half a dozen other notable players, the little platinum blonde stole "Dinner At Eight."

It wasn't that they were weak. Far from it! Each had his big moment and the advantage of excellent, intelligent direction. Each played his part with customary true artistic perfection. This made Jean's success the greater.

Hollywood has never been particularly interested in seeing Jean Harlow succeed. She knew that if she ever got to the top, it would be through her own efforts.

She was untrained, without the advantage of a stage career. She got into the movies in a way that always



"She's beautiful but she can't act," is what they once said of Jean Harlow. "Dinner At Eight" made the critics go wild. Her scenes with Wallace Beery have won her a new star place with the public

antagonizes Hollywood: she was given a break with the feminine lead in "Hell's Angels." Then, in picture after picture, she was given repellent, sexy rôles, which offered her no opportunity really to act, and brought jeers from the critics, adverse comments from the public. In the midst of this came the mysterious death of her husband and she had to bear scathing publicity, plus the burden of her great sorrow.

But she held on and fought and slaved and studied.

But that alone didn't get her to the top. Courage and hard work aren't enough to make critics, who had panned her mercilessly, "right [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Cal York

Announcing-



This is no game of peek-a-boo. It's Katharine Hepburn hiding from the camera. And those are genuine men's pants. The cameraman isn't at all discouraged. He keeps on trailing her. Some say one day she'll bump into a fire hydrant and then he'll get a real smash-hit picture of Katie



Twins might be expensive for their parents, but Hollywood saves money on them! Infants must not work more than two hours a day. This holds up production—and it costs the studio plenty! But Pat and Jack Bowen are twins—and they look alike. So Pat works two hours, then Jack relieves him. They are playing now with Sally Eilers in "Walls of Gold"

THE only person on the Metro lot to see Garbo work since her return (except the director and people engaged on the picture) is none other than—Max Baer, prize-fighter!

Max strolled over one day after lunch. The guardian cop who recognized him has a weakness for prizefighters. "Could I take a look around?" asked Max. No one had returned from luncheon yet. So Max roamed in. The company returned. The cop forgot all about him. Max, standing back of a bit of scenery, watched Garbo do a whole scene.

When he arrived two hours late on his own set and they demanded to know how he got that way, Max replied casually:

"I've been up getting some pointers from Garbo."

IT seems to take a divorce to bring a couple together these mixed-up marital days.

Now Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, after having secured freedom via the divorce route only recently, are being seen everywhere together, and apparently very much enamoured of each other. They greeted each other with

fervid embraces at a "Rube" party given by Kay Francis.

CONNIE BENNETT is going to play one of those woman spies that break down statesmen and make 'em tell all.

The name of the picture is "Without Glory"—and Gilbert Roland has the leading male rôle.

AND since new names for her are in order (De Mille started it when he changed it from Mari Coleman) Judith Allen is known to

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



They're all wet!—even the puppy. Alice White and John Warburton have just enjoyed a swim in the pool that Alice had built in her back yard. Warburton, young English actor, and Alice have been going places together. Ah ha! Miss White is pretty busy at the studio these days. She's been working on "Dangerous to Women," her forthcoming picture



That barber had better watch his scissors! Johnny Tarzan couldn't wear a short bob. Johnny Weissmuller is getting a jungle hair-cut for his new ape-chasing rôle in "Tarzan and His Mate." Johnny looks mighty grim about this hair-cutting job, and the barber takes it very seriously, too

everyone on the Paramount lot as the "Duchess of Sonnenberg" (after Gus, her husband, you know).

ONE of the M-G-M publicity boys, giving orders over the telephone to the photographer's gallery:

"Franchot Tone is on his way over there . . . remember, we want big heads—make him look masculine, dominant, virile—you know—he-man stuff. Shoot above the gardenia!"

DOROTHEA WIECK who isn't German at all—she was born in Davos, Switzerland, but speaks German like a native—gave her first Hollywood party a while ago. Not a single (or married) Hollywood actor was invited!

CLARA BOW is back.

That is, back to her exact weight. In her hey-day as the red-headed "It" girl, Clara tipped the well-known beam at 110. Then she inflated slightly until the beam refused to tip at any notch near that.

So it was real cause for rejoicing when Clara "weighed in" after her period of training for "Hoopla" and the lever balanced right on the old mark at 110.

JEAN ALBERT JORY, aged two-and-a-half years, thinks that next to Mickey Mouse, her papa, Victor Jory, is the best actor on the screen.

"Becauth," she argues, "I watched Daddy playing houth to the ladyth on the thet, and he'th tho nith. He alwayth rewardth them with a kith!"



Kenneth Alexander

Director Lowell Sherman says he tries to keep his casts happy. Texas Guinan, night club hostess, is helping him, between scenes of "Broadway Thru A Keyhole." On the set Sherman always wears shorts and a sweat shirt. Texas, however, dolls up, as do the little girls in the tall silk hats

AND just to make all those old meanies who had been whispering things feel disappointed or something, Hank, the Marquis, Constance Bennett's husband, went to lunch with Gilbert Roland the first day he arrived back in Hollywood from six weeks in Bali.

AND because of Director Mervyn LeRoy's pint-sized build, his friends are calling him "Baby LeRoy"!

THE secret of just why Henry Garat, French actor who made "Adorable" with Janet Gaynor, wasn't any too popular toward the end of his stay, is now being told. Henry, who began by being so anxious and agreeable, became very "hoity-toity" toward the end of the picture.

His attitude toward little Gaynor was anything but pleasant. After the scene was called and Janet was waiting, he'd saunter over to his make-up kit and nonchalantly powder his face, causing Janet, the star, no little embarrassment as she stood there, patiently waiting for him. It's hoped Henry will have recovered from his sudden attack of importance before he returns again to Hollywood. Temperament went out with the talkies, you know.

WALLACE FORD had just finished a picture with Helen Twelvetrees when Columbia put him in another opposite Dorothy Tree.

"Eleven down and one to go," sighed Wally.



It was a barnyard party, and the Countess di Frasso took it literally and came dressed in Rhode Island Red feathers. Charlie Farrell looks very model-farmerish in that cambric shirt and wide-brimmed felt hat. The rural party was given for members of the movie colony by Kay Francis

JACK PEARL'S very first day's work consisted of sitting on a block of ice with ZaSu Pitts. Poor Pearl kept getting bluer and bluer with the cold—but ZaSu looked quite healthy. He wanted to know how she did it. ZaSu had put on her rubber pants like a good girl—and Pearl didn't even know what his were for, when he saw them in his dressing-room!

SHED a tear for poor, dear Gary Cooper, who is taking an unmerciful ribbing these warm days. Gary got much interested—that is, for Gary—in Judith Allen, De Mille's new "find." She was such a "sweet, helpless little thing, who needed a strong man," Gary broke down to an intimate friend . . . and then, all of a sudden, it was revealed that Judith has been



Acme

Charlie Chaplin was clowning for a few of his friends, and Paulette Goddard complicated the act by tickling his feet. The friends, aboard Joseph Schenck's schooner, are, left to right: Mrs. Harry Green, Harry Green, Grace Poggi, Mr. Schenck, Margaret La Marr, and Charlie and Paulette



My, Reno didn't seem to dim their friendship! Bill Powell gives Carole Lombard a prize squash at Kay's party. We don't know how Carole expects to farm in a fur coat, but anyway Bill is a gentleman farmer—dinner jacket and winged collar with overalls, plus monocle (painted)

married for some time to Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler—and was Gary's face red? Now, friends greet him with "How are the wrestling lessons getting along?" and similar cracks.

WE'RE not so sure about these long separations. Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson were sweethearts for six years before they

married, so it looked very much as if they meant it. Then Harmon had to go back East to take a job with an orchestra. Bette couldn't stand the big house they had out here, since she was all alone, so she took an apartment. And now she refuses to talk over the long distance 'phone to Harmon—he seems so near while she is talking to him—so far away

as soon as she hangs up. And the latest is that she can't go around places all alone, so Lynn Riggs, who writes plays, is helping out.

WARNER BAXTER ran into the widow of an actor who was a good friend of his. She began telling him of her business troubles, winding up with this classic remark, "You know, Warner, I'm having so much difficulty getting my insurance, sometimes I'm almost sorry my husband died!"

THE Eddie Goulding-Gloria Swanson feud is still on, after all these years. Goulding, if you can remember that far back, directed Gloria in "The Trespasser."

When it was finished, Gloria wasn't speaking. Still isn't.

They were both at the Vendome, the evening it opened formally (well, let it go at that, anyway—in spite of all the informal behavior).

Eddie, inspired by the moment and all the kindred souls around, took the floor and tore off an elaborate operatic number to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," (but Eddie—those things date you so. Why not use "Stormy Weather"? Everybody else does.) So, thinking he might have softened her mood—he approached la Swanson and asked her to sing her "Trespasser" song. But Gloria doesn't relinquish her hold on a feud as easily as that—she turned her back, with promptness and decision—and that-a was that-a!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



"YOU see, Benita, it's this way. When you marry Adolphe Menjou in England—oh no, I don't mean that. He's not your romance. I'll try again. Now, Benita, when Jack Dunfree and Kathryn Carver—oh, goodness, no, that isn't right, either! And don't look at me like that, Benita. I know that Jack is your heart. But with all these divorces and romances around, I can't keep them and the story apart in my mind. Now, dry your

eyes, and let's have another look at the script."

If that isn't exactly the way it went for Director Monta Bell while filming "The Worst Woman in Paris," it's a wonder. Although he looks happy here, Mr. Bell had on his hands more triangles than a juggler could manage!

Benita Hume, once married but freed by divorce, was wanting the picture to be finished so she could rush off to England and become

Mrs. Jack Dunfree. Adolphe Menjou, her male lead, was going through a parting of the ways with Kathryn Carver. And Director Bell himself was scarcely more than a year married to Betty Lawford, after his divorce. Then, the story itself had two triangles to be kept in mind.

So who could blame him if occasionally he happened to get the real life facts and the story mixed?

They're Clara's Twins

Lillian and Johnny from Flatbush are making life very lively for *La Bow*

By Roger Kirkwood

"AUNT C-L-A-R-A—" Two little words, piped in a childish treble duet just as the sun pokes its way through the matutinal mists of Benedict Canyon, out Beverly Hills way, are making a new woman out of your old friend and playgirl, Clara Bow.

They're making her see the sunrise again. Not the red-rimmed sunrise she used to see through eyes circled from all-night whoopee, not the reproving sunrise which on the way home reflected its disturbing rays on the glittering sequins of her evening gown; but a thoroughly respectable, domestic sunrise which Clara now views after long hours of pre-midnight sleep—welcome sleep.

For the Brooklyn Bonfire, the Hollywood Hooper-Dooper, the flaming, fun-loving Clara who existed on music, laughter and thrills, who slept most of the day and played all of the night, has pushed her former deadline at dawn back to the rustic retiring hour of the chickens. The night-blooming "It" girl, who insisted that "noon is the best time for breakfast," is having her cakes and coffee at six a. m.—and liking it!

All because Lillian and Johnny Bow, Clara's ten-year-old twin cousins, who belong to Uncle Bill Bow back in Flatbush, Brooklyn,



They look quiet enough here, these two visiting cousins—but ask Clara what racket they can make at six in the morning! "Well," philosophizes Clara (right) as her rifle brings down another chicken hawk, "this early rising makes for a keen eye and steady hand. Besides it's no end fun!"

have come, like little Orphan Annie, to her house to stay.

It all started when Clara and Rex came back from Europe and stopped by Brooklyn for the Bow family reunion, which takes place whenever Clara passes through the old home town. From far and near the Bow clan, who are legion, rallied.

Among them was Uncle Bill, bringing the twins along for a look at their famous cousin.

"Gee, I wist I lived in Hollywood," said Lillian wistfully.

"Gosh, I'd ruther be a cowboy than a fireman when I grow up," declared Johnny.

Clara's heart melted. She looked at Rex. That great big house in Beverly with its swimming pool, playgrounds, fresh air and sunshine. That endless aced ranch in Nevada.

These two kids hemmed in by Brooklyn's crowded, stuffy streets. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Thirty "HUSBANDS" Have



Fay Wray is the biggest bigamist in movieland! The titian-haired beauty knows more about love-making techniques than do most women of twice her age

CAN you imagine a girl of twenty-six who has been married over thirty times?

A girl who has had most of the screen world's fascinating men make love to her and who knows, by heart, the love-making technique of types as different as Eric Von Stroheim and Ronald Colman?

Fay Wray has, and does.

Still in the bloom of youth, Fay probably knows as much about the various ways of being wooed and won as any other woman alive. She has been Hollywood's "best girl" for six years and during that time has been in the arms of almost every current rave.

It's well worth listening to Fay; she knows.

The perfect screen lover, according to Fay, is Ronald Colman.

Of Colman, she says, "Of all the men with whom I have played, Ronald is the most romantic. He is a perfect lover, tenderness itself, considerate of everyone else, a gentleman in every sense of the word at all times.

"He is perhaps the only player in Hollywood whom I have never heard raise his voice above its low, conversational level for anything. And that is remarkable because Mr. Colman is one of our biggest stars, and could get away with being temperamental if he chose. But I have never seen him ruffled for any cause.

"However, the most devastating lover on the screen is Spencer Tracy. No, he isn't as romantic as Ronald,

but he makes love in such a breath-taking, irresistible way.

"Spencer is the most direct screen-lover of them all, and he makes love the least like an actor. Why, he's so spontaneously natural about it that you forget he's acting at all!"

Quite in contrast with the intense impetuosity of Mr. Tracy is the disinterested lover, Joel McCrea.

"Joel McCrea evinced nothing more than strictly courteous, professional interest," said Miss Wray. "As soon as we finished shooting a scene and the stage doors swung open, Joel would dash outside and take a sun bath—between scenes! He is far more interested in his tan than in his leading lady. He's the most indifferent lover on the screen."

Fay's screen hero is Gary Cooper. Not because of the way he makes love, though Miss Wray does say his love-making is refreshingly sincere and honest, and all the more charming because of Gary's boyish reticence. Fay admires Gary particularly because he saved her from drowning. They were making "The First Kiss." The scene



Taught Her How to LOVE!

Since "The Wedding March," Fay Wray has had one grand parade to the altar

By Reginald Taviner

was aboard a tiny skiff in Chesapeake Bay. In stepping from the skiff into another boat, Fay fell into the sea. Gary, without waiting a single second, dived in and pulled her from the water.

However, the most interesting screen lover that Fay has had is Wallace Beery. He may not be as great a lover as some of the others, but Wallace has a highly original manner of playing his scenes.

"To begin with," Fay explained, "he never learns his lines. He looks at his part for a minute or two, gets the sense out of the part—then he plays it as nobody else can. He *ad libs* his lines as he goes. He is difficult to follow for this reason. One never knows what he will say, and it is hard to get your cues. But it is interesting.

"In making 'The Bowery,' Wally was tremendously sorry that his *ad libbed* lines were difficult for me to follow. But it is the only way he can act. Maybe it is this technique which makes him the most *human* actor I've ever known."

I asked Miss Wray if any of the actors



Clive Brook is an example of the repressed type of lover, aloof, restrained. Fay knows, for she and Clive played together in "Four Feathers"

Emil Jannings is the stern and powerful type of screen lover, according to Miss Wray who played in "The Street of Sin" with Jannings

with whom she had played were inexperienced lovers.

"Yes, one was inexperienced!" she admitted. "It was George E. Stone. The picture was 'The Big Brain.' George had never played a romantic rôle before. And naturally, he wasn't too expert at love-making. He was a bit nervous. And he didn't know whether he was going too far or not far enough! And that," laughed Fay, "is quite a spot for *any* young man to be in!"

Compared with the nervous love-making of Mr. Stone, is the suave, continental technique of Eric Von Stroheim. Fay played opposite him in her first leading rôle, in "The Wedding March."

Von Stroheim is the possessive lover.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Fay played with Jack Holt in "Dirigible" and described him as one of the most masculine lovers on the screen

How Sylvia Put Grace Into

ALITTLE publicity woman and I were walking across the lot when we heard a bright, animated laugh coming from the dressing-room balcony.

We looked up and the press-agent said to me, "There's our newest star—girl named Ann Harding—from the stage. Isn't she beautiful?"

Yes, there was Ann Harding in conversation with her leading man in "Paris Bound."

Well, you know me. I'm always frank. And when somebody asks me a question I answer.

"No," I said, "I don't think she's beautiful, but I'll bet she photographs well when she has make-up on. The



trouble with her is she should wear the proper street make-up. She's too blonde to impress unless there's some color in her face. Why, look at her! She's all one color—light eyebrows, eyelashes and hair—ash blonde hair. Why doesn't she use some make-up?"

And it was this very thing that I kept trying to drive home to Ann all the time I treated her.

A couple of days later she and Harry Bannister came to my studio on the lot. They were always together in those days — always laughing and happy.

"I guess I need some treatments," Ann said. "My hips should be taken down."

I looked her over. "Your hips should be taken down—and I'm the girl who can do it—but there's something else you need. You've got a bad walk that must be corrected."

"A bad walk?" she repeated.

"I know you've been on the stage," I said. "And I know you think I've got a nerve to tell you a thing like that. But I've never given anybody soft soap in my life. I'm telling you, you've got a bad walk."

At that time Ann Harding had a careless carriage—sort of coming down flat on the balls of her feet without any spring, and swinging from her hips, going down too far on her knees. She

IN these stories, appearing every month in PHOTOPLAY Magazine, America's foremost physical culturist and masseuse tells how she helped some noted screen star—then tells you how you can do the same thing for yourself, right at home.

Readers everywhere are finding this one of the most helpful services imaginable. But that isn't all. If you want Sylvia's personal advice, she'll give it free of charge. On page 100 you'll find some of her answers, and how you can obtain this invaluable help absolutely free. Read Sylvia's articles every month!

just didn't think about herself, and a great *artiste* like Ann Harding has a responsibility to her public.

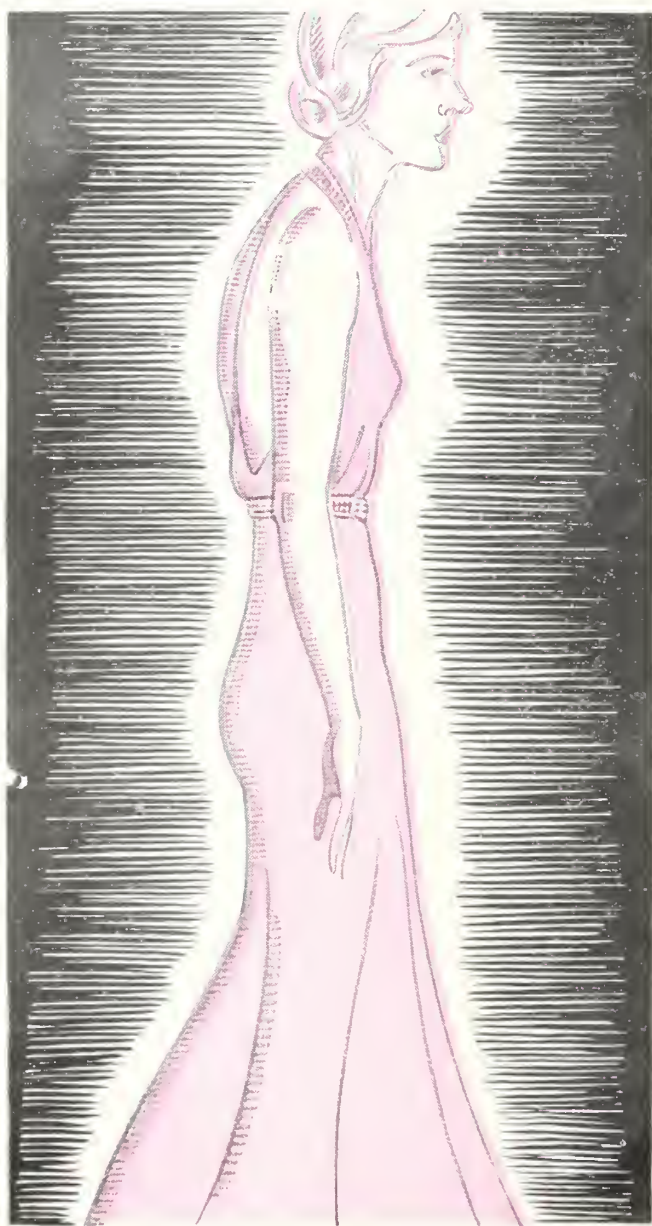
The public wants glamour. It's a sin for an actress to appear when she is not at her best. And it's a sin for any woman to neglect herself in any way. That goes for you, too, you girls away from Hollywood. It goes for girls in offices and shops and homes.

You may not have the duty to your public that an Ann Harding has, but you have a duty to yourself.

BUT to get back to Ann. When she was away from the camera she never thought of how she looked. She used to stroll across the lot with no make-up on at all. I remember one occasion at the Embassy Club. I saw Ann Harding and Joan Crawford having lunch together. I waved across the room to Ann and then happened to glance down and see under her chair in that smart club an ordinary shopping bag bulging with bundles. I know no other star in Hollywood who would carry a shopping bag to the Embassy Club. But that's Ann Harding for you!

So her walk typifies her character. And I knew that besides squeezing off the lumps on her hips (and if you girls don't know how to do that for yourselves by this time, you've not been reading my articles as carefully as you should), I had to change that walk.

I knew I had to strengthen her back muscles before I could



The off-screen walk of Ann Harding in pre-Sylvia days. Ann said her looks didn't matter. (In circle, Sylvia)

Ann Harding's Walk

do anything about it. So here's what I did, and every one of you can do it for yourself. I'll guarantee that if you follow my instructions you won't have that tired feeling in the back after a hard day's work.

Place the eight finger tips at the base of the spine with the thumbs outwards on the hips. Now, with the fingers, perform a rotary movement on the spine as hard as you can. Slowly work upwards with the rotary movement to the waist—keeping the hands in the same position—fingers on spine, thumbs out. Get that? Work only from the base of the spine to the waistline and dig in as hard as you can. It's a great exercise and, oh boy! how it sends the blood tingling. It stimulates and revivifies and if you'll do that in a sitting or standing position for ten minutes every night before you go to bed, you'll sleep like a log and wake up the next morning ready to kick the office building down! My—will you have pep! When you're doing that you can't help but have a springy, peppy walk!

When I'd been working on Ann's back for a few treatments I started her on a corrective exercise. I told her to walk before the mirror, with stiffened knees—to do an exaggerated "goose step." This gets the muscles used to pulling up and it gives general springiness, which is what makes a walk attractive.

I TOLD her to carry her head high (she has so much lovely hair that it becomes a heavy burden). Also, I told her to spring on the balls of her feet.

There you are, girls. Try that walking exercise, if you've gotten into bad walking habits. Besides, it's a wonderful all 'round exercise, too.

Ann used to be quite tired when she first came to me. And she was one of the few people who was willing to wait while I treated others. Most of them wanted to have me treat them first, and they'd be good and mad if I didn't. But Ann would come in, curl up on the couch, and say, "Take So-and-So first. I'll wait."

This was partly because of Ann's generosity and partly because of her lack of energy. I saw that she needed proper foods, and put her on an energy diet.

Energy building foods are rice, barley, meat (if you can



No screen artist has more glorious presence than Ann Harding—but none cared less about appearances off-stage. Read what Sylvia did about it

digest it, but not pork), turnip tops, celery (leaves and all), lettuce, green peas, green lima beans, string beans, okra, figs and dates (although they are prone to be fattening in preserved or dried form), etc., etc. The entire list is too long to give here—but these are some of them.

For breakfast I let Ann have a small glass of orange juice followed by a glass of water, one coddled egg, rye or melba toast with butter and honey, coffee or tea.

And then twice a week I made her eat this marvelous luncheon. It will not put on weight and it builds up [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

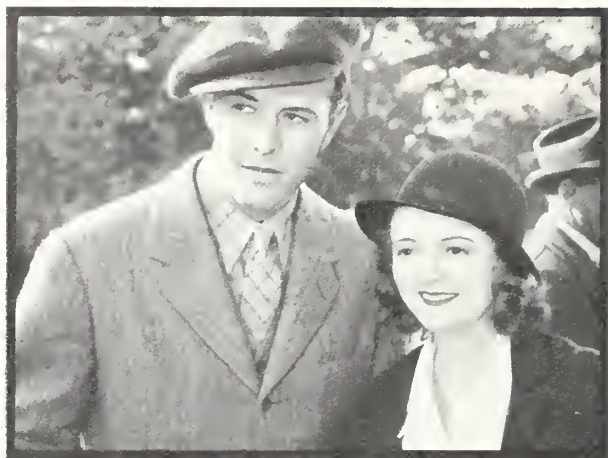


Sylvia's invigorating treatments did this for Ann. She felt so fine she just couldn't help walking attractively!

Another of Sylvia's noted "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for scores of famous stars

Turn to page 100 for Sylvia's helpful answers to questions

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING—Fox

THIS film will delight all Janet Gaynor admirers. It's a featherweight story about a big-hearted, improvident Irish squire who wants to marry his eldest daughter (Margaret Lindsay) to wealthy Warner Baxter. But it's superb for *la* Gaynor who, as the lovable pet of the family (they named her *Paddy*, as the next best thing to the boy that had been wanted), is determined sister shall marry Harvey Stephens, whom she loves.

You can anticipate pretty well what happens then—but you can't anticipate the whimsicality and charm that Janet brings to her portrayal of *Paddy*. You'll enjoy, too, the heart-tug that Walter Connolly achieves in his rôle as the father, the satisfying performance given by Warner Baxter and the good work of the others in the cast.



★ TOO MUCH HARMONY—Paramount

ANOTHER musical, with a back-stage story—but don't let yourself miss it from any notion that you'll be bored. This one *moves*, with dialogue so good that if you miss one line, there'll be another so quickly that you won't have time for regrets—and with plot, fine music, and dance numbers that are all anyone could ask.

Judith Allen is the girl from the sticks who makes good in big time, while Jack Oakie is the boy who helps her—and who scatters plenty of fun along the way, too. Just see his act with Skeets Gallagher! Harry Green does the producer, while Lil Tashman portrays herself. Then there's Bing Crosby, in fine form, and Kitty Kelly, with a torch voice.

It's not new plot material, but what of it, in a musical? It's what they do that counts—and this one measures up!

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—RKO-Radio

IT'S the familiar story of the country doctor who's too busy caring for his flock to win any material wealth for himself—but as played by Lionel Barrymore, it has enough tug at the heart-strings to suit anybody.

Doctor Barrymore gets away to a bad start through losing his first patient, wife of ne'er-do-well David Landau, in child birth. Dave, heartbroken and wrathful, orders Lionel and the baby out of the house; and for some years Lionel gets only those cases which pay in potatoes and turnips. But with the help of his loyal housekeeper, May Robson, he hangs on—and at last his great work in a smallpox epidemic wins him the love of the entire community.

From then on it's a tug-of-war between chances to go to the city and become the specialist he always has wanted to be, and calls to tend patients he can't bear to leave. Meanwhile his own motherless son, Joel McCrea, is studying to be a doctor; David Landau's orphan child has grown into a lovely young woman (played by Dorothy Jordan), whose unfortunate love affair chains Doctor Barrymore once more to his post; and under these circumstances he grows old, still nothing but a "country plug."

There's little that's exciting, and next to nothing for romance addicts; but for a fine story, finely told, about a grand character, you couldn't ask better than this one. See it; it will renew your faith in human nature.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY TURN BACK THE CLOCK
PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING
TOO MUCH HARMONY MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS
BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD NIGHT FLIGHT
PENTHOUSE I LOVED A WOMAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey"
May Robson in "One Man's Journey"
Lee Tracy in "Turn Back the Clock"
Jack Oakie in "Too Much Harmony"
Frank Morgan in "Broadway to Hollywood"
Alice Brady in "Broadway to Hollywood"
Warner Baxter in "Penthouse"
Helen Hayes in "Night Flight"
John Barrymore in "Night Flight"
Clark Gable in "Night Flight"
Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"
Mary Boland in "The Solitaire Man"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124



★ TURN BACK THE CLOCK—M-G-M

HAVE you ever wondered what might have happened if you'd married the other girl—or boy—instead of the one you picked?

Well, Lee Tracy, plugging along happily in a little cigar-store, with wife Mae Clarke helping, has occasion to ask himself this when his boyhood friend, Otto Kruger, shows up. Otto had married the other girl (Peggy Shannon), and is rich—also expansive. He offers to take Lee's savings and triple them—a proposition that, to Lee's disgust, Mae Clarke can't see.

So Lee gets himself a bun which is one of the finest bits of acting the screen ever has seen, collides with an automobile—and lo and behold, he gets his wish! Time turns back—he's a boy once more in the old home town, and free to live his life over, which this time means marrying Peggy instead of Mae. And the exquisite part of it is, while he's thrown back in time, he retains his knowledge of what will happen, right down to the time the automobile hit him; so he's well equipped to become disgustingly rich.

What riches do to him is another matter—you'll have to see the film to learn that. But you can take our word for it; what happens is all good, rapid-fire, punchy Lee Tracy stuff, with a fine cast helping out—C. Henry Gordon and George Barbier as well as those already mentioned. List this one in your memorandum book as excellent entertainment.



★ BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—M-G-M

THIS is the poignant life story of a vaudeville hoofers team—Frank Morgan and Alice Brady, who are a riot on all circuits in the decade of 1880. Frank, of course, has an eye for the girls; Alice gets tough when necessary, but loves Frank just the same. And above and beyond all that, they both love their son, played as a boy by Jackie Cooper, and as a grown-up, married to Madge Evans, by Russell Hardie.

Drink gets the better of sonny, and advancing age does for Frank and Alice—but meanwhile grandson (Eddie Quillan) gets into the movies. Then comes the sunset of life for the two old troupers—and if you can sit dry-eyed through the last scene, you're a wonder. But that's just the touch of sadness which will make you love the film. It's as tenderly done a life story as you've seen in many a day.



★ MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS—Universal

AMUSICAL, and it keeps as close to "42nd Street" as it can. But you won't mind that a bit, because it's *fun*, put over by an excellent cast from stage and screen.

Leo Carrillo heads the screen contingent, as a big-hearted, simple gambler who's always ready to save the show, but loses it to villain Herbert Rawlinson. Mary Brian is the small-town girl who does *not* make good—a refreshing change!—but she's rather swamped by the hotcha work of Lillian Miles. Roger Pryor as the hero, and Bobby Watson, who does a "sweet cookie" dance director with rich humor and perfect taste, round out the stage's contribution of principals.

The dance numbers and music are all that could be asked. A slow well worth anybody's time.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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

★
PENTHOUSE
—M-G-M



★
NIGHT FLIGHT
—M-G-M



HERE'S a melodrama that is a melodrama. In spite of inevitable old elements, the plot has suspense and swift action. There is a conflict in Warner Baxter's heart between the society girl, Martha Sleeper, and the gangster's moll, Myrna Loy. An unusual murder rounds out the story. Mae Clarke and Phillips Holmes do good work. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, and George E. Stone add fireworks. See it.

HERE is a film without a plot—no opposition but the weather that howls over the Andes and the Pampas, to defeat air-line manager John Barrymore in his determination to fly the mail by night. But you'll thrill to it—the perils of pilots Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, and William Gargan; the agony of suspense endured by wives Helen Hayes and Myrna Loy. Other stars, too. A stellar picture.

★
I LOVED A WOMAN—
First National



★
ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON
—Paramount



ANYONE who complains about "Hollywood hokey" should see this, for it has realism and fidelity to life to an extent that you rarely see in films. Edward G. Robinson, of a famous meat-packing family, loves two women, Kay Francis and Genevieve Tobin. Their battles for him, his fight to win through to peace with himself—a fight that brings him, in his old age, to refuge in Greece—make a film you'll remember.

GARY COOPER, a small-town dentist, has it in for Neil Hamilton, who married the girl Gary wanted—Fay Wray. Then one Sunday afternoon who should appear to have a tooth pulled, but Neil, grown rich, crusty and proud! Gary gives him gas—plenty of it—and then something happens to make him realize how lucky he was to have married Frances Fuller instead of Fay. The direction isn't up to story or cast.

★
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—
Fox



★
BEAUTY FOR SALE—
M-G-M



WARNER OLAND gives us another priceless *Charlie Chan*, the Chinese detective, with his amusing Oriental philosophies and deliberation. *Charlie* solves two baffling murders, and assists a love-affair, without raising his voice. He has, however, raised an immense family, which we see for the first time. Heather Angel is very attractive, and the whole cast splendid. The mystery is satisfactorily confusing.

THIS only goes to show what happens to pretty girls who work in a smart beauty shop operated by Hedda Hopper. One, Una Merkel, gets disillusioned—and also gets a trip to Europe. Florine McKinney falls for Hedda's son and that's too bad. Madge Evans gets herself all tangled up with Alice Brady's husband, but Alice fixes things in her own hilariously inimitable manner. She's grand. An amusing picture.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

TORCH SINGER—
Paramount



A COMPLICATED but touching story of an unmarried mother who becomes a sizzling torch singer, and then (of all things!) becomes "Aunt Jennie" on a bed-time radio hour. Claudette Colbert contributes some fine acting, and her throbbing, throaty songs are surprisingly good. You'll shed a tear when she finds her lost child. Ricardo Cortez and David Manners have little to do. Baby LeRoy is charming.

BRIEF MOMENT—
Columbia



IT has more than its brief moments, this story of a millionaire's playboy son, Gene Raymond, who married a night club singer, Carole Lombard. Carole bravely attempts to make a self-respecting man out of good-time hubby, and succeeds after many heart-breaking disappointments. It steps along with life and vigor. Arthur Hohl, Monroe Owsley, Donald Cook lend splendid aid. You'll like it.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—
First National



THINGS happen in this one. Pat O'Brien is a hard-boiled detective in the Bureau of Missing Persons, with Lewis Stone as the level-headed boss who feels he must jolt Pat out of slugging methods—learned in gangster-hunting—and get him to use headwork instead. But the way to a man's head is through his heart, and Bette Davis is the girl who follows that rule with Pat. Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins.

SUE ME—
Universal



ZASU PITTS and Slim Summerville take a long time to get started, but when they do they are simply paralyzing. Slim is a shyster lawyer this time; he frames ZaSu's sugar daddy and then sues him in court. But alas, the tables turn, and Slim is put on his defense as a perjurer! Slim walks away with this one, due to a much better part, but ZaSu's followers will like her anyway.

DOCTOR BULL—
Fox



WILL ROGERS is a small-town doctor, compelled to fight against the bigotry of the small community. Between times he attends to his light practice. Vera Allen, Louise Dresser, Rochelle Hudson and Andy Devine contribute good performances. Lack of plot and love interest suggest the picture will be only mildly interesting to audiences, save those who think lovable Will Rogers is enough to make any show.

LADIES MUST LOVE—
Universal



FOUR Park Avenue gold diggers agree to split the sucker profits. But Neil Hamilton spoils everything when June Knight really falls for him. Of course, the merger contract appears, and it looks as though June has lost Neil until—well, you know how life can turn. Pretty thin stuff, but funny in spots. June's warm ditties are the high spots.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 107]



A Little Blonde From England

LITTLE Ida Lupino, recently arrived from England to play in pictures, flashed her pretty blue eyes and raised her right eyebrow a little when someone remarked that she reminded her of Alice White or a blonde Clara Bow.

At first glance Ida Lupino, daughter of the famous English comedian, Stanley Lupino, looks like a soft little baby doll. She has that fluffy blonde hair and a complexion like peaches and cream. A little turned-up nose, reminiscent of Helen Twelvetrees; deep blue eyes with sweeping lashes, and a mouth like a rosebud.

And here's the amazing thing about this seventeen-year-old child actress, she has an astonishing mind.

When you hear her discussing studio executive problems and modern trends of thought in England as compared with ancient philosophies, you are intrigued and a little amazed that inside so exquisite and tiny a person such profound thoughts can generate.

We asked Ida Lupino how, with such fair coloring, she came to have a Latin name, and she explained:

"My great grandfather was an exile from Italy. He was of royal blood. But because he had opinions of his own which didn't coincide with the thought of the day, he was banished from his country. He came to England, and our family tree developed from that original Lupino."

"Who is Connie?" someone queried, as Ida Lupino went into the detail of Connie's confidence in her as an actress.

"Oh, that's mom," she smiled. "We always call each other by our first names." Mrs. Lupino is Ida's manager.

Ida has been signed by Paramount on a long term contract. She is as charming as she is clever, and is slated to go far along the movie road to success.



Came Ottolie And Prunes

OTTOLIE must have fresh prunes! She's fed up with the dried variety. So Mr. Otto Kruger, anxious father of the six-year-old Ottolie, signed the movie contract and got a house in Hollywood with a prune tree in the back yard.

The studios had been shoving contracts under Mr. Kruger's dressing-room door for a dozen years. And Mr. Kruger always shoved them back—unsigned. He had reached the pinnacle of success on the legitimate stage after a long, hard struggle. And he wasn't willing to climb down and go to Hollywood!

There were years of arduous work in stock before he finally reached Broadway in 1914. And there followed the inevitable heartbreak years of small parts, empty theaters, failures, the futile, tiring rounds of producing offices. Then reward: his name on billboards. Otto Kruger in "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—Otto Kruger with Helen Hayes in "To the Ladies"—Otto Kruger in "The Royal Family"—Otto Kruger in "Counsellor-at-Law." There were lots of other hits. Otto and his wife, Sue, would never stray far from Broadway again!

But along came Ottolie—and prunes. And Papa Kruger is an adoring father, a devoted husband. Go West, young man! The command was insistent. Think of your child—California sunshine, warm winters. The next time the contract came sliding under the dressing-room door, the stage star picked it up and, grimly determined, signed it with a firm hand.

Kruger scored a big success in his first movie, "Turn Back the Clock." And predictions are that the Kruger family will remain in the shade of the prune tree.

Sue says that when Ottolie said her prayers their first night in Hollywood, she tacked on an extra line, "Please God bless M-G-M." But Ottolie should have mentioned Columbia, too, for her daddy is under contract with both studios.

Hollywood Sketches

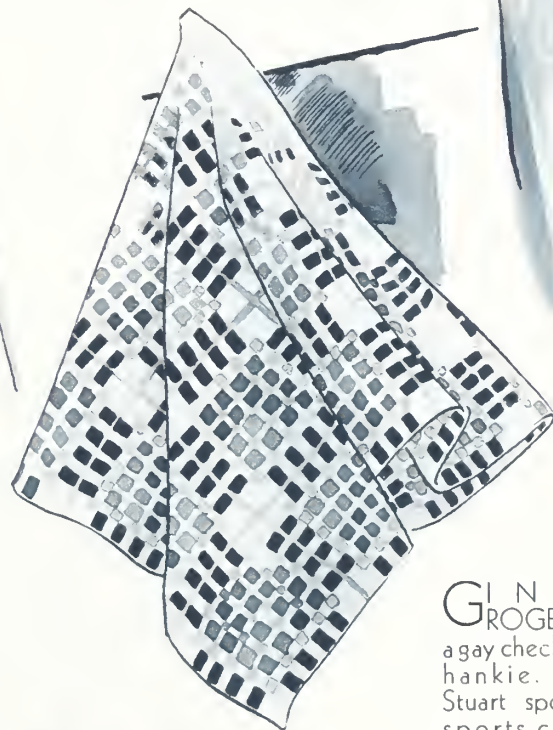


ACCESSORIES, as seen about Hollywood these days, are exciting. The sketches above show interesting new gadgets worn by Dorothy Tree and Dorothy Wilson.

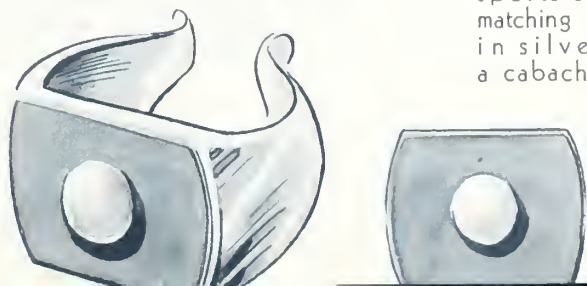
Dorothy Tree wears matching hat and gloves with a gay wool scarf. The hat is a sheer wool turban with grosgrain ribbon trim placed high. Dorothy's gloves have detachable cuffs of ribbed wool or velvet which button onto the kid hands. Designed by Patou of Paris. The scarf is a rabbit's hair jacquard wool in various color combinations.

Dorothy Wilson wears a new looking collar on her woolen street dress. It's a ripply sheer fabric with wide yoke and tiny over collar with tie. Her bag is black calf in a rather unusual shape with metal rim. The belt matches the bag and has a tricky buckle.

Note: All accessories pictured on this page may be bought at the same stores which are listed for Hollywood Fashions on Page 90



GINGER GROGERS owns a gay checked linen hankie. Gloria Stuart sponsors a sports clip and matching bracelet in silver with a cabachon stud



The Satin Dress With Fins



FINS! What an amusing idea for as sedate and charming a satin dress as this one which Irene Bentley wears in "My Weakness." The fins which are stitched and stiffened flare out over the armholes and above the shoulders. Note the double breasted buttoning and square neckline. Designed by Rita Kaufman. A smart satin turban

HOLLYWOOD 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 those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 90

- Seymour



IN "Design for Living," Miriam Hopkins wears this youthful jacket frock. The dress, topped by a matching jacket, is extremely simple in design having a high schoolgirl looking collar and buttons for the sole trimming on the bodice. The entire ensemble is in a new gray silk

SUITS are an indispensable part of every star's wardrobe—and yours, too! Royer designed this one which Sally Eilers wears in "Walls of Gold." In two tones of gray wool with shirt-like silk blouse that has a tiny starched wing collar—a very amusing conceit



High In Front Necklines For Evening Gowns

- Seymour



THE smartest evening gowns seen at Hollywood affairs are those with high necklines and deep back decolletage. Claire Dodd in "My Woman" wears a Kalloch designed dress in velvet with high neckline and deep back. Ruffles cover the shoulders and edge the entire hem and train of the gown. Stunning!

ALSO in "My Woman" Helen Twelvetrees wears a striking satin gown that has sable edging the high bateau neck and following around to the back where it edges a deep "V" decolletage. Again Kalloch stresses the covered shoulder line and gives the interesting, sheath-like look to the silhouette





It is nice to see taffeta dresses of the bouffant style in revival. Billie Burke in "Only Yesterday" wears a delightful one in black gros de Londres designed by Vera. Stiffened bows decorate the shoulders. The skirt is slim through the hips flaring out below to extreme width beneath the pleated ruffling. Jeweled clips add a sparkling note to the belt



- Seymour

THE two-piece dress, so beloved a few years back, is coming into its own again. Adrian gives it a boost with this youthful diagonal wool dress worn by Maureen O'Sullivan in "Stage Mother." Cording is adroitly used to give a dropped shoulder line—note how it rises in front to fasten the collar

AND another smart two-piece frock is worn by Maureen in the same picture. This one is in a blue angora wool with a high collar and scarf. Fins from shoulder to wrist on the sleeves are interesting as are the loosely fastened epaulets. Note the three buckles on the belt. The little turban is angora



YOUTHFUL and sophisticated — both the girl and the gown. The girl is Jean Parker, talented young actress who will play *Beth* in "Little Women." The gown is of dull satin, smoothly fitted and simply cut. The low, square neck and sleeve line give the desired wide shoulder effect. Jean is wearing her flowers in a charming and novel way. She chose gardenias and fastened them diagonally across the wide bow that trims the bodice

Hurrell





THE other ladies at the party were very grand in lace-trimmed satin and velvet gowns, but none was so winsome as *Jo March*, clad in a simple dress of black alpaca. *Laurie* thought so, too. And *Jo* never lacked a dancing partner. It was *Laurie*, the wealthy boy next door, who gave the *March* girls (poor as church mice!) a glimpse of "high society." The rôle of *Jo* is played by Katharine Hepburn



"Dey hate us!" the Baron tells Sharley.

"Dey take us—und de film is blank!"

OH, Worry, Worry, Worry!

THE Baron Munchausen and his pal, Sharley, walked through the M-G-M lot and looked around.

"Vell, Sharley, here ve are. In der mooies, by golly, and it's vunderful, ain'd it? In de goot ole mooies."

"Yes, Baron, it's nice. A little different from radio, but still very nice. By the way, now that you're here, what do you expect to make first?"

"Vell, Sharley, I don't vant to begin too big. I mean I don't vant I should knock de fans out too quick vit my personalidy. You see vot I mean, Sharley. I vant I should sneak up on dem in a smaller part and get dem used to me before I blaze out too quick and maybe blind dem. I don't vant I should overcome dem wit my new deal in sex too soon."

"Oh, I see. You're going to play a small part in a mere program picture. Not a super special colossal mammoth production."

"Vas you saying someding, Sharley?"

"I say you're not going to begin too big at first."

That's all Jack Pearl—
Baron Munchausen to
you on your radio—
spends his time doing

By Sara Hamilton

"Right. I told de boss to giff me a liddle someding to do at first and shust let de fans get used to my plazing what-it-is-I've-got, Sharley."

"And what did he say?"

"Sharley, he vas vonderful. A svell fellow. He said if de fans get used to vat I've got, dey could get used to anyding."

"Well, what did he say you were going to play first, Baron?"

"A kink."

"A king?"

"Yes, von of dem fellows vat sits on a thorn."

"On a thorn? Why no one could sit on a thorn, Baron. They jagg."

"Vell, dat's all right, Sharley. Dis kink has a jagg on all trough de picture."

"Well, you'll rise up pretty fast, Baron."

"Dat part's all right, Sharley. Der's an uprising all over de kingdom. But I'm vorried."

"Why Baron, what is there to worry about?"

"Vell, Sharley, you know I vas at a party last night. Dey vus talking, all of dem, about [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Elmer Fryer

ISN'T it easy to see why Kay Francis can put tenderness and nobility into the sirenic rôles she plays with Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman"? She has what it takes to be naughty and saintly at one and the same time! We'll see her next in memories of the Floradora Sextette in "The House on 56th Street"

The IMP They Call Janet

A remarkable word picture of the happy sprite of "7th Heaven" and the recent "Paddy"

By Sara
Hamilton

JANET GAYNOR has a dimple in her chin, a twinkle in her eye and a habit of picking up bent nails, wherever she is. For good luck. On her way from her dressing-room bungalow to the sound stage she's constantly hunting for nails—bent ones. Until she practically can't straighten up with backache. She calls it her "bent nail backache."

Her hair is copper red, like an autumn sunset, and grows in a widow's peak on her forehead. She likes the widow's peak business, and usually ties her hair back with a ribbon so it will show more.

It takes one hairdresser on the Fox lot constantly brushing the curl out of her hair. While other actresses sit about submitting to curling tongs, Janet must have the kink brushed out. In one scene for her latest picture, "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," she was called upon to fall in the river. For three days straight she fell in the river. And after each fall her hair grew curlier and curlier. At the end of the third day, she had a mop of tight ringlets. She went about pointing to her head and making funny little noises in her throat. She was that distressed.

Her eyebrows are plucked but slightly. She wears little make-up, and doesn't in the least mind her freckles showing. In fact, she's rather pleased when people notice them.

SHE has a tremendous appetite and, with three huge meals a day, never gains an ounce. She weighs practically nothing, being a mere five feet tall. Chinese food, she adores. Her greatest delight is hunting up a new Chinese restaurant, and eating everything on the menu, till even the Chinamen are amazed.

She drinks a glass of buttermilk every night before going to bed. She loves blue and white bathing suits. Through the day she never wears anything but slacks, with double breasted coats, especially made for her by a Hollywood sports shop. She says she hasn't much taste in clothes, and won't be bothered. So her mother has huge boxes of frocks sent out from the shops for Janet to choose. She wears size twelve of the plainest of soft knit underwear. She'll loaf all day in pajamas, but always sleeps in a nightgown. Somewhere on all her sports things, her initials, "J. G.," are embroidered.

She's the least known star in Hollywood, except Garbo, for Janet is just as adverse to publicity. Only Janet doesn't make a point of hers, or fuss if she's recognized. It's always in the little out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



The least known star in Hollywood, except Garbo, for Janet is just as adverse to publicity. She could easily be your very best girl chum

Is the Jinx of "Trigger" Still On?

What effect had that rôle on the parts Jack LaRue is now playing?

By Virginia
Maxwell

ALL Hollywood is speculating right now on the outcome of the greatest gamble of Jack LaRue's career—the long chance he took in playing *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake."

You may recall it was this ruthless seducer rôle which George Raft, originally scheduled to do the part, completely and flatly turned down. In fact, Raft walked out on the studio. Then LaRue, ready to gamble his entire picture future on the turn of this one card, readily accepted the rôle. The public would understand that this wasn't really Jack LaRue. Entirely different from the priest of "A Farewell to Arms" or the Latin lover in "Christopher Strong" which had won him a very appreciable popularity among the ladies. LaRue stacked his chips and piled them before the wheel of destiny when he walked into the front office that day and told them he'd take his chances with that character.

"The Story of Temple Drake" was a box-office picture. But those ladies who have illusions about their favorite screen lovers fled home in horror to try to forget what they'd witnessed their precious Jack LaRue doing with Miriam Hopkins.

SO that right now, even after playing in "Gambling Ship" and "Headline Shooter" to take the curse off that *Trigger* rôle, LaRue stands at the crossroads of his career, wondering whether he has won or lost in the greatest gamble of his life. Only the public can decide. It will be their personal response to his silent plea which will contain the answer to whether he shall go on and be the star women have adored or whether he has shattered their illusions by having played the rôle of the vilest creature all women detest.

No matter what happens, this is certain: Jack LaRue won't be beaten down without a fight. He had to fight his way to the top every step of the slippery ladder. From licking kids who called him "sheik" when that was a neighborhood stigma among hoodlums, to antidoting the poison of Hollywood gossip when he first began his ascent to the heights.

Not long ago I chatted with Jack LaRue's mother—a Madonna-eyed Italian woman who has carried to this country the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



The day he accepted the rôle of *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake," did LaRue take the longest gamble in all his life?

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

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



HERE are four good hair tricks to make you more charming, interesting and "different." Claire Trevor, at left, has combed out her curls and slipped a bandeau over her head. Above, her curls are smoothly rolled and caught with a brilliant clasp. At lower left, she has brushed her hair sleekly back, the ends forming a soft fluff. For a slightly bizarre effect, below, hair is parted, brought insouciantly over one eye. The same curl lends itself to four adaptations, according to your mood



Pre-Views From Hollywood On



HELEN TWELVETREES can powder perfectly from this large compact which contains generous mirror, powder well and dry rouge. The compact is made of wood, beautifully polished, a chic accent for your autumn costumes. Always pat your powder on gently



BETTY FURNESS always finishes her toilette with a spray or two of perfume to the ends of her hair. It encourages the curl and the fragrance lingers most lastingly there

FROM her rainbow vanity, Betty Furness adds a telling touch of powder and rouge before leaving for the set to make scenes for "Midshipman Jack," in which she is playing



Accessories For Loveliness



TOBY WING is using something very new in dusting powders—a powder in true skin tones, white, naturelle or rachel. A dusting powder leaves you fresh and fragrant for hours, makes your clothes go on much easier. And how do you like Toby's blonde hair?



WHEN you want to look radiant after a trying day, follow Elizabeth Allan's example and use a mild beauty mask. Her strawberry cream mask leaves her skin satiny

ANEW technique in rouging lips, illustrated by Elizabeth Young. Her lipstick has a permanent point for better shaping and a tapering end for smoothing the color

A Graphic Lesson In The Magic Of Make-Up



JUDITH ALLEN exhibits her favorite perfume in a most unusual bottle. The top and base are carved from tropical wood, the head representing a tropical god. The perfume, itself, is a very exotic, enchanting odeur



MURIEL KIRKLAND was grand to pose for these before and after make-up pictures. Left shows Muriel without benefit of any accents. Above, Muriel has lengthened eyebrows, applied mascara, rouged her lips well and rearranged her hair

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 92)

"CAMELS TASTE MILDER AND BETTER —"

MRS. POWELL CABOT OF BOSTON



■ Mrs. Powell Cabot is as versatile as she is charming. She dances beautifully and has been asked to appear with professionals; she reads omnivorously; her collection of etchings that hangs on the walls of her living room on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston is remarkably fine. She loves the out-of-doors, especially the sea; and at her wedding in Nahant, where she summers, the guests followed to the yacht scattering the waters with clouds of rose petals. She entertains exquisitely and, her husband being an excellent shot, during the season wild duck is a familiar delicacy. She always serves Camel cigarettes. She loves flowers and keeps her home filled with them.

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

"Flavor is just as important in tobacco as in food, don't you think?" says Mrs. Cabot. "I like Camels best because they are smooth and rich and still mild. I don't enjoy a flat cigarette. I never get tired of the taste of Camels and they don't make me nervous."

When you have once tasted the cool mildness of Camel's choicer tobaccos, you keep right on smoking them. For

you don't get tired of the taste and, no matter how many you smoke, Camels never make your nerves "jumpy." The costlier tobaccos in Camels are smoother and milder. Women appreciate that — try a Camel and see for yourself.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00 — but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

HOW often you sense that people are looking at you, judging your beauty! Whether they glance at you guardedly, or turn to search your face quite openly, you feel instinctively that you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest.

In the flicker of an eyelid, a man—another woman—will appraise your looks. And your complexion, whether it is clear and softly youthful or tragically dull and drab, plays a vital part in the impression that you make.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the soap that yields profuse, luxuriant, creamy-rich lather

Every Day More Girls Use This Soap—Camay—to Help in Their Beauty Contests

and is—at the same time—mild enough for the delicate feminine skin. The very first cake you try can definitely improve your skin.

**THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY**

In 1933 thousands and thousands of women changed to Camay. You,

yourself, have probably noticed how Camay is fast displacing the former favorites among beauty soaps.

Yes—Camay looks, feels, and smells high-priced. And the amazing thing is that it actually costs you less than the soap you have been using! Get your supply of Camay today!



This girl possesses the disarming loveliness of a clear young skin. In the daily Beauty Contest she attracts the admiration of all who know her. A lovely skin can be a woman's greatest charm.

Camay is creamy-white, pure, and as delicate as a fine beauty soap should be. See Camay in its green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane. An ideal complexion soap—fragrant and quick-lathering in the bath.



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CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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.

HEAATHER ANGEL, that cute little British importation, has captured the movie-goers' interest this month.

Heather Angel is her real name. She was born in Oxford, England, February 9, 1909. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. Her favorite sports are swimming, riding, tennis, skating and fencing.

At sixteen, Heather decided she wanted a theatrical career and entered a dramatic school in London where she remained for one year. At the end of that time she made her stage debut in a Shakespearean production, "King John." Her only duty was to carry the King's sword. Later she played the rôle of *Stephanus*, the boy martyr, in "The Sign of the Cross." In this she toured the British Isles for nearly a year.

When she returned to London, she joined a repertory company and played in various cities in India, Ceylon, Malaya, China, Burma and Egypt. In 1930 she returned to the London stage and appeared with Frank Lawton (the younger son in "Cavalcade") in "London Walls."

Her first film rôle was that of an Italian girl in the "City of Song," a British picture. The girl chosen for the part refused to dye her blonde tresses and so Heather got the job. From then on her work in pictures attracted much attention and early this year Fox brought her to Hollywood.

Heather's latest picture is "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case," and her next will be "He Knew His Women" in which she appears with Warner Baxter.

LILLIAN MUELLER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—So you couldn't find Charles Laughton in "If I Had a Million." Well, Charles was the chap, who, when he received his check, walked up several flights of stairs to give his boss the razzberry. Remember?

M. STEVENS, DETROIT, MICH.—Many other movie lovers are commenting on the nice work done by John Beal, as the nephew, in "Another Language." John really doesn't care whether he makes good in pictures or not. He prefers the stage. He is just twenty-four years old. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago, and began his stage career the day after he received his diploma. Among his stage appearances were "That's Gratitude," "Give Me Yesterday," "Wild Waves," and "Another Language" in which he played the same rôle he brought to the screen.

BETTY, PERU, ILL.—Lowell Sherman seems to prefer spending his time behind the camera instead of in front of it. The last picture in which he appeared was "What Price Holly-

wood?" Since then he has directed Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"; Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. in "Morning Glory," and "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

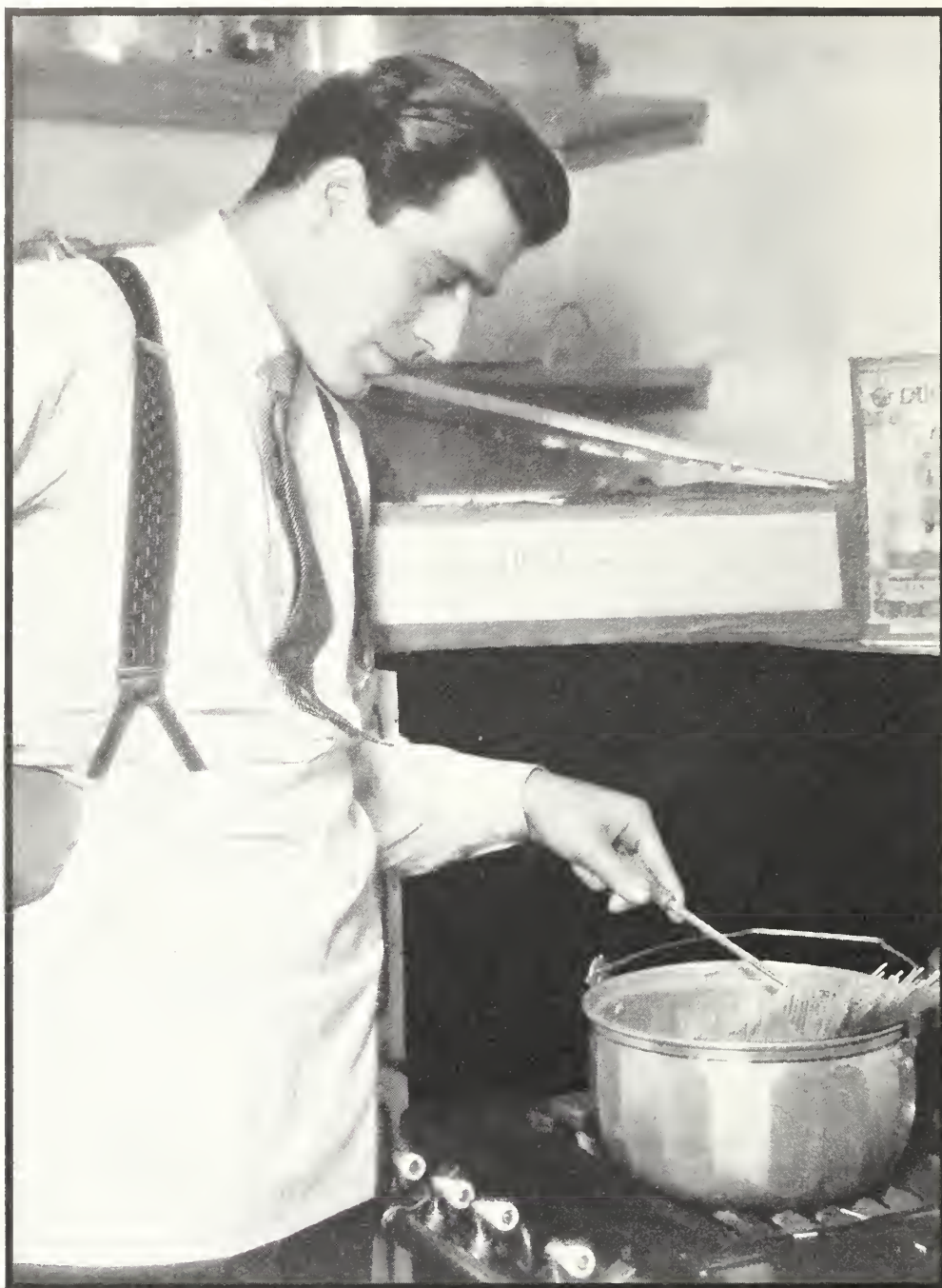
EVELYN FEIST, NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, Nancy Carroll and Sue Carol are not sisters. Nancy's real name is LaHiff and Sue's is Evelyn Lederer.

BETTY EVANS, BRENTWOOD, PENN.—Betty, you and your friend are both wrong. Neither Joan nor Constance Bennett appeared in "Week-End Marriage." Loretta Young was the leading lady in that picture and Norman Foster and George Brent appeared opposite her. I guess the picture you are fussing about is "Week Ends Only" in which Joan Bennett appeared with Ben Lyon. Richard Bennett did not appear in either of these pictures.



Judging from the acclaim Heather Angel has received in American films, her globe-trotting days are over. Fox has planned a bright future for her

Spaghetti Dinner



Jack LaRue is said to be the most expert spaghetti chef in the motion picture colony. Here you see him intent on having his specialty turn out "just so"—as it always does

LET'S plan a real Italian dinner party, using the recipes of spaghetti maestro LaRue. Most important is the sauce which is equally good with spaghetti, polenta (white corn meal), or risotto (an Italian rice).

Tomato Sauce—Place a cupful of olive oil in an iron saucepan. When heated, add three onions, finely minced. Fry, stirring constantly, until brown. Add one pound of ground round steak and one pound of ground fresh pork. Fry this in the olive oil, then add one tin of concentrated tomato paste, and the same tin rinsed out with water. Cook for three minutes, and add a tin of tomatoes. When this has cooked together about five minutes, add a handful of dried mushrooms. Season with salt, pepper, marjoram, and fresh sage.

olive oil and tarragon vinegar dressing. Add salt, pepper, paprika, a little mustard and a pinch of sugar to dressing. This is Jack LaRue's favorite salad.

Jack has a novel way of preparing bread. He uses long loaves of French bread. Cuts loaf nearly through in slices, places butter between each slice, rubs crust with garlic. Then puts loaf in hot oven for five minutes.

The best dessert for this meal, is a bowl of raw fruit. As for beverages—spaghetti and "red ink" have always gone hand in hand. And beer is equally appropriate.

For atmosphere, use checked tablecloths or red bandannas sewed together. Put loaves of bread right on tablecloth. On the casual informality of this occasion, depends its success.

Leave on stove until it thickens and turns a sort of antique magenta. Then lower flame and simmer thirty minutes. Add a bit of water from time to time, to thin mixture. Keep agitating every few minutes. Just one little stick-to-the-pan, and you must start anew.

For main part of dish, place two pounds of spaghetti, broken once, in large container of actively boiling salted water. Boil for twenty minutes, being careful not to let it stick to pan. Drain in colander, dash with cold water to remove excess starch. Place in original cooker, mix butter and half the sauce through it. Put remainder of sauce on top when served, and sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan cheese.

Risotto is less frequently encountered than spaghetti. If you want to enliven the menu of your party, try this:

Heat two tablespoons chicken fat (or butter) in top of double boiler. Add two tablespoons chopped onion, one teaspoon chopped parsley, a quarter pound chicken livers, diced. Place utensil over flame and allow to fry gently until well browned. Add one cup washed rice, let fry until light yellow, and add three cups hot chicken soup or bouillon. Let it all boil well for five minutes, and add pinch of Spanish saffron, which you have dissolved in a little of the hot soup, and strained. Stir well, cover, place over hot water, cook about thirty minutes. Serve with sauce and grated cheese.

Polenta is simply ground white corn meal boiled to a mush, and served with tomato sauce and cheese.

With any of these dishes, a green salad is most appropriate. Crisp lettuce leaves, watercress, raw spinach, and romaine, is a grand combination. With

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We keep frocks
smart looking with LUX”

says Joan Blondell



Official in all the big studios..

“We’re washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies,” says N’Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. “Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box.”



● “The new fashions you see on the screen are smart and so practical—really thrifty, if you follow our Hollywood way of keeping everything new looking with Lux,” says Joan Blondell, smart young star appearing in “Footlight Parade.”

“My maid always uses Lux for my stockings, gloves and lingerie, of course. But since saving has been the fashion at the studio I’ve learned how many of my frocks and blouses can also be kept like new at home with Lux.”

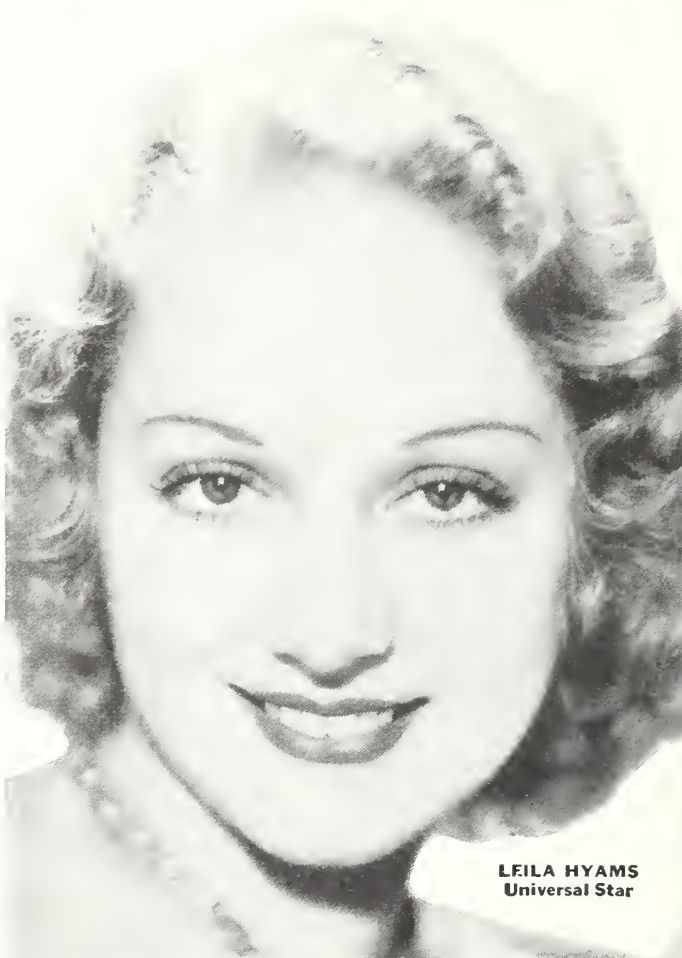
● YOU, TOO, can keep smart fashions crisp and fresh with Lux at absurdly little cost. Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali is expensive because too often colors fade and delicate textures are spoiled. Of course, with Lux there’s no rubbing, no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck


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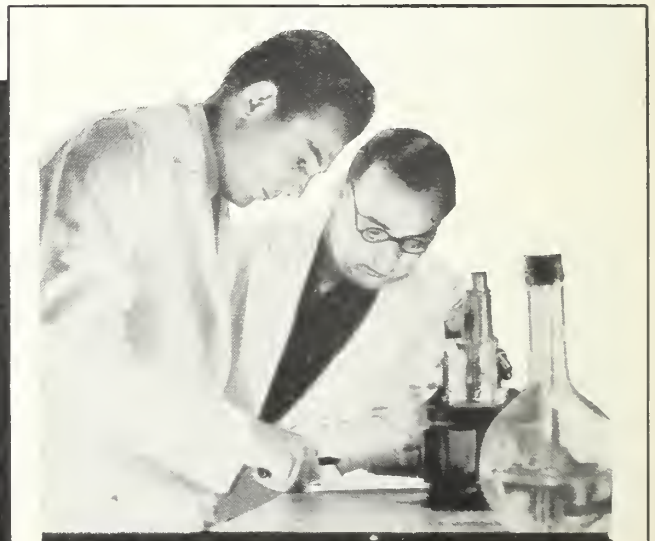
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Screen Stars learn facts about their



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Universal Star

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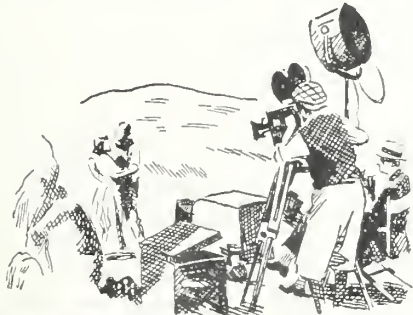


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"I FOUND OUT LONG AGO LUX TOILET SOAP WORKS WONDERS. IT'S AMAZING TO KNOW THE REASON—"



Scientists say:
"Lux Toilet Soap checks the loss of precious elements from the skin. Absolutely free from harshness, readily soluble, it is indeed a wonderful aid to complexion beauty." 9 out of 10 screen stars use it.

"CHARMING —
EXCEPT FOR HER
RED DISHPAN HANDS"



"WHAT A PITY SHE
DOESN'T KNOW OUR
INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY
TREATMENT"



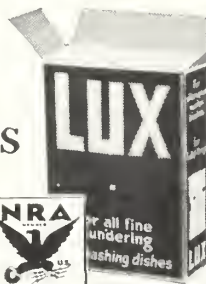
"I was furious
at first *and then*

... well, my curiosity got the better of me. I heard these women saying that *they* did all their own work, too, but they kept their hands daintily white by using Lux in the dishpan!

"Of course I've always used Lux for fine things. Next day I started right in using it for dishes, too.

"In a few days all that dishpan redness had disappeared! Lux doesn't dry my skin as ordinary soaps do. Its quick suds get dishes clean in no time. Since a big box of Lux does my dishes for a month, it's the most inexpensive beauty care I ever heard of."

LUX
for dishes



"WE DO
OUR PART"

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

NOVEMBER, 1918, the month the war ended—although not even Pershing suspected that would happen, when this issue went to press! So we told how the whole film industry, rather than face another coal-less winter in its old haunts of Fort Lee, New Jersey, and Long Island, New York, was moving to Hollywood. One company, having coal, stayed behind with its child star, Madge Evans.

We chuckled considerably over the way Fred Stone, then making his first picture for Lasky, turned the tables on the cowboys. They had figured him as a "stage cowboy," and tried to give him the works. To their astonishment, he beat them all at roping, then rode every vicious horse they produced! And getting Fred, by the way, was quite a triumph; the stage was still a bit high-hat toward the movies. The Dolly sisters were another acquisition from the footlights, just



Madge
Evans

then getting under way in the films.

Among the out-and-out movie players, we told of that promising youngster, Rod La Rocque. Just nineteen at the time, he had already played leads with Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand. And Bebe Daniels, now seventeen years old, was finishing her third year in films.

John M. Nickolaus, director of photography for Triangle, allowed himself what seemed a bold prophecy. He said, "The day will come when sunlight will never be used except for outdoor scenes." Little did he dream of what sound would do—with even outdoor scenes often being filmed inside a sound proof studio!

Rotogravure pictures featured Gloria Hope, Alla Nazimova, Bryant Washburn, Bessie Barriscale, Nell Shipman, Madge Kennedy, Dorothy Dalton, Jackie Saunders. The cover—Edith Storey.

10 Years Ago

BY far the most brilliant reading in our issue of November, 1923, was Ben Turpin's ideas on "How to Cultivate Sex Attraction." As part of it, we told the real story of the famous crossed eyes. Ben wasn't born that way. He used to cross them deliberately, while playing *Happy Hooligan* in vaudeville. One day they didn't unkink—and Ben was made.

Time was passing with the movies, as evidenced by the death of a pioneer producer, Sigmund Lubin. Even before his death, the advent of big pictures had proved too much for him. He had been driven back to the optical business from which he had entered films.

Pola Negri was the reigning queen of passion, and in this issue told frankly of her loves. It seems that her marriage with Count Domb-ski had come when she was arrested at the Polish border for trying to take jewels into



Ben
Turpin

Germany—and Domb-ski was the officer in command of the district!

Director Fred Niblo analyzed the sex appeal of other "queens"—among them, Barbara LaMarr, Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, Marguerite de la Motte, and Leatrice Joy. Barbara LaMarr added to this with her opinions of her various screen lovers. Four were playing with her at the time in "The Eternal City"—Lionel Barrymore, Montagu Love, Richard Bennett, and Bert Lytell.

Our choice of best pictures for the month was "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Lon Chaney), "If Winter Comes" (Percy Marmont), "Rosita" (Mary Pickford), "The White Sister" (Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman), "Six Days" (Corinne Griffith), and "Potash and Perlmutter" (Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr). Warners also offered "The Gold Diggers" (silent, of course). Cover—May Allison

5 Years Ago

EVERYONE was very much excited according to our issue of November, 1928, over something much more important than the new sound pictures. Greta Garbo had trimmed her fluffy hair into a severe bob, for "A Woman of Affairs." Yes, sir, that *was* news!

Meanwhile, the sound picture was making its devastating way into Hollywood, even though we said that everything offered with sound that month was just—sound. One result, already apparent, was that Conrad Nagel was going to grow up from being a reliable supporting man into a real star. His voice was magnificent in the sound films.

We chronicled Al Jolson's marriage to Ruby Keeler, and had a lot to say about Gloria Swanson's new portrait. The vogue of gangster pictures had been started by the success of "Underworld," and Ruth Elder, woman flier who had been rescued in mid-Atlantic, was



Fay
Wray

ending her brief adventure in films.

This issue contained the installment of Joan Crawford's life story in which she told how Harry Rapf brought her from a New York chorus to Hollywood to dance and double for Norma Shearer, at the end of 1925. Joan wound up the installment by announcing that she really was engaged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. One picture reviewed—Eric Von Stroheim and Fay Wray in "The Wedding March"—was oddly prophetic in title. When finished, Fay married John Monk Saunders, the writer and director.

The gangster-picture influence was easily discernible in this month's films. Here are a few: "Me, Gangster" (Don Terry), "The Docks of New York" (George Bancroft and Betty Compson), "Waterfront" (Jack Mulhall), "Dry Martini" (Albert Gran, Matt Moore). Cover: Corinne Griffith.

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Addresses of the Stars



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Richard Arlen
George Barbier
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Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Marlene Dietrich
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Percy Kilbride

Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Herbert Marshall
Four Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Mario Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Warner Baxter
Irene Bentley
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Henrietta Crosman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Dixie Frances
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhoff

Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Howard Lally
William Lawrence
Eleanor Lynn
Philip Merivale
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Vinson
Blanca Vischer
June Vladek

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Gloria Blondell
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
William Cagney
Chick Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Charles Farrell
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
Wynne Gibson

Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Arlene Judge
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Sari Maritza
Joel McCrea
Ginger Rogers
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks

Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
George Bancroft
Constance Cummings

Paul Kelly
Blossom Seeley
Fay Wray
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt

Tim McCoy
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Dorothy Tree

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Mario Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard

Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Jack Pearl
Marcia Ralston
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky
Vince Barnett
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Hugh Enfield
Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker
Alice White

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Dorothy Coonan
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Helen Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler

Guy Kibbee
Margaret LaMarr
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Edwin Phillips
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shaddock
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Genevieve Tobin
Juliette Ware
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



TOO BAD

*the Hedonists didn't
know about Spuds*

In ancient Greece, the Hedonists held that pleasure was the chief end of life. In modern Greece, their descendants enjoy Spuds, and the smart-world-on-cruise replenishes its cigarette-cases at Athens. For, Spuds are now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe, kindled at jeweled lighters wherever the connoisseurs of pleasure take their ease.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)



THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Jack Conway threw a party to celebrate two important events—the Thalbergs' return to Hollywood and Mr. and Mrs. Wood's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Among those present were (left to right) Louis B. Mayer, Sam and Mrs. Wood, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Conway, and Mr. Thalberg

DO you know a young man named Frank James Cooper?

No? Well, you won't ever have a chance now. Because he asked the courts to change it, all legal and proper, to Gary Cooper, being as he is pretty well known by that moniker, anyway.

REALIZING, no doubt, that her next picture, the first one in America in about three years, must be a good one, Gloria Swanson is proceeding slowly.

The production is not much past the conversation stage as yet, and it may be another month before the real work is on.

The picture will be filmed on the old Pathe lot, scene of the "Queen Kelly" debacle and "The Trespasser" triumph.

THAT romance between Kathryn Carver, who recently obtained a divorce from Adolphe Menjou, and Carmen Pantages' brother Loyd, isn't growing a bit colder.

There are others, however, who claim Randy Scott has the inside track with Kathryn.

JOHN BOLES' neighbors lost their pet dog and John's little girl was all excited.

"Daddy," she said rushing into the house, "the neighbor's dog has been stolen. Dog-nappers took it."

THEY say this is the true story of how Jack Oakie's mother got the opportunity to play the part of "Jack Oakie's mother" in "Too Much Harmony."

Casting Director Datig happened to mention to his wife that he was having a difficult time finding someone to play the part of Oakie's mother.

"Jack already has a mother," spoke up

little son Datig. "I don't see why you have to have somebody to play Jack's mother when he's already got a mother."

And so the idea was born.

CONNIE BENNETT'S marquis husband came back to her from Bali fourteen pounds lighter, and telling the most amazing story of the strange island where he had gone to film a picture.

There were wild howling dogs all night, and the skies were dark with giant bats. Lizards screamed on the walls of the huts, and he even saw a wholesale cremation of sixty Balinese where heads rolled out of the fire and were speared and tossed back by the tenders.

When Bob Woolsey heard the tales, he sniffed.

"Sounds like delirium tremens to me," ventured Dr. Woolsey.

OSCAR, the colored Paramount bootblack, is the idol of Central Avenue, the colored district of Los Angeles. Oscar played a small bit in "Gambling Ship." When the picture opened on Central Avenue it was billed like this:

"Sensational star in 'Gambling Ship,' Oscar supported by Cary Grant, Jack La Rue and Benita Hume."

And on the outside of the theater, nothing but pictures of Oscar appeared.

WITH Paramount out \$100,000 dollars, Sylvia Sidney calmly sailed the ocean blue for Europe, leaving the Chevalier picture flat.

Sylvia announced from New York that she was unable to continue as she was in need of

another operation. However, the operation was never performed.

And Paramount has laid the case before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for consideration.

It's the first time any rebel has cost the motion picture company the sum of \$100,000.

"I WASN'T going to stand there singing 'Baby Shoes' while George got beat up," is the way Joan Blondell explains that little traffic jam, in which she is said to have mauled the driver of the other car.

"It was dark and I was standing there on the pavement and when I saw this man hit my husband with his fist I just dropped my coat and my books and sailed in.

"He says I hit him with my shoe. My shoe? My eye! That was my fist!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



"Beauty for Sale"—but don't rush. She's not on the auction block. It is only the name of the picture in which Isobel Jewell is appearing. Besides, all competition is closed, for rumor says that Isobel and Lee Tracy are giving each other romantic glances

"Now I'm
schoolgirl complexion
all over"

Wise Mother... she uses
her own mild Palmolive
for baby, too



BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing

them of accumulations easily... leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth*.

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Why, really, there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home... both kept clear and radiant by this soap with its secret blend of gentle olive and palm oils.



Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE... the soap of Youth

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 61 to 66) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.



NEW LIFE-LIKE MAKE UP Adds charm to your Lips!

PRETTY as a picture! Yet men used to criticize her for using "too much lipstick." A man's way of saying her lips looked painted! ... She took the hint and bought the new kind of lipstick that accents natural color in lips, without painting them.

Unlike any other Lipstick

Tangee is entirely different from the usual run of lipsticks. It isn't paint. A strictly scientific formula that changes to your natural color the moment it's applied! In the stick, it's orange. But on your lips, it's a blush-rose shade suited to your type. No wonder smart women are switching to Tangee... the lipstick that adds charm to your lips!

Use Tangee yourself. See your lips fresh with glowing color all day long! Its cold cream base prevents chapping. Sold at toilet goods counters for same price as ordinary lipsticks. Yet it lasts longer.



Rouge matches lipstick

Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.



New!

SMALL SIZE
TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co. (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York (stamps or coin)
Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature
Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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POLLOCK'S,
FORT SMITH.
THE M. M. COHN COMPANY,
LITTLE ROCK.
- CALIFORNIA—
J. W. ROBINSON COMPANY,
LOS ANGELES.
- DELAWARE—
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WILMINGTON.
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THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY,
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WM. GOODYEAR & CO.,
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SEAMAN'S INC.,
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KALAMAZOO.
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THE DAYTON COMPANY,
MINNEAPOLIS.
THE FANDEL COMPANY,
ST. CLOUD.
- MISSOURI—
STIX, BAER & FULLER CO.,
ST. LOUIS.
- NEBRASKA—
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LINCOLN.
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NEW YORK CITY.
H. S. BARNEY COMPANY,
SCHENECTADY.
FLAH & COMPANY,
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D. PRICE & COMPANY,
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CANTON.
THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
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THE LINDNER COMPANY,
CLEVELAND.
THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS CO.,
COLUMBUS.
THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,
DAYTON.
THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG CO.,
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PITTSBURGH.
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- TEXAS—
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SAN ANTONIO.
- WEST VIRGINIA—
COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC.,
CHARLESTON.
- DOMINION OF CANADA—
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WINNIPEG.

A Mobiloil
Movie with

LAUREL & HARDY

"Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel in 'Busy Bodies', coming comedy scream from Hal Roach Studios distributed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

"OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"



1 HARDY: "Our antique conveyance gives signs of protest against going further, my dear Laurel."

LAUREL: "Since you patronized that barrel of Cheapo Oil, I have sensed a paucity of power."



2 LAUREL: "You thought to economize, eh? Observe me now—prostrate!"

HARDY: "Indeed, I erred. But maybe a promise of Mobiloil at the next filling station will hearten our steed."



3 HARDY: "Let the crankcase be flushed of its evil contents."

LAUREL: "Never more shall our bank-roll be threatened by loud clamors for repairs. From now on—it's Mobiloil for us!"

Why Mobiloil costs less than ordinary oil

Your car may not be old enough to act in a comedy—but don't let it act in the tragedy of high oil bills and shortened car life! Mobiloil for a year will actually cost you less, because it is double-range. It stands up at all speeds—fast or slow. You use less oil. And because you get full protection at all speeds, your car lasts longer! Change today to the world's largest-selling oil!

Mobiloil SOCONY-VACUUM
CORPORATION

One Hour Packed Full Of Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck



ANITA LOUISE finds lemon juice a most effective hand whitener. Rub the lemon over the cleansed hands, let juice dry and remain on a while. Rinse off, massage in a rich, emollient cream for white, lovely hands

WOULD you like to know how Hollywood's famous beauties invariably arrive at evening parties looking divinely groomed, rested and gowned, even though they have been working at a gruelling pace all day before the cameras, harder work, perhaps, than any business girl encounters in an office?

Carole Lombard gives us her recipe that changes her within an hour from a tired working girl to a gay, scintillating hostess or guest. It is a very simple recipe that any of us should be able to follow. The beauty of it is that it takes just one hour and virtually remakes you. Be sure, however, to let no engagements make the time shorter, or both your appearance and disposition will suffer.

The moment Carole arrives home, she dons a dressing robe and before her mirror revives her wave with well placed combs, warm water and a lot of invisible hair pins. Some of you without a permanent or slightly curly hair may want to use one of those light, quick

drying wave set lotions. Never wet the hair too much or it will not dry in time.

Now cleanse your face and neck with cream while your tub is filling with warm water. Carole melts two generous handfuls of pine bath salts in her tub and then places on a tray that fits across it all the essentials for a quick facial.

While she rests in the warm, soothing water, Carole applies to her face muscle oil, nourishing cream, stimulating cream and a tonic and astringent. With a towel, she protects her hair from the devastating effects of steam. After the tub, Carole gives herself a brisk rubdown with eau de Cologne. It is very refreshing and the friction revives tired nerves. All this requires just about thirty minutes.

Now Carole relaxes on her bed for fifteen minutes. During her rest she places cotton saturated with eye tonic over each eye. This makes her eyes brilliant, fresh and sparkling for the evening.

Fifteen minutes go for the application of eye shadow, mascara, lip rouge and powder, and for the donning of her lingerie, footwear and frock.

Carole's hair is little trouble, the waves and ringlets having dried in place during her dressing routine.

Do try Carole's method the next time you have a big date. The resultant charm and beauty will probably bring you bigger dates.

LONA ANDRE is a pretty, vivacious, cunning little person. She offers two little beauty tricks that might help many girls. Lona's skin is as soft and smooth as satin. She has a novel way of using soap and water. She applies the gentle suds with a man's shaving brush. The brush is soft, but provides a mild friction and cleanses the pores perfectly. Since many men use the more modern cream shave method, there are probably many discarded shaving brushes about that could be turned into a practical means for skin beauty. Try Lona's way.

LONA insists that she has a double chin, which is quite amusing at her tender age of eighteen. The truth is that her face is youthfully full and rounded. But to keep her little chin from wandering, after every face bath she

THIS month I have prepared a routine for the Perfect Home Manicure, listing reliable preparations and their cost. It will give you beautiful fingers at negligible cost. For the girl getting over summer, there is our leaflet, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan. These will be sent on request, as well as advice on any beauty problem. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City



THE uses for eau de Cologne are many, as Verna Hillie knows. Applied to the temples, it relieves headache and fatigue. It is also an ideal body refreshant. Many modern eau de Colognes are delicately perfumed

applies ice under her chin, rubbing it over the surface for several minutes.

The older woman may well follow her example, after first stroking or patting in with the backs of the fingers a rich nourishing cream. Muscle oil is also helpful. After the use of one of these, remove and apply the ice. This is also a wise precaution for the girl who thinks she may some day have a double chin.

IDA LUPINO, a new British arrival for Paramount, whom you will soon be seeing, is a symphony in pastels. Her hair is flaxen, her eyes a vivid blue with high, narrow, arched, black brows, and a pink and white skin. I hope to have some of her English beauty secrets for you soon.

A HOLLYWOOD tip. If your nose is too prominent, powder it last and sparingly. If it is too small, powder it first and generously. Powder high-lights and accents the feature to which it is applied most lavishly.

**THREE
PARAMOUNT STARS TELL
HOLLYWOOD'S**

Make-Up Secret

WHEN you marvel at the beauty, the charm, the personality of Claudette Colbert, of Carole Lombard, of Adrienne Ames... remember, that make-up is something different in Hollywood. The secret is color harmony make-up... harmonized color tones in face powder, rouge, lipstick... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, who for twenty-odd years has created make-up for the stars and studios of filmland. ★ *Learn how you may enhance the charm of your beauty as famous screen stars do.*



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Featured in Paramount's "Torch Singer" Using Max Factor's Face Powder



CAROLE LOMBARD, Featured in Paramount's "White Woman" Using Max Factor's Rouge



ADRIENNE AMES, Featured in Paramount's "A Bedtime Story"... Using Max Factor's Lipstick

POWDER.. A color harmony tone in face powder that blends beauty with complexion colorings... that clings for hours... that actually creates a satin-smooth make-up... that is soft and fine in texture. The color harmony shade for Claudette Colbert... black hair... black eyes and olive skin... is Max Factor's Olive Powder. And to complete the color harmony make-up... Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Crimson.

ROUGE.. A rouge in color to harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth, as fine as finest skin texture, it blends and clings just as you would want it to. The color harmony shade for Carole Lombard... light blonde, fair skin and blue eyes is Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge. And, Max Factor's Rachele Powder and Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick complete her color harmony make-up.

LIPSTICK.. Lip make-up to accent alluring beauty must be in color harmony... and to keep lips lovely, must be permanent and uniform in color... smooth in texture and moisture-proof. For Adrienne Ames to harmonize with her brown hair, medium skin and blue eyes, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in Carmine is correct. And, Max Factor's Brunette Powder and Carmine Rouge complete the color harmony make-up.

Like the Screen Stars... you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. ★ Do you know your color harmony in make-up? Mail coupon for personal make-up advice and copy of valuable make-up instruction book.



© 1933 - Max Factor

NOW FREE YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART

MAX FACTOR — Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California
PLEASE send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."
 Check here for Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, and enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.

	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Name _____	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
Address _____	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
City _____	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LAMBS (Color)	REDHEADS
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
State _____	SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and here. <input type="checkbox"/>
	Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

Max Factor ★ *Hollywood*
SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Barton MacLane—better get to know him now for he's a new bad man in movies. Recruited from the New York stage where he played "Hangman's Whip," MacLane is now with Paramount. Ricardo Cortez picked him for a rôle in "Big Executive"

FRANCES FULLER, the little girl who is creating a terrific impression in Paramount's "One Sunday Afternoon," will be back with that studio in the spring. A New York stage play contract interfered with Frances' continuing with her picture career at this time.

BEBE DANIELS met the Prince of Wales on her recent European trip. "I enjoyed your performance in '43rd Street,'" the Prince complimented Bebe.

"And as he was only a block off," Bebe relates, "I didn't even mention that it was '42nd Street.'"

A FRIEND met Jack Oakie on the Paramount lot the other day and discreetly commented on the alarming poundage which Jack has been accumulating.

Oakie collared him seriously.

"How do you know," he argued, "I won't become a great character actor?"

Charles Laughton ambled by.

"Look what fat did for him!" he added to cinch the argument.

MOST any other Hollywoodite with a boat that big would have made it a party. But Jack Barrymore is different. He cruised way up to Alaska. with just Dolores, the two

babies and the crew. And the only person in Hollywood who even heard from him, as far as we can discover, was Clarence Locan, in the M-G-M publicity department. Jack wrote him a postal card and asked that his mail be sent to Juneau, Alaska.

LUPE VELEZ is showing everyone the ring Johnny Weissmuller gave her—with gestures.

It's the damdest thing! A plain band in which different and tiny stones are set. Lupe wears it on her little finger.

"You know w'at eet says?" she asks everyone. Of course they don't—so Lupe explains, as she points out the different jewels, revolving the ring.

"Diamonds—

"Emeralds—

"Amethysts—

"Rubies—

"Emeralds—

"Sapphires—

"Topaz—

"Spell it down yourself. You're right—D-E-A-R-E-S-T!

"Johnnee thought it up all by himself," declares Lupe, proudly.

SEEN on the marquee of a Hollywood picture house:

"M. Mouse and
C. Bennett"

That's fame!

SINCE the newshounds are again baying at Greta Garbo's heels to find out if she really is going to marry Rouben Mamoulian, Greta has had her dressing-room at M-G-M worked over so that a second door could be cut in a side wall. The door provides an exit into an alley, through which the Garbo automobile may glide, unnoticed.

ONE of the sights radio-listeners never saw, is Ed Wynn in a long flannel nightie, sitting on the edge of an old iron bed, playing a violin. . . . You'll see this extraordinary sight in "The Fire Chief."

AFTER having her name linked with most of Hollywood's male eligibles, Lilian Harvey is romancing with Gary Cooper again. Lilian's big white foreign car and Gary's big yellow phaeton are two of the most showy wagons in Hollywood, and it's pretty hard to keep it a secret when they go out.

IT was rumored around the Paramount lot that Mae West was due for a surprise party on her birthday.

"Imagine," scoffed Jack Oakie, "anyone surprising Mae West!"

WHOOPEE! Hang out the banners. Clark has put on six pounds since his appendectomy (technical for having your appendix extracted). And right in the hospital, too. Gable went home one week after the operation, and will be working with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"—held up these many weeks on account of Clark's tonsils and appendix.

MARLENE DIETRICH is returning to Hollywood without even once setting foot in her beloved Germany. And those who talked to Marlene before she left, and read the yearning for her Fatherland in her eyes, and the homesickness in her voice, will realize just what this means to her. Marlene has been spending her time in France and Austria with her husband and little girl.

So Marlene is coming back. The yearning still in her eyes. And the hunger for her native country still unsatisfied.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



A bicycle built for three—and run by man power! Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante helps Jean Parker, Ruth Channing and Irene Hervey to pile onto an old wooden pedicycle, then Jimmy tries to get them going. Oh get an engine! Jimmy says that the darned old bike was never built for speed

PRESENTING
A GORGEOUS
NEW PATTERN

Marquise



Today's trend in silverware is away from severely simple lines to more elegant, more decorative design. And this welcome transition is reflected in Marquise—newest pattern in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate!

Crafted in the manner of old English silver—yet completely up-to-date with its Viande* Knives and Forks. With a rich beauty suggestive of sterling, Marquise is a pattern that cannot be imitated in cheap silverplate. None but the highest craftsmanship could achieve such exquisite detail, such smooth perfection of finish between the tines of forks and on the bowls of spoons—a finish that will retain its lustrous beauty for a lifetime.

Marquise meets the need of the careful hostess for more than one set of silverware—a set for use on "best" occasions. Here indeed is a pattern you'll be proud to display with your "party" linen and china!

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Think of having a complete silverware service that includes all accessory flatware pieces, such as salad forks, oyster forks, and serving pieces. If you purchase a 26, 34, or 50 piece set of Marquise, or any other 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern now, you receive a Certified Coupon Book entitling you to a 25% saving on *all* accessory pieces you buy within eighteen months.

Starting service of 26 pieces in Prevent Tarnish Case, \$31.25; tea spoons, set of 6, \$3.25.



Write Ann Adams, Dept. L-27, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for details of this Certified Coupon Plan, and for booklet "So You're Going To Give A Buffet Party!"

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Silverplate

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.



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The mark of the International Silver Company—

this quality mark appears on each piece of Marquise

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DO YOUR HANDS
INVITE HIS CARESS?

Hands always play a leading role in love... from the first lingering hand-clasp, the first embrace. This is why screen stars keep their hands so soft and smooth... why you should, too, if you want your share of romance. And it's so simple! After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth an **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream**. Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that merely "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds casts so little!



HELEN TWELVETREES' hands are exquisitely soft and alluring. Victor Jory admires them, too, in Columbia's film "My Woman."

NEW! Try Hinds Cleansing Cream for your face... by maker Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Liquefies, floats out dirt... 40c.

The Imp They Call Janet

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

of the way place that you'll find Gaynor. You'll see her sitting off quietly with one or two friends. She never makes a grand entrance, or noise, or any obvious gestures that she wants privacy. It's just real and natural for Janet not to want the limelight or any part of it.

And Hollywood will never be able to understand it—or her. She is in Hollywood, but not of Hollywood.

She could easily be your very best girl chum that lives next door.

"ARE you disillusioned, Miss Gaynor?" a stupid interviewer once asked her. "Oh, no," she replied. "Who could be with money, happiness and success?" You see, she's honest and can't lie. When she tries to avoid a direct answer with an evasion, her friends all know it.

A tiny blue vein, which runs down her forehead between her eyes, begins to swell and throb pitifully, until finally she gives up, and turns away to hide her embarrassment.

She gives the illusion of a helpless, wistful little elf. She isn't. She's a shrewd little modern and has a mind of her own. And that mind works like a trigger. "If you are in doubt about anything," "Winnie" Sheehan, president of Fox, told her publicity agent when he left town, "just ask Janet. She's never made a mistake yet."

She makes very few close friends. But when she met Margaret Lindsay, on the "Paddy" picture, they clicked instantly. Both are now the closest of friends. In fact, their clowning and pranks almost finished the "Paddy" picture forever.

And Janet's and Margaret's version of "Edie Was a Lady" practically threw the crew into hysterics.

They'd practice snappy repartee together in order to dumbfound the entire set the next day with their wit. "Did you know I had three brothers, Janet?" Margaret would ask. "You don't tell me," Janet would answer; "boys or girls?"

And the next day, Janet would take the lead. "I passed your house last night, Margaret," she'd say.

"Why didn't you stop?" was Margaret's comeback. "Well, I didn't know where you lived," Janet would say.

And the two would howl at their own nonsense. Like two normal, everyday girls having themselves fun at work.

Her wit is keen and brilliant. "Might as well give up, Lindsay," she'd say, "you can't top me." And those brown eyes would dance a mischievous challenge.

They'd clown right up to the time a scene was shot. And begin again the minute the director said, "Cut."

It was the gayest her crew had ever seen her. And everyone hopes it's the beginning of more fun for little Janet. "If people in Hollywood only knew her as I do," Margaret goes about moaning, "how they would love her." But people never will know her that well, for it's only once in a blue moon such a friendship happens to little Gaynor.

SHE loves Hawaiian music. One evening, she astonished a native player into first class spasms by strumming his guitar, and singing the words in his native tongue. Her Hawaiian hula is the best in town. She learned it from native teachers.

She collects phonograph records, and Lalique glass. She loves the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay. She reads every biography written. She never leaves a bookshop without buying a book of fairy tales. She reads them by the hour and believes them all. Especially

does she believe the ones about the handsome prince who one day came riding by.

She has no illusions about herself. She knows she isn't a Garbo. Or a Crawford. "Can you imagine what I would look like playing a Norma Shearer rôle?" she'll ask her friends. She's still as enthusiastic about her movie crushes as any high school girl. When her friend, Frances Deaner, sat behind a Fox publicity desk, she'd pitter patter up the stairs, fly down the hall, fling open the door and stand there, starry-eyed and breathless. "Frances," she'd gasp, "I met Bob Montgomery last night." Somehow it never has gotten through to her consciousness that she, herself, could be the cause of breathless admiration. She wouldn't believe it on a million bibles, or even know what you were talking about.

She's a born coquette—the kind great grandma was—with shy little glances and helpless little ways . . . the most devastating kind in the world. And she knows it. In a world of worldly moderns, she stands out like a bright flash.

She knows that, too, the imp!

HER French is understandable. She plays a fair game of golf; is fond of tennis, and likes to lie about on warm sands. The warm sand business is her favorite sport. She also loves lying in bed all day. She goes to few parties. Those she does attend are not the headline variety. She's a grand little hostess, but flutters and fusses around before the party until people are nearly wild. Then when it's really going, she is the calmest person about.

Most of her friends are not in pictures. Janet and her mother are close friends. She adores her mother, who is more like a sister than a mother, and enjoys exactly the same things as her daughter—even to Chinese food and Hawaiian music. Between them is a beautiful bond of understanding. They even think and talk alike. It's her mother who looks after her business affairs and takes care of her mail. Janet has a tender consideration for her mother, that is touching. If she is going out for an evening her thoughts fly first to her mother. "Are you going to be alone, mother?" she'll ask. "Let's find something for you to do, too, this evening," she'll suggest.

She has a nice consideration of others. A prop boy, carelessly pulling a cable on the set, allowed the metal end to strike Janet on the temple. It was a terrific blow. Janet moaned and caught her head. And then she spied the boy's stricken face. "Oh, it was nothing," she pretended. And her eyes smiled through a mist of tears which she successfully fought back for his sake.

She loathes interviews and seldom grants them, simply because she can't think what to say, or why they should want her to say anything in the first place. She shrinks, too, in horror if anyone rudely inquires into her heart and her marriage, which ended so sadly.

She likes fun and gaiety and good times. But she fairly shrivels at an uncouth, vulgar story. "You know," she'll say in that little girl voice, "that was so unworthy of you." And the story teller will sink away. The thinness of her voice is not so pronounced off the screen. It seems surer, stronger, in everyday conversation.

She refuses to make gag pictures of any kind or description. A famous writer once asked for a Gaynor gag picture for her newspaper. Janet refused. The next week she asked for another picture of Janet carrying an armful of bundles. Again she refused. The writer was furious and scathed the publicity agent who, in turn, phoned Janet. "She's down on us right," he said. "On you or me?" Janet asked. "On

me," he confessed. "In that case I'll make the pictures," she said. And spent the next day carrying bundles for the gag pictures she loathed. And just to save a friend from embarrassment!

"Would you make pictures for us at the beach," the publicity man timidly asked her one day, "in a bathing suit?" To his utter surprise, she consented. "I began as a bathing girl," she said, "because a bathing suit was the only thing I owned. I used to sit at the telephone and pray for a call from a studio that wanted a girl with a bathing suit."

NEVER but once did Janet don a high hat. It was shortly after her success in "7th Heaven." Janet was invited to Pickfair and went tearing about, like a puppy, showing everyone the invitation. She was that thrilled. "You're a big sensation, yourself," someone told her; "why should you be excited about Mary Pickford?" "Why, indeed?" thought Janet. And appeared at the party an hour and a half late. Very stiff. Very formal. Very hoity toitsy. She sat alone in her corner all evening and suffered. Home again, she thoughtfully removed the high hat, and has never worn it since. Today she laughs about it.

No one, in her pictures, is permitted to say to her, "You are beautiful." Because she doesn't think she is. They may say she is cute or comic or something, but not beautiful. She never insists upon any certain director. Then if the picture is good, he gets the credit. If it's bad he gets the entire blame. Is she smart?

Her fan mail is astonishing. She receives letters from supreme court judges, from naval officers, from men who walk high in life. At the same time, has been chosen the favorite actress of a girls' reform school. Her appeal is that wide.

She is one person in a glamorous, abnormal city who has caught the real meaning of true happiness—the value of simple things. Earning one of the largest salaries, she has always remained simple in tastes and ideas, as well as in ideals. Only recently has she owned a home of her own—a simple little English bungalow, in an unfashionable part of Hollywood. It has no swimming pools, or whoopee rooms, or tiled patios. It's just a home, and there she lives quietly and sanely with her mother, her maid and her chauffeur.

With money to travel luxuriously the world over, she chose a little cabin in a Wisconsin wood for her vacation. Just a little three room shack with no running water or bathroom or anything. No one recognized her. And there she was happy—she and her mother.

She is clannish and takes care of her own. Somehow, it doesn't occur to her that others might be helped.

EVEN to those who know her well, for a mad-cap mix or earnest, industrious hard worker, there sometimes comes a feeling of that strange, wistful appeal that is felt so strongly on the screen.

One day recently, she phoned a friend to come over to inspect her new rug. Like a sprite, in her inevitable sports slacks, and red curls flying, she danced and capered about the rug. Fascinated, the friend watched as Janet swung into her hula. Any minute, so strong was the illusion, the friend expected the rug to rise gracefully from the floor and sweep through the window and be borne aloft.

She wouldn't have been at all surprised or amazed if it had.

And there you have Janet—a little, wistful, appealing elf, riding away on a magic carpet, doing the hula.

All your **PET HOPES** for a better
NAIL POLISH are answered
HERE and **NOW!**

50% LONGER WEAR
NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE
6 SHADES...COLOR CHART ON EACH
PACKAGE...NEW METAL-SHAFT
BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH
REMOVER...LARGER BOTTLES
AND A NEW LOW PRICE . . .

25¢



Glazo, we suppose, has been regarded as a high-priced polish—by all except the many smart women who are devoted to it. And its fame is so far-reaching that for years Glazo has surpassed in preference every other polish of its price.

So it's cause for rejoicing that Glazo now costs you even less than ordinary polishes. And all your hopes for a better nail polish are fulfilled in the unique improvements Glazo brings you.

New lacquers of higher lustre give 50% longer wear! Authentic colors . . . six to choose from . . . and the Glazo

Color Chart is right in the package.

A new metal-shaft brush, with bristles that can't come loose, makes application far easier. The new Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle, now lasts as long as your polish.

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LIQUID POLISH. *Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless.* 25c.

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I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

Why American Men Make the Greatest Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

impetuous in saying, 'I love you. Be mine.' He simply cannot be sincere. Yes, I would be afraid to marry an American for this reason."

But since her marriage, her harshest comment in my hearing has been, "It is a waste of time to prepare a lovely dinner for the average American man. He would just as soon eat in a drug store! Dining is a charming ceremony for a European. Here it is just a quick business."

MARLENE DIETRICH, too, is amazed at the careless way in which young Americans toss around the "I-love-you-be-mine" phrase.

"In Germany a man says, 'I love you' just once to a girl. That is when he offers marriage," says Marlene. "Marriage is too hasty in America. Perhaps that is why there are so many divorces over here. In Germany the bans of marriage are published months in advance, and a couple must be engaged at least one year."

Perhaps it is true that marriage is taken less seriously here.

Yet, in discussing men, it is the gentleness of the American father that most impresses Tala Birell.

Tala says:

"I most admire the American father. Recently I saw a husband and wife and their little girl in a hotel dining-room. The father was feeding the child while the mother enjoyed her dinner.

"To me that is a remarkable demonstration of woman's position in America and the American man's kindness and liberal, generous attitude.

"Such a thing would never happen in Europe. The father would be ashamed to appear in such an intimate rôle with his child."

So, the European man is supposed to guard his dignity, just as the European girl is expected to prize her virtue.

And, as Lili Damita says with a sigh, "The laws of France are made for the men. The laws of America are made for women.

"The freedom and companionship between men and women in America is something very lovely. In France it never could be," Lili continued.

"A girl would endanger herself there accepting a man's friendship as casually as the American girl does in this country.

"If a French girl entered an innocent flirtation with a man, she would have a hard time ridding herself of him if he chose to become persistent. And the police would certainly not be on her side!"

Apparently in Ireland laws are made for men, too. Maureen O'Sullivan, singing the praises of the American male, says, "In my country when a girl marries she expects to receive and fulfill orders which her husband gives out. He is head of the house. There is no mistake about that. The European does not spoil his wife as the charming, boyish, good-natured American does. I think the American is quite an ideal type as a friend and husband. And no man could possibly be as generous as he."

LILIAN HARVEY finds the American man "charming and intriguing."

"It is true," the German star says, "that the European man does a lot of hand-kissing. But that doesn't mean a thing.

"I think it speaks well for American men that most of them are married. In Europe there are more bachelors."

It was Pola Negri who summed up the dif-

GLAZO

The Smart MANICURE

Only **25¢**

ference with the phrase, "It's all a matter of psychology." And how right she was!

Pola said, "The American man has a charm and appeal unlike any other. A European never forgets the little things, nor an American the important ones.

"Love-making to the suave European is an art in which he strives for perfection. Being the object of his devotion is an intriguing matter if a woman can regard it as a fascinating game, and a more or less temporary one. In his presence, a woman must always be exquisitely gowned, mentally alert.

"But American men are restful. One can relax in their companionship. There is a reverence in their attitude toward a woman. And it is typical of all America. Young, fresh, healthy, unabashed."

"These Are My Plans." Says Doug, Sr.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

I believe I can make him one of the world's greatest, and I intend to do so.

"Back of that, I know there isn't a star in Hollywood who wouldn't leap at the chance of coming to London to escape existing conditions there.

"That helps convince me we shall have a production center here that, with personalities and stories, plus backgrounds, will revive business in the American motion picture theaters."

NOW, what does England think about this new project of Doug's, over which he is so enthusiastic?

The English, to put it bluntly, are skeptical. They have seen numerous attempts before to make good pictures with the aid of an American star or an American director.

They wonder why this new venture should fare any better.

Possibly the dubious critics overlook the fact that here for the first time an independent producer from Hollywood is embarking, not upon an attempt to "patch up" British pictures, but is going in on a comprehensive scheme to transfer Hollywood methods to a new location. (As to bringing over actors *en masse*, from Hollywood, that indeed is another matter. May not Doug be letting himself be carried away by his enthusiasm?) Whether that will make the needed difference only the future, of course, will tell.

Doug's "Farewell to Hollywood" could fairly enough be made more alliterative as well as more embracing, by broadening it to read "The Fairbanks Family Bids Farewell to Hollywood Films."

Douglas, Jr., feels fully as enthusiastic as his father about staying on the English side of the Atlantic.

As to Ronald Colman, Doug, Sr. realizes the possibility of a hitch in the fact that Colman must complete two pictures for Samuel Goldwyn before he will be free to work elsewhere. But Doug thinks he can arrange this with Goldwyn, as well as bring Maurice Chevalier into the project.

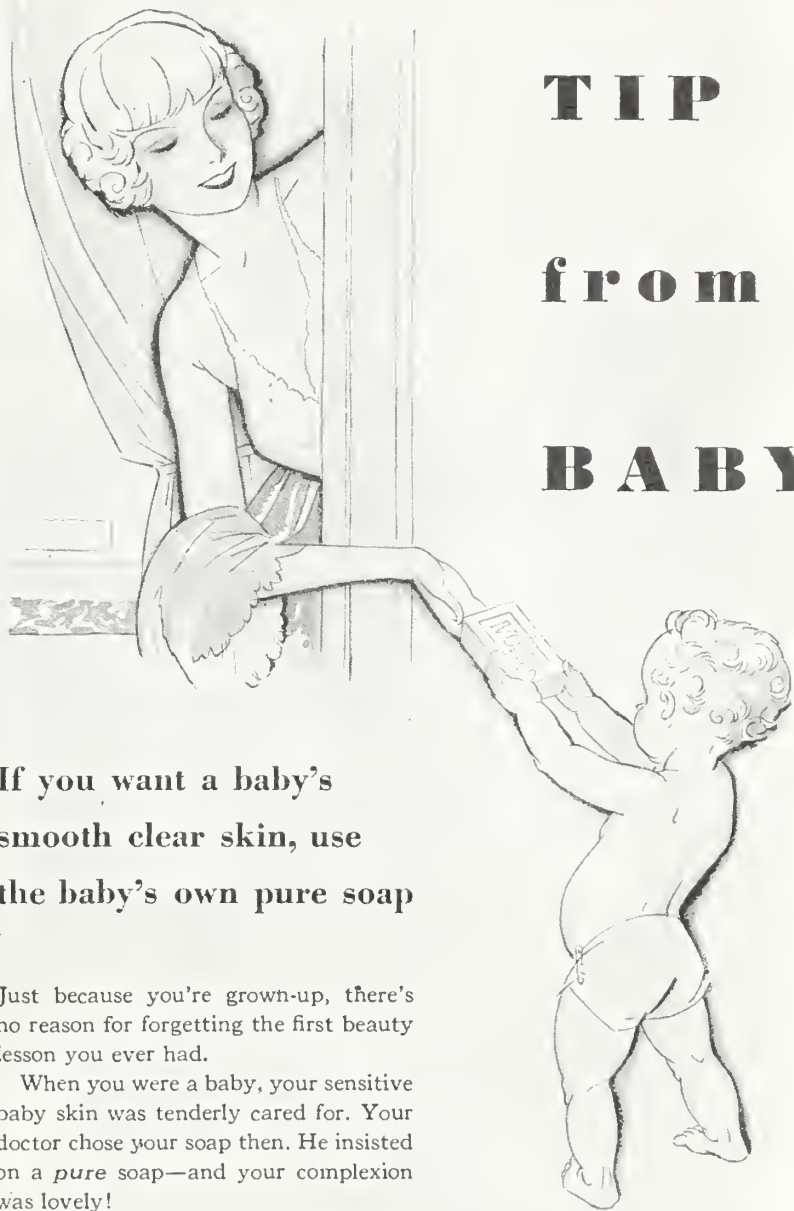
DOUG, JR.'S first is to be a costume feature, "Catherine the Great." Production is scheduled to start in October. Doug, Sr. is planning a trip for his own production unit to Spain for exteriors, and expects "Don Juan" to be his first release.

Present plans call for both father and son to appear together in their third release—"The Mark of Zorro," rechristened "Z." Doug, Jr.'s plans then call for a play in London's West End theater.

It's a great plan, and it seems to burn brightly.

Though we must remember that other great torches lighted in the past have gone out in smoke.

take a BEAUTY



TIP

from

BABY

If you want a baby's
smooth clear skin, use
the baby's own pure soap

Just because you're grown-up, there's no reason for forgetting the first beauty lesson you ever had.

When you were a baby, your sensitive baby skin was tenderly cared for. Your doctor chose your soap then. He insisted on a *pure* soap—and your complexion was lovely!

Think for a moment why doctors say: "No perfumed or medicated or colored soaps for a baby's skin. Use Pure Ivory Soap."

It's because a baby's skin is so sensitive. But isn't *your* skin-sensitive too? Why then should you be satisfied with a soap less pure than Ivory?

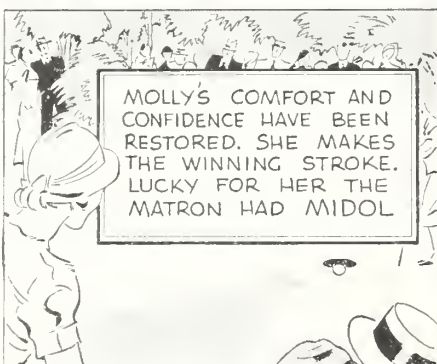
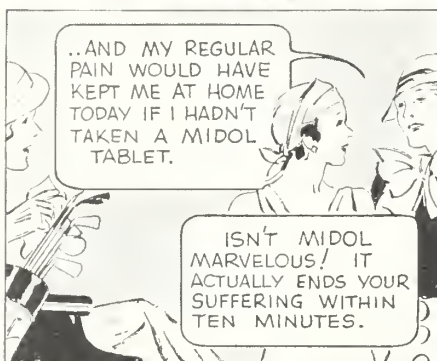
Don't waste another day . . . Cleanse your face gently with pure Ivory tonight. And slip into an Ivory bath . . . And when you come out—notice how baby-smooth your skin feels. That's because Ivory is so pure. No color in Ivory. No strong perfume. Nothing to irritate your skin or dry out delicate skin lubricants.

So take a hint for beauty from a baby—use Ivory to keep your skin young and fine and smooth.

ivory soap

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure • it floats

MOLLY WINS HER MATCH



Trial Box Free!

For free trial box, postpaid in plain wrapper, mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St., N. Y.

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OFFER EXPIRES NOV. 30

How Sylvia Put Grace Into Ann Harding's Walk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

terrific energy. Here's the energy building luncheon: Unpolished, steamed, brown rice with brown sugar (you have to have sugar for energy), a glass of sweet milk and a dish of gelatine. Have that luncheon twice a week and see how fine you'll feel!

At mid-afternoon Ann had a large glass of tomato juice or, in season, two or three ripe figs.

FOR dinner she began with all the celery she could eat (leaves and all) with ripe olives. She had this instead of soup. Then she had any sort of broiled or baked meat—except pork—a small baked potato, green peas, turnip tops and a green salad. The vegetables were steamed, with butter put on cold afterwards, and celery salt was used instead of real salt—not cooked with the vegetables but put on afterwards, too.

Then she had a cup custard or fresh fruit and a demi-tasse.

I used to beg Ann to wear make-up on the street, for she needed it. And she used to say,

"It isn't necessary." But don't any of you be kidded by that. It's necessary for every woman to make herself attractive.

One day she came into my studio with eyebrows penciled—with lipstick and rouge. She stood in front of me and laughed. "Well, Your Royal Highness, does this suit you?"

Certainly she did look lovely—as lovely as she looks on the screen.

Her mother—a very smart looking woman and a fine sketch artist—was always on my side about the make-up question. I used to talk to Ann's mother about getting Ann to wear street make-up. I told Ann that her mother agreed.

"She would," Ann laughed.

BUT Ann was always fine about taking advice. I wish you girls would be half as fine about it. Remember what I've told you about Ann Harding and get it into your heads that it's your duty to look and walk your best at all times!

Answers by Sylvia

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

REDUCING QUESTIONS

Dear Sylvia:

How can I reduce my bust? My entire body is too plump, but the bust especially. Please tell me what to do.

L. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

This answers about a hundred thousand letters of the same type. I'll give you my famous buttermilk diet. For three days in succession drink only buttermilk—a glass every two hours. For three days eat normally (but don't overeat). Repeat this until the bust is as you want it. Always wear a good brassiere—one that will hold the bust up. Never massage the bust.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I have broad shoulders. I wish you could tell me how to reduce them.

J. R. T., Butte, Mont.

Silly girl—what do you think I am? Broad shoulders are bone formations. Do you think I can shave off bone? And another thing—be thankful for those broad shoulders. They're very smart now, and chic clothes are all made for girls with broad shoulders. If they were narrow you'd have something to complain about.

My dear Sylvia:

I have always been nice and thin and so I'm terrified to discover that my baby daughter—aged five—is much too fat for a child her age

and getting fatter all the time. Can I cut down on her food? What can I do?

Mrs. T. McD., St. Louis, Mo.

It is probably some slight glandular trouble. I certainly wouldn't start cutting down on a child's food until I had consulted a doctor. He might possibly work on the glands and remove the trouble.

HOLDING THE HEAD STRAIGHT

Dear Sylvia:

I try very hard to hold my head up when I walk, but somehow it always keeps bobbing forward and makes me look ungainly. Have you an exercise to correct this?

B. W., Memphis, Tenn.

In the first place you've got to try harder to keep the head up. Also read this month's article carefully and do all the things I did for Ann Harding. But the muscles of the neck may be too tense. If so, press the back of the neck with your two hands, then massage the back of the neck as far down the spine as you can reach. Dig in hard under the neck muscles. And think, think, *think* all the time about keeping your head held straight.

WRINKLED FOREHEAD

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I'm quite young—only twenty-two—but I have wrinkles in my forehead. I like to wear my hair as Garbo wears hers but I hate to have the wrinkles show.

H. H., Fort Smith, Ark.

I'll bet one reason you have wrinkles is because you "talk with your face." Women comedians on the screen always have lines in their faces because they do what we call "mugging." So don't mugg! Practice talking in front of the mirror without raising your eyebrows or frowning. Then every night with the fingers smeared with a good cold cream massage the forehead up and down having the fingertips alternate—the right hand up with the left hand down. Do this very gently.

They're Clara's Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

So there were tickets West for four. Of course, Clara had thought she would raise Johnny and Lillian. She had no idea they would really raise her—literally raise her—right at the crack of dawn, and keep her wide awake all day long until the sandman brought sweet surcease and welcome peace.

Our scene is the Bow-Bell menage—deep in the arms of Morpheus. It's six o'clock (yes, in the morning).
"Aunt C-l-a-r-a—"
Down the hall, racing for the lead, clatter two human alarm clocks to hammer on the door behind which a very domestically tired, red-headed movie star is completing her ten hours of recuperation.

"Kin we come in?" pleads Johnny.
"Please—kin we?" coaxes Lillian.
By now the damage is already done, so "Okay!" breathes Clara drowsily, and the door flies open. Lillian gets her kiss, and then Johnny comes up for his. The kiss is sugar coating, and the pill quickly follows. Clara bounces out of bed and guides the pair to the shower. Ensues vigorous neck and ear scrubbing, accompanied by equally vigorous howls. But there's a reward for cleanliness. Johnny can have some watermelon after breakfast, if he eats all of his cereal. Johnny doesn't care about the cereal; he wants the watermelon now. Lillian wants to go swimming before breakfast. Aunt Clara says "no." So Lillian won't drink her milk.

"And that," sighs Clara, "is how the day starts."
Breakfast half-eaten, Lillian and Johnny

IMAGINE-EVERYTHING
WE EAT AND DRINK
STAINS OUR TEETH

THE REASON WHY COLGATE'S
REMOVES ALL SEVEN STAINS
SOUNDS SENSIBLE TO ME



Has the real beauty of your teeth been hidden by seven stains?

YOU may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers *do!* Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth... seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them *off*—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action,

fail to thoroughly remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An *emulsive* action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle *polishing* action that safely rubs away others.

That's why Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.



For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.



Wide World

Carol Ann was lunching with her Daddy, Wally Beery, at the Brown Derby when she heard him say that he was going to Europe, without Carol Ann. So she began vamping Mr. Beery right away! P. S.—Carol Ann sailed with him on the same boat

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven





ROGER & GALLET SAY "... Spray FEU FOLLET on your skin, your lingerie... only the atomizer radiates rare odours in a cloud of invisible enchantment..."

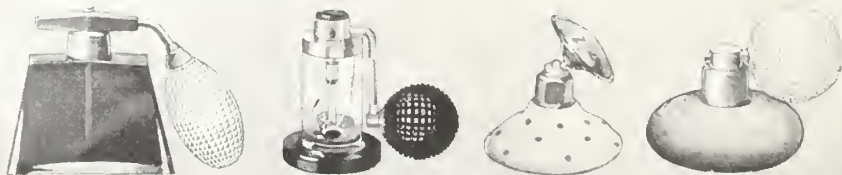
One drop, OR

2000 FRAGRANT ATOMS ?

Daubing, authorities agree, isn't the thing any more. Perfumers are now definitely recommending that perfume be sprayed—because they appreciate that this modern method of application brings out the fullest fragrance. A DeVilbiss Atomizer takes a single drop of perfume and transforms it into 2000 tiny particles... To you, spraying has other very decided advantages. Atomization of perfume removes all danger of stain to delicate fabric... And from the standpoint of economy, you will be interested in the DeVilbiss closure device which guards your costly perfumes against evaporation... DeVilbiss Perfume Atomizers start at \$1; others, with closure device, at \$3.50. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, Ohio.

DeVilbiss

Perfume Atomizers



rump out of the house—the big, magnificent house with its rich furnishings and polished floors, so unlike the dingy flat back in Brooklyn—out into the formal garden and down the hill to the street.

In a little while, they're back, breathless, thudding with dusty shoes into Aunt Clara's boudoir. Johnny is wearing overalls, and a queer stocking cap made out of sheer hosiery. He's pretty well mussed up.

"Now what?" Clara wants to know, helplessly. "Fighting again, I suppose!"

"Well—" confesses Johnny, "he said—"

"Never mind what he said," Clara orders sternly. "You go upstairs and I'll attend to you."

BUT as Johnny shamefacedly drags up the steps, Lillian comes to his rescue.

"Aunt Clara, that boy down the street kidded Johnny about that stocking on his head, and Johnny said he was proud of it. He said he was the only kid in America with a cap made out of one of Clara Bow's stockings. The kid gave him a razzberry and Johnny poked him."

In a second, Clara is up the stairs with Johnny in her arms. Tears and forgiveness.

Flaming with anger one moment, helpless with love the next. Up and down all day long—two kids playing on the tempestuous, impulsive nature of their Aunt Clara. No wonder nine o'clock seems late now!

"One night," Clara relates, "Lillian was singing when suddenly she burst out in copious tears. I asked her what the trouble was, and she said:

"I was thinking about that poor soldier who died in the picture last night."

"I knew that wasn't the reason, and at last it came out.

"Johnny laughs at me when I sing."

"Sure enough, there was Johnny, hiding behind a palm pot, making the most awful faces. I just had to give him a lick or two for the sake of household morale."

The famous red hair can still turn a shade more crimson when the calm of midnight is shattered by a dish tumbling out of the ice-box where Lillian and Johnny have stolen a chunk of their beloved watermelon. But then,



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Ed Wynn pays his respects to a lady. And it seems that any lady could be won by that plaid suit! The Fire Chief says that velvet lapels with cat fur collar and cuffs is the latest thing for the fall, if worn with a straw hat

all kids love watermelon. Even though tummy ache sometimes follows.

But tummy aches are far less painful than heart aches, and when Lillian and Johnny got homesick recently, Aunt Clara realized how much these troublesome tads meant in her life.

A dismal, long-faced foursome waited, silent, at the Los Angeles depot for the train which was to bear Lillian and Johnny back to Flatbush. Of the quartet it would be difficult to say which was the most dreary—Aunt Clara, Uncle Rex, Lillian or Johnny.

THE engine rumbled up; the glistening porter wailed, "A-l-l-l aboard!"—a dreary requiem for the happy, hectic days in Benedict Canyon. Tears streamed down noses.

Johnny couldn't stand it. "Aw, gee, Aunt Clara, I don't wanna go home!"

"Me neither," sobbed Lillian, "b-but s-somebody hasta go see Pop 'n' Mom 'n' the kids. I guess I better."

So Lillian has gone home to Flatbush for a visit, but she's coming back to join Johnny at her Aunt Clara's in Hollywood, where it's more darn fun to hop out of bed when the sun comes up and run like the dickens to call her a "sleepy head" at six o'clock in the morning.

Strangely enough, Aunt Clara thinks it's fun, too!

And here's a P.S. to this true story. Clara was doing a carnival scene in "Hoopla," and Johnny came along to watch the fun. He took a ride on the merry-go-round and, unknown to the youngster, the cameras were taking it all in. So it looks as though he's going to be in a picture—just like that. Clara isn't so happy about it, but she'll let him go through with this one picture. She wants Johnny to go to a public school.

The Big Hollywood Robbery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

about face" and admit that of "Dinner At Eight's" galaxy of stars, Jean shone the brightest.

She had to have talent: a natural genius for the thing she was doing.

Possibly the struggle and sorrow and hard work crystallized and refined that talent, making it clear and true.

But the ability was there. The first time Jean Harlow was featured on the screen—untutored, inexperienced—she did a fine and convincing piece of acting.

Few saw it. It lasted so short a while! Almost immediately it was shadowed and lost in a show of sex.

SEX is usually good box-office. The producers were taking no chances. So there followed that series of rather repellent, thankless rôles in which Harlow's feminine allure had to carry the picture.

She did good work in "Red-Headed Woman." Later, in "Red Dust" and "Hold Your Man" her sexiness was scantily clothed in brief but charming comedy touches and moments of real acting. But Harlow's rôle in "Dinner At Eight" was her first real chance. And she made the most of it. Harlow's figure didn't have to create interest that the script lacked. The other rôles were brilliantly filled. Harlow's sex-appeal did not need to fill any gaps.

A rôle that might have been played with vulgar abandon, she played convincingly with technical perfection and subtle human touches. She brought a natural talent for comedy to scenes that could have been merely noisily funny.

She stole one of Hollywood's biggest pictures from the largest group of picture stealers that have ever been assembled in one cast.

Hosiery troubles common to most women -banished!

● Surprising how common these troubles are. And how annoying! Stocking tops that choke. Stocking tops that drift. Tops that are crampingly short or clumsily long. . . Now—and you can believe every word of it—the perfect stocking top! It's Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix. Stretches both ways so that it fits you as though it were made for you, and you alone! And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. . . Millions of women are gleeful over this new Custom-Fit Top. Fashionable Hollywood insists upon it. Women like Phoenix "long-mileage" foot, too. Every pair of Phoenix Hosiery is made of Certified Silk. Priced from \$1 to \$1.95.



PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS



For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER FROCK—a custom model by VERA, noted Hollywood designer . . . HER HOSIERY—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP . . . GLORIA STUART, beautiful Universal star, wears this costume in "Secret of the Blue Room" (right)



PHOENIX HOSIERY
with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**



"MEN HAVE FUNNY IDEAS..."

The original Jekyll-Hyde must have been a woman—trying to live up to her man's strange notions. We women must be two entirely different people to please our men—busy and practical by day, "charming" and "adorable" at night.

BUT that's not as hard as it sounds. We use Frostilla Lotion—and then our night hands tell not what our day hands have been doing! And they do *plenty*. Household tasks and cooking are no respecters of beauty. But *on* goes a little of this famous, fragrant lotion—and *away* go chapping, redness, roughness!

A few drops of Frostilla Lotion each day do wonders in leaving our hands white, smooth, velvety, deliciously scented...so leisurely lovely that he probably thinks the house runs itself!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-¢-10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)



How Movie Fan Clubs Are Started

NOW that the many enjoyable activities of movie fan clubs are becoming known, a considerable number of young people are asking for more information concerning these clubs.

How can one go about organizing a movie fan club in his home town? Are there different kinds of fan clubs? Where can the rules and regulations regarding such a club be secured? These are some of the questions being asked.

There are three distinct types of fan clubs recognized by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, and eligible to membership under the Association's rules. They are:

First, the club which sponsors one movie star;

Second, the club which sponsors two or more stars;

Third, the club which sponsors no particular star, but follows all of them, in a general way, in their screen appearances.

THE minimum number of members with which to start a fan club is five. Officers must be selected from the members in good standing. All club constitutions, by-laws, dues, meetings and other club matters are determined by the members themselves.

In forming a fan club coming under the First and Second type, it is necessary to secure the approval and sanction of the star or stars selected to sponsor. Informing a general fan club this is not necessary. If you are planning to organize a club sponsoring a star you will, no doubt, find it much easier to establish a chapter of some club which is already active and has the permission of the star to operate under his or her name. The Association will be glad to advise

you of the names of the clubs already affiliated with the organization so that you may communicate direct with the officers regarding local chapters.

APPROXIMATELY 100 members of various fan clubs spent an enjoyable afternoon, Sunday, September 3, at the World's Fair in Chicago. The members visited "Hollywood," at A Century of Progress, as guests of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs.

The affair took the form of a camera party, as everyone present brought a camera. "Shooting" snaps here and there was the order of the afternoon.

The guests also watched the making of movies and screen tests, and were permitted to take photos of a scene, and of some of the players and extras.

The treat of the World's Fair visit came when Miss Irene Rich, of screen fame, posed with the members for photographs. She autographed many books and photos for the fans.

THE Tri-C Club of Syracuse, also known as the Herald Cinema Critics Club, sent in a bulletin which calls attention to their first meeting for the year, and which also mentions plans for the presentation of three full length plays and a number of short skits during the year. They have also installed a new library. J. H. Bloss is president of this fast moving club.

IN the "Crawford Chatter," issued by Gertrude B. Perkel, president of the Joan Crawford Fan Club, mention is made that Miss Crawford presented the club with a mimeograph for producing their club bulletin.

"I'd Rather Know Joan Than Anybody Else—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

"And then, last but not least, there is Joan's talent. She has temperament. Her emotions are quick and full. She's angry when she's angry, gay when she's gay. I think she is one of the most vivid personalities on the screen or stage today. And I think that, with her determination, she is going to become one of the greatest artists America has ever produced. She herself believes she is only beginning now.

"I believe Joan Crawford would have achieved outstanding success in *any* profession she chose for herself. She is the perfect example for feminists to point to in maintaining that the sexes are capable of equal achievement.

"With her shrewd, clear, quick thinking, she would make a marvelous business woman. With her executive powers and ability at

handling people, she could go far in politics. With her sympathy and intelligent understanding for other people's troubles, she would be ideal for social service. Every child she meets falls in love with her—she ought to be a wonderful teacher. That girl could do *anything!*

"Intelligence, beauty, humor, taste, talent—she has everything.

"I've known some fascinating people. My mother was one of the most fascinating personalities I've ever known. Then, as I think them over, the faces of several of my professors at Cornell come to me—some of the people I knew in New York—the directors of the Group Theatre—

"Then I come back to the thing I said first, "I'd rather know Joan Crawford than anybody else I know!"

The Man All Hollywood Feared

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

commission, Inspector Barnett arrived backstage, to inform Mae that unless she cut out some of the lines he was going to close the show.

Mae was willing to cooperate. "What do you want me to take out?" she asked.

"Take out the whole play," suggested Vince, "and burn it—then take a train out of town."

Bobby Jones bit hard when he made his movie debut. Vince was enlisted as his caddy in an exhibition match. He proceeded to give unsolicited advice to the king of the links. Leo Diegel, who had been Barnett-baptized

before, was in cahoots. Diegel asked Bobby what to use on a particular shot.

"A three iron," said Jones.

"Too long," scoffed Vince. "Use a five."

Jones frowned. "You carry the clubs, son," he cautioned.

"Say, smart guy, I've been caddying for a long time, and I ought to know."

Jones controlled himself. But Diegel purposely over-played the shot, and added coals to the fire by musing that the caddy must have been right.

From then on Vince sneezed when Bobby putted, asked for autographs at trying moments, and swished Jones' clubs in practice swings as he drove.

"Those are imported clubs," warned Bobby, turning red.

"I don't know why you import them," argued Vince. "You can't even use domestic clubs."

On the eighteenth hole, Bobby blasted a phenomenally long shot (he afterwards told Vince, he was imagining the ball was his head when he hit it!). The crowd gasped with astonishment as the great drive rolled to the edge of the green.

In the silence, Barnett sniffed.

"Sarazen would have gotten on," he observed.

FEW stars have escaped unscathed from a meeting with this unparalleled menace to composure.

Helen Hayes started when she heard Vince remark that he "sympathized with the poor wife of Charles MacArthur, who is a no good bum."

He pretended to be oblivious to the fact that she was the "poor wife."

Wera Engels, who prides herself on her trim figure, couldn't believe her ears when she heard him, posing as a compatriot, berate her for "letting herself go" in Paris and getting fat and sloppy.

Kay Francis, Gary Cooper, Jack Gilbert, Marion Davies, Spencer Tracy, George Raft, Buddy Rogers, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Lew Cody, Norma Talmadge—all have "burned" with flaming faces in uncomfortable moments with an insulting stranger afterwards identified as Vince Barnett. For every "rib" takes place in the presence of many others. Somebody has a good time.

Dick Barthelmess heard "Dr. Hoffman," a "foreign sound expert," advise him to retire or else take voice lessons from Texas Guinan!

Jack Dempsey discovered his blood-pressure rising when one of his "waiters," at his own Barbara Hotel opening, snatched a cigar from between his teeth and ground it on the floor, angrily shouting "no smoking!"

Dolores Del Rio learned from a "big German producer" that she was a "flop in Europe, where audiences demand acting."

As a matter of fact, every star in Hollywood has at one time or another suffered or been in on a Barnett "rib-roast."

Even Garbo freezes as she floats by a grinning individual who has the audacity to greet her with "Good morning, Miss Hepburn!"

VINCE BARNETT has a sort of ethics to his insulting. He never picks on weaknesses, because weaknesses exposed or derided result in hurts—and he has found that you can get a "goat" just as readily by attacking strengths or points of pride.

If his victims get mad, he is delighted—but if they get hurt, he is sad, and hurries to apologize. Really "ribbing" with him is an inherited talent. His father did it for thirty years in Pittsburgh!

So far he has only one rival in Hollywood—George Bernard Shaw—and it's the regret of his life that he wasn't on hand to match insults with the peppery Irish sage who left a trail of tears and ruffled feelings after his visit last spring.

Just the mere mention of it makes him sad. "What a chance," he murmurs wistfully. "What a grand chance!"

500 HUMAN TESTS SHOW HOW TO HAVE FEWER COLDS

Scientists took 500 people
power of Pepsodent Antiseptic
in fighting colds. Results
were striking

Recently an interesting test was made which brought to light new facts about the germ power of Pepsodent Antiseptic. Scientists found that the antiseptic could be used to spray with water as to how many colds it makes a difference. These scientists observed and observed. Here are some of the results covered. A cold with Pepsodent Antiseptic

Make \$1 equal \$3 in fighting colds

The average cold lasted 5 days. Pepsodent cut that time in half. And remember, \$1 worth of Pepsodent equals \$3 worth of other leading mouth antiseptics.

"YES," you say, "Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs. But what does that mean in fighting colds?" Here is the striking answer based on 500 human tests.

3 noteworthy results

For 5 months last winter one group of people gargled twice a day with Pepsodent Antiseptic mixed with water. Other groups gargled with other leading mouth washes or just plain salt and water. Here is the result:

1. 50% more of those who gargled with Pepsodent had *no colds all winter*.
2. Colds lasted only half the time among Pepsodent users.
3. Pepsodent users caught fewer colds.

Those are the facts. Intelligent people will be quick to benefit by what they

teach. Here is clear-cut proof of the extra protection Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you in winter time.

Only 2 kinds of antiseptics

There are two kinds of leading mouth antiseptics. One kind *cannot* kill germs when mixed with water. The other kind—Pepsodent Antiseptic—does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when mixed with 2 parts of water.

Makes \$1 equal \$3

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with health. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic, and none other. Safeguard your health, and save your money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Stop a COLD the First Day!

Put This 4-Way Remedy
to Work at Once!

A COLD is nothing to fool around with! It may end seriously. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an *internal infection!*

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It knocks a cold quickly because it is *expressly* a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be taken freely with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the world's leading cold and grippe tablet.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet. Refuse a substitute as an attempt to impose on you.

A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal Treatment



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Star News From London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Two hours for luncheon is rushing things abominably.

The lowliest extra would walk off the set if a slave-driving director curtailed the tea interval to less than thirty minutes.

And, of course, production must stop not later than five o'clock—to make possible one's attending to the really serious business of the day—golf and tennis!

Thus in the past have British films been made.

So they are being made today. So they will continue to be made.

LESLIE HOWARD, with whom I had a chat the other day, put it as neatly as one could wish—discussing the difference between Elstree and Hollywood.

Said he:

"Here, most of the time, you have to get behind the cart and help push; in Hollywood you ride *in* the cart."

Like others in England, Leslie Howard is convinced that one day British film producers will turn out pictures that will compare favorably with Hollywood's best.

"But that day hasn't arrived yet," he added. "The trouble, as I see it, is that our producers are too parochial.

"They make pictures primarily for this tight little isle.

"And are tremendously elated when—as is the case at present—British exhibitors throughout the country book these home-made films to a greater extent than the Quota Act obliges them to do.

"Of course, their elation is not without reason.

"There was a time, not so long ago, when the British picture-goer needed only to see a British film announced as the attraction at his favorite cinema—to shun the place. Today British films are attracting bigger crowds—in *Great Britain*—than most Hollywood pictures are here.

"Undoubtedly it will come as a surprise to American producers to learn that red ink is an unknown quantity in British studios today. Elstree is turning out pictures that are con-

sistent profit-makers. Unhappily, there is a tendency here on the part of the producers to be smugly complacent over this situation.

"Meanwhile Hollywood goes on making pictures for the whole world.

"Profits may have dwindled to the vanishing point, but the high quality of the product has not suffered.

"And Hollywood has only to beckon to get the world's greatest artists.

"FROM the actor's standpoint it is not only the matter of huge salaries that makes Hollywood his Mecca.

"It is not the gorgeous climate that enchants him, and makes him content to remain there forever.

"It is the rich satisfaction of knowing that he is part of a perfectly functioning machine—that the very best that is in him will be brought to light by experts—from directors to electricians.

"That is why I look forward so eagerly to my return to Hollywood."

As soon as he finishes "The Lady Is Willing," a sophisticated light comedy, Howard will leave Elstree in favor of a West End theater where he will star in a costume play based on the life of William Shakespeare, entitled "This Side Idolatry."

Whatever its fate in London—success or flop—Howard plans to appear in this play in New York sometime during the present season.

Thereafter he will cross the continent to begin work in Hollywood under the Warner Bros. banner.

(Perhaps he will again be late—if and when the Garbo invites him a second time to come and meet her! He assures me his earlier failure to arrive on time—which caused Greta to go to her bedroom in a huff and remain there until the unpunctual guest had departed—was not his fault.

But he is not at all sure that it might not happen again! A malignant fate, he says, forever fixes things so that he must be habitually remiss in the matter of keeping social engagements!)



Kathlyn Hayden, PHOTOPLAY'S London correspondent, gets an interview and a light from Leslie Howard, on the set of his new film, "The Lady Is Willing," the picture Mr. Howard is now making in England. Though English born and reared, he says he prefers to work in Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE SOLITAIRE MAN—M-G-M

TRACKING down a smooth, lone crook, with suspicion darting back and forth among the characters, is the theme of this interesting story. It's unique, in that most of the action takes place within a traveling airplane. Herbert Marshall, himself a crook, traps the real villain, Lionel Atwill, and escapes detection. Elizabeth Allan, May Robson do splendid work. Mary Boland is a riot as the boisterous American.

DELUGE—RKO-Radio

THRILLS and spectacle with the world going to pot via earthquakes and tidal waves right before your very eyes. Peggy Shannon, Sidney Blackmer, Lois Wilson, Fred Kohler and Matt Moore survive to carry on the somewhat complicated and faltering story. The really amazing catastrophe scenes dwarf the satisfactory performances of the principals.

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal

IF you have followed the experiences of Myrt and Marge over the radio, you will want to see them on the screen. Myrt is trying to run a musical show that seems perpetually about to fold up. Eddie Foy, Jr., is the very funny comic; Ted Healy is Ted Healy and there wasn't enough of him. Myrt and Marge have good picture personalities. Amusing little musical.

BITTER SWEET—United Artists

ANNA NEAGLE, as an old and celebrated musician, tells the story of her life and lost love—how she married Fernand Graavey, how he was killed defending her honor against the attention of Austrian army officer (Miles Mander), and her bitter sweet rise to fame. But its British producers failed to turn Noel Coward's stage play into a truly first class movie.

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox

SPENCER TRACY, an American naval officer discharged from the navy, falls in love with a persistent American girl, Fay Wray, accepts the humble position of gunner on a Chinese river boat, rescues Fay from Chinese communists and, for bravery under fire, is reinstated in the navy. The Chinese scenes are beautifully photographed but at all times Tracy's performance is stronger than the story material. Eugene Pallette is splendid.

THE BLARNEY KISS— British and Dominions

THE London adventures of an Irishman who, having kissed the Blarney Stone, is endowed with a wonderful gift of gab. It is a pleasant, romantic story and could have been exciting if customary British restraint had not been exercised in its direction. The rich, Irish dialect of the hero, Tom Walls, is charming. And Anne Grey, as *Lady Anne Cranton*, is a lovely heroine.

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.

A MEDIOCRE picture, in which Sari Maritza tries to change her English accent to a Southern dialect, with tragic results. Sari runs a waffle shop and tries to reform Buster Collier, who goes on binges, and finally elopes

Nothing Like It!

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

greater protection — untold extra comfort

EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

No pad can be like it!

Examine this new Equalizer. It may look simple, but that processed center took 2½ years to develop. Imitations can be made. They will be made. But they cannot be the same—and this is why: this pad took months and months of research to develop; a board of three hundred women tested it; medical authority of high repute checked their findings; AND the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 for the use of Kotex, exclusively.

Ends, of course, "phantomized"

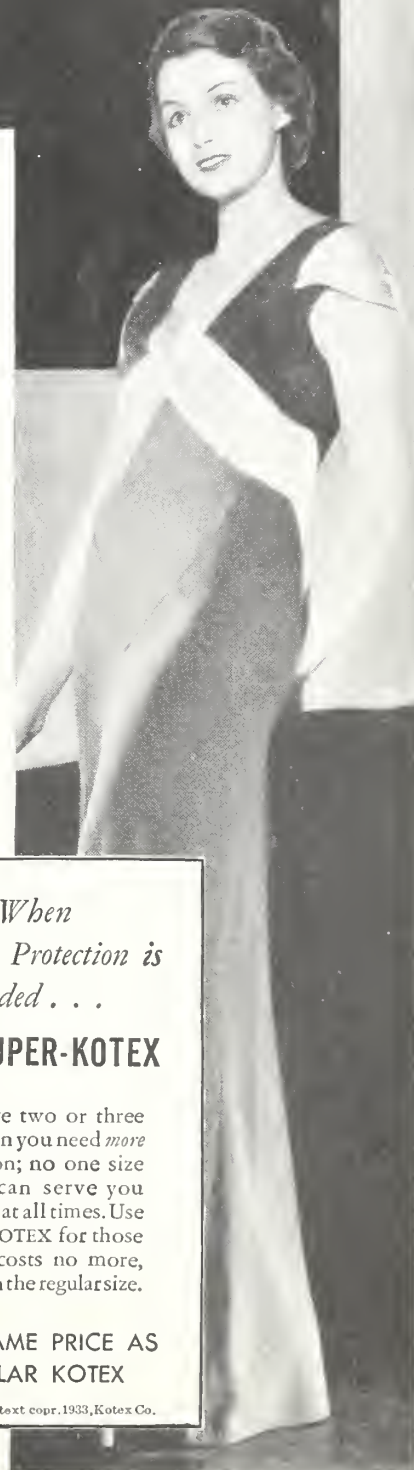
Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the "phantom" effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

And all the other great advantages are retained—softness, absorbency, disposability, and the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. You want all these features. In Kotex, and Kotex only, do you get them.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort... designed to give wearing ease never before possible.



**Pay no more than 25c
for either size of Kotex**



*When
Greater Protection is
needed . . .*

USE SUPER-KOTEX

There are two or three days when you need *more* protection; no one size of pad can serve you perfectly at all times. Use SUPER-KOTEX for those days. It costs no more, now, than the regular size.

**NOW SAME PRICE AS
REGULAR KOTEX**

Illustration and text cop. 1933, Kotex Co.



When the *bounce* goes out of a boy of three

WHEN the house is strangely still . . . when the little monarch of the nursery barely picks at his dinner . . . you, mother, know that there is something *wrong!*

Childhood's commonest ailment

Often the trouble is *constipation*. True . . . a child's habits may *seem* regular, but that may not mean that his little system is cleared each day of accumulations which, through intestinal absorption, may be poisoning him.

Diet not always effective

Even though you follow the best advice on scientific feeding, your child may be suffering from constipation brought on by his being too "busy" to spare the time from his play. If he is pale, listless, has no appetite . . . he needs a good laxative.

But . . . some laxatives may do him more harm than good. Laxatives intended for adult use are often too strong for children, even in reduced doses.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation which is absolutely *safe* and *sure*. It settles delicate stomachs. It does not gripe. And children love the taste of

it . . . they are not afraid to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs . . . *no narcotics*. It is a highly ethical remedy for constipation in children from baby age to eleven years old. Purchase a bottle of Castoria at your druggist's today. The *family size* is the economical way to buy it. And be sure to look for the signature, *Chas. H. Fletcher*, on the carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

for

constipation

in children

from babyhood to 11 years

with the wrong girl—but not too far to be retrieved. Buster and Alan Mowbray do what they can.

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal

BUSTER CRABBE goes after Johnny Weissmuller's honors on the latter's own ground—playing one of the *Tarzan* tales. The story is as disjointed and inane as *Tarzan* stuff usually is, but Buster is decorative, as well as sure-fire when it comes to fighting lions, crocodiles, and the African natives. The kiddies may go for it.

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures

THE story of a young pugilist who flees from the police and joins a geological expedition in Guatemala where he stumbles into bogs, heroically fights the natives, and falls in love. A poor story with mediocre acting by Nick Stuart, Merna Kennedy and others. The only happy thing about it is the ending—if you stay that long.

SYAMA—Carson Prod.

MANY of the preview audience walked out on this one, and no wonder. The elephant material in this offering might make an interesting one or possibly two reel short. Offered as a featured travelogue, it is enormously stereotyped and dull. The so-called novel effects are a hindrance rather than a help, especially those very gaggy gags for which one is continually brought back from Siam.

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures

TWO admirable English stars, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, in a sentimental story about a wronged woman and the man she loved. It reaches a slow climax when Herbert Marshall, on the eve of his engagement to a wealthy English beauty, meets a poor young girl, Edna Best, and learns that she is his illegitimate child. An intelligent cast did its best with a pokey, moth-eaten story.

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield

WHEN a warm-hearted playwright rescues a girl from a life of shame, puts her in his play, and she goes over big—what do you suppose is likely to happen at the end? Well, it happens that way in this one—but Alan Dinehart, Anita Page and others do good enough work to keep you somewhat interested while waiting for the happy fade-out.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE SEVEN HILLS—Faith Pictures

A FINELY done camera visit to the Vatican. Several scenes show Pope Pius XI, and the accompanying musical score includes some superb devotional numbers.

Al Knows Better Now!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

will spring a bigger surprise on the box-office than he sprang on Walter Winchell.

"Al has the same old punch—in more ways than one," his friends boast. "And don't think he hasn't learned his lesson."

WHAT was that lesson? To answer that we must go back to the why of his toboggan. Here are a few expert opinions on that—privately expressed.

One producer says: "Al let romance bite him and he decided to become the Romeo of the screen. He wanted to play the heavy lover instead of strutting his stuff."

A director says: "In spite of Jolson's effort to buy back his contract when 'The Jazz Singer'

was half made, he is not a difficult man to handle.

"He can add a great deal to a picture in the way of suggestions and lines.

"Unfortunately he lost touch with his audience after his first two pictures. They were the story of his life—and he lived them over again. But when he tried sailing in strange waters he was lost because he couldn't chart his course by the response of his audience.

"NO artist ever worked with his audience better than Jolson, and he was the master of all *ad lib* entertainers. He was sensitive to the slightest pulse beat of his public, and once out of touch with them, he was lost. A mike and a camera make an unresponsive audience, and Al needed the color and warmth and enthusiasm of a flesh and blood audience.

"Cast properly, Jolson has a lot to give the moving picture public. If not—it will be too bad again."

A national distributor says: "It was Jolson's hard luck that the millions of small town movie devotees didn't know how good he was—and that he couldn't get chummy with them to prove it. The exhibitors complain that he hasn't been giving them what they bought—Jolson. Personally, I'd be willing to take a chance and contract for Jolson in a Jolson picture, but not in a Chevalier, Gable or Novarro rôle. In his own line Jolson is supreme—a million dollars' worth of entertainment—but as a scintillating sheik I'd prefer Jimmy Durante or Mickey Mouse.

"My own bet is that once Al gets his feet on the ground and some burnt cork on his face, he'll make a picture really worth seeing."

A star who has known Jolson for years says: "Al is out of his element in pictures. 'The Jazz Singer' and 'The Singing Fool' were naturals for him. He was introducing to the amazed and delighted public a new kind of entertainment.

"But music and singing is an old story to movie-goers now—and Jolson can't come down close to them and get chummy. If I were Jolson I'd let Ruby do the screen entertaining for the family."

What do you think? Probably your guess is as good as the next. Only, it's doubtful if you would back yours with big productions, as Jack Warner figures on doing.

This producer thinks Al is going to wow the public again, and others 'in the know' at Warners agree with him.

And they are betting on more than the Jolson reputation, too. They are betting on the change in the man.

Al has learned that he cannot play any part in any picture. He knows his limitations now, and is willing to forget his romantic aspirations and be himself again.

JOLSON'S attitude on his arrival at the Warner studios in July can best express the change in the man. He stuck his head into Jack Warner's office and announced, with a grin from ear to ear:

"This is Ruby Keeler's husband—and he wants his job back."

"Just bill me as Ruby Keeler's husband," he challenged later. "I'd love it." Visiting all his old friends about the lot, many of them the men who had helped make his first pictures, he would keep repeating, "I'm sure glad to be back. We understand each other—and we'll show 'em."

There is not one whit of jealousy in Jolson for the success of his wife—just pride.

"Just Ruby's husband," he burst out at a luncheon. "I love that. Everybody interviews me about Ruby—but that's all right with me. Now I have to make a picture she'll be proud of."

Friends say this is not just a pose on Al's part—that he is thrilled by his wife's success, and as proud of her as his boasts indicate.

"Al isn't press-agenting or putting on an act," they vow. "He's as proud of Ruby as a kid is of a new toy. One of the reasons he's back on the lot, eager to give the best there is



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Be the Girl with ENTICING EYES!

● When men find a glance enchanting . . . here's the secret! Silken, curly *lashes* . . . dark and heavy . . . make your eyes seem the largest, deepest in the world.

This fascinating beauty can belong to any girl who knows . . . and uses . . . *Winx*, the NEW-type mascara. It transforms pale, skimpy little lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness. And leaves no hint of artificial make-up . . . just matchless natural charm.

Winx is made with a special French formula. It can't smudge, smear or fleck off. Won't smart. Never stiffens into sharp points or coarse, ugly beads as ordinary mascaras do.

Try it. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*, waterproof . . . *Cake Winx*, in a smart compact.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use *Winx Eye Shadow*. It is not greasy, and comes in 5 subtle shades.

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Blonde Hair

*Must have special care
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HOW quickly blonde hair darkens unless given *special care!* That's why millions of wise blondes use *Blondex*—the special shampoo for blonde and light hair. Prevents darkening. Brings back golden beauty to even the dull-est hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh, injurious chemicals. Two sizes—25¢ and \$1.00. Get *Blondex* today at any drug or department store.



in him, is because he wants Ruby to be as proud of him as he is of her. When she married him she told the world he was the greatest entertainer of them all—and he says he's not going to make a liar out of her."

For a long time Al kept Ruby out of films. Not intentionally—but just by keeping her so busy going places and doing things, she had no time to try her hand at the flickers.

At one time it was suggested Ruby play a part in the picture, "Mammy," which Jolson was about to start—but, although the producers thought she was seriously considering it, she later admitted that she never thought it wise or possible, because Al was such a bundle of nerves that she did not think it fair to take on anything that would cause him additional worry.

But all this is past now—and since Ruby has been climbing to stardom in the films, Al has visited the studio many times. Always he has let her live her own career, and has never attempted to direct or advise her. While she was still green at the game he left her almost entirely alone, forbidding his friends to offer suggestions or in any way interfere in the fight that must, in the end, be won by herself, and herself alone.

Al has unlimited confidence in Ruby—just as she has in him. According to Ruby, Al's next picture will be one hundred per cent Jolson, and consequently one hundred per cent entertainment.

However, the question still remains: Can Jolson overcome the handicap of the cold mike and the unsympathetic camera; can he bring that intimate Jolson personality into the celluloid as he has seemed to make it a part of the very atmosphere of the theaters in which he played? Has Al really learned his lesson, and will his next picture bring back the real Jolson?

Anyone who has seen the old Jolson in action, seen him rushing up and down the aisles, stopping to tell intimate little jokes to members of the audience—sitting on the piano or squatted down in front of the footlights—can never forget the personality of the man. But can that be registered in cold film?

Jolson has always worked according to the responsiveness of his audience. Years ago he told the writer how he timed his jokes, pitched the tone of his entertainment and steered the course of his play, according to the mood of his audience.

JOLSON never worked according to book, never considered the routine of the show, never knew how long he would be on the stage. Sometimes he would keep the show running half an hour, an hour, or even an hour and a half overtime. No one could ever tell when a Jolson show would "break"; not one of his cast ever knew whether he would follow the lines or go off in some silly *ad lib* rigmarole of his own. They never knew when he went on the stage for a five-minute bit whether he would be there five minutes, ten minutes or half an hour.

Long before talking pictures were attempted Jolson told me: "I'd take a sleeping powder before I'd sign up for one of those motion pictures. I've been asked, but I can still say 'no,' plenty of times.

"I can't work to a dumb camera, with a guy behind a megaphone telling me what to do. I must 'feel' my audience. I must locate some one man and bear down on him before I can really get warmed up.

"You know every night it's a battle between me and some hard-boiled wise guy out in the audience. He comes to the show, pays his four dollars, and then sits back with that 'show me' look. I can almost hear him say, 'That guy Jolson is supposed to be good. All right, let him make me laugh.'

"Then my night's work is cut out for me. I forget everybody else in the theater and go after him. I do everything to make him laugh—from telling jokes to falling on my ear, and by the time I've finally cracked the veneer on his face, the audience has had a good time."

"Fighting sour pans" was how Jolson de-

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scribed his night's work at the theater—and it was the battle against the dyspeptic individual and the hard-boiled Broadway audience that gave Al the inspiration for his best entertainment.

Many claim that without such opposition, without that to fight against, he can't give the best he has. Others say he has plenty to fight now, and that he'll put on a show before the camera in his next picture that will make his old antics before an obstinate sour pan look like a Chinese salute.

Besides—who knows?—perhaps Jack Warner will hire a professional hard-boiled audience to sit back and make him show them while he's doing his stuff before the camera.

ONE thing is certain. Right down in his heart Al believes being back on the old lot will bring him good luck, believes that the men who made "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool" with him, will help him give the camera and the mike the best he has in him.

It's ancient history now, how Jolson spoke the first line ever uttered in talking pictures, when, more than five years ago, after having sung a song into a crude microphone, he turned from the piano to the camera and asked:

"Did you like that, mamma?"

Warner's sound expert actually had to battle all seventy-two Warner brothers to have that line stay in—and then it brought down the house in New York.

As we say, that's history—but it is mighty close to Jolson, and somehow he bases his faith in a big picture on that incident. He believes he belongs in talking pictures, and is willing to work to build a place for himself there.

And what does Jack Warner, who is responsible for this new plunge with Jolson, say regarding Al's chances? When interviewed he issued this solemn statement:

"Al Jolson is one of the great entertainers of all time. We intend to capitalize his amazing personality now as we did in our first talking pictures. He will be featured in several of our productions as one of an all star cast. The first of these will be 'Wonder Bar.'"

As for Jolson—he simply sticks out his lower jaw and says: "We'll show 'em!"

He's a Baer!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

world piled up until he jumped at the postman's whistle. (He is married, it happens, to Dorothy Dunbar, who used to act on the screen.)

Immediately he arrived in Hollywood for his first effort, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," M-G-M's femininity started the pursuit. While sitting at the table in the studio commissary, three notes were handed him by the waitress.

M-G-M recognized this woman appeal professionally. His first screen test was in a boudoir scene!

Is he sincere—another "something" that it takes? Max has gone about the business of learning a few camera tricks quite seriously. He insists that he earnestly wants to make good, permanently, on the screen. And he puts himself into it—plenty.

Ask that poor extra who was put in against him to rehearse some fisticuffs business. Max didn't want to hurt anybody—but he didn't want to turn in a dub screening. So after one wallop, the extra was carted off, feet first—and now only seasoned pugs are put against him in his screen workouts.

Has he any acting promise?

His voice on the radio led to his contract. It is pleasant and well modulated. Howard Hawks, the director, says he reads lines like a veteran. Max says he won't try to act. He has a theory.

"It's easy for me to be natural; I'm natural



"Look! . . .
my last year's wool!"

"And it looks so
new! . . . she's smart
to use Ivory Snow."



"Your woolies always look so grand, Koy. Does Ivory Snow make a difference?"



"Indeed it does. Using a soap that only half-dissolves is silly when you can get an instant soap like Ivory Snow. Sit down, Susy, and learn how to wash that \$15 sweater of yours."

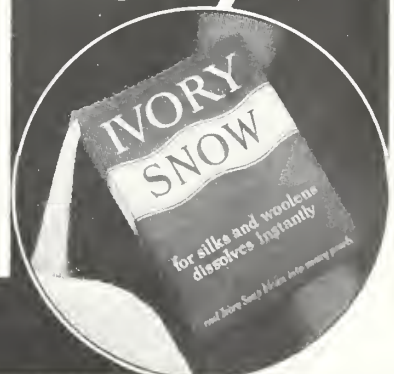
Hand-knit sweater
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Ivory
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fluffy
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How to wash a sweater

1. Lay sweater on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Then, make a generous lukewarm Ivory suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make rich, big, fluffy suds because Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap and won't hurt colors any more than pure water.
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4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your Snow suds. Lukewarm, mind you, *not* warm. Ivory Snow suds rinse out easily. Roll sweater in a towel for 5 minutes.
5. Lay sweater on your paper pattern and pull back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

You'll thank Ivory Snow for being so pure, so quick-dissolving, so easy to rinse, when you see your CLEAN, LOVELY, FLUFFY SWEATER!



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WE'RE finding more and more La Cross is the fashion. The polish that goes on so smoothly and stays on till you say when . . . that comes in four of the grandest shades you've ever seen on anybody's nails (colorless, too, of course). And that costs just 25 cents, even though you get a third more polish! At good drug and department stores.

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The friendly Town House in Los Angeles..... something mellow about it new though it is.... as if generations of gentlefolk had lived and been greeted here. You are no longer a traveler at The Town House. You are at home in Southern California's smart hotel.

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GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampo-Kolor," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valtigny, Dept. 43, 23 W. 30th St., N. Y.

in the ring. Most of these fellows who came out here tried to be actors overnight, and all they did was to make faces. I won't get fussed, or start kidding myself that I'm John Barrymore.

"You know, I never had a fight in my life until I was nineteen years old. The kids used to chase me home from school every night. Then I had to fight once at a dance. It came natural to me. I knocked the fellow out, and I've never had much trouble since. One scrap with that camera and I'll be okay."

Which is confidence, anyway.

AS a matter of fact, Max Baer is practically nerveless.

Golf is one of his big interests, and following the Schmeling win, Grantland Rice asked him to his club for a round on the links. Teamed with the sports writer, Max found himself in the tight spot of having to sink a twenty-five foot putt on the final green to win the match.

A large and curiously pressing crowd had gathered when the word got around that the new heavyweight menace was to be seen on the course, and a gallery of gasping ladies circled

the last green. Smiling, Max stepped up with all the championship composure of Bobby Jones and tapped a crisp, straight putt to the cup.

The biggest hurdle which looms in Max Baer's path to a screen career is his burning desire to become heavyweight champion of the world before he is twenty-five. It is only reasonable to suspect that, despite his assurances of a real film ambition, he would ditch everything Hollywood had to offer for a crack at that title. You can tell when he says hopefully,

"I'll be the youngest champ in history!"

Possibly he is capable of realizing two such conflicting ambitions.

It is a large order.

Because he will have to have what Fred Thomson had, what Johnny Weissmuller had. He will need, in addition to his skill and color: as a champion, plenty of that mysterious something which will lift him completely out of the class of muscle artists.

That's an even larger order.

And it's just Baer-ly possible that Max Baer will fill it.

Oh, Worry, Worry, Worry!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

demselves. One said life producers all wanted him for der mooies. Anodder said he made a hunnerd dousand a picher. Anodder said he had twenty-seven servants, four swimming pools and a date mit Harlow. By golly, I'm vorried."

"Why worry about that, Baron?"

"Vell, Sharley, it vus a cinch to be de biggest liar on de radio. But if I'm going to be de biggest liar in Hollywood, Sharley, I've got to vork overtime. I never saw such high class competition."

And Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen of radio and the German Comedian of the "Follies" and other New York shows, goes

right on with his worrying. Not because he cannot be the biggest liar in Hollywood, but because, well—Jack just worries. For one thing he worries for fear he isn't any good and something may be wrong with his kidneys. He has an inferiority complex as big as all outdoors and suffers, really suffers, for fear he isn't funny.

His worrying alone is worth the price of admission if he only knew it.

Pearl, a little, dark-eyed, curly-headed, nervous, anxious individual has actually had to be shoved, yes practically booted, into the spot he holds in the limelight today.

"Let me alone. I'm all right where I am,"



Mr. William Philo Vance Powell is explaining how the victim was murdered, by whom and why. And he has the detailed models to prove he's right! Mystery lovers will welcome a return to the screen of *Philo Vance* in a movie made from S. S. Van Dine's "The Kennell Murder Case"

he'll say. "I wouldn't be good doing anything else."

And his wife will agree. It's better to let Jack alone.

He wouldn't be good in the "Follies" or the radio, or whatever it is.

They'll shake their heads, these Pearls, and look sad and say, "Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! This is awful, just awful," when people insist on Jack's going ahead.

He always wanted to be an actor. When he was just a kid running about the sidewalks of New York, he wanted to be an actor. A dramatic one, mind, with a deep voice, a pair of tights 'n' everything. Mebbe sideburns, even. Who could tell? But the deep, mellow voice was what he intended featuring. He practiced all day and all night till people in the neighborhood would shake their heads and say:

"If that 'Poil' boy don't quit his deep mutterin' someone will pick him off some night for a buffalo or something."

AND then one day when he was about fourteen, he was getting himself a haircut when the man in the next chair said to him, "They tell me around here you're a swell actor."

Jack just grinned. He thought he was being kidded.

"Come around to the theater tomorrow and see me," the man said. "I need a young actor."

And carefully, the two barbers carried the swooning Jack out into the air. It was pretty near too much for him.

Anyway, he went around and read the young juvenile's lines in a voice that stopped traffic all over the East Side.

Finally they persuaded him to be just natural, and reluctantly he said goodbye to his grand deep voice.

And if he'd only known it, it was goodbye forever, too. For the next night the German comedian quit and Pearl, who could imitate any dialect he'd ever heard, was shoved on in his place.

And so began Pearl's career as a German comedian in the ten, twent', thirt' burlesque. And they practically had to blast him out of it.

"Listen, Pearl," his friends would argue, "you're due for Broadway. You'd be a riot in big time."

Pearl would ring his hands, shake his head and beg to be let alone. He wouldn't be any good.

"You hear," he'd yell. "I wouldn't be any good."

When finally he joined the Ziegfeld shows, he wowed 'em out of their seats.

But after each scene, midst the deafening roar of laughter, he'd go to his dressing-room and putting his head in his hands, he'd moan:

"Mama, I knew I wouldn't be any good."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," she'd say. "Why couldn't they let us be? This is awful."

And after the tenth curtain call, he'd go back, for some more first class worrying.

Dear me, what a sad world for the Pearls.

And then came the radio. And they had to do more high pressure work to get him on the air.

"I'll be terrible," he yelled at them until the very last minute. And even after the whole country went about asking, "Vass you dere, Sharley?" he still worried.

With from seven hundred to one thousand people packed into the old Ziegfeld Roof theater to witness the broadcast and howl with mirth, and a good million listening and howling on the outside, what a sad life for poor Baron Munchausen.

It's interesting to know how the Baron, with his whopping lies, came to life. At first they had decided upon a negro dialect for Jack, but fearing it was too much like Amos and Andy, they switched over to the Baron. Three times a week, Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall, who is really "Sharley," Billy K. Wells, his gag builder, and eight members of the company

Hands catch GERMS

as they slip through handkerchiefs!



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**catches and holds germs;
they can't escape to
contaminate and infect.**

GERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

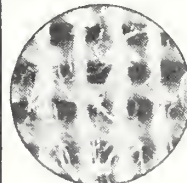
As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast; keeps fingers non-infectious.

Why add to cold misery?

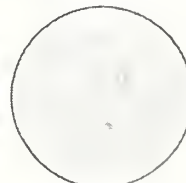
And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other

WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



Handkerchief
magnified 64 times



Kleenex
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See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it blots all impurities from the pores.

Pay no more than 25 cents

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, in rolls, at 25c; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

Pay no more than 25c for Kleenex

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

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★
For that
Starry-eyed Look



LET US introduce you to a gadget that you'll bless all the rest of your life. It's to curl your lashes. Slip them through the bow (the lashes), squeeze the handle, and the lashes bend to an enchanting curl. As simple as that. No heat. No cosmetics. And it's so gentle that the lashes, far from being harmed, seem more lustrous; the eyes larger and more lovely. At toilet-goods counters everywhere. \$1.

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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, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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The makers of this creme, after years of experiment have finally perfected this most priceless invention. It will clear skin eruptions and banish freckles, liver-spots and wrinkles. Thousands of satisfied users find it preferable to anything else. We have managed to make the price within reach of everyone. \$1 per jar—\$2 for the economy jar. Postpaid. Send money order or currency, name, and address plainly printed to—Mrs. Martin G. Johnson, Post Box 632, West Branch, Los Angeles, Calif.

which sponsors his program, meet to discuss and write the next week's program.

"Well, what'll I be next week?" Pearl will ask. "What about a deep sea diver or an Eskimo," someone will suggest. And whatever it is, there stands Jack before the mike the next week completely dressed in character. If it's exactly one hundred and two in the shade, and Jack is supposed to be an Eskimo, by golly, he's an Eskimo, fur suit and all.

If he's an African game hunter and it's zero outside, no matter, he wears shorts and a sun tan. And there he'll stand, dressed in character, tense, quivering, silently pleading for that first electric contact between himself and the audience that is the very life fluid that courses in the veins of his "Baron Munchausen." Without that certain spark, that invisible, indefinable contact, he couldn't go on. The Baron couldn't come to life.

YOU feel he's groping for it even in ordinary conversation. He'll fumble around. Pinch at his collar. Fuss with his hands. Wipe his brow.

Until suddenly, with a quick little thrill, you find yourself in harmonious tune with this nervous, self-conscious little man.

And from then on, it's more fun than you can imagine.

After the broadcast he'll hurry home. To worry.

How or why he ever got into it, is beyond him.

And so, they shoved him on to the movies. And here he is, working in two pictures at once. "The Hollywood Party" and "Meet the Baron."

He's easily hurt. A dynamic little bundle of sensitiveness.

If you slap him on the back and yell, "Hello, Jack," on Monday, and on Tuesday just yell, "Hello, Jack," without the slap on the back, it practically has him in bed.

"What did I ever do to that guy?" he'll wonder. "He didn't seem too cordial. Oh Gawd, this is terrible." And he'll worry himself into a rash.

"Listen," he says (and without a trace of dialect, you notice), "I'm a hypochondriac, I swear it. If you tell me this minute there's something wrong with your liver, I'd have the X-Ray pictures taken before you could get home.

"I've had more X-Ray pictures taken for

other people's troubles than you could shake a stick at."

Every doctor in New York knows him. "Quick, lock the doors and disconnect the phones," the office nurses will shriek. "Jack Pearl thinks he has something wrong with him again."

He refuses to sleep without a light burning because in the dark he can't tell whether he's been stricken blind or not. At every slight cough, he's sure he's having a hemorrhage, and has Mrs. Pearl ringing phones and doorbells and heating water bottles.

Of course, he's never had a hemorrhage or knows of any reason why he should have one, but then as he says, that's no sign he couldn't have one.

HE arrived in Hollywood on a warm summer day looking fit as a fiddle. A distinguished delegation from M-G-M studios went down to the station to meet him.

"How are you, Jack Pearl?" they cried. "What's the name of a good doctor?" he asked.

Instantly their faces sobered. "Why, what's the matter?" they said. "You feel ill, Jack?"

"Well, no," he reluctantly admitted, "but I might some day. It's best to be prepared."

The first week after he arrived he was invited to a formal party with all its swank and formality.

Leaving the room a few minutes, the hostess returned to find Jack and Eddie Cantor in the middle of the room with their dress coats, vests and shirts off and their undershirts rolled up under their chins.

THERE was a mean gleam in Jack's eye. Eddie's "banjo" eyes were blazing.

The hostess was horrified. Her hand fluttered to her throat in fear.

"Are you two quarreling?" she gasped.

"No," said Jack. "But Eddie here tried to tell me he had more nervous rash on his back than I had."

No, the funniest Jack Pearl isn't the blustering German comedian of the New York stage. Nor the lying Baron Munchausen of the radio. Or the comic comedian of the Hollywood movies.

The funniest and grandest of all is just Jack Pearl himself.

In person. I know, because I "vas dere, Sharley."



Mae West as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

Reunion in the Palace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

that since her return, she has again taken up tennis.) She even went to parties with Gilbert.

Then a break. Some say Jack married Ina on the rebound. Both continued to work—but while Garbo went up and up in world acclaim, the talkies, and the unfortunate registry of his untrained voice, broke Jack.

He still had a contract—an iron-bound, impregnable bit of paper, drawn up by that Titan of contract-makers, Harry Edington, who became Garbo's manager, also. M-G-M, however reluctantly, had to pay him a handsome salary every single week. Then they tried to play him as a tough, hard-boiled character—with tragic results. They finally gave up making pictures with him almost entirely.

During this long, unhappy interval of collecting a huge sum of money for doing practically nothing, Jack came on the lot as infrequently as possible. He slunk on, walking swiftly past his old friends—hoping they wouldn't see him. When the contract was over, he went off the lot like a whipped man.

He was whipped. The one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world—to be, again, a big name in pictures—was denied him. He went over to Fox (where he made "The Count of Monte Cristo," years ago) and asked if he could just sit on the set, without a salary, during the making of a picture. He aspired to become a director. And he wanted to familiarize himself with technique from behind the camera—he had directed once in the early silent days.

The old fire—the magnificent arrogance—that was Jack Gilbert, had died a lingering, gasping death. In its place, a meekness, a humility. It did not—and does not—fit him. Jack Gilbert should never be humble. The man with the wild black eyes, who stood for dash and daring to a million women—women who dragged their husbands and sweethearts to all his pictures, hoping fervently the men folk would learn something—that man should never become resigned to any fate. A thousand nevers!

He could meet any violent, tragic end—let a thunderbolt strike him in the midst of a passionate elopement with a beautiful woman, with a husband in hot pursuit—let anything desperate and glamorous happen to him—but never let him become resigned!

LADIES, the illusion is still yours.

A woman named Garbo gives it back to you.

A great woman, who once loved him. And more than that, a woman great enough to value his pride, no matter what had gone before. A little soul might have gloried in his plight, no matter if the ashes of victory turned bitter—because the sages tell us there is nothing so bitter as revenge. And there can be no doubt that there was a struggle between them, however invisible, for professional supremacy is their chosen field.

This woman must have felt that hurt in her heart which we suffer on seeing a wild thing trapped—a great spirit vanquished. Only it was no abstract hurt, to her. She could do something about it—and she did!

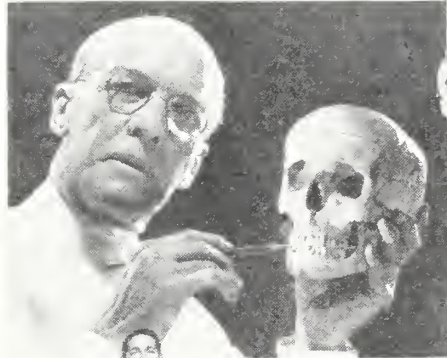
"Queen Christina" is her pet story. The story of a Swedish queen who lived in the seventeenth century, whom Garbo herself resembles so strikingly that she might well have been a linear descendant.

Not only has she overcome every objection to Jack as her leading man, on the part of the powers-that-be—but there is a well-founded suspicion that the part was written for him before the studio ever saw it. Garbo and her friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel, had worked on

Why The Strongest Men Often Have Poor Teeth

Science finds the strong man's wife often has better teeth than her husband. Foods that make muscle do not necessarily make strong teeth. What to eat and what to do to make strong teeth.

The human skull shows the damage done by dental ills not easily apparent in real life.



The teeth and jaws of some athletes are so strong they can support tremendous weights.

Often the frail little co-ed may have far harder and more decay-resisting teeth than her football hero, science finds.

WHETHER one is a football player or just a fragile co-ed doesn't indicate how strong teeth are. Science now finds that often the slender little co-ed has far harder and stronger teeth than her adoring suitor, the two hundred pound full back.

That is explained by the fact that teeth and muscle require different foods. What teeth need most are the minerals, calcium and phosphorus. They also need the mysterious substance known as vitamin D which is found in sunshine and cod liver oil.

But what you eat is most important before teeth come through the gums. When teeth have erupted, the enamel becomes a dead, unchanging substance. It cannot be made harder in order to resist decay.

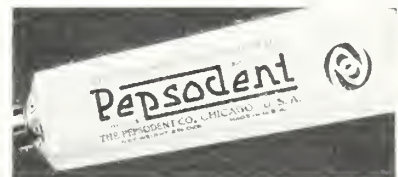
The best tooth protection known to modern dental science is to keep teeth free of film, or bacterial plaque. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. The germs that cause decay-producing acid have a friend in film. It glues them to the teeth, provides a warm shelter, and even feeds them.

Thus removing film from teeth has become an important problem for dental science. A notable discovery was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so

hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains.

This new discovery is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth pastes. Therefore Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. For this reason Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

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the story—had, in fact, a well-organized scenario to present—before Jack was even mentioned for the part.

Those who have read the play as it is written could see no other man but Gilbert in the lead!

Garbo has put herself out as never before, to assure the success of this production. She has made costume tests—an unprecedented move. She and Gilbert have made sound tests of their voices together—the first time, by the way, their voices were ever heard together on the screen. This is her initial experience with posing for publicity pictures before starting a production. You could have knocked down the entire publicity department *en masse*, with a butterfly wing, when they heard *that*. Garbo was not only willing, but *anxious*, to make pictures for them, with Jack, before any actual work was done on the production.

In the picture, Gilbert plays an emissary from the King of Spain who is sent to Sweden to sue, in the name of the King, for the hand of Queen Christina in marriage.

In the absence of a male heir to the throne, the Queen has been brought up as a boy would have been. During affairs of state, she wears her regal, queenly robes. At other times, she mingles with her subjects in the guise of a young soldier.

In the midst of a heavy snow storm, Gilbert arrives at an inn some miles from Stockholm. The place is crowded with soldiers. He is forced to double up with a young soldier. And that soldier turns out to be a girl. He does not know she is the queen, whose hand he is to ask in marriage for his sovereign. They remain in that room at the inn for four days—and here, we are told, will be recorded the hottest love scenes ever photographed between Garbo and Gilbert.

If you recall some of the old ones, you will know just what to anticipate. In the end, the Queen abdicates her throne—for the Spaniard. And what will you bet Jack convinces you he was worth renouncing a mere throne for!

JACK is a new man. The fire has returned. For two days, following his first day's work on the set with Garbo, the awful word went 'round that Jack would be unable to play the part. His nerves were in such a state over the enormous and breathlessly sudden change in his fortunes, that he was horribly sick, and a nervous collapse was feared.

You can imagine just what such a bombshell of sudden good news would do to any highly sensitized person—and Jack is all of that. He was violently ill with a nervous indigestion. The studio was in a fever of apprehension—would they have to put someone else in the part, after all? Dramatic climaxes seemed to pyramid one upon the other.

After this brilliant opportunity, what if he

Heart Throb

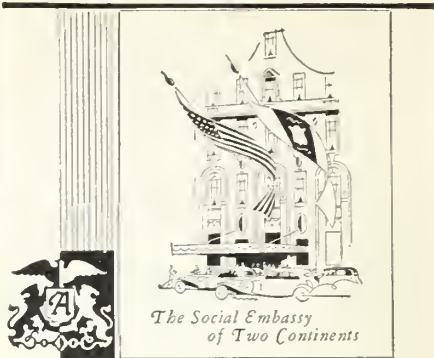
My father is serving a prison sentence. My mother's whereabouts are unknown. I am left with two young sisters to rear and educate.

My friends have forsaken me because I am a convict's daughter. All new acquaintances drop me when they learn about my parents.

Is it any wonder then that I have turned to the movies for my friendships and recreation?

During those two hours twice weekly I have such a wonderful time. I dine and dance with Joel McCrea, swim with Bette Davis, play tennis with Joan Crawford. My movie friends always treat me with respect and I enjoy life with and through them.

D. M., Birmingham, Ala.



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would not be able to play the part? What if they would be forced to go on with another lead? The picture was in production, after many delays already, and they could not afford to wait very long.

It would have been the end of Jack Gilbert on the screen. There isn't a shadow of doubt of that. And the blow might have actually killed him.

But he is back. He is playing the part as he has never played any other.

He and Garbo have taken up their (professional) lives where they left off—and the most dramatic picture in Hollywood's experience is in the making!

Is the Jinx of "Trigger" Still On?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

gentle traditions of her motherland. She thinks the world of her only son—her fine man-child and her first born in the country of future promise.

She is a grand, old-fashioned mother, the proud head of her family which includes Jack's father and their five daughters.

Their family name is not generally known. For the first time it may be revealed here. Meet then, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Biondolillo, parents of the Latin lover, Jack LaRue, of New York and Hollywood.

It was his mother's maiden name Jack took when he went on the stage. That name was "La Bue," but a booking agent, hurriedly scrawling it on a card spelled it "La Rue" and it has remained so, through error, ever since the memorable moment a few years back when Mae West looked him over and said, "You'll do," for "Diamond Lil"—a Broadway production.

That was the beginning of LaRue's real rise to the heights, although years before D. W. Griffith had spotted him as potential talent and had given him really his first chance on the New York stage.

A WIDE-EYED, fourteen-year-old youngster, some years back, accompanying his father on a trip to Astoria to tune pianos, gazed into the fascinating interior of Paramount's studio there. What he saw registered a lasting impression in the boy's mind. For he knew then what he wanted to do, and no family persuasion could make him the piano tuner they'd hoped he'd be.

LaRue went back to that studio every day. And those were times filled with the heart-break and despair every motion picture extra has experienced. They told him to come back next morning, raved over his "type," and he thought he was made. But next morning no one remembered him, the director who had raved about his appeal scarcely recalled him. It was merely the swift tempo of the studio, the first taste of the bitter gall of a long series of disappointments and disillusionments to follow. It stiffened his spine and put that grit into his jaw line.

It did things to his character no Harvard diploma could ever have accomplished. And when, years later, Paul Muni looked at him the first day LaRue arrived in Hollywood and saw he was taller than himself, LaRue had already steeled himself for the inevitable turn-down which was to follow.

This, at the end of a three thousand mile jaunt to the coast for the job. After the night after night acclaim of sophisticated Broadway when he played in such hits as "Shanghai Gesture" and "The Last Mile" and "Crime" and "Midnight."

That's why LaRue's future success in pictures is not so doubtful as some pessimists might have one believe. He's overcome every obstacle thus far. And he's not the sort to turn back, even though he's now playing in

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says —

"I told Betty Furness how to Eat and Stay Slim..."



BETTY FURNESS, beautiful and sylph-like RKO star, now appearing in MIDSHIPMAN JACK

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Your grocer has Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers in red and white checkerboard packages. Order today, don't forget to save the package top.*

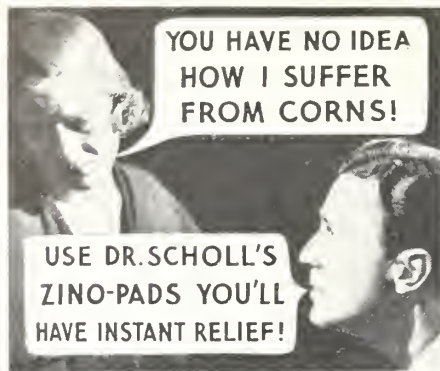


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a Western. Especially since he has leased a house and sent for his family to join him. Jack is the Mussolini of his family and they adore him for it. His word is law for he is their idol; the fulfillment of those vague dreams which filled the hearts of his foreign-born parents the day, thirty-five years ago, when they steamed into New York harbor and looked longingly at the Statue of Liberty holding high her torch of freedom. They dreamed then of fine things for the children who would be born here. Their first born—a boy—has been

an ever amazing wonder to their simple hearts. And that is why Jack LaRue can't slide backwards. He's got to go right on proving himself. He's built up an idol for his folks. And it would be nothing short of desecration to smash it down on the fickle fancy of his movie audience who could temporarily hypnotize themselves into believing the man himself anything like the character he chanced in playing *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake"—his greatest gamble. Only the future will tell whether LaRue has won or lost.

Thirty "Husbands" Have Taught Her How to Love!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"He is," said Fay, "ruthless but at the same time sensitive. While his technique is perfect, his manner intense, one feels that his love-making is transitory, as though one woman, more or less, doesn't matter."

Fay admitted that her most dangerous love was—*King Kong!*

"His fingers were made of rubber," Fay explained. "And after being clinched for a certain length of time they would start to relax. Then, unless the crew was mighty careful, I was in danger of falling. Working with *Kong* was quite an experience — and it was something new in the way of screen lovers."

And Fay can describe lots of others: Emil Jannings, her stern, powerful lover of "The Street of Sin"; Clive Brook, with whom she played in "Four Feathers" and whom she describes as "the repressed lover"; Jack Holt,

of "Dirigible," who Fay says is one of the most masculine lovers on the screen; Dick Barthelmess, of "The Finger Points," the dependable lover; Buddy Rogers, described by Miss Wray as charmingly adolescent; Phillips Holmes, the impractical dreamer, her lover in "Pointed Heels"; Neil Hamilton, with whom Miss Wray played recently in "One Sunday Afternoon" and who is, according to her, one of the most understanding lovers on the screen.

And there are more than a dozen others! While Fay Wray is a very "bigamistic" lady on the screen, she is a one-man woman in real life. She is happily married to John Monk Saunders, the writer.

And while the Romantic Ronald or Speedy Spencer might give him a pointer or two—as a steady well-balanced matrimonial diet, Fay will stick to John.



For the most honest and sincere lover, Fay Wray chooses Gary Cooper. They made a most charming team in "The Legion of the Condemned"



Wm. Grimes

Too late, Bob! We got you first. Robert Montgomery was so busy examining his own camera and properly adjusting the lens that he didn't see the cameraman sneak up. That's a nice serious picture of Robert, anyhow

A QUARREL AVERTED



HONEY, WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT OLD KIMONO TO BREAKFAST? YOU USED TO BE SO DAINTY. LATELY YOU'VE EVEN... EVEN...

LET'S NOT QUARREL, DON. I FELT TIRED—OUT TOO LATE LAST NIGHT—BUT I'LL GO DRESS

LATER

CELIA, YOU LOOK CHARMING—SO FRESH AND SPRUCE! I'D NEVER DREAM YOU'D BEEN DANCING ALL NIGHT, TOO

THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE JUST HAD A LIFEBOUY BATH. IT'S SO REFRESHING! AND IT PREVENTS "B.O."—KEEPS ONE TRULY DAINTY

"B.O."—PERHAPS I... COULD THAT BE WHAT DON STARTED TO TELL ME? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY RIGHT AWAY

LIFEBOUY'S MARVELOUS. NEVER IN MY BORN DAYS HAVE I SEEN SUCH SMOOTH, CREAMY LATHER. NO WONDER IT ENDS "B.O." IT'S FRESHENED MY COMPLEXION, TOO

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SPHYNX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (Aug.)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mavor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

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STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake med'ums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carol Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (June)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as *Louis XV.* (Sept.)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)



WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother, and keep the kiddies away. (May)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack, tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (Aug.)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONEMAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't chick. (July)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

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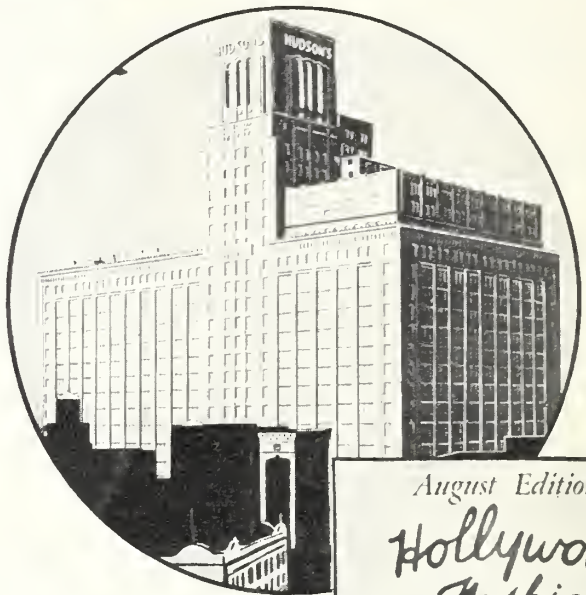
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"The Silliest Question I Was Ever Asked"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

quired: "Do you take your shoes off first when you undress for bed?"

During a very formal luncheon a lady reporter leaned across several people to ask Walter Huston in a confidential stage whisper:

"Tell me, Mr. Huston, do you count sheep at night when you're trying to go to sleep?" After dropping his fork in a glass of water, Walter answered that he couldn't quite recollect. Nothing daunted, his frail questioner wanted to know, in a stentorian voice, "How do you court sleep on sleepless nights, then?" Wonder whether this poetic miss imagined Huston to be suffering from insomnia—or what!

AND we also continue to wonder whether it was the same important metropolitan newspaper man who made a special trip to Hollywood to ask Robert Montgomery, "Do you wear night shirts or pajamas?" who asked Joan Blondell "Do you sleep in a double bed?" It's more intelligent, at any rate, than the one which gave Ricardo Cortez the staggers: "Do you sleep with your make-up on?"

Then there was that spinsterish, spare, and oh-so-dignified lady reporter who, with a yearning look in her eyes, asked Franchot Tone in all seriousness, "What caused the greatest emotional thrill of your life?" And he a spry young bachelor! Tut, tut!

Of course, the love-romance-marriage questions go on and on forever.

For instance, Jean Parker, one of the most promising newcomers, got this in one of her very first interviews:

"Would you rather marry a millionaire or work for your living?" That's no question at all. Answer's obvious.

NOW for the *denouement*: It was in a busy corridor in the executive building of the Paramount studios. Both of them were on the run.

Meaning that charming, and slightly bewildered German actress, Dorothea Wieck, who's trying so hard to learn what it's all about over here, and a fat little girl who had to fill her gossip column that day with spicy "dope."

Said the latter, with pencil poised, "Just a moment, Miss Wieck. Do you write to your husband?"

"Why, yes," responded the patient tragedienne.

"Every day?"

"I wrote him a forty-page letter last night," answered Dorothea, trying to be helpful.

"What did you say?" demanded the prize reporter, sternly . . . Curtain.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BEAUTY FOR SALE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Beauty" by Faith Baldwin. Screen play by Zelta Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Letty*, Madge Evans; *Mrs. Sherwood*, Alice Brady; *Sherwood*, Otto Kruger; *Carol*, Una Merkel; *Mrs. Merrick*, May Robson; *Burt Barton*, Phillips Holmes; *Bill*, Eddie Nugent; *Madame Sonia*, Hedda Hopper; *Jane*, Florine McKinney; *Horlense*, Isobel Jewell; *Mrs. Lawson*, Louise Carter; *Robert Abbott*, John Roche; *Gordon*, Charles Grapewin.

"BITTER SWEET"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the operetta by Noel Coward. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Sari Linden*, Anna Neagle; *Carl Linden*, Fernand Graaivy; *Hugh Deon*, Esme Percy; *Herr Schlick*, Clifford Heatherly; *Manon La Crevette*, Ivy St. Helier; *Captain Auguste Lutte*, Miles Mander; *Dolly*, Pat Paterson; *Vincent*, Hugh Williams.

"BLARNEY KISS, THE"—BRITISH & DOMINIONS.—From the story by A. R. Rawlinson. Directed by Tom Walls. The cast: *Tim Fitzgerald*, Tom Walls; *Lady Anne Cranton*, Anne Grey; *Lord Breechtorpe*, Robert Douglas; *The Leader*, W. G. Fay; *Mick*, J. A. O'Rourke; *Down and Out*, George Barrett; *The Butler*, Robert Horton; *Eleanor*, Countess of Breechtorpe; *Haidee Wright*; *Muriel Atkins*, Dorothy Tetley; *Mackintosh*, Louis Brandle; *Diana*, Zoe Palmer; *Sir Arthur*, Charles Carson; *Prison Governor*, Peter Gawthorne.

"BRIEF MOMENT"—COLUMBIA.—From the stage play by S. N. Behrmann. Screen play by Brian Marlow. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Abby*, Carole Lombard; *Rodney*, Gene Raymond; *Sig*, Monroe Owsley; *Franklin Deane*, Donald Cook; *Steve*, Arthur Hohl; *Mr. Deane*, Reginald Mason; *Mrs. Deane*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Kay*, Florence Britton; *Prince Otto*, Jameson Thomas; *Buller*, Herbert Evans.

"BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Willard Mack and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Willard Mack. The cast: *Lulu Hackett*, Alice Brady; *Ted Hackett*, Frank Morgan; *Anne Ainslee*, Madge Evans; *Ted Hackett, Jr.*, Russell Hardie; *Ted Hackett, Jr. (child)*, Jackie Cooper; *Ted, the Third*, Eddie Quillan; *Ted, the Third (child)*, Mickey Rooney; *David*, Tad Alexander; *Joe Mannion*, Edward Brophy; *Wanda*, Ruth Channing; *Grace*, Jean Howard. Also: *Jimmy Durante*, Weber and Fields; *Fay Templeton*, May Robson; *Claire Du Brey*, Muriel Evans; *Claudelle Kaye*, Nelson Eddy; *Una Merkel*, Albertina Rasch Dancers.

"BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "Missing Men" by Capt. John H. Ayres. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Norma*, Bette Davis; *Butch Saunders*, Pat O'Brien; *Captain Webb*, Lewis Stone; *Belle*, Glenda Farrell; *Therme Roberts*, Alan Dinehart; *Joe Musik*, Allen Jenkins; *Pete*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Paul*, Marjorie Gateson; *Mr. Paul*, Wallis Clark; *Slade*, Hugh Herbert; *Alice*, Noel Francis; *Tony Largo*, Charles Wilson; *Irish Conlin*, Adrian Morris; *Kingman*, Clay Clement; *Caesar Paul*, Tad Alexander; *Arno*, Henry Kolker; *Man*, Harry Beresford; *Homer*, George Chandler.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE"—FOX.—From the novel "The House Without a Key" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Lester Cole and Marion Orth. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Carlotta Eagan*, Heather Angel; *The Beachcomber*, Roger Imhoff; *John Quincy Winterslip*, John Warburton; *Harry Jennison*, Walter Byron; *Brade*, Ivan Simpson; *Barbara Winterslip*, Virginia Cherrill; *Capt. Hallett*, Francis Ford; *Dan Winterslip*, Robert Warwick; *Amos Winterslip*, Frank McGlynn; *Minerva Winterslip*, Clara Blandick; *Capt. Arthur Cope*, Claude King; *James Eagan*, William Stack; *Arlene Compton*, Gloria Roy; *Steve Leatherbee*, Cornelius Keefe.

"DELUGE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by S. Fowler Wright. Screen play by John Goodrich and Warren B. Duff. Directed by Felix E. Feist. The cast: *Claire*, Peggy Shannon; *Heleen*, Lois Wilson; *Martin*, Sidney Blackmer; *Tom*, Matt Moore; *J. phson*, Fred Kohler; *Norwood*, Ralf Harolde; *Prof. Carlyle*, Edward Van Sloan; *Chief Forecaster*, Samuel Hinds.

"DOCTOR BULL"—FOX.—From the story "The Last Adam" by James Gould Cozzens. Adapted by Paul Green. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Doctor Bull*, Will Rogers; *Janet Cardmaker*, Vera Allen; *May Tapping*, Marian Nixon; *Joe Tapping*, Howard Lally; *Herbert Banning*, Berton Churchill; *Mrs. Banning*, Louise Dresser; *Virginia Banning*, Rochelle Hudson; *Grandma*, Tempe Pigott; *Aunt Patricia*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Aunt Emily*, Nora Cecil; *Dr. Verney*, Ralph Morgan; *Larry Ward*, Andy Devine; *Susan*, Patsy O'Byrne; *Mary*, Veda Buckland; *Aunt Myra*, Edie Ellisler; *Helen Upjohn*, Helen Freeman.

"FAITHFUL HEART"—HELBER PICTURES.—From the stage play by Monckton Hoffe. Adapted

by Victor Saville. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Waverly*, Angelo, Herbert Marshall; *Blackie*, Edna Best; *Miss Galterscombe*, Mignon O'Doherty; *The Major*, Lawrence Hauray; *Diana*, Anne Grey; *Sir Gilbert Oughterson*, Athole Stewart.

"I HAVE LIVED"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Lou Heffetz and Winifred Dunn. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Langley*, Alan Dinehart; *Jean*, Anita Page; *Warren*, Allen Vincent; *Harriet*, Gertrude Astor; *Mousie*, Maude Truax; *Blackie*, Mathew Betz; *Cook*, Eddie Boland; *J. W.*, Dell Anderson; *First Actress*, Florence Dudley; *Second Actress*, Gladys Blake; *Small Townier*, Harry Bradley; *Leading Man*, Edward Keane.

"I LOVED A WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by David Karsner. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Samuel Hayden*, Edward G. Robinson; *Laura McDonald*, Kay Francis; *Martha Lane*, Genevieve Tobin; *Davenport*, Murray Kinnell; *Henry*, George Blackwood; *Charles Lane*, Robert Barrat; *Schuster*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Maid Lorena Layson*; *Larkin*, Robert McWade; *Samborn*, Henry Kolker; *Oliver*, Walter Walker; *Warren*, Sam Godfrey; *Pres. Roosevelt*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Hotel Proprietor*, Paul Porcasi; *Bowen*, William V. Mong; *Pollock*, Morgan Wallace.

"LADIES MUST LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by William Hurlbut. Screen play by John Francis Larkin. Directed by E. A. du Pont. The cast: *Jeanette*, June Knight; *Bill*, Neil Hamilton; *Dot*, Sally O'Neil; *Peggy*, Dorothy Burgess; *Sally Lou*, Mary Carlisle; *Joey*, George E. Stone; *Madame Fifi*, Maude Eburne; *Nussbauer*, Oscar Apfel; *Van Dyne*, Edmund Breese; *Wilber Muller*, Richard Carle; *Gaskins*, Berton Churchill; *Society Girl*, Virginia Cherrill.

"MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Sig Herzig and Arthur Jarrett. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Sally*, Mary Brian; *Nick*, Leo Carrillo; *George Dwight*, Roger Pryor; *Powell*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Estie*, Lillian Miles; *Bertie*, Bobby Watson; *Mack*, William Frawley. Also: *Jack Denny* and his Orchestra; *Alexander Gray*, Bernice Claire; *Mary Lange*, Max Stamm; *James Carson*, John Humley; *Richard Keene*, Doris Carson; *Frank and Milt Britton Band*, The Four Eton Boys; *Geraldine Dvorak*.

"MYRT AND MARGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by Beatrice Banyard. Directed by Al Boasberg. The cast: *Myrt Minter*, Myrtle Vail; *Marge Spear*, Donna Damerel; *Eddie Hanley*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Mullins*, Ted Healy; *Jackson*, Thomas Jackson; *Clarence*, Ray Hedge; *Grace*, Grace Hayes; *Mrs. Minter*, Trixie Friganza; *Grady*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mullins' Helpers*, Howard, Fine & Howard; *Bonnie*, Bonnie; *The Colinettes*, Ballet.

"NIGHT FLIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Antoine de Saint-Exupery. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Riviere*, John Barrymore; *Madam Fabian*, Helen Hayes; *Fabian*, Clark Gable; *Robineau*, Lionel Barrymore; *Pellerin*, Robert Montgomery; *Brazilian Pilot's Wife*, Myrna Loy; *Brazilian Pilot*, William Gargan; *Daudet*, C. Henry Gordon; *Radio Operator*, Leslie Fenton; *Roblet*, Harry Beresford; *Radio Operator*, Frank Conroy; *Pilot No. 5*, Ralf Harolde.

"ONE MAN'S JOURNEY"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Failure" by Katharine Haviland Taylor. Screen play by Lester Cohen and Sam Ornitz. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Eli Watt*, Lionel Barrymore; *Sarah*, May Robson; *Letty McGinnis*, Dorothy Jordan; *Jimmy Watt*, Joel McCrea; *Joan Stockton*, Frances Dee; *McGinnis*, David Landau; *Bill Radford*, James Bush; *Jimmy Watt (age 6)*, Buster Phelps; *John Radford*, Oscar Apfel; *May Radford*, June Felmor; *Doctor Babcock*, Samuel Hinds; *Doctor Tillinghast*, Hale Hamilton.

"ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by James Hagan. Screen play by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Bill Grimes*, Gary Cooper; *Virginia Brush*, Fay Wray; *Hugo Barnstead*, Neil Hamilton; *Amy Lind*, Frances Fuller; *Snappy Downer*, Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Lind*, Jane Darwell; *Mrs. Brush*, Clara Blandick; *Dink Hoops*, James Burtis; *Schneider*, Harry Schultz; *Dr. Sartzman*, Sam Hardy; *Foreman*, A. S. Byron; *Waltzman*, Jack Clifford.

"PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING"—FOX.—From the play by W. Gayer McGay and Robert Ort, based on the novel by Gertrude Page. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Paddy*, Janet Gaynor; *Lawrence Blake*, Warner Baxter; *Major Adam*, Walter Connolly; *Jack Breen*, Harvey Stephens; *Eileen*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mary McCormick*, Mary McCormick; *Collins*, Joseph M. Kerrigan; *Dr. Davy*, Fiske O'Hara; *Miss Breen*, Claire McDowell; *Maid*, Merle Tottenham; *Micky*, Roger Imhoff; *Sellaby*, Trevor Bland.

"PENTHOUSE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Jackson Durant*, Warner Baxter; *Gertie Waxed*, Myrna Loy; *Layton*, Charles Butterworth; *Mimi Montagne*, Mae Clarke; *Tom Siddall*, Phillips Holmes; *Jim Crellinan*, C. Henry Gordon; *Sue Leonard*, Martha Sleeper; *Tony Gasotti*, Nat Pendleton; *Marloch*, George E. Stone; *Stevens*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Bodyguard*, Raymond Hatton; *Bodyguard*, Arthur Belasco.

"POLICE CALL"—SHOWMENS PICTURES.—From the story by Norman Keen. Directed by Philip H. Whitman. The cast: *Danny*, Nick Stuart; *Evelyn*, Merna Kennedy; *Nora*, Roberta Gale; *Mother*, Mary Carr; *Professor Gordon*, Walter McGrail; *Sammy*, Warner Richmond; *Crown*, Robert Ellis; *Hymie*, Eddie Phillips; *Steward*, Harry Myers; *Ellsworth*, Ralph Freud; *Bandit Leader*, Charles Stevens.

"SHANGHAI MADNESS"—FOX.—From the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Adapted by Austin Parker and Gordon Wong Wellesey. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Pat Jackson*, Spencer Tracy; *Wildeth Christie*, Fay Wray; *Li Po Chang*, Ralph Morgan; *Lobo Lornegan*, Eugene Palette; *First Officer Larsen*, Herbert Mundin; *William Christie*, Reginald Mason; *Van Emery*, Arthur Hoyt; *Rigaud*, Albert Conti; *Mrs. Glissen*, Maude Eburne; *Von Uhlenburg*, William von Brincken.

"SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE"—FAITH PICTURES.—Presented by David O'Malley. Narrated by Basil Ruysdael. Musical arrangement by Lew White.

"SOLITAIRE MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Screen play by James K. McGuinness. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Oliver*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Hopkins*, Mary Boland; *Wallace*, Lionel Atwill; *Mrs. Vail*, May Robson; *Helen*, Elizabeth Allan; *Bascom*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Peabody*, Lucille Gleason; *Mr. Peabody*, Robert McWade.

"SUE ME"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Oh, Promise Me!" by Bertram Robinson and Howard Lindsay. Screen play by Norman Krasna and Eddie Buzzell. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Mark Reed*, Slim Sumner; *Connie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Flo*, Lucille Gleason; *Elsie*, Verree Teasdale; *Luther*, Donald Meek; *J. B. Ogdan*, George Barbier; *Marshall Durant*, Purnell Pratt; *Louise*, Adrienne Dore.

"SYAMA"—CARSON PROD.—Supervised by Clifford S. Efelt. Dialogue by Ernest Frederick Chester and Grant Garatt. Photography by Jack Smith and Frank Good. Cast: Johnny Murray, Vivian Knight.

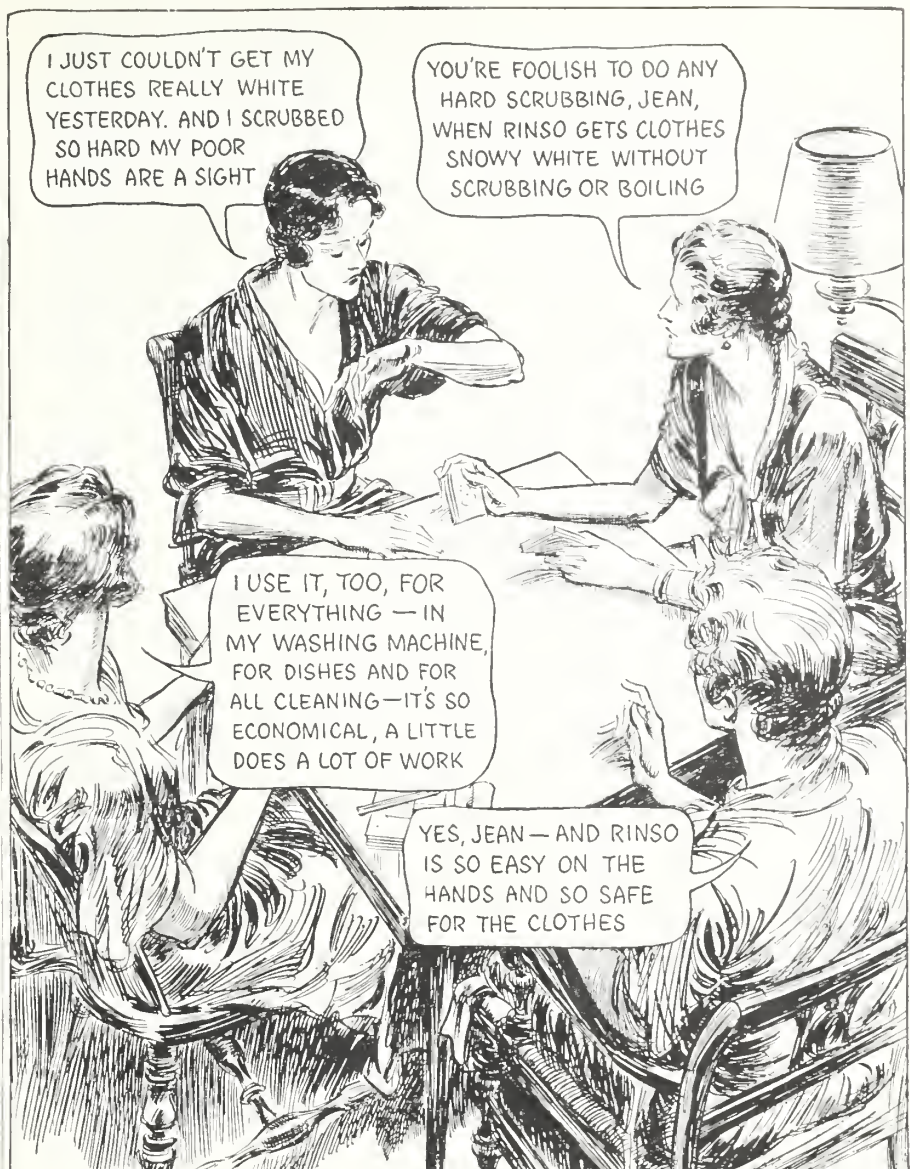
"TARZAN THE FEARLESS"—PRINCIPAL.—From a story by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Screen play by Basil Dickey and George Plympton. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: *Tarzan*, Buster Crabbe; *Mary Brooks*, Jacqueline Wells; *Dr. Brooks*, E. Alyn Warren; *Bob Hall*, Edward Woods; *Jeff*, Philo McCullough; *Nick*, Mathew Betz; *Abdul*, Frank Lackteen; *High Priest*, Mischa Auer.

"TOO MUCH HARMONY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Dialogue by Harry Ruskin. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Eddie Bronson*, Bing Crosby; *Benny Day*, Jack Oakie; *Johnny Dixon*, Skeets Gallagher; *Ruth Brown*, Judith Allen; *Max Merlin*, Harry Green; *Lucille Watson*, Lilyan Tashman; *Lem Spawm*, Ned Sparks; *Patsy Dugan*, Kitty Kelly; *Verne LaMont*, Grace Bradley; *Mrs. Day*, Mrs. Evelyn Oakie; *Mrs. Gallotti*, Anna Demetrio; *Gallotti*, Henry Armetta; *Lilyan*, Shirley Grey; *Theatre Manager*, Dell Henderson; *Stage Director*, Billy Bevan; *Assistant Director*, Cyril Ring; *Dance Director*, Sammy Cohen; *Chorus Girl*, Lona Andre; *Chorus Girl*, Verna Hillie.

"TORCH SINGER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grace Perkins. Screen play by Lenore Coffee and Lynn Starling. Directed by Alexander Hall and George Somnes. The cast: *Sally Trent*, Claudette Colbert; *Mimi Benton*, Claudette Colbert; *Tony Cummings*, Ricardo Cortez; *Michael Gardner*, David Manners; *Dora*, Lyda Roberti; *Bobbie (Dora's Baby)*, Baby LeRoy; *Mother Anglica*, Florence Roberts; *Baby Sally*, Shirley Ann Christensen; *Little Sally*, Cora Sue Collins; *Martha Alden*, Ethel Griffies; *Miss Spaulding*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Carry (the Maid)*, Mildred Washington; *Mr. Judson*, Charlie Grapewin; *Mrs. Judson*, Virginia Hammond; *Carlotti*, Albert Conti; *Sobbing Girl*, Kathleen Burke; *The Blonde*, Bobbe Arnst; *Director*, Davison Clark; *The Doctor*, Ed J. LeSaint; *Jarrett*, William B. Davidson.

"TURN BACK THE CLOCK"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Edgar Selwyn and Ben Hecht. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Joc*, Lee Tracy; *Mary*, Mae Clark; *Ted*, Otto Kruger; *Evans*, George Barbier; *Elvina*, Peggy Shannon; *Mr. Holmes*, C. Henry Gordon; *Joe's Mother*, Clara Blandick.

"WAFFLES"—HELEN MITCHELL PROD.—From the story by Helen Mitchell. Directed by Warren Millais. The cast: *Waffles*, Sari Maritza; *Johnny Norton*, Buster Collier; *Nils Norton*, Alan Mowbray; *Buller*, Ivan Simpson; *Mary*, Grace Valentine; *Mae*, Barbara Luddy; *Ermine*, Monaie Lindley; *Singing (cupuncher)*, Rex Armand; *Dean of Men*, Johnny Hines; *Dean of Women*, Leila McIntyre; *Campus Bad Boy*, Barry Thompson.



New "scrubless" washday saves work — saves clothes gives you whiter washes, too!

CLEVER women don't let their hands betray them. For the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning — they use the soap that saves hard work.

On washday Rinso saves hours of drudgery — gets clothes the whitest you ever saw by soaking out the dirt. No scrubbing or boiling. Clothes last longer! Hands don't get red and coarse-looking.

Makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and whiter washes. It gives lively, lasting suds — even in hardest water! Twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight,

puffed-up soaps. Get the BIG box of Rinso today. Use it for the week's wash, for dishes, for all cleaning.

Try Rinso Free

If you don't use Rinso and want to try it, send a clipping of this paragraph with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 7311, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized package will be sent you without cost. (This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

The biggest-selling package soap in America

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SUCCESS!

Marchand's Assures Lovely Light Hair



Reliable, Skillful, Beautiful

RESULTS

with MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

"Success!" the user of Marchand's exclaims to herself joyfully, when she sees the results. *Hair looks lovely—just the right shade—brought about in just the right way.* For hundreds of girls this success with Marchand's has led to other successes—in friendships, love and marriage.

If your blonde hair has darkened, bring back youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully, and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light, pretty hair. Results are careful, refined—pleasing to refined girls.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern magic beautify it.

Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your face and complexion. Many chic shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!

—with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive. **IMPORTANT**—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations.



IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Your Name _____
 Address _____ City _____ State _____
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 Address _____

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

A HEPBURN MISTAKE?

Why in the world did Katharine Hepburn have to get "little girlish" and play a rôle like hers in "The Morning Glory"? And I suppose she'll have to go ingénue again for the part of *Jo March* in "Little Women"!

Hepburn should stick to grown-up rôles and sophisticated manners. She should be smartly gowned.

Otherwise, I predict a quick fadeout for Hepburn.

H. C. WEBER, Louisville, Ky.

HEPBURN'S HANDS

I am scarcely aware of Katharine Hepburn's facial characteristics. I'm always so busy watching her hands.

Most of the time they are quietly expressive. In an emotional scene their restrained stillness is dramatic. But a slight movement of them can be more eloquent than a paragraph of spoken words.

She does not use her hands much, because she knows that great artists practice economy. If she tossed them about extravagantly—however beautifully—the gestures would become meaningless and their dramatic power would be lost. No. Every movement of her hands is purposeful, and has a meaning. There are no wasted motions.

Few have used this powerful dramatic technique.

Bernhardt did, and long after her face was old, her body crippled and her voice thin, Bernhardt's beautiful hands retained their eloquence and kept her great. Garbo uses it, for she is a true artist. And Hepburn, fortunately, knows the secret too.

M. H. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

ABSENT MINDED AUTHOR

A friend of mine is a writer; his office is in his living room with the radio, the cat, and the baby.

Last evening he attended a movie. It was full of wisecracks and my friend wanted diversion of this kind. But he could hear only faintly—could not catch a single line.

He looked around. Others seemed interested in the picture.

He stormed the usher and demanded to see the manager.

The manager listened to his sarcastic comments and then opened the door leading into the hall. The voices of the actors boomed.

He looked closer at the crazed author, then he reached over and removed a pair of ear plugs.

FRANK RIGLER, Denton, Texas

HURRAH FOR THE MOVIES!

The "Blessed Event" was at hand. I was nearly distracted. The doctors ordered me out of the hospital, for they didn't want a crazy man on their hands.

Across the street blazed the title "Elmer The Great." I knew I wouldn't see the picture, but at least in the theater I would be in the dark, out of the way of curious eyes.

How wrong I was! I enjoyed that picture. And when I came out, I was the father of a six pound boy. Maybe he will be a baseball star some day!

Don't let anyone knock the movies to me. They helped me through the worst three hours of my life!

A. N. BLACKMAN, Wilson, N. C.

KING TONE

Clark Gable can climb right down off the throne! We're crowning a new king of the

screen—and his name is Franchot Tone. Compared with Franchot, I think all others resemble a manufactured product!

MARY WILSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

THANKS FOR THE TIP

A little less about Garbo's privacy; Dietrich's pants, Hepburn's oddities, Connie's Marquis.

A little more about newcomers such as Nelson Eddy, Francis Lederer, Lillian Harvey. And a longer "Audience Talks Back."

This would improve your magazine. Don't you other readers agree?

R. KING, Cranford, N. J.

NO FOREIGN STARS

Why do they keep bringing over foreign stars? We can get along without them! Our own American girls are just as beautiful—and they can speak the language.

MRS. J. T. SMYTH, Des Moines, Iowa.

AND WE EAT SPANISH PEANUTS

Why should we wax philistine about foreign stars in Talkies? That attitude doesn't mirror true Americanism.

We all sip Ceylon tea, nibble Italian olives, admire French fashions, treasure souvenirs made in Germany and Japan.

Our own American stars are loved and admired abroad for their beauty and talent.

Let's practice the golden rule, even as critics.

BARBARA CIRCLE, Chicago, Ill.

HOMELY HEROS?

To Mae West, I believe, goes the credit for the statement that homely men have more appeal than handsome ones.

She is right! That is why we want heroines of attractiveness and charm, rather than exotic and stupefying beauty, and heroes who have magnetic personalities rather than handsome faces.

CAROL NUNN, Pomona, Calif.

CLUB FAVORITES

Our club believes that Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery are a team which can't be beat.

No other star can wear clothes as well as Joan Crawford.

Helen Hayes is the greatest emotional actress on the screen.

And every girl would like to have Gary Cooper as her boy friend.

Do you agree with us?

ANNA KRAWEC, Rochester, N. Y.

THE VETERANS' VOTE

Here in the veterans' hospital, we see movies twice a week, and in the course of a year we see over one hundred leading films. You may be interested in the straw vote we took of the best pictures witnessed during the year.

Our five favorite pictures were: "Abraham Lincoln," "The Kid From Spain," "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," "Topaze" and "Secrets."

Incidentally, Mickey Mouse finds favor here, and the favorite male actor is James Cagney, while Marie Dressler and Mae West tied for ladies' honors.

What do you think of our judgment?

FRANCIS MELANSON, Bedford, Mass.

MAIDENLY BLUSHES

If the producers were to invite the public to a meal they wouldn't serve over-seasoned, highly spiced food which would appeal to only a few of their guests. Yet, they insist on serving the public highly spiced pictures.

Why, a self-respecting girl with any modesty is afraid to go to the movies with a boy friend for fear of embarrassment!

JESSIE LENKEWICZ, Worcester, Mass.



MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

Made with Genuine Olive Oil—It's

NON-DRYING

(Leaves the Beauty-Giving Natural Oil in Scalp)

NON-SNARLING

(Leaves Hair Soft, Lustrous, Easy to Comb)

You've got it Coming to You. A superior new Castile Shampoo bringing new beauty and health to your scalp and hair. There's too much alkali in ordinary soaps and inferior shampoos. They dry out the scalp—resulting in unhealthy dandruff and lifeless looking hair.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

1. Contains rich, life-giving olive oil, nourishing to the scalp.

- 2. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, easy to comb.
- 3. Conditions hair for waving and dressing.
- 4. Best for children's tender scalps and hair.
- 5. Will not lighten the hair or otherwise change its color.
- 6. Low enough price to make use of ordinary soap unnecessary.

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Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

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SEND US 35c FOR A REGULAR SIZED BOTTLE. Fill out coupon. Also give your dealer's name and address. Send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



Listen carefully, because this is a good one. Lionel Barrymore, crack story teller on the M-G-M lot, spiels a yarn or two for Marie Dressler and Director Sam Wood between scenes of "The Late Christopher Bean." Marie looks dubious, as if not quite sure that she will believe this one

PERHAPS you never realized it, but this Bing Crosby person has sort of sneaked right into stardom. Paramount executives consider Bing's rocketing rise in popularity the most sensational since that of Mae West.

MR. TIMONY is looking at houses in Beverly Hills for his client, Mae West. Mae has the own-your-own-home fever—doesn't take long to catch it in California.

FLORENCE DESMOND, who created a sensation with her perfect imitations of movie stars on a phonograph record, "The Hollywood Party", is in Hollywood to make movies.

It was Miss Desmond's imitation of Lupe that intrigued Gary Cooper. He listened entranced. After she'd completed all her imitations, Gary walked up and thanked her.

"Do Lupe over again for me, will you please?" he asked.

So what?

WE couldn't resist peeking at the script—and now we can't resist telling one of the gags in the next Marx epic.

Groucho goes to war, and somewhat bewildered by it all, asks what to shoot. The general answers "shoot at will."

And poor, dear Groucho goes through the whole war without firing a shot—because he can't find anyone named Will!

MARRIAGES: Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett. Stephen Sanford and Mary Duncan. Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield. (It was the third time to the altar for Dorothy—and she's still in her early twenties!) Elsie Ferguson, Jr. (the famous Elsie's niece) and a young Mr. Tuthill—a secret wedding.

DON'T be surprised if at any time now you read of Natalie Talmadge Keaton's marriage to Larry Kent.

Their friendship goes back years and years. Larry and Buster Keaton were together a great deal of the time, for both of them love boats, but this companionship was broken up when Buster and Natalie separated.

For the past year Natalie and Larry have been together much of the time.

RACHEL SMITH, teacher at Paramount, has two pupils. One is baby LeRoy, who checks in for a physical examination and a few simple lessons in deportment, daily. The other is Toby Wing, prettiest chorus girl what is—seventeen years old—who does a little plain and fancy algebra. Baby LeRoy arrives in a perambulator, and Toby skids up in her new Cord roadster.

LEE TRACY tells one on Max Baer, the heavyweight ring threat turned movie actor for "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

Max was puzzled about this socking business for the camera. He didn't want to hurt anyone, but still he didn't know just how to go about it. So he asked Lee.

"Why," said Lee, "just pull your punches, that's all. Make 'em easy."

"I know," countered Box-fighter Baer, "but how do you get that sound into it? I mean, that sound you always hear when somebody gets socked. How do you hit 'em for sound?"

"Imagine," adds Lee, "getting socked for sound by Max Baer!"

AND a recent visitor from Washington, D. C., tells us that the favorite star of all the Capital's debutantes—is none other than Eddie Lowe! He can pack a Washington playhouse before any other male star in pictures . . . the lady who told us added, very innocently, that perhaps it was because "he looked so unlike a Congressman!"

BORIS KARLOFF'S picture, "The Ghoul," which he recently made in England, is wowing 'em over there. His new contract with Universal permits him to make pictures for other companies, and he will shortly begin production on "Lost Patrol," for RKO-Radio. In this he plays a religious fanatic who goes mad. And there will be no women in the picture. This experiment has been tried only once before—in "Men Without Women."



Alex Kahle

How did that nery cameraman get into Irene Dunne's dressing-room! Well, he did, anyhow, and just in time to catch her tying her shoe. Irene, smartly gowned in black and white, had just finished dressing for her starring rôle in "Ann Vickers"

What color nails at the Races?



Clothes by Fortnum & Mason



Natural is best with bright frocks—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.

Coral goes with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.



Cardinal contrasts with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

Garnet is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.

Ruby (new) is such a real red red you can wear it with any costume.



Above, left to right: Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb; Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow; Miss Mimi Richardson

ALL SHADES!

AMONG the racing folk who are following their favorites out to Belmont and Huntington and down to Maryland and Kentucky, there may be some romantic young things who are true forever and ever to one stable's colors.

But when it comes to color in finger nails, they're all devotees of *variety*.

All shades in finger nails are "up"!

With Rose finger nails, Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb looks feminine even in black riding clothes. Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow makes a wonderful showing in Coral nails and emerald green. And Miss Mimi Richardson gives a dashing performance in Ruby nails and a golden-colored English tailored wool suit and cap.

To get the right color for each frock you can follow your hunches, if you like, but if you stick to the system above, you can't lose.

And now—everybody—here's a red-hot tip—for variety in finger nails, don't give yourself the handicap of an inferior polish. Choose Cutex! Cutex never cracks, peels or blotches. Goes on with amazing smoothness and evenness—and *stays* on until you're ready to whisk off one shade and make your entry with the next.

Cutex comes in 7 smart, lovely shades, perfected by the World's Manicure Au-

thority. Every shade's a thoroughbred. Run fleetly to your favorite store and lead home *all* the winning Cutex colors!

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

New Cutex Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10c.



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I enclose 10c for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: Natural Rose Coral Cardinal Ruby

CUTEX Liquid Polish—only 35¢



The microscope reveals the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's exceptional safety and economy.



The microscope also reveals why ordinary gritty cleansers are scratchy and wasteful.



It's easy to see why



Old Dutch costs less to use

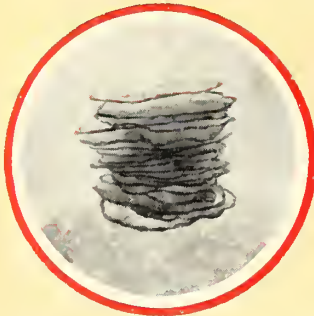
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Doesn't Scratch

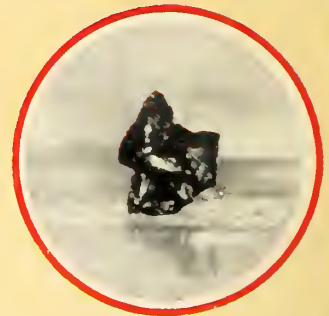
The microscope makes it clear that Old Dutch particles are flaky and flat-shaped . . . that you get many of them in place of one chunky, gritty particle. Obviously, the flat particles—spread out—will cover much more surface. And because you get so many more cleaning units in a package of Old Dutch it does more square yards of cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is safe to use on any surface on which water may be used because its particles are flat-shaped. Unlike grit, they have no hard, sharp points to scratch the surface, but simply remove *all* the dirt with a smooth, clean sweep, bringing perfect Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch cleans more things and cleans quicker. It's ideal for everything from kitchen utensils and floors to porcelain bathroom fixtures and metal work. It doesn't clog drains, doesn't harm the hands, is odorless and removes odors. The only cleanser you need in your home.



This photomicrograph shows 18 Old Dutch particles piled up. The one below shows the same particles spread out. Because they are flaky and flat-shaped, they cover more surface and clean without scratching.



This photomicrograph shows the chunky, irregular shape of a gritty particle. It contacts the surface with sharp, hard points which scratch and leave hiding places for dirt. Avoid destructive, gritty cleansers—use only Old Dutch.



This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge



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WHERE THERE'S LIFE . . .



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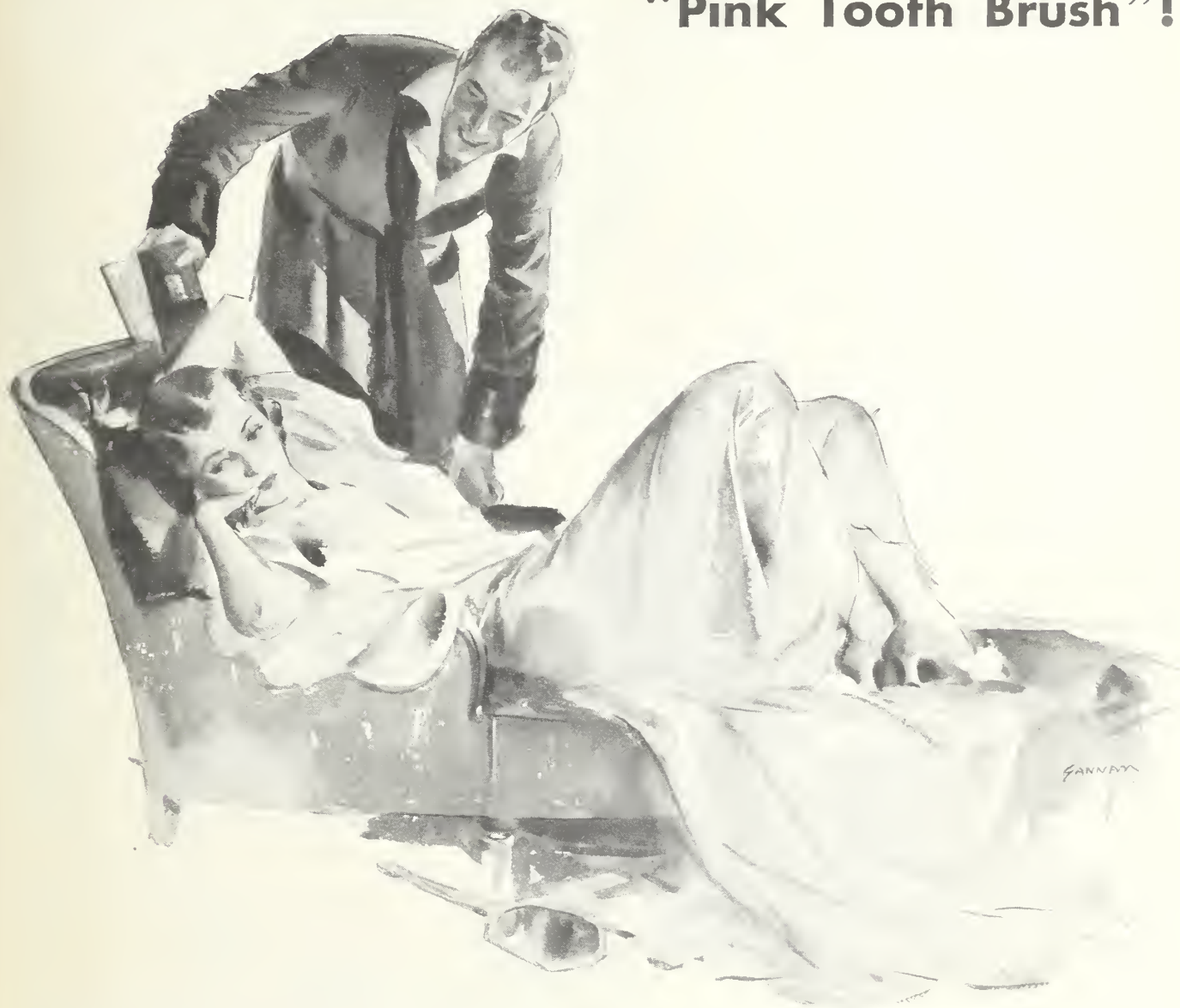
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ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

Use Ipana, Jean . . . and you won't have "Pink Tooth Brush"!



GEORGE MACKENZIE: Where's your common sense, girl? Last spring you said your gums were so tender that they bled a little every morning. I told you *then* you'd better massage your gums with Ipana, to harden them up. But you insisted that you had "pink tooth brush" because your *tooth* brush was new and a bit stiff.

JEAN: I *do* think that stiff tooth brush had a lot to do with it. Still . . .

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Listen. The reason you have "pink tooth brush" is because modern soft foods don't exercise the gums. Your gums become flabby and unhealthy and begin to bleed a little because the *tissues* aren't firm.

JEAN: The reason I'm worried about it is because Mary Benton went to Dr. Cox

about *her* gums, and she found out she had gingivitis.

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Stands to reason that bleeding gums are likely to pick up an infection of some sort. You're lucky if your *teeth* don't become affected! You start massaging some of my Ipana into your gums after you clean your teeth with it.

JEAN: But George—how can a tooth paste help your gums?

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Ipana has something in it called "ziratol." That does the trick—with the daily massage. It tones up the gums. Never see a sign of "pink" on *my* tooth brush. And my teeth are a darned sight brighter than yours are, too, old girl!

* * *



The excellent habit of massaging Ipana into the gums after cleaning the teeth with Ipana is becoming more and more wide-spread among intelligent people. This helps the gums to become firm in spite of today's soft foods. Start today with Ipana—and you won't need to worry about "pink tooth brush."



THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
—9:00 P. M., E. S. T., WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS.

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

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**METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER'S**
New
COMEDY TEAM

**MAY
ROBSON
POLLY
MORAN**

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner
Director

Harry Rapf
Associate Producer

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by William Cotton is one of a series of caricatures of M-G-M stars by famous artists



W.COTTON

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. I

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

December, 1933



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

- 1920
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- 1921
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- 1922
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- 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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On the Cover—Ann Harding—Painted by Earl Christy

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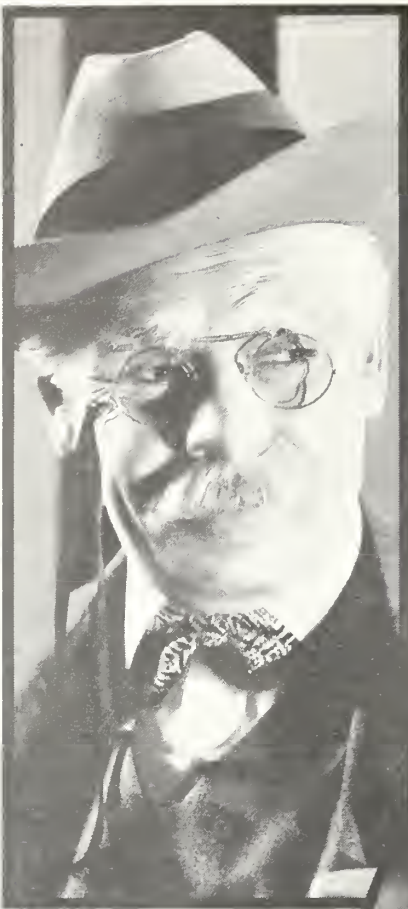
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Who Are *These* MEN?

Do you recognize
these actors? Every
one is famous



The real man here is dark-eyed, handsome, and in the prime of life. Does that help? Well, then, here's the pay-off. It's Paul Muni, playing *Orin Nordholm, Jr.*, in "The World Changes"



This man has a passion for playing kings and emperors. He's a despot in the African jungle now, for "White Woman," after ruling Rome and England. That tells it — Charles Laughton!



Above is *Rosen*, the art dealer, in "The Late Christopher Bean." He looks the part to the life, but who's behind the make-up? Why, our old friend, Jean Hersholt



At left, a fine elderly gentleman you'll see in "The Lady Is Willing," and he looks of good old Yankee stock. But he's not. This is our cultured friend, Leslie Howard



To right, meet *The Professor*, manager of Max Baer in the prize-fight film, "The Prizefighter and the Lady." He looks as mean as the cigar he wears. It's Walter Huston

Now from Warner Bros. glittering



star-ranks

blazes...

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The Star Company"... Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every movie-goer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni
in
"THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MacMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK
And Thousands of Others—Directed by Mervyn LeRay—A First National Picture

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-hall about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (Aug.)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (June)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (July)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (Sept.)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (June)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

BED OF ROSES—RKO-Radio.—Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (Aug.)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (June)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (Aug.)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (Sept.)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (Sept.)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (Aug.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventureous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (July)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (July)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (Aug.)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (Sept.)

CORRUPTION—Wm. Berke Prod.—Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (July)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (Aug.)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (June)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (Sept.)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (Sept.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (June)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (June)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (Aug.)

DIPLOMANIACS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (July)

Lucky Winners of Movie Muddles \$1500 Prizes

will be announced in January issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Your or a friend's name may be on the winning list.

The January PHOTOPLAY—

on sale at all newsstands December 1st

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (Aug.)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (Sept.)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (June)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE
FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N.Y. World-Telegram



JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance."
—N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully."
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune



RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at \$1.65 admission. You see it at popular prices. Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such unanimous critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News
"In a class by itself."—N. Y. Times
"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss." —N. Y. Mirror

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"
From the play by John L. Balderston

Every critic, without exception, raved! And you will too!



The Audience Talks Back



Charlie Bickford declares he didn't like the screen results of his work in the Paramount picture, "This Day and Age." Read what he says about that on page 42 of this issue

THE \$25 LETTER

Africa speaks . . . but I've discovered it speaks another language. Several weeks ago, relatives from Africa came to visit us. I had expected to find them rather uncivilized. But the laugh was on me. These so-called savages proved further advanced than their belittling cousin.

It was my intention (in puffed cheek fashion, I admit) to point out the seven wonders of America. So, as usual, I began with Hollywood. "Have you seen any of our movies?" I asked. That question set fire to their tongues. And how they talked! These Brakpan Africans knew more about our stars than yours truly. In fact, our films alone prepared them for their American trip. They taught them our customs, fashions and, above all, our mode of living.

Life in Africa is very slow, and of course very different. Thanks to our movies, they declared, they were well acquainted with our country. And, rather than being bewildered and staggered by our rapid pace, they joined right into step with us. Which is a wonderful way of gaining geographical knowledge.

GEE KAYE, Dorchester, Mass.

THE \$10 LETTER

I've seen all the movies that ever were made, And Mickey Mouse puts them all in the shade. He's quaint and he's comic, and sleek as a glove, I'll tell you a secret; with him I'm in love.

The way that he slithers is really a scream, A bouquet I hand him, of cheeses and cream, Gardenia and orchid, a very red rose, For helping to banish our sorrows and woes.

In every strange country he stirs a great fuss, For Mickey I'd drown every mouse-eating puss, I'd hide all the poison and burn all the traps And I'd let him sleep in my bed—well, perhaps!
EILEEN H. COOPER, Vancouver, B. C.

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.

THE \$5 LETTER

I was sitting in a local theater watching the showing of De Mille's "This Day and Age." Charles Bickford, the bold gangster, had just shot the little Jewish tailor—plunked him right through a pail of water.

A sweet young thing next to me uttered a cry. "It's terrible," she whispered to her escort.

OKAY, Cecil B. De Mille! The Owriter of this month's \$5 letter, after some investigation, has discovered that what one man termed a technical error in "This Day and Age" proved quite all right, after all. An innovation for housewives! While working about—especially on a task you do not particularly fancy—run over in your mind the film you saw the previous night, or try to recall the names of films in which one of your favorites has appeared. A good game.

Much discussion about the reign of Garbo. And her likeness to Queen Christina of Sweden. Well—we shall see what we shall see upon the release of "Queen Christina," in which Greta is now working with her screen love of old, John Gilbert.

And, whom do you nominate as "Hollywood's Ideal Couple" now that Mary and Doug have vacated the throne?

"Buck up," he whispered back. "It's fake! You can't shoot anything through a pail of water!"

Next day I went to the office of our county sheriff, who knows his automatics. He got out an abandoned scrub pail, we went to a garage in the rear of the jail, filled the pail with water and set it up on a bench directly in front of a thick plank. He stepped back about ten paces and fired his 32-calibre automatic.

Water shot from the hole in front of the pail—just as in "This Day and Age." Water was also shooting from the back. We found the bullet imbedded about one inch in the plank behind the pail.

You can shoot a guy through a pail of water. Rah! Another film safe for posterity!

L. D. TUCKER, Iron Mountain, Mich.

MOST READERS THINK OTHERWISE

Sara Hamilton has a very peculiar. To say the least. Way of writing. She just places fullstops promiscuously. Wherever she pleases. Whether it makes sense. Or not. Mostly not. She does not care. A rap about her readers. Just try reading her articles. Out loud to your friends. Or family. You will be jeered. And told to stop. Perhaps someone will give you a punch. Over the left eye. On your pet freckle. And make your hair. Fly about hysterically. Why does not PHOTOPLAY tell her to. . . Study a book on writing. Or to quit altogether. One thing or the other. For the present we shall skip her articles. With a shrug of the shoulders. And a stamp of the hobnails. Which will make them clink. Or something.

JO OTTEN, Milan, Italy.

WILL GARBO REIGN?

I enjoyed the article by Helen Dale, in October's PHOTOPLAY, about Greta Garbo—except the ending.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play, her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one. *The play*—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. *The lovers*—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.



...Vanilla! They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Lea McCarey...with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!





"Your Castile Shampoo is a Real Beauty Treatment for the Hair . . .

Congratulations Marchand's!"

That's what women are saying about the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by Marchand's (makers of famous Marchand's Golden Hair Wash).

IT'S A REAL BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR THE HAIR BECAUSE IT—

1. Cleanses the scalp gently and thoroughly.
2. Does not dry out the scalp the way highly alkaline soaps do. Marchand's Castile Shampoo leaves the precious natural oils in the scalp, where they are needed.
3. Contains rich olive oil, nourishing to scalp.
4. Leaves hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb and manage.
5. Hair looks lustrous, alive. The color of the hair is NOT lightened or changed in any way.
6. In perfect condition for waving or dressing.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is the best thing you could use on children's tender scalps. Men who have dandruff or whose scalps tend to be dry should use NOTHING ELSE to wash their hair. The price is LOW.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked It Yet—
Get By Mail

For a Regular Size Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City. Canadian residents send 40c.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name

Address

City State

Druggist

Address

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (Sept.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (Sept.)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (Sept.)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (Aug.)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (June)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (July)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (June)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (July)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (Sept.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (June)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (Aug.)

F. P. I.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (Aug.)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (June)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (Aug.)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (July)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (June)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (Aug.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (Sept.)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—News-reel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (Sept.)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (June)

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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HILLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (July)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough run from there on. (Sept.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelme! (Aug.)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (June)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (July)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (Aug.)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (Sept.)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (June)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (July)

HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (July)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (Sept.)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (July)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—Paramount.—A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (July)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (Sept.)

JENNIE GERHARDT—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (Aug.)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (July)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

The ash barrel shows you the waste from poor coal

But
you can't see a
poor lamp
waste current

WHEN the ash barrel is full of clinkers, you know that *poor coal* made you pay for heat you did not get.

Poor lamps are full of "clinkers" too. Some, like early blackening and burn-outs, you can see. The biggest waste—*less light than the lamp should give for the current it consumes*—you can't detect, and this waste may account for a third of the light you pay for!

The loss of light from a poor lamp affects more than your pocketbook. Severe eye strain may result from constant reading or studying without adequate light.


For good light at low cost

**EDISON MAZDA
LAMPS**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Remember, better light means better sight!

Play safe! Look for the mark  on the bulb of every lamp. The General Electric monogram is a symbol of more than forty years of research and development. It is your assurance of good light at low cost.



IMPORTANT . . . Don't mar the beauty of your Christmas tree, your outdoor decorations or other festive spots with lamps that may burn out at the time you need them most. Lighting will add to your holiday happiness if you make sure that every lamp you use is of General Electric manufacture. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Treat COLDS in the First Stage!

Colds go thru 3 Stages and they're far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third!...

IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third—the Mucous Secretion stage. The time to "nail" a cold is in the first or Dry stage. It is twice as easily relieved then.

The Wise Measure

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be freely taken with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world.



*Now—20% More
for Your Money*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. It pays to buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Look for an ulterior motive when a substitute is offered.

**A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal Treatment**



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (Sept.)

★ **LAST TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

★ **LAUGHING AT LIFE**—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising Cain in a banana republic. (Aug.)

★ **LIFE IN THE RAW**—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LILLY TURNER**—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (July)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (June)

★ **LONE AVENGER, THE**—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (Sept.)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (June)

★ **LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

★ **LOVE IN MOROCCO**—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (June)

★ **LUCKY DOG**—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (July)

★ **"M"**—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorf child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (June)

★ **MADE ON BROADWAY**—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Palette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (June)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (Sept.)

★ **MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE**—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (July)

★ **MAN OF THE FOREST**—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (Sept.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

★ **MARY STEVENS, M.D.**—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (Sept.)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (Aug.)

★ **MELODY CRUISE**—RKO-Radio.—Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (Aug.)

★ **MIDNIGHT CLUB**—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

★ **MIDNIGHT MARY**—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (Aug.)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

★ **MORGENROT (DAWN)**—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (Aug.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

★ **MUSSOLINI SPEAKS**—Columbia.—While II Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (June)

★ **MYRT AND MARGE**—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

★ **NARROW CORNER, THE**—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT AND DAY**—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

★ **NO MARRIAGE TIES**—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (Sept.)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (July)

★ **OBEE THE LAW**—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (June)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

★ **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON**—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

★ **ONE YEAR LATER**—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **OVER THE SEVEN SEAS**—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (Aug.)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (July)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

★ **PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE**—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (June)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (June)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (June)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (July)

★ **PLEASURE CRUISE**—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (June)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (Sept.)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (Sept.)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (July)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART**—RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (Aug.)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE**—RKO-Radio.—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (June)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (Sept.)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA**—M-G-M.—John Barrymore, as the exiled *Archduke Rudolf*, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (July)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (July)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (Sept.)

SIANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (Aug.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (June)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (Aug.)

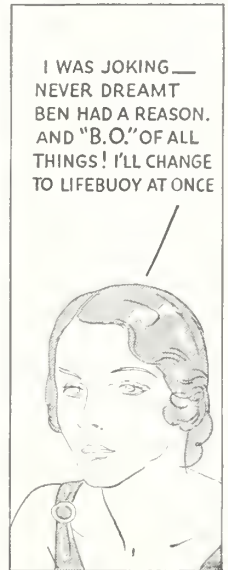
SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (July)

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME



Freshens complexions, too

LIFEBUOY has improved countless complexions—it will do the same for yours! Its gentle, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities. Leaves your skin so fresh and clean—it's bound to please the most critical eye!

To women in love

They, especially, can't afford to risk "B.O." (body odor). Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy lather deodorizes—stops 'B.O.'

WISH MY SKIN WERE LIKE YOURS

USE LIFEBUOY — THAT'S WHAT KEEPS MINE SO SMOOTH AND CLEAR

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (Aug.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (Sept.)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (July)

SPIRITX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Lnis Alberni. (Aug.)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (Sept.)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (July)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (June)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, cr-tchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (Sept.)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (Aug.)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (July)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that is one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (Aug.)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (July)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (Aug.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (June)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—F. derick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Selde, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB your finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

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When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores—plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

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Fight colds and stay on the job . . .
gargle with Listerine twice a day

Most of the absences among indoor workers are traceable to the common cold. Because of their sedentary habits, stenographers, teachers, clerks, accountants, etc., are the most frequent victims of serious cold attacks. Such attacks undermine health and often lead to serious illnesses. They are expensive. And because they enforce frequent absence from work, colds often cause the victim the loss of a job.

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In oral hygiene it is highly important to choose a mouth wash that is fatal to germs yet harmless to the delicate tissues of the mouth and throat.

These vital requirements are fully met by Listerine. For more than half a century it has been the choice of noted doctors and health authorities.

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Irving Lippman

HER work certainly has provided variety for charming Fay Wray, since she said "goodbye" to screaming rôles some time ago! Now she's a lovely society girl who provides inspiration for "he-man" steel-maker Jack Holt in his new "Master of Men." Of course, gentleman Jack wouldn't really call on Fay in those clothes. They're just having a chat on the set



PERHAPS it's a case of Carole Lombard and Kent Taylor hearkening to the call of the wild that we have here. Or it might be, they see that big bully, Charles Laughton, coming. There's no telling what he'll do next to them in the new film, "White Woman," they are all busy making right now. It's all about life in wildest Africa, and Charlie gives everybody plenty of reason for wearing worried looks before they all get together and put an end to his unceasing deviltry

CAN you guess right off who this is? She has many elusive changes of expression, does this splendid artist—but probably you haven't seen the one shown here before. We present you with Karen Morley in a double rôle: wife of Director Charles Vidor, and mother of son Michael Karoly Vidor. "Karoly"—isn't that a quaint name for the son of Karen Morley? For some time, Karen hasn't thought much of pictures; her family is her one care





Otto Dyar

WHO should be peering at us so winsomely but Rochelle Hudson! And do you notice that gleam of excited happiness in her eyes? There's good reason for it. Rochelle has been told that her excellent performance in support of Will Rogers in his latest film, "Doctor Bull," has earned her the rôle of the daughter in Will's next production, "Mr. Skitch"

A Sparkling CHOICE FOR Scintillant FOLK



For those smart bath-rooms—Coty creates new Bath Ensembles in lovely water-lily boxes. Dusting Powder with Toilet Water—\$2.75; Toilet Water with Talc (in dainty metal container)—\$2.25. Cool blue tones, with leaf traceries. (Below)

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Coty

In her hand, Coty's "Diadème"—5 odeurs—\$10

Perfumes make perfect gifts—especially Coty Perfumes, where even the small sizes look luxurious. One ounce, \$4.15; half-ounce, \$2.20; quarter-ounce, \$1.10. *Fernery at Twilight*—Coty's newest odeur, \$10; *L'Aimant*—glamorous, sunny, \$14.30. (Above)

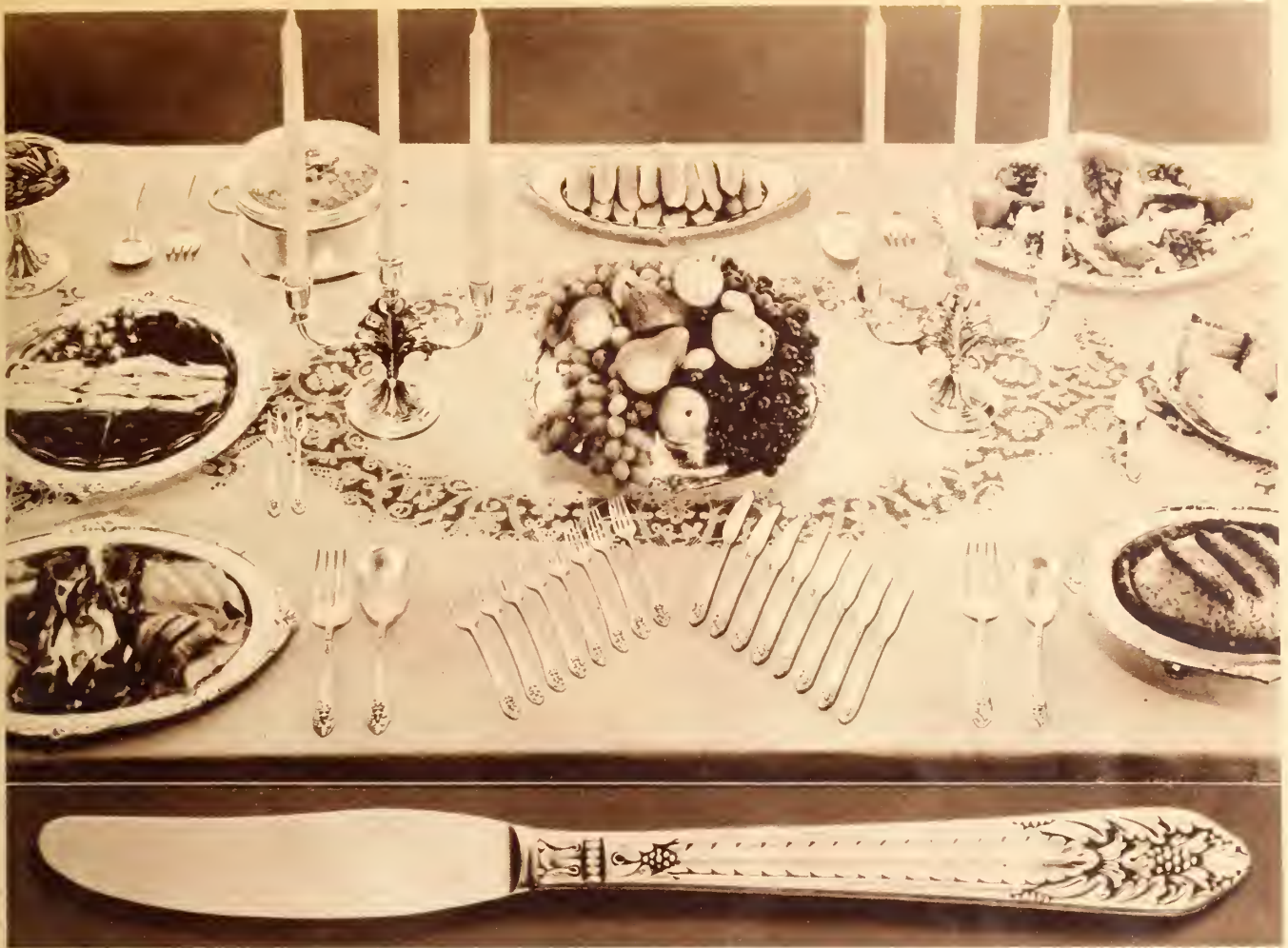
New! Fragrant Ensembles—center panel. De luxe box of Coty Face Powder, vermilion-footed; generous new bottle of Toilet Water—\$2.50. The next Set unites de luxe Face Powder with Coty Talc, in frosted glass, and the new half-ounce of Perfume—\$4.85.

Gold-toned Purse Ensemble—new lat center!—Purse Perfume Holder, Single Compact, and Round Lipstick. Amazing value—three piece set—\$3.75. Also, new gold-toned Double Compact with special Toilet Water, capped in color—the set—\$3.

Fragrance carries through the Coty Gift Box above, with frosted bottle of Talc, de luxe box of Face Powder, flacon of Toilet Water and gilt-capped, crystal bottle of Perfume—\$10. Travel Manicure Kit, \$3.50. Other complete Manicure Sets, \$3, \$4, \$5.



FLORINE McKINNEY, the little girl with the questioning eyes and answering lips came bounding into Hollywood in a rattling flivver in search of movie fame. And those "ole moom pitchers" know a good thing from Texas when they see it. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has gobbled her up and you'll be seeing her very soon in "Dancing Lady"

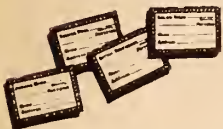


VIANDE* KNIFE AND BUFFET SUPPER SETTING IN THE NEW MARQUISE PATTERN... CRAFTED TO MEET TODAY'S DEMAND FOR ELEGANCE

How Marvelous!

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SAVE YOU 25% ON ACCESSORY



FLATWARE PIECES

Now you can have the complete silverware service you've always wanted... and at a saving of $\frac{1}{4}$ on all the "accessory" pieces.

And so easy! You start with a 26 or 34 piece set of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Any pattern, at regular price. With your set you'll receive a Certified Coupon Book. Actually a *savings* book, entitling you to a 25% discount on all "accessory" flatware pieces, such as salad forks, oyster forks, and servers.

You can add these pieces month after month for eighteen months from the date of your original purchase. *But this offer is for a short time only.* So see your dealer today.

As a careful hostess you owe it to yourself to have another set of silverware—one for "best" occasions. And proud you'll be if your "best" is 1847 Rogers Bros. For in this brand there is a smooth perfection of finish that can be achieved only by the finest craftsmanship... a finish that will retain its lustrous beauty for a lifetime.

Think what a glorious Christmas present to give yourself—or others!



Starting service of 26 pieces. Prevent Tarnish Case, \$31.25.

Write Ann Adams, Dept. M-27. International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for details of this Certified Coupon Plan, and for free book "So You're Going To Give a Buffet Party!"

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Silverplate

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

The mark of the International Silver Company—  this quality mark appears on each piece of Marquise.

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Literary Society Nearly Exploded *... but it wasn't from laughter*



There's no doubt about it . . . the Literary Society liked its food about as well as its Shakespeare. And after those get-together banquets, the members were more in need of a two-mile walk than a two-hour speech.

What agony could have been averted . . . what fidgeting, squirming and groaning could have been banished . . . had Life Savers been passed around after the meal!

It's really amazing how Life Savers

aid digestion. Deflate that over-stuffed feeling. Refuse to let your over-indulgences plague you. Snap you back to normal even after a dining marathon.

Acquire the Life Savers habit. Carry these intriguing mints with you always. And don't limit their use to after meals.

Life Savers are so all-fired good, so downright delicious . . . they provide stellar entertainment for your palate any old time!



Try those sensational new taste thrillers . . . SPEAR-O-MINT and CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. And remember the old Flavorites . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. And Life Savers Fruit Drops, made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, New York.



AFTER EATING . . . LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

THE passing of Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge removes from the Hollywood scene one of its most lovable characters. Not only did Mrs. Talmadge mother her daughters, Norma, Constance and Natalie, but practically the whole film colony as well. She was one of those rare beings who know how to aid their children in shaping their destinies. In the early days of her daughters' professional struggles, her kindly, shrewd counsel helped them over many a rough spot.

Though she had been ill for three years, the end came rather abruptly. The speeding of her three daughters to her bedside were dramatic episodes. Coming by airplane, Norma battled through a terrific storm. Again and again the plane was forced down. Constance (Mrs. Townsend Neteher), though ill in Chicago with a severe case of whooping cough, rushed to her mother. Natalie, in bed with the 'flu, drove to the hospital and was put to bed there. All three daughters remained with their mother until the end.

ALTHOUGH separated for several years from her husband, Joseph Sehenck, Norma and he attended the funeral in the same automobile. Mrs. Talmadge and Joe Sehenck were always close friends in spite of the break-up between Norma and her husband.

Never was there more perfect accord between mother and daughters, and the grief of the latter was very touching.

THE little girl who, in 1925, leaped into fame in "The Big Parade," by chewing gum with Jack Gilbert, and who more than once seemingly had stardom within her clutch, has passed away. Renee Adoree, through her checkered Hollywood career and long battle with adverse circumstances and ill health, was game until the last. In 1928 she made "The Cosaks" with Jack Gilbert, and in 1930, "Redemption." During this time she kept within herself the secret that she was desperately ill. After collapsing on the set, she spent two years in Arizona trying to regain her strength.

At the outbreak of the war she was a bare-back rider, dancer and acrobat in a French circus then touring Belgium. Eventually she found her way to America and Hollywood. She was always kind to others and declared that others were kind to her.

So steps out of the picture another brave little trouper.

IN the appointment of Ray Long as editorial executive of Columbia Pictures, that corporation has obtained an unsurpassed judge of story values. For seven years Mr. Long was editor of *Red Book Magazine* and for thirteen years of *Cosmopolitan*.

Much brilliant fiction written during the twenty years of his editorship appeared in these publications. He not only bought names, he made them. His ability to discern what the public wanted to read led him, at times, to print stories rejected by almost every other magazine.

Mr. Long once printed a piece of fiction on which the author, in submitting the manuscript, had thus commented:

"This story has been rejected by practically every other magazine in the United States."

As usual Mr. Long's literary judgment was vindicated. Hundreds of letters were received expressing approval of the story.

PART of Mr. Long's success was undoubtedly due to his extensive acquaintance with writers. Not only is the number of his friendships with leading writers in this country and abroad most impressive, but he has made personal contact everywhere with those showing literary promise.

Mr. Long has a keen sense of dramatic values, and President Harry Cohn of Columbia made a shrewd move when he signed the contract with him.

FAN mail, as well as industrial and commercial reports, tells the story of the retiring depression.

One of the studios reports that star mail is fast approaching the normal of better times. During the depression, it fell off thirty-five per cent. Now that people have more money, they are spending some of it attending motion picture theaters and buying motion picture magazines.

IT may be the public's demand for new faces or, more probably, the public's growing artistic sense which seeks the actor whose finished technique has already

charmed Broadway audiences. In any event, a flood of footlight talent is still submerging Hollywood.

A census shows that there are now 315 players under contract with the several leading studios. One hundred and ninety-seven of these have come from the stage, none of them longer than three years ago. The remaining 118 are hold-overs from the old days—and a number of these had stage training.

IT has been argued that stage actors have a greater versatility, a greater resourcefulness, because of the special demands of the speaking stage. Charlie Ruggles came from before the footlights, as did Will Rogers, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, Marion Davies, Walter Huston, Lee Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Charlie Chaplin, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, George Arliss, Al Jolson, Adolphe Menjou, Lewis Stone and John and Lionel Barrymore. These are all hold-overs beyond the three year period.

Unless the present trend is stemmed, it looks as though the Garbos, Norma Shearers and Constance Bennetts of the future will come from Broadway.

DICK ARLEN claims to have discovered a female Jack Oakie in Hollywood.

Dick barged into the studio to be hailed by a rangy Texas lady, who had, until that moment, been in violent altercation with the man at the desk, who lets people in—or doesn't, more often. She had just finished stating, "If ever a guy needed a hoss it's Dick Arlen." And then Dick stepped in.

"Well, it's like this," said Dick. "I just finished a picture, and I'm tired."

"Tired? What do you think I am? I rassed this hoss all the way up here, just for you. And by the way, thought you was taller than you be," she accused.

"YOU see, I've been in the water two days, and I shrunk a little," explained Dick, patiently.

"Okay. Anyways, I gotta hoss for you."

"I don't want a —"

"That's what *you* think," interrupted the lady. "Come on out here and I'll show you your hoss."

She grabbed his arm and led him out through a rapidly collecting crowd—and sho nuff, there was the hoss, all caged up in a little trailer. She led him out of his trailer, and put him through his paces. He *was* a smart horse. Dick says he could do everything but scratch his left ear with his right hind foot.

"A bargain—only five thousand dollars," said she.

And Dick is still going.

HOLLYWOOD actors have raised the banner of secession. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, to which most of them belonged, does not, they assert, properly represent them. They are dissatisfied with the manner in which their interests have been cared for at the NRA Code hearings, and

they feel that through an independent organization these interests will be better safeguarded. The name of the new group is The Screen Actors' Guild.

THE Academy, in its relatively brief four years existence, has had a checkered career. Serious strife within the ranks resulted last year in the resignation of Conrad Nagel, who had been its president since the beginning. Eddie Cantor has been elected president of the new organization, with Adolphe Menjou and Fredrie March first and second vice-presidents, respectively. Ann Harding, Groucho Marx and Lucille Gleason are also on the board of officers. More than five hundred film players are members of the new Guild. What effect this secession will have upon the Academy remains to be seen. The producers and other executives, together with screen directors, cameramen, technicians and some of the actors, have so far retained their affiliation with the old organization.

TO the reasonably sophisticated person, the outcry of the moralists against certain screen stories and characters is slightly amusing. The parade of gangsters, gigolos, crooks and women of indubitably loose living might, offhand, seem ominous, but often a naïveté—probably unconscious—or calculated satire removes most, if not all, traces of the sinister.

Our gold-diggers are shown as good-fun girls with hearts really as pure as the precious metal they crave. The gangster story, which probably came closer to stark reality than nearly anything else screened, finally wearied the public. It had become too uncomfortably close to life to entertain longer.

THE influence of pictures upon the rising generation is still a moot question. Any aspect of life, whether encountered on the street or on the screen, must necessarily leave its impression.

Moralists have attempted to prove, not very convincingly, that motion picture scenes and situations frequently undermine character. These moralists forget that pictures do not create viewpoints of living; they reflect them. The young are quick to discover inconsistencies in conduct that are not habitual to them and if the public, whether young or adult, crowd theaters to see certain pictures, it is because these pictures reveal what experience has taught to be true.

A few years ago divorce was taboo on the screen. A pair of lovers, kept apart by a previous marriage of one or the other, had to wait until the unwanted partner had been disposed of.

A convenient automobile accident, or suicide, was often called upon by the scenarist to satisfy both the lovers and the audience.

Today it would be absurd to keep divorce off the screen. It is a matter of common knowledge, even to the youngest child.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

BLACK with WHITE variations.. so practical thanks to **IVORY FLAKES**



★ (Center) This introduces Miss Dexter, in her new black silk two-piece frock. Note the "Ivory-washable" touches of white corded silk that give the costume its fresh-tubbed look.

★ (Left) Presto! This is Miss Sarah Dexter, ready for her luncheon vitamins. The same black skirt is worn with a lacy sweater of white Shetland wool. Sarah has washed it several times already in lukewarm Ivory suds. Less-pure soap need not apply!

★ (Right) Chango! Now she's Sally, ready to gladden a suitor's eyes. Over the same black skirt she's wearing a lady-like blouse of white silk Bedford cord. Sally reports that "it washes beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

Fashions by B. Altman & Co., New York

When you're planning your Fall clothes, see how many you can buy that are Ivory-washable. Their up-keep will be next to nil, thanks to the low cost of pure Ivory. And your clothes will keep that sparkling freshness—that counts, oh, how it counts!

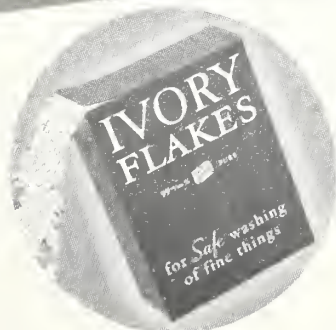
Salesgirls will be glad to advise you. They'll perk up with interest when you ask, "Will this wash with Ivory?" For they'll know that the silk, the wool or the color that won't be refreshed by gentle, pure Ivory just won't satisfy you.

These salespeople have heard sad stories about clothes that weren't washed with

Ivory—they know about those flat flakes that stick so easily to crepey weaves and knitted fabrics—causing ruinous soap spots.

But Ivory Flakes aren't flat flakes. They are snowy little curls of Ivory Soap. They're made for girls who can't wait a single minute for suds. They curl and melt up into rich suds instantly in lukewarm water.

Do "baby" your nice things with Ivory Flakes. Don't trust to luck, depend upon Ivory's purity. It won't even cost you more to use Ivory Flakes... it actually costs less! And there's 2½ ounces more of pure soap in that fat Ivory Flakes box!



CURLY . . . QUICK-DISSOLVING . . . 99 4/100 % PURE

"STRIKE me pink" if it didn't start three thousand miles away, and when the two of them met in Hollywood it began again exactly where it left off. And that was slightly beyond the tack-sticking, stiletto-stabbing, schnozzle-pulling stage.

Lupe and Jimmy! Are they a pair of "booids?" A Mexican tamale and an Eytalian lover. Hot cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—

When Lupe and Jimmy, a pair of good eggs and swell pals, met on a New York stage for the show, "Strike Me Pink," strong men took to the Maine woods to battle bare handed with the clements and never to return. They were a riot, these two. A downright revolution. Nature in the raw couldn't have been wilder.

Nobody was sure where it would end. Not even Jimmy or Lupe. Each night, the riot squad stood outside the stage door, waiting and tense. Chewing their nails and wishing they were somewhere in darkest Africa with a few stray cannibals and a couple of nice, playful little leopards thrown in. Why, it brought on, this Lupe and Jimmy business, a heat wave that fried the entire nation into a sizzling blister.

It even brought on inflation, increased the navy and drove men by hundreds to reforestration. It eventually brought Aimee home from Paris.

Nightly these two bonfires blazed and burned on an innocent little stage that had never been blazed on before.

They threw audiences into panics. Full grown, adult, over-ripe panics. And threw each other into the orchestra pit.

"See, we gets one of 'em encores," Jimmy says, "and I say, 'Loop, we can't go on. Gee, we don't know nothin' to do.'"

"'Don' worry, beeg boy,' Loop answers. 'We'll do sometheeng. We always do.'"

"So we went on, see, an' foist I couldn' tink o' anythin', so while I'm stallin' for time, I ups to Loop and threw her into the orchestra pit, through the bass drum. And that starts it.

"Loop wants to play. 'Stead o' workin' she wants to play. You know how she is, always wantin' to play games. So she ups and throws me in. My schnozzle caught in the piccolo and by that time, the bass drummer was on the stage hoppin' mad 'bout his busted drum, so we both threw him through the bass viol, one of 'em tings you know dat looks like a violin with elephantitis or funny glands dat didn' work, or somepin and—well, anyway, pretty soon everybody wanted to play and, after we'd threw four bald-headed men from the front row through de trap drums, why, the manager comes on, see, and me and Loop grabs him and tosses him into a fat woman's lap, who was sittin' in de eighth row, and he clutches like a drownin' man and pulls off de lady's false front. And well, anyway, de



A TORNADO? NO!

That Durante is *such* a cut-up! But when he tries tricks on Velez—

By Sara Hamilton

audience likes de little number so much we keep it in for every show. It wasn' much, but if dey likes it, why it was okay wit Loop an' me."

And then Jimmy would forget his lines and, out of the corner of his mouth, he'd whisper to Lupe, "Slip me de lines, quick. I'm stuck. What's de next line, baby?"

And Lupe would scream and point at Jimmy. "Look," she'd tell the audience, "Jeemy don' know his lines. Look at heem. Don' he look foony standeeng there. Ah, hah, Jeemy don' know what to say next." And that was enough. The riot was on once more, in full swing. In two minutes by daylight saving time, the bass drum completely encircles either Jimmy's or Lupe's neck. It got so that after the first show, the bass

drummer wept from the time the curtain went up until it went down. Huge, crocodile tears poured down his cheeks because he knew, alas too well, what would happen to his drum before the first act was over, and he'd have to sit and ring cowbells through the rest of the show. There wasn't a whole drum left within two blocks of Broadway.

And then they came to Hollywood to make the picture, "Hollywood Party," for M-G-M.

And exactly where it left off, it started again.

"We've got to have stills of you two," the studio told them.

"All right," Lupe said, "have Jeemy come over to my house. We'll make them there."

"So I goes over, see," says Jimmy, "an' I looks over Loop's palateral place an' I says, 'So dat's it, eh? Want to imprint your ol' frien' wid all your grandure, huh? Puttin' on de Plaza.'"

"'De wot?' Loop says. An' I says, 'You know wot—de Plaza.'"

"'You mean the Ritz, don' you Jeemy?' Loop says, an' starts rollin' an' screamin' aroun' an' I lets on dat it boined me up, see, but I knew all de time I was in de wrong hotel by de soun' of it. So wot, see? Anyway I goes through de parlor filled wit furniture she got from a guy called Louey on Sixteenth street. She called it Louey Sixteenth which is just Mexican gettin' mixed up.

"Anyway, upstairs dere's a big bull head, or ape head, or somepin' hanging from de wall an' I says, 'Don' tell me dey stuffed Johnny Weissmuller while we was away.' An' dat was enough. Loop picks up one o' dem iron axes from one of dem armor guys dat's hollow inside (no insides or diagrams or nothin', you know) an' I knew it was time to get goin' by de nearest exit wit no time lef' for prayin' for mercy, or nothin'. So I raced to a window, wit' Loop screamin' right in back and wavin' de axe, and down below I sees a swimmin' pool. So I makes one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



LUPE & JIMMY

The results make all Hollywood sigh for a nice, quiet earthquake

Illustrated by Frank Dobias



Otto Dyar

GET out the asbestos screens and the fire extinguishers—Clara Bow's with us again, more sizzling than ever after all her ranch life! She'll have a sizzling story, too—a hot tale of carnival life, called "Hoopla." It's from that old and stirring favorite, "The Barker"

The New Charles Farrell

By Kirtley Baskette

What Charlie and Janet think of each other now

Says Janet: "I want to work with Charlie again. He understood me. We had a depth of harmony which few people could realize; there was always an exquisite sense of understanding each other."

Says Charlie: "Hasn't Janet been great lately? You don't know how fine that makes me feel. She's making good on her own. She's bigger than ever, and better, too. When I make good on my own—after we've both made good on our own—"

CHARLIE FARRELL has just ended a vacation which cost him a cool \$100,000.

A tenth of a million dollars invested in his own re-creation.

He says it's the best investment he ever made, in spite of the fact that at the time he decided to make it, the whole world whistled softly, and Hollywood privately decided the boy was certainly touched by the sun.

You know the story about how Charlie voluntarily tore up an ironclad contract with Fox for around \$3,000 a week, and relinquished his security as a star, because he was tired of being a perennial Pollyanna-saccharine sweetheart. You will recall that it occurred at the very nadir of the Depression, at a time when it



No sweetness and light here—no, sir! You might recognize the Charlie above, as he starts life in "Aggie Appleby." But see at left what a tough mugg he becomes! He loves it



looked very much as if there might be no jobs for anyone, least of all for a top-salaried screen star, and it seemed that the entire industry might be going straight to pot.

It was certainly no time for speculation. But Charlie did not consider that he was speculating. He was doing something he must do, regardless, and he felt sure he was right.

Criticism rained on his curly head from all quarters of the globe. Scores of offers came from other studios to play parts such as those which had caused him to end his Fox contract. But he shook his head, and waited. And eight months—thirty-three weeks—passed by without a single part being offered to vindicate his action.

Ordinarily eight idle months would be disastrous to a star. Ordinarily Hollywood knows best.

Now Charlie Farrell is back—and it begins to look as if he knew what he was doing. He no longer is the indifferent, listless, purely screen-personality Charlie who walked in and out of pictures without having anything to do. This time he is a dynamic, self-appraising, ambitious actor who thinks for himself. Enthusiastic, confident—yes, and cocky!

Those eight idle months have made a new man of him. They have stiffened his spine, cleared his vision. They have built up his physical strength and lifted his mental outlook.

While he polished off a dinner with an appetite suited to one of his polo ponies, Charlie eagerly discussed the past, the present and his plans for the future. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

THEY'RE ALL



As the beautiful and tragic Marie Antoinette, Norma Shearer will grace the throne of France and rule over a people. Movies may be "make believe," but would not any star enjoy the power of absolute command and the glory of a queen's crown?

FOUR of Hollywood's greatest picture stars are about to become queens. Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. Queens, real queens, with all their regal trappings; with all the adulation, worship and power. Before whom humble commoners must bend the knee and with rapt, upturned faces, murmur, "Hail, the Queen!"

And don't you suppose they know it, and revel in it—these four movie queens gone royal? Don't you suppose they feel the thrill, the glory, the exciting intoxication of real power? Oh, yes. It's much, much more than a mere costume picture these women are mak-

ing. Isn't it really a gratifying—unconsciously, perhaps—of the suppressed desire that burns within the breast of nearly every woman in these modern times? (Especially those women who have already tasted so fully of the glory of movie adulation?) The desire to dominate—completely and utterly? To "queen it" in reality?

To the housewife only of yesterday who believed that "woman's place is in the home" those famous and powerful women monarchs were strange people in history books. And the fact that, years ago, queens had lived and people had adored them, in no way affected her desires or conduct.

Then something happened, and a revolution began to be waged by women against the old order.

They talked about the "single standard," and they organized clubs. They battled their way into the professions, business and politics. They swept aside the old stigmas against actresses, and they set up screen and stage stars as women of ideals and purpose.

Now for the first time in generations an ambitious and attractive woman could hope to taste the sweet wine of the public's worship.

An obscure youngster, cleverly managed, could become a great star.

Moreover, any great movie star could attain queenly beauty. And every great movie star could have more dollars



QUEENING IT

And each will thrill to the power that was once a monarch's

By Ruth Rankin

Paintings Reproduced Courtesy
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

than Catherine had rubles, more diamonds than Marie Antoinette had gold.

And yet, with wealth and fame at her feet, perhaps the star may yearn for the regal pomp and circumstance that went with being a queen. Perhaps she still desires the breathless admiration, the genuflections that were bestowed only upon royalty.

At any rate, these four famous stars are preparing to surround themselves with the glory that was once a queen's, and appear before a wide-eyed public on jewelled thrones.

Garbo will wear the crown of Queen Christina of Sweden. Marlene Dietrich will ascend the throne of Catherine the Great of Russia. Norma Shearer will take command as the lovely Marie Antoinette. And Hepburn will rule as England's Queen Elizabeth.



Katharine Hepburn should be happy as the imperious Queen Elizabeth whose power was absolute. Independent and unafraid, Elizabeth's domination was complete and her people adored her. Almost any modern woman would enjoy the rôle

Many times Garbo has been called "queen." In choosing for herself the rôle of Queen Christina, did Garbo want to make her title less figurative?

The queen whose crown she will wear was one of her own countrywomen, and Garbo is Queen Christina's counterpart to an astonishing degree.

Between the other stars and their queens we do not find the close character resemblance that exists between Christina and Garbo.

But perhaps Dietrich remembers that she, like Catherine, was once a fair-haired German girl who went into a strange land



When Dietrich ascends the throne of Catherine the Great she may remember that she, too, was a young German girl, alone in a strange land but ambitious to wear a crown

dered him is a debated question. Upon Catherine's ascent to the throne began one of the most dramatic and colorful reigns in history.

A clever diplomat and a woman of tremendous personality, she charmed the crown heads of Europe. And, being a liberal ruler, her wise reforms endeared her to the masses.

Thus, though rumor numbered her lovers as high as three hundred, and gossip about the Queen encircled the globe, Catherine commanded the respect and admiration of her European neighbors and the love and worship of her subjects.

Catherine considered herself superior to such female "affectations" as modesty or womanliness. She left such qualities of femininity and civilization to the lesser women who had not her superb arrogance and ego.

She was sufficient unto herself, and made her own personal laws.

Thus we see a queen, magnificent, powerful. Dietrich may have to give us a sugar-coated Catherine on the screen. But, in any case, it



with a grim determination to conquer.

Catherine of Russia was born an obscure German princess. At fifteen she went, alone, to a country where she did not even know a word of the language, to marry the degenerate heir to the Russian throne.

Catherine set out to conquer this new world. And her burning ambition was to wear the crown.

Like Dietrich, she was blonde, blue-eyed, a beautiful, healthy, large-boned woman with exquisite skin.

Plunged while still a child in the midst of the most grossly sensual court life in all Europe, Catherine became the center of intrigue.

Peter, her husband, was a weak and cowardly creature who thought his position entitled him to disregard all decency. His brutality often imperiled her life. Whether or not she mur-



With regal grace and royal bearing Garbo wears the robes of a Queen she closely resembles—Christina of Sweden

will be a splendid setting for the German star and she will be identifying herself with one of the most magnificent and colorful rulers the world has known.

Dietrich has "queened it" on the Paramount lot for several years. She plays off-stage the remote and dramatic lady of her characterizations. It will be interesting now to see her wear Catherine's crown.

Elizabeth, the dominating, imperious Queen of England, has been chosen by Katharine Hepburn for her royal rôle.

Elizabeth—a strong-minded woman who swept aside all obstacles with an indomitable ambition, and thought with the mind of a man; a woman with a tragic [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



She Plays Garbo Herself

CORA SUE COLLINS has reached the zenith of her career. She is not only playing *with* Garbo in "Queen Christina"—she is playing Garbo herself! Imagine that!

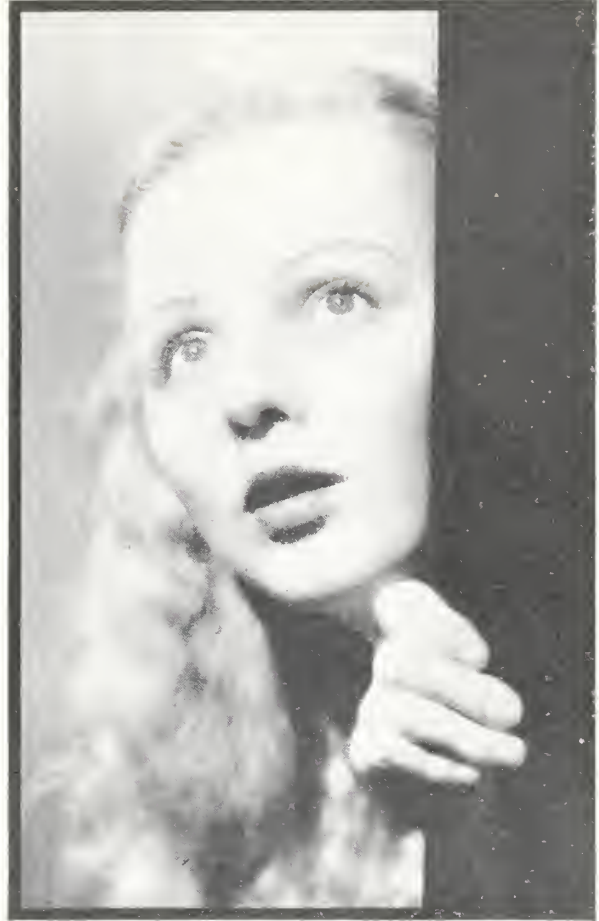
During her two years in Hollywood, Cora Sue has played daughter, or the star herself as a little girl, with Bebe Daniels, Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Wynne Gibson, Norma Shearer and Zita Johann. Now she's playing Garbo as a child. Not bad for a young lady whose family brought her to Hollywood looking for a chance not so long ago—and not in a Pullman, at that!

The two actresses have been quite friendly, too. Between scenes they've sat, side by side, chin in hand, gazing off into space, with never a word, but enjoying each other's company. Might that be the Garbo influence at work in Sue?

Cora Sue's start was as rapid as her career. The first day she appeared at Universal, answering a call for children Cora Sue's age, supervisor Stanley Bergerman chose her for a film with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Her next was with Pat O'Brien and Wynne Gibson—and the O'Briens have been her devoted friends since. Many of the lovely little dresses she wears are presents from them.

It might seem odd that brunette Cora Sue was picked to play the blonde child Garbo—but anyone thinking that reckons without the resourcefulness of the make-up department. They even gave Cora Sue a two-tooth plate to replace two that had gone the way a youngster's teeth will at that age. She can do tricks with the plate. She even made Garbo giggle, once!

Cora Sue has a message for her public. When she's crowned, and hesitates in her speech, it is because the director wanted her to. She can read lines perfectly, she'll have you know!



What 7,000 Girls Wanted

THE telephone rang early in the morning, and little Charlotte Henry tumbled out of bed, instantly awake, to answer.

She didn't ask who was calling. She started right out, as she had for weeks, with "Did I get it?"

The agent at the other end of the wire answered, "Hold on to something, and don't get hysterical, Charlotte. Yes, you got it!"

Charlotte dropped the telephone and cried for fifteen minutes.

There were seven thousand applicants for the rôle of *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland." The search went on so long that director Norman McLeod, in despair, says he was ready to put on a pinafore and play it himself. But now he's delighted.

Charlotte is five feet tall, and instead of usual "young girl" beauty—she isn't a record-breaker for that—she has just the mane of tumbling, light-brown hair, the pointed face, and the big, sparkling blue eyes, that are required to make her a living replica of the Tenniel drawings that are as much *Alice* as anything Lewis Carroll wrote.

Charlotte is nineteen, and attended a convent and public schools in New York. She is the intelligent type of youngster that is becoming more and more favored by directors. Her favorite study is history, and she hasn't any "boy friend." Neither does she go to parties.

Her experience includes some stage rôles and parts in several pictures. She has read and reread "Alice in Wonderland" since childhood, because it always has been one of her favorites. She will put all this love of the story into her work.

She has a new superstition, too. Her screen test was made on the thirteenth—so "thirteen" is her lucky number now!

It's the Caveman Within

WHAT explanation does science offer, to account for the strange spell that Mae West casts over millions of normal, everyday people? There can be no question that she does cast a spell; for her first picture, "She Done Him Wrong," has broken all box-office records and has taken the movie-going public by storm.

It is a matter of official record that 742 theaters throughout the country played return engagements of Mae West's picture. One hundred four theaters ran the picture three different times; twenty-six gave it four engagements, and six had to show it the fifth time before their audiences were satisfied.

But how does she do it? What light can science throw on the question?

Let's take the answer from a man whom, I believe, is as well qualified as anybody in the United States to give it—William J. Fielding.

William J. Fielding has written a number of books on the subject of human emotions. Among them are "The Caveman Within Us," and "Love and the Sex Emotions," which are used as guides in modern psychology classes. His opinions are quoted time and again by such distinguished professors as Dr. William A. White, the noted psychiatrist, and M. M. Willey of Dartmouth College.

So he should be able, if anyone can, to reveal the secret of Mae West's charm.

"Yes," said Mr. Fielding, when asked, "there is an answer to that question, and an extremely definite one. But to understand it, we'll have to realize something about ourselves—the fact that each one of us has, buried deep down in our characters, a sort of 'caveman.'"

"This 'cave creature' in our characters is not intellectual or moral. He is *vital*, a perfectly untamed savage, interested in the most elemental facts of life, and he would be perfectly ruthless about satisfying his desires at anybody's expense, if given a chance.

"Of course, he doesn't get a chance. We are civilized, sane, moral people—and when these 'caveman' impulses come up in us, we stamp them down. But that doesn't get rid of them. They're still smoldering, inside of us, waiting their chance to break loose. That's where Mae West's personality comes in.

"When we see her in 'She Done Him Wrong,' we see a natural, unrestrained person, acting exactly as the 'caveman' within each one of us would like to act—and he responds to the sight just as a moth is drawn to flame. Here is life as he would like to live it! He revels in every nuance of Mae's actions, every glance of her eyes, every gesture, every note of her voice. That's why she draws the crowds. She is the most successful person on the screen today, when it comes to pleasing the inner 'caveman.'"

That is not hard to understand—especially when we remember the audience's glee during the scene when Mae swung her seductive hips at Cary Grant, and murmured the line which has since become a by-word: "Why'n cha come up some time?"

But this "caveman" business—

That's how an eminent psychologist explains the amazing popularity of our Diamond Lil

By Virginia Maxwell

it sounds as though something were not quite right about that. It's not the best parlor behavior, so to say! And as for indulging him by going to a Mae West show—

"It's the very best thing anybody could do," Mr. Fielding says with emphasis. "Mae West is a godsend in that respect, and especially in depression days, when everyone's worried and nervously tense.

"One of the worst things people used to do to themselves, was over-

repression of this 'caveman' side of their characters. I don't mean that we should let the 'caveman' go—that would be ruinous, in civilized society. But we have to take account of him, just the same, and if we don't, disaster is likely to follow. You know what happens to a boiler when the safety valve is tied down!

"That's the way it is with the 'caveman.' He's there; we can't get rid of him; so the only safe way to deal with him is to let off the emotional 'steam' he creates in harmless ways. Happily, this can be done very simply.

"This 'caveman,' after all, can be fooled. If he sees somebody doing what he'd like to do—if he can revel in the actions of someone who appeals to him on the stage or screen—that suits him, and he quits plaguing us with his promptings. That's why, I believe, gangster and 'bad girl' pictures have had such a vogue.

"I HAVE often watched an audience following underworld characters on the screen, and it has always been evident the audience derives a satisfaction from the display of instincts which cannot find a socially approved outlet. That, I believe, is the secret behind the amazing success of Edward G. Robinson and George Raft in gangland rôles.

"In civilized life we've got to repress so many normal emotions, such as fear, anger, primitive passion, revenge, that it's balm for the emotions to follow a screen character doing what our unconscious selves have been wanting to do but can't, because of social conventions. We derive an emotional satisfaction from a well-deserved revenge in a screen story. You can feel this reaction throughout an audience, even if it is ultra-conservative about applause.

"It was through denying themselves this healthful outlet for pent-up emotions that many people did themselves im-



Mae West, look what you've done! You've brought out that old "caveman" in us. And how!

Us CALLING *for* MAE

measurable harm in the past. Over-repression, even as to these substitute outlets, has been injurious. It has caused many neurotic ailments. Neurotic traits become the outlet, instead of harmless diversions. You can put it, if you like, that Mae West helps to prevent many a nervous breakdown."

So it's "good medicine" as well as good fun, that the audience is absorbing when it chuckles over the scenes with Gilbert Roland playing the gigolo and Mae proving just about two miles ahead of him in every move he makes! Most of us never will know in real life the things which seem instinctive to *Lil*—so, if we accept Mr. Fielding's view, it is little wonder that audiences eat up these scenes.

But there is another interesting side to this success of Mae West's—the strange way that it seemed to burst upon the scene at exactly the right moment to win maximum acclaim. But to Mr. Fielding, there is no mystery about this.

"Emotional reactions, like picture stories, run in cycles. When we go to extremes, there is usually a return to conservatism. And vice versa. After an ultra-conservative period, taste suddenly swings back to the primitive—and that is just what happened when Mae West appeared with her screen version of 'Diamond Lil.' We'd been having sophisticated heroines, the Garbo figure — everyone was ready, whether knowing it or not, for a complete change.

"That seemed obvious when 'Diamond Lil' was playing on Broadway. I went to see it one evening with some other psycholo-



"I'm No Angel," Mae cries in her new picture. And we don't object. Since "She Done Him Wrong" came hip-swinging along we like our Mae a bit, well — naughty, and never an angel

gists. We agreed then that Miss West's stage character typified the complete throwing off of repressed emotions, and we believed then that it would have a tremendous appeal to the average, normal person because of that."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Sylvia gave ZaSu



Who could fail to see what ZaSu does to herself when she gets to worrying? That's why she was worn to a shadow when she called on Sylvia for help. (Inset, Sylvia)

AGAIN Sylvia, America's foremost physical culturist and masseuse, tells how she aided a star to regain appearance and health—and shows how anyone can use the same treatments right at home.

Better than that, PHOTOPLAY Magazine has arranged to have Sylvia answer all personal questions asked, without charge. On page 84 you'll find many of her answers and how to obtain her assistance. Turn there now to see what valuable help you can have—and read Sylvia's articles every month to know how various troubles may be overcome and one may always be at her best.

The maid opened the door and silently pointed up the stairs to a bedroom. When I knocked ZaSu called, "Come in." In I went, and received one of the greatest shocks of my life.

I would have thought that ZaSu Pitts would have a severe, plain bedroom. Well, not on your life! Such taffeta ruffles, such big taffeta pillows, such lacy *chaise longues*, such frills and furbelows, I've never seen. The bedrooms of Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett, and Alice White, all rolled into one, had nothing on ZaSu's.

I ploughed my way through all the taffeta and tried to find some place to put my coat and beret. But every chair was full of little boy's clothes. ZaSu apparently had just been buying out the stores for the boy.

In the middle of the big bed was ZaSu herself, waving those beautiful hands in a helpless gesture. She looked about as big as a minute in that huge bed. Her face was troubled. "Oh, dear," she said in a plaintive tone, "I don't know where you're to put your things."

"Listen, baby, don't worry," I said as I threw my coat and hat on the floor. "Don't worry about anything!" For I just needed one look at her to see she was the world's champion worrier. And that, I knew, was what kept her so thin.

I made her get out of bed then and walk up and down the floor in front of me. Right away she started clowning, stumbling over the pillows and imitating a vampish walk.

"Listen," I said to her, "save those laughs. I can pay for them

IT'S true that ZaSu Pitts plays comedy rôles. It's true she is not so beautiful as the glamorous stars. It's true that on the screen she gets herself up to look like nothing human.

But ZaSu, like every other girl with a lick of sense, wants to look her best. And when she's away from the camera and has her nice clothes on, she is very attractive.

The fact that ZaSu sent for me should be a lesson to a lot of you girls. She had sense enough to know—and some of you haven't learned that yet—that it is every woman's duty to look her best!

As usual with all new patients, I went to ZaSu first at night. I was so busy that I couldn't fit the new ones in at any other time. She was still married to Tom Gallery, then, and had just adopted Barbara La Marr's orphaned son.

Another of Sylvia's "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for famous stars

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 84!

Pitts *Renewed Beauty*

when I see you on the screen. Anyhow, I know why you're clowning. You don't think you're as good looking as some of the stars I treat. You're embarrassed. Well, get that out of your head.

"You're okay and some of those babies I slap around aren't a bit better looking than you without their war paint. Get that old inferiority complex right out of your head. Make the most of your assets. Stop making yourself ridiculous except when you're paid to do it!"

And that advice goes for all of you girls who think you're plain and not so pretty as other girls you know. Beauty is a state of mind. You're beautiful if you think you are, and if you'll work hard to be beautiful. And don't ever forget it.

ZASU was quite thin. She needed to put on weight on her chest, arms, face and neck. But she needed to take weight off her abdomen. Like a lot of thin girls she had a little pouch right in front and that, I saw the minute she walked, was because the stomach muscles were weak. She was very run down, too, and simply couldn't hold her shoulders up until she had more strength.

I treated her and got her nerves all relaxed, when suddenly Tom Gallery burst into the room and said, "There's a bunch of fighters downstairs and I don't want to see them." Then he ran into the other room.

Tom at the time was promoting fights. Without a word ZaSu rang for the maid, jumped into her clothes, and told the girl to bring the fighters up.

"You can't do this, ZaSu," I said. "You'll get yourself all nervous again."

"I've got to," she answered, just as the door opened and I found myself knee-deep in cauliflower ears. All those fighters were mad, too, about something; but I've never seen anyone manage a situation as well as ZaSu did that. She



Now see what a beauty ZaSu became, once Sylvia got her built up and her peace of mind restored! It seemed like a miracle



Sylvia's treatment was strenuous, but it worked. The worried, drawn look began to vanish as though by magic

knows a lot about psychology and in about two minutes they were calmed down and she had persuaded Tom to see them and everything was okay. But in doing this she had used up all her energy and had undone all the things I had done for her.

"I promise you," she said when they had left, "that this won't happen again."

So she got undressed once more and I gave her some soothing exercises. But that stuff about its not happening again was a fib. An hour later I left her. She was looking like a rosy baby and all relaxed and wonderful. But just as I got down to the living-room there were a lot of people who had dropped in to see the new house and were all for going up to see ZaSu and have some fun.

"Nothing doing," I said. "She's going to sleep now."

But while I was saying it, ZaSu was already out of bed and on her way down.

I gave her a dirty look and she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Star News *from* London



London, England.

EVERY hair of your London correspondent's head is standing straight on end! Inwardly I'm quaking faster than ever I did in a Hollywood temblor!

Did I say something last month about the sweet serenity, and the peaceful quiet of my dear old London? I take it back! The place is a bedlam! A hurricane has hit this ancient city. A volcano is erupting fiercely.

In other words, Charles Bickford is in our midst!

I've known his tousled brick-red hair ever since he first appeared in Hollywood, and he's never failed to shock me with his violent diatribes against everything and everybody connected with motion pictures. But nothing he ever said to me—nothing that he ever did—faintly compares with the interview which I've just had with him.

I repeat, I'm still all a-tremble!

For Charlie Bickford swears he put Cecil B. DeMille in his place!

I'm amazed—after that—that there *is* a Hollywood. How could such a thing have happened without the heavens falling?

"De Mille got me into the picture," he began, "by telling me he had a part made to order for me. And De Mille's enthusiasm fooled me. Made me almost enthusiastic over this part in 'This Day and Age.'"

"All right. I agree to play the part—and I give it all I've got.

"I battle him plenty—naturally. And I get my own way once or twice. But in spite of all that, I figure the picture won't do me any harm. In spite of everything, I'm satisfied the part is fat enough for me to score in it.

"Then comes the preview of 'This Day and Age'! When I see it, I see red! What De Mille had done to me was murder! He'd just cut me right out of the picture, that's all!

"I told him he could take his part in 'Four Frightened People' and do

Doug, Jr., a Czar now—
Peter III of Russia—
gives *Empress Elizabeth*
(Flora Robson) a light

what he liked with it. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

When he finishes with his visit to Russia (where he hopes to make a film) Bickford plans to return to Hollywood and tie up with Irving Thalberg under a personal contract. This will

take him back to the M-G-M lot where he worked the first few years he was in Hollywood—only to quit after a rip snorting fight with his bosses.

But is Hollywood big enough to hold this lambaster of lions—and C. B. De Mille?

INCIDENTALLY Bickford's coming here to play the lead in "The Red Wagon," a British International picture, adds another name to the long list of Hollywood players who have worked in English studios during the past year.

Since Gloria Swanson and Esther Ralston headed the march just over a year ago, more than twenty American actors and actresses have worked in film studios in England. And present indications are that the trek from Hollywood will continue indefinitely.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., while working on his new Russian court film, is very much in evidence these nights at all the smart gathering places, and continually is the attentive escort of Gertrude Lawrence who, several years ago, was the stage partner of Beatrice Lillie in vaudeville.

I saw them together the other night at the opening of Jack Buchanan's new film, "That's A Good Girl." (Buchanan is not only the star and director of this musical comedy picture, but he is also the owner of the Leicester Square theater where it is being shown.) As they chatted together before the lights were lowered, it was abundantly evident that they're that way about each other.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

By Kathlyn Hayden
PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent



Bert Longworth

WHAT do you suppose it is that's drawing such a fascinated stare from Joe E. Brown, perched so un-nautically on a ladder? Maybe it's Thelma Todd, high-jinxing on the set. She's helping in the fun-making for Joe's new one, "Son of a Sailor." Or perhaps Joe is working up a mood for a high time ashore, when the director calls him

Telling The



WHEN an intense personality and an earnest young man feel a touch of the divine fire, you may expect to see the confession made as above. Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins are telling how they feel in "Design for Living," with Miriam taut in every fiber and Gary taking it seriously



COMPLEX personalities and a complex emotion. Ann Harding and Nils Asther are very much in love, in this scene from "Right to Romance." But a haunting sadness permeates their love—something that keeps them from letting elemental fires blaze high. No other two actors on the silver screen today could show such a state of mixed feelings to more charming advantage



NO doubt about the fire in the souls of these two at the left! The whole world has been interested in Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone—and here they are, in a scene from "Dancing Lady" that's a marvelous study in what fiery passion will do to highly sensitive, highly intelligent, highly attractive people. We can expect the screens to sizzle when these two get into action

Old, Old Story



WELL, well! Here's torridity for you, from "Bombshell"—and it's being provided by a couple who can turn it on like a light! None of us need to be told how Jean Harlow can flame with love when she wants to—and as for Lee Tracy, we know his whirlwind personality, too

DIRECT and simple, with no camouflage—that's the way Maurice Chevalier acts! "A leetle kiss, now"—and the ladies find it mighty hard to resist the request, when backed by the winning Chevalier smile. Certainly Ann Dvorak's not going to, in the scene above from "The Way to Love." But she's going to try one artful trick. A little teasing, you know—"get it if you can!"

NOW, to end on a truly artistic note, we have the supremely artistic, the Continental style of revealing the grand passion. It's Gilbert Roland, using every tender nuance known to the European gentleman, while Connie Bennett—well, one would say she knew every detail of the art, too. Of course, that's her job in this film of war intrigue. It's "After Tonight"





"THE calm before the storm!" Chester Morris, Helen Twelvetrees, John Miljan, at the back, and director Kurt Neumann with the script, are friendly enough here—but there'll be plenty of excitement in a moment. This is the last "talk it over" session before they all go to it in a big scene for the prizefight film, "King for a Night"

War Clouds *in the* West?



On this side, Mae West, Queen of Curves. Gossip picks her for one contender



On this side, Marlene Dietrich, Queen of Glamour, gossip's other contender

IS another civil war brewing in Hollywood? Will Mae West and Marlene Dietrich square off for a bitter battle of the "sexies" to determine just who is queen at Paramount? Will one of Hollywood's lots again prove too small to house two outstanding stars—this time the curvaceous Mae and the orchidaceous Marlene? Will the classic conflict of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, Hollywood's most famous intramural struggle, which rocked Paramount to its very foundations a decade ago, be re-enacted with Mae and Marlene opposed in the up-to-date warrior rôles?

Questions, questions, questions! Conjecture, speculation, consternation! How the tongues do wag as the instinct for gossip, in the world's most gossipy town, scents as thrilling a topic as this!

What started all the buzz-buzz and excitement? Just six little words, that's all.

But what pithy words, in a statement attributed to Marlene—and maintained by her to be a misquotation—which were printed in New York newspapers and flashed all over the world, when the exotic Dietrich arrived back in the United States from her vacation in Europe.

Probably you read them:

"I never heard of Mae West!"

She denied saying it. But, of course, it

was too much of a "natural" for a gossip to overlook. Who else had threatened, and indeed usurped, Dietrich's supremacy at Paramount but Mae West? Who had more reason to be cattily jealous of Mae than Marlene Dietrich?

"I never heard of Mae West!"—in those six little words Hollywood was sure it heard the tocsins of a coming Hollywood war, started, as many wars are started, by a loosened pebble gaining speed until it becomes an inexorable avalanche!

The pebble Hollywood identified as the natural rivalry of Marlene and Mae for the queen-star's throne at Paramount. And the avalanche—

Here's the situation, as Hollywood adds it up, at this writing:

Marlene denied the quotation in New York, but she waited until her arrival in Hollywood to explain it fully. During that touchy time, Mae scoffed at the whole matter. Said she:

"Miss Dietrich is too intelligent to show any jealousy toward me, even if she felt it—and I know she doesn't. We aren't at all alike on the screen.

"She used to come into my dressing-room and tell me how she and her daughter, Maria, played my songs at home. She said it for publicity? Nonsense—to show jealousy of an actress on the same lot would not be good publicity!" Mae dismissed the thought. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

By *Kenneth Baker*



Cal York

Announcing-



When Kate says "no" she usually means it, but this time she changed her "no" to "yes" because the big bad wolf of a sleuthing photographer snapped her picture. Then Hepburn decided she'd better pose for a few shots while watching tennis matches

IT has been observed by so many that there must be some foundation for it—the cooling off between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. Whether the arrival of Judith Wood (or Helen Johnson, as she is also known) Franchot's former heart throb, from New York, has anything to do with it, we are not sure at the moment. But one thing is absolutely *certain*—Joan would never go shares with any other girl alive, and you can bet your last dollar on that!

FLASHES of temperament:

Dorothea Wieck fought with her hairdresser—hairdresser walked out on her.

Anna Sten quarrelled with Betty Hill, her script girl.

Sally Eilers walked out on her part in "Sally and Jimmy" with the result that her salary was suspended.

Clara Bow requested that the cast not working in scene with her in "Hoopla" leave the set while she emoted in a dramatic scene.

Judith Allen squabbled with Paramount because she was cast for a Western.

And Jetta Goudal comes back.

IT was during a discussion of the best places to get away from it all that Neil Hamilton came out with the shockingly honest remark.

"The only place I know," said Neil, "where I can really get away from it all is in the bathroom!"

All dressed up for the party, Patricia Ellis and Earl Blackwell enjoy the Beverly Wilshire opening party. Pat has always wanted to be grown up and she certainly achieves that effect with her beautiful satin gown

IS Max Baer doing a Stepin Fetchit? You will remember the famous colored boy who made an overnight hit in the movies and spent a fortune on automobiles and then went the way of all (Hollywood) flesh.

Anyway, Max has invested \$17,000 of the money he made from his picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," in a magnificent automobile and his wife has sued him for divorce. Meantime, Max is the bright candle in the lives of Hollywood's feminine moths.

A COUPLE of the boys over in the library at M-G-M have a most interesting time watching Garbo. She emerges from her very closed set, and strides up and down in a re-

stricted area where there is little or no traffic, and studies her lines. A technician happened to walk into this hallowed territory, and was so startled he stopped in his tracks and stared.

Garbo halted long enough to deliver a few timely remarks about "rudeness," then fled. She reported it to the head office, we understand. Hence her two daily observers are very cautious. One remarks, "She's the best looking thing in pants I ever saw. If all the girls who tried to wear 'em looked half that well, I'd vote for 'em!"

DO you suppose Douglas planned to come back, when he left Pickfair? Or does he have so many clothes he just doesn't need all

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Polly wants a wise-cracker; and who pops up but that goofy Ed Wynn to supply the laughs for Madame Moran. With her giggle and his gags the Beverly Wilshire was panicked at their opening party t'other night

of them? Because when we were being shown through Pickfair, by its charming mistress, Mary Pickford, we couldn't help noticing several suits hanging in Doug's closets, off the Chinese room, which Mary had built for him.

THEY were talking about the star who recently married a "confirmed" bachelor.

"Boy, oh boy, won't she have herself a time trying to live with *that* guy!" exclaimed the first extra.

"Why, don't be silly," answered the second extra. "He has the most even disposition in the world—*always sore!*"

AND one of the secrets of Mae Murray's perpetually youthful figure, we hear through our "underground channels," is the fact that she takes her morning and evening dip with large chunks of *ice* in the bath-tub. Can *she* take it!

SKIRTS may be long these days but the trend of the screen seems to be to legs. Maybe the musicals are responsible for it. At any rate, Joan Crawford appears in daringly scanty attire in "Dancing Lady" and the advance shots from Clara Bow's "Hoopla" show her entire figure alluringly revealed. And it looks as though Sally Rand, famous fan dancer, may still have more rivals in Hollywood.



Norma knows her fashions as well as her drama, as you can see. She wore this smart outfit to the Pacific Southwest tennis matches. Florence Eldridge (Freddie March's wife) sat directly behind Miss Shearer, keeping close account of each point scored

YOU can't down Marie Dressler. After her collapse at a banquet in New York, she quickly rallied after a few days of rest, wholly able to face more dinners and more speech-making. When she made "The Late Christopher Bean," she had just recovered from a trip to the hospital and surprised all by the vitality she showed on the set.

Apparently the making of motion pictures is a terrific strain. Many a stage actor goes into his sixties hale and hearty, while Hollywood takes much out of the most rugged physiques.

WHEN these lines come under your eye, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller should have been honeymooning for many a day. In October they took out a license to wed at Las Vegas, Nevada. The license was issued at 4:45 in the morning. Evidently Johnny and Lupe believe in getting an early start.

Incidentally, this impetuosity was equalled by Jean Harlow and hubby Hal Rosson, when they were married at Yuma, Arizona, at 4:00 A.M. But, then, the sun rises early in the Southwest.

WALLY BEERY and a crony were discussing a local prize-fighter. "He has a face," described Wally, "that only a mother, or a vegetarian, could love."

MAIE WEST is going in for black velvet in a large way. Wears practically nothing else, and at the studio—not in a scene, just a-visitin' around—she was *something* in a closely-moulded black velvet gown with large white faille bow, and a black velvet picture hat.

HARVEY STEPHENS, the new leading man out at Fox, had lots of stage experience, but the ways of pictures were new and amazing to him. He went home and regaled his wife with this one.

"Why, do you know dear, out here they are so considerate of their stars they even have step-ins for them!"

And you can imagine Mrs. Stephens' bewilderment, until she discovered that he meant *stand-ins!*

REMEMBER when Connie Bennett's \$30,000 a week stipend caused all the gasps of amazement? Well, John Barrymore is said to equal her record with no less than \$60,000 for his part in "Counsellor-at-Law," which he is making at Universal on loan out from M-G-M. John draws the check for fourteen days' work, which is \$30,000 a week, and around \$4,300 a day.

LOUIS B. MAYER is very popular with at least one young couple in Hollywood at the moment. He gave the new Mrs. Hal Rosson and her husband a honeymoon trip to Honolulu for a wedding present, and sent another photographer down in Mexico to shoot "Viva Villa," so that Jean and Hal could be together. But Jean spent her "holiday" in the hospital instead, with an operation for appendicitis.



W. F. Seely

This tiny tot knows even at his tender age how to vamp the heroine; Master Dickie Arlen and his actress Mom, Jobyna Ralston Arlen

PICKFAIR is a quiet, lonely place these days. The play-room, which Mary had built for Doug shortly before their separation, is dim and cold, in spite of the warm-looking little pot-bellied stove, resurrected from some old gold-mining-town barroom, standing in the corner.

The old authentic mahogany bar, which was found after several months' search through the old gold-mining deserted villages, stands deserted again—with the neatly piled polished glasses all in a row, quite empty of cheer. The gaming table, from Phil May's famous Reno place, stands ready—with no takers. The game-room was so completely Doug's that it now seems almost out of place in the beautiful middle-Empire house.

Doug's former room, upstairs, has been rearranged as a sitting-room and study for Gwynne, Mary's adopted daughter, with a beautiful new grand piano in one corner. Gwynne is an accomplished pianist.

A fact which you may not know, is that Mary is an ardent student of the piano, practises at least an hour each day, and plays beautifully.



Hoop-la! Over they go for honors as high jumpers as well as movie stars. Just one of the ways those Hollywood heroes keep their waistslines down; Lew Ayres leading, with Johnny Mack Brown and Billy Bakewell in close pursuit on the tennis court at Lew's place

IF these set casualties keep on, every star in Hollywood will be limping around on crutches. First Clara Bow ran into a mob fight and took one on the jaw for a clean knockout in "Hoopla"; then Gloria Stuart, wearing a hoop skirt in "Beloved," sat down too fast and suffered a bloody nose from an ascending hoop; and then Andy Devine, playing a Western comedy rôle in "Horse Play," dropped his six-gun and broke his toe!

DESPITE the trunk loads of magnificent feminine attire Dietrich brought back from Europe, she seems to be unable to resist the lure of pants. Dining with Director Josef Von Sternberg recently, there was little difference

in the attire of the two except that Marlene's hair was noticeably shorter than Von's.

And Josef, for the first time, makes the astonishing (for him) admission that there is a positive charm in making pictures. Is it possible that the Rouben Mamoulian interlude has had some slight change on Von's attitude?

AN emerald cut solitaire on Frances Dee's left hand at last! Joel McCrea, gave it to her just before she left on location for West Virginia. So, at last, Hollywood's youngest and most desirable bachelor has surrendered. Perhaps Joel learned some of the fine points of courting when squiring Constance Bennett around.

THE cash luncheon customers at the M-G-M commissary were treated to the strange sight of a kicking, squirming Jimmy Durante being lifted bodily out of his seat and carried high in the air over Max Baer's head, for an ignominious bum's rush.

"Sticking his nose into the prize-fighting business," Max explained, grinning.

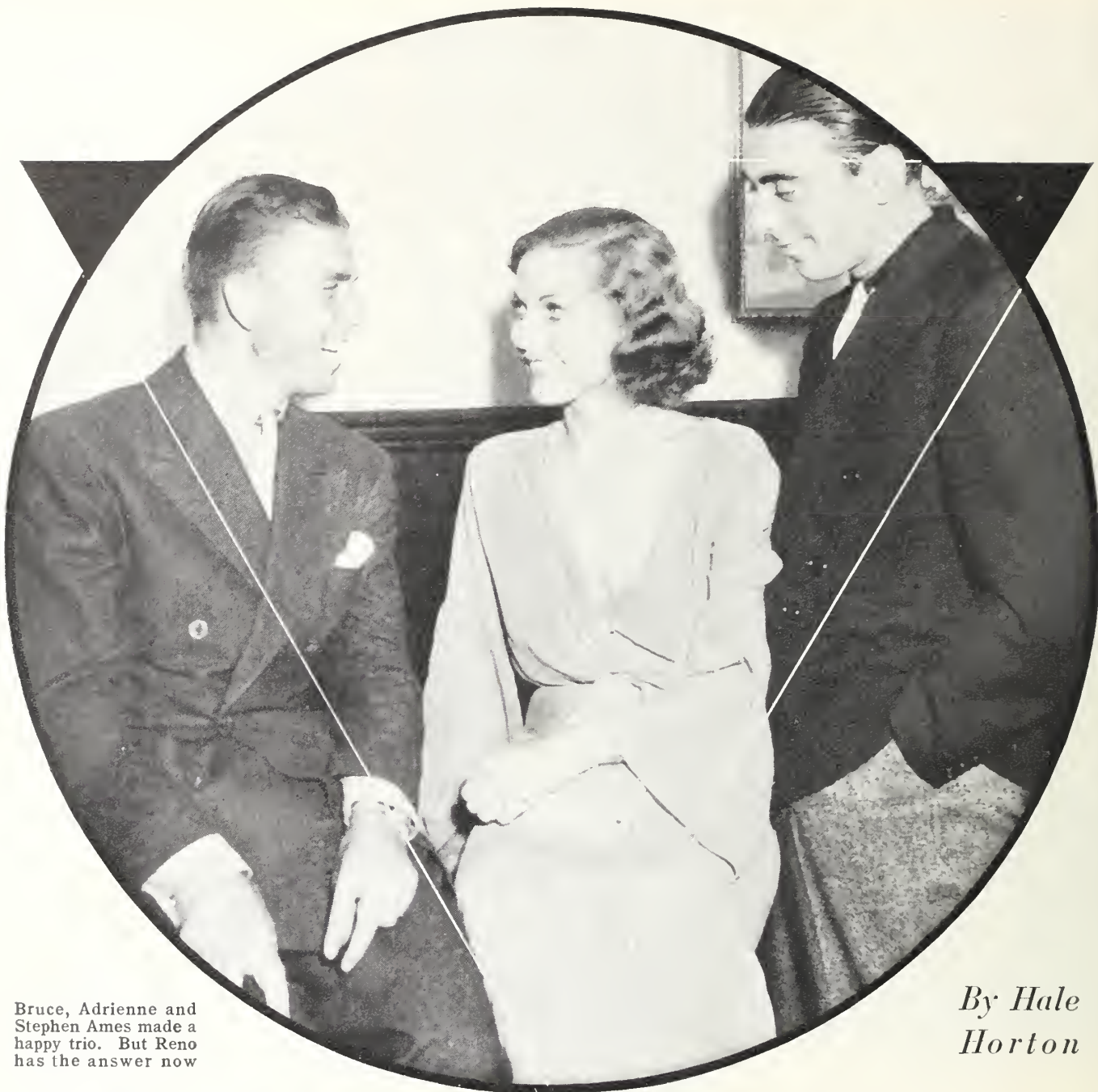
ON the day Judith Allen went down to her lawyer's office to draw up final divorce papers from her wrestling husband, Gus Sonnenberg, she came home to find her house robbed—completely cleaned of all personal possessions, clothes, jewelry—everything she owned. The only dress left was the one she was wearing.

"I didn't mind losing a husband so much today," wailed Judith, "but I didn't count on losing all my clothes, too."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Five "babies" call on Judge McComb to have under-age contracts signed: Lona Andre, Ida Lupino, Toby Wing, Grace Bradley and Baby LeRoy



Bruce, Adrienne and Stephen Ames made a happy trio. But Reno has the answer now

*By Hale
Horton*

Three WAS A Crowd!

DON'T blame it on *King Kong!* The fault is Adrienne Ames!

How do I know? Bruce Cabot told me so! And take it from your favorite key hole expert, the facts are plenty amazing!

Up to three months ago, the theme song of Bruce Cabot's very existence was a bold, carefree life.

Now, however, he seems to have gone as meek and mild as Mary's Little Powell; demure like a boarding school girl of the nineties! No more does he flatten guys in the street when he objects to the tone of their voices!

Boy, oh boy! What a lamb!

Fleece and all.

The pay-off came a little while ago. He dropped into my apart-

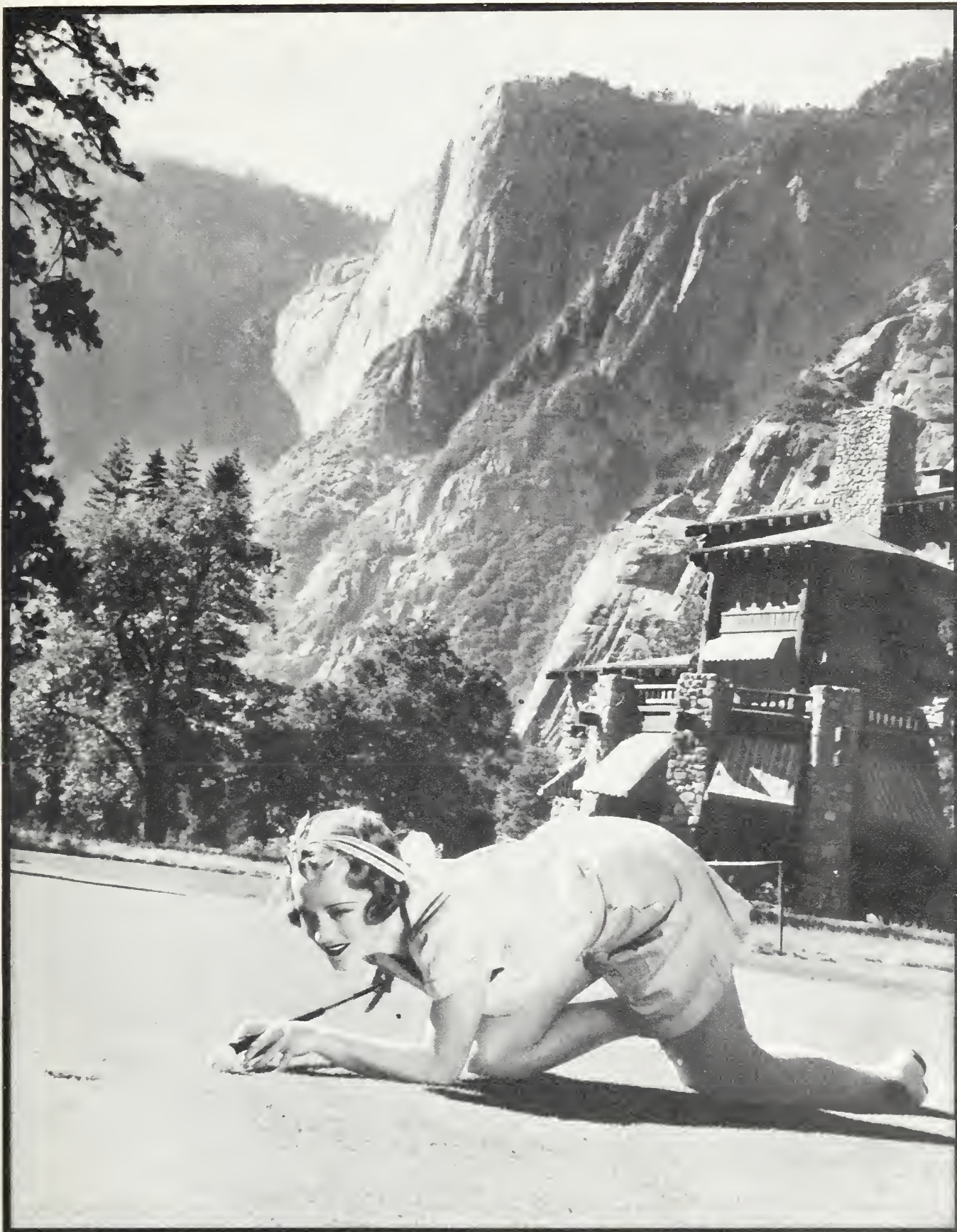
Just as folks thought, Adrienne Ames couldn't go places with Bruce Cabot and hubby too

ment and I offered him a highball. "No thanks," he said. "I don't drink. Haven't touched a drop in months. And," he added, "I'm leading a pretty quiet life, all right." And it certainly seemed as though!

As I gaped in astonishment, it occurred to me that either a gentleman of considerable brawn or a lady of glamour might be held responsible

for the change. The gentleman I had in mind being *Kong*, the gorilla; the lady, Adrienne Ames. Perhaps, I reflected, through proximity to the gigantic *Kong*, Bruce somehow achieved a certain insight into the smallness of the human race, and as a result began to yearn for the big things in life, and to go philosophical on us.

But Bruce scoffed at the idea. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Emmett Shoenbaum

ISN'T life being grand these days to Sally Eilers, with a trip to Europe, a vacation in Yosemite National Park, and a nice new husband! Now she's working with George O'Brien in "Heir to the Hoorah." See what fun it's been, judging from Sally's golf at Yosemite

Hollywood Good Fun

If you're thinking of coming to Hollywood (and don't tell me with that impulsive nature you aren't at least thinking of it), there's one thing you must learn right off the bat.

And that's how *not* to behave. In no place else in all the world (I looked it up in Flossy Big Star's three book library) is etiquette as quaint and colorful and slightly on the exotic side as in Hollywood. One can travel in almost any part of the globe and behave according to Emily Post and get by. But in Hollywood! I'm "leffing." Here, etiquette is based entirely on Emily Post-Mortems and nothing has ever equalled it since the Rise and Fall of De Mille's Roman Empire. With leopards.

First, let's take the parties. And don't worry. You'll take them. And even after the second black eye, you'll like them in a confused sort of way.

To begin with, Hollywood parties should be divided into three classes. As a matter of fact, they should be divided into small pieces and buried under a spreading chestnut tree somewhere. But, of course, with the way things are all over the country, they probably won't be. So let's get down to our classifications. There are, as I said, three kinds of parties in Hollywood.

- a. Those that usually end in rows. (Rhymed with cows.)
- b. Those that sometimes end in hospitals.
- c. Those that certainly end in a cute and cozy combination of "a" and "b" plus jails.

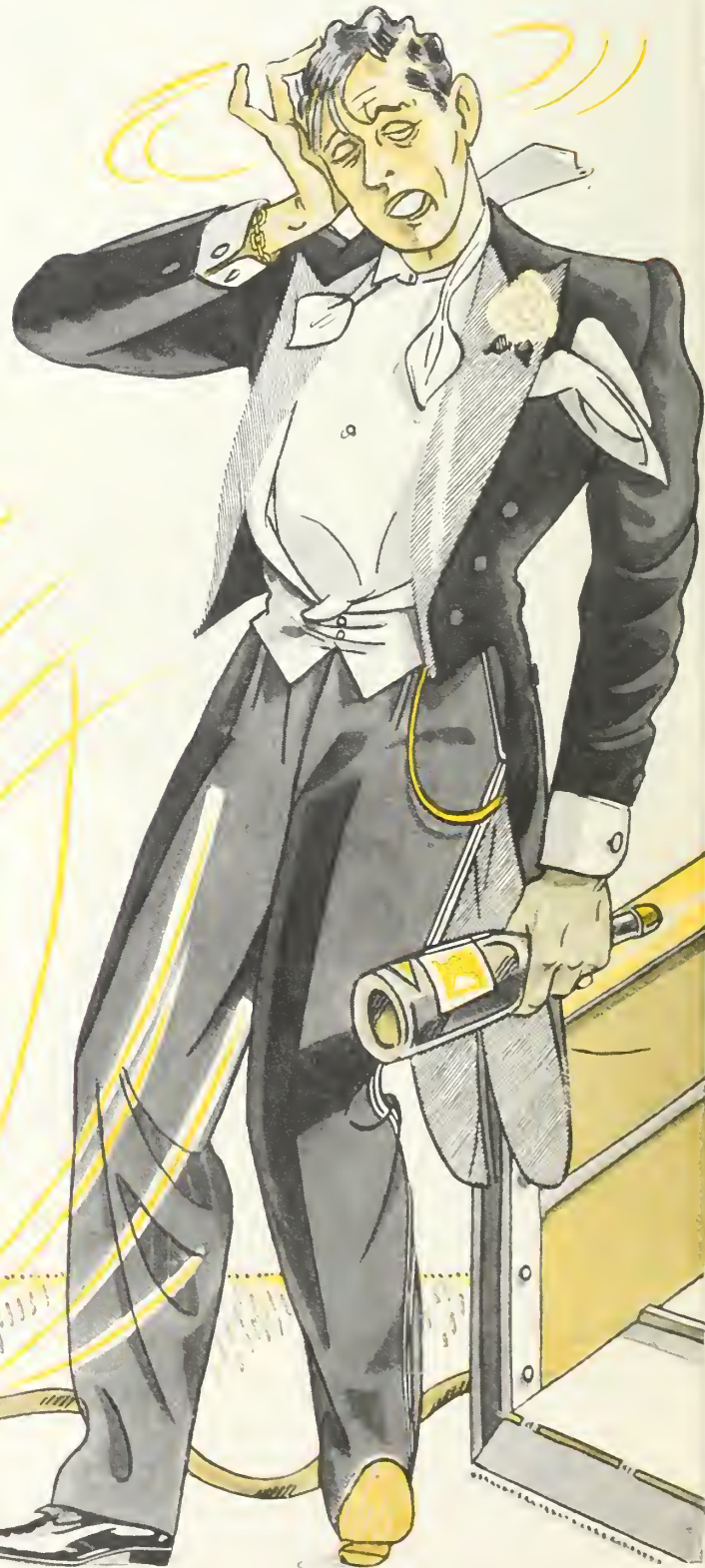
The latter are much the most popular type of formal entertainment in Hollywood today. Knowing saves a lot of bickering about where to go after the party. Knowing very definitely where he's headed, the guest can settle down to his fantastic misbehavior with a terribly free mind.

The only drawback, however, to the jail ending type of entertainment was the matter of bail—and who was to furnish it. The guest or the host. However, the matter has been completely ironed out by merely having beautifully engraved (they do things right, mind you) announcements sent out before each party which read, "Bail Furnished" or "We furnish the party, you furnish the bail."

Sometimes it's the host who ends happily in the hoosegow, as witness the famous star, whom we shan't name for the same reason Garbo won't kiss—because now he has a wife and kiddies—who, tiring of his own party, rode lickety split to the local pen and demanded either he or his guests go to jail. He won. And two days later stole back to the party, still going on, mind you, to discover no one knew he'd even been gone, as they'd had only a vague idea he'd been there in the first place. (Mama, that man's here again.)

In normal places, it's the guests who always, sooner or later, leave the party. In Hollywood, as often as not, it's the host

who, tiring of it all, walks out on the sounds of revelry by night. For instance, there's that well-known comedian who, upon tiring of his own festivities, forgot he was the host, and after telling one and all it was the lousiest party he'd ever attended in all his befuddled life, calmly walked out his own front door on his way home.



"'Go way, go way,' he motioned. 'I should never have started on this voyage in the first place'"

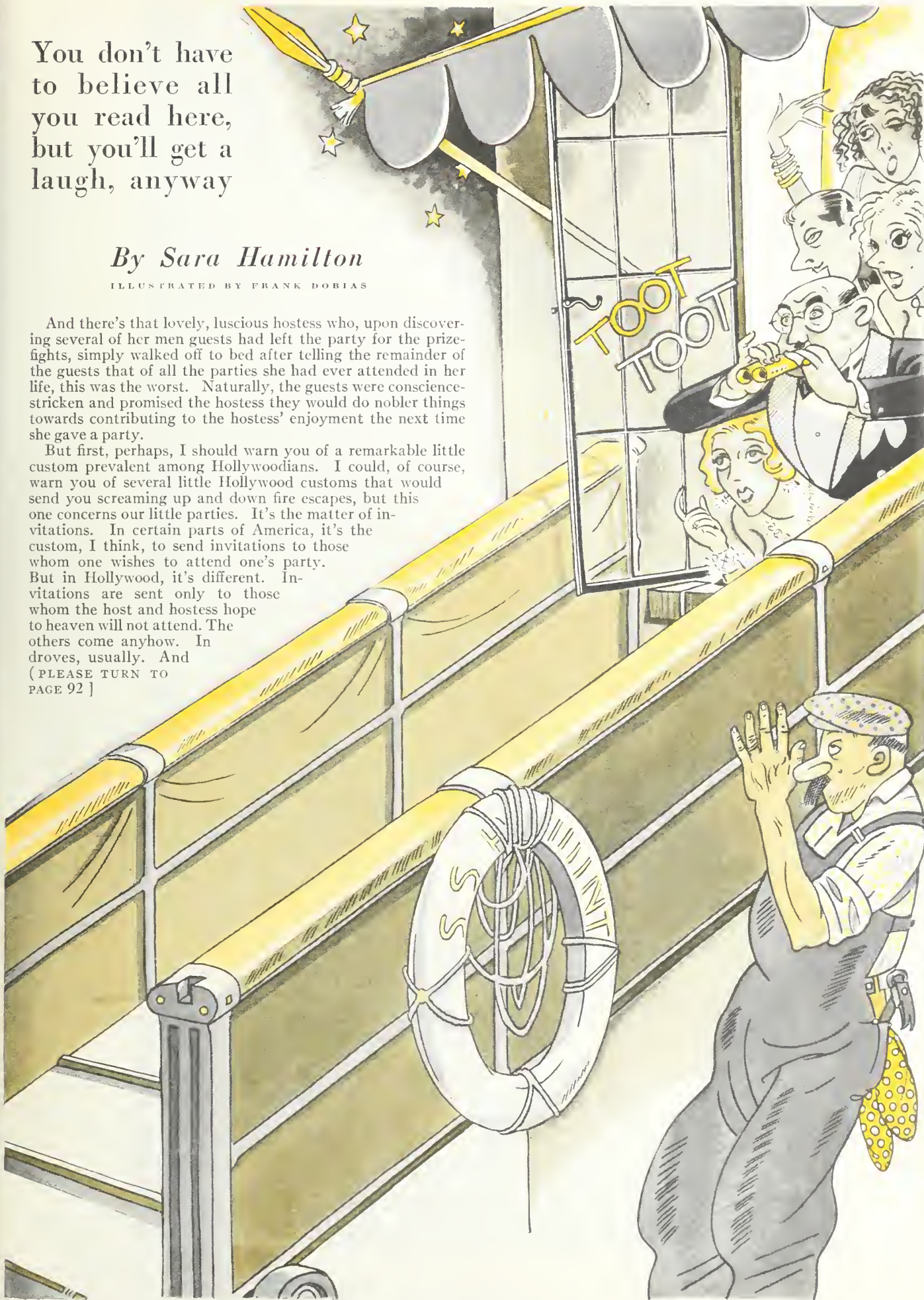
You don't have to believe all you read here, but you'll get a laugh, anyway

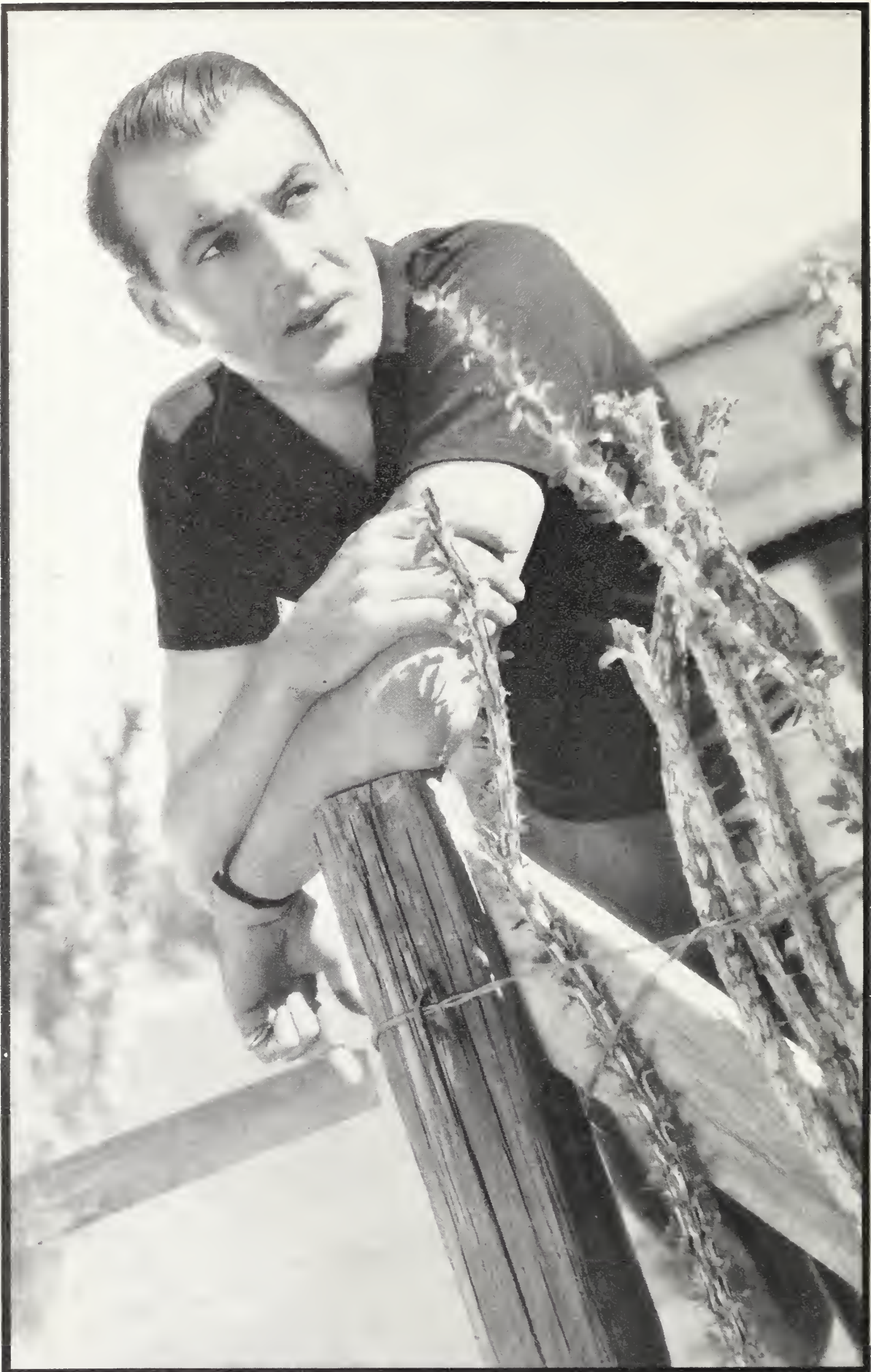
By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

And there's that lovely, luscious hostess who, upon discovering several of her men guests had left the party for the prize-fights, simply walked off to bed after telling the remainder of the guests that of all the parties she had ever attended in her life, this was the worst. Naturally, the guests were conscience-stricken and promised the hostess they would do nobler things towards contributing to the hostess' enjoyment the next time she gave a party.

But first, perhaps, I should warn you of a remarkable little custom prevalent among Hollywoodians. I could, of course, warn you of several little Hollywood customs that would send you screaming up and down fire escapes, but this one concerns our little parties. It's the matter of invitations. In certain parts of America, it's the custom, I think, to send invitations to those whom one wishes to attend one's party. But in Hollywood, it's different. Invitations are sent only to those whom the host and hostess hope to heaven will not attend. The others come anyhow. In droves, usually. And (PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]





Irving Lippman

The call of the wild and of his youth has Gary now. High hats, fancy drawing-rooms, are "out" as he revels, every off moment, in ranch life



Lone Cowboy

While Hollywood hostesses moan, Gary and Winnie, the mare, are all for the open. Henry, the cook, is passing Gary a "handout"

THEY tried to ride herd on Gary Cooper. And they failed.

For more than a year and a half the Hollywood socialites thought they had him thrown, tied—and branded "society man." Big chief on the colony's stag line.

Then, quietly, gently, he slipped the ropes.

Maybe it was that accidental detour that did it. Gary was driving his car, the "Yellow Peril," and he turned off on the wrong street, a funny little side street with devious twists, as far removed from fashionable filmdom as a back alley. But over one of the shops he spied a sign. The cut-out of a horse's head with the single word written across it—"Saddlery." Abruptly he pulled up the "Peril." It had been years since Gary had seen such a place.

Inside, a lanky fellow two inches taller than himself was stretching leather. You could fairly feel the tang of the wide open ranges in that shop of Jeff Davis'. He had six teeth in his head, did Jeff, and he was chewing a cigar. Now he looked up and spat judiciously. "Hello, Gary. Sit yourself."

No introductions needed. No effusive welcome. Just the simple friendly manner of the West. And suddenly Gary was at home.

He stayed two hours that first visit. Sometimes they didn't bother to talk. And an old dream of the Montana lad's began to take definite shape. The next day he was back. "I've been thinking, Jeff, I ought to have a saddle. I drew a design of one last night."

What he didn't tell the old cow-hand *By Frances Kellum*

was that he'd been thinking that same thing since he was eight. Never had had a saddle of his own. The one in his mind's eye was carved—so—and had silver studs along the pommel quarter-strap.

"Where's Coop hiding out these days?" "What has become of Gary?"

The Cocoanut Grove might have developed into a wilted forest for all of him. The *maitre d'hôtel* at the Vendome waited in vain. There was no Cooper party to escort to a prominent table. The gentleman from the plains had disappeared.

NO one, you see, knew about that back street where he turned in night after night. "How's it going, Jeff? Think we ought to slope it more here?" There was a surprising look in his eyes. The eager, anticipatory gleam of a twelve-year-old. He picked up bits of leather. Began to work with them as he'd been taught to do around long dead camp fires. While Jeff made the saddle, Gary wove strips of soft leather through the thicker pieces. Under those long intent fingers a case for his field glasses evolved—and a watch case.

Something that had been stifled in him was released. It was as if he had found the prairie again after protracted drawing-room sessions.

And then, one blatantly brilliant afternoon, Jeff called him at the studio. Gary is always the most tender conversationalist over the telephone—he goes in for all those nice, lingering vowel sounds like "ha" and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—*
London Film-United Artists

IF you've acquired the notion that England just can't produce good pictures, forget it right now. Here is a true masterpiece, directed by Alexander Korda with rare skill and with superb photography. Wait till you see the royal kitchen, the banquets, and the hawking episode!

And then, Charles Laughton as *Henry!* He is, as the real Henry was; blustering, cruel, sensuous; but Laughton works in his own inimitable humor in a way that's positively delicious. Compared with the sunburst of this performance, his *Nero*, in "The Sign of the Cross," was just candlelight.

Henry's love affairs being what they were, there is no breathless romance, and history would hardly recognize the *Henry* portrayed—but these are not to be taken as objections. It is a great, strong picture.



★ *I'M NO ANGEL—Paramount*

THOSE who like Mae West will have their fill here! She's all over the picture, with curves, wisecracks, and some of the most daring action yet filmed.

This time Mae West is *Tira*, the carnival dancer and lion-tamer who gets into the big show and the hearts of Park Avenue millionaires with equal ease. Cary Grant is the particular victim, who turns out to be not such a victim, after all—for if Mae gets him, he gets her too, and how! The cast is good throughout, but you'll be watching Mae.

Unlike "She Done Him Wrong," where delightful flashes of naughtiness peeped from the story, this has flashes of story peeping from the naughtiness. That doesn't make it so good as drama; but who cares about that in a Mae West show?

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *BOMBSHELL—M-G-M*

BOYS and girls, grand-daddies, everybody—here is the picture about Hollywood you have been waiting for all your lives! It seems an understatement to say that this is one of the fastest and funniest Hollywood pictures ever made. It's really something to run a temperature over.

Jean Harlow gets the break she deserves—and does she give it the works! She plays a movie star, a really nice person, who is ballyhooed into the "It, Has, and Whereas" girl, the "Bombshell," by no less a fast worker than Lee Tracy—and he gives the rôle everything he has, which is plenty.

The story itself is a "natural," because in addition to all his press-agenting stunts, Lee is all for Jean himself. You can imagine what tangles result from that—especially when a marquis enters the situation! Lee uses the marquis to produce headlines; then has his troubles holding his own with Jean. So if you'll take our word that Jean gets every last shred of comedy out of these situations that Lee creates you'll understand why the hard-boiled preview audience was screaming.

Frank Morgan and Ted Healy, as papa and "Junior," Franchot Tone as a phony Boston "high hat," and Pat O'Brien are great and the lines are gorgeous. And the least Jean Harlow could do for Hal Rosson was to marry him, after that superb photography.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

BOMBSHELL	THE BOWERY
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII	
I'M NO ANGEL	FOOTLIGHT PARADE
MY WEAKNESS	ANN VICKERS
THE WORLD CHANGES	

The Best Performances of the Month

Jean Harlow in "Bombshell"
 Lee Tracy in "Bombshell"
 Wallace Beery in "The Bowery"
 George Raft in "The Bowery"
 Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII"
 Mae West in "I'm No Angel"
 James Cagney in "Footlight Parade"
 Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness"
 Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
 Irene Dunne in "Ann Vickers"
 Paul Muni in "The World Changes"
 Aline MacMahon in "The World Changes"
 Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones"
 Alice Brady in "Stage Mother"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111



★ FOOTLIGHT PARADE—Warners

WRAP all the stars and color of previous Warner musicals together—add Jimmy Cagney to keep it going at Cagney speed—and you have the recipe for this one.

Jimmy's a producer of movie stage prologues, turning them out wholesale for the country. Some time is lost on plot complications and "backstage" atmosphere at the start—but be patient! It gets going, and when it does, the specialty numbers will take your breath. Some will call the water scene the most gorgeous they've seen in films.

You'll miss the heart appeal of the earlier Warner musicals, since Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell just pop in and out of the story; but with Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, and Guy Kibbee in top form, there's plenty of interest. You'll be delighted with Jimmy. The lad's a real hooper.



★ THE BOWERY—20th Century-United Artists

HERE it is—the peer of all the "Gay Nineties"—Bowery pictures! Fairly reeking with authentic rowdy, hurdy-gurdy atmosphere, and crammed with historic incident to polish off a plot crammed with suspense, robust humor and touching pathos. A grand evening of fun for anybody.

Wallace Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie*, who couldn't refuse a dare, battle for the control of the Bowery, the affections of Fay Wray, and the loyalty of waif Jackie Cooper. And how they battle!

The glamorous past of the Bowery is woven in with John L. Sullivan's supremacy in the ring, Carrie Nation's hatchet temperance campaign, and the story is climaxed with Steve Brodie's storied leap from Brooklyn Bridge.

The colorful costumes, music and slang of the era are faithfully presented.

Wally is superb, and George Raft has by far his best part yet as the reckless daredevil and woman-killer. Jackie Cooper, a little grown-up since "The Champ," nevertheless will play on your heart-strings. Fay Wray is lovely, and Pert Kelton handles her burlesque soubrette rôle with plenty of sparkle and "it." Clear on down the line, every character, every bit, rings true.

Its almost epic quality and its frequent high spots will make this one talked about for a long, long time. If you miss it, you'll be sorry!



★ MY WEAKNESS—Fox

INTRODUCING the petite English star, Lilian Harvey, and how—with the aid of Charles Butterworth, whose riotous comedy gives Lilian exactly the setting she needs!

The story is fantastically done, as though fairy-story people were telling it, and Harry Langdon, the oddest Cupid you ever saw, acting as master of ceremonies. It seems that crusty uncle Henry Travers cuts off the income of playboy Lew Ayres, and Lew, while trying to argue uncle out of a romance, says he could palm off any hillbilly girl on a rich man, he knows women's wiles so well.

Uncle says it's a bet—and to use Lilian, a Cinderella-like maid in a hotel. From then on the show's a barrel of fun, with uncle's sappy son (Charles Butterworth) the center of the fireworks.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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



**ANN
VICKERS—
RKO-Radio**



HERE Irene Dunne is a social worker who loves but doesn't care about marriage; so her life is one trouble after another. Bruce Cabot starts the irregularities, and Walter Huston, as a corrupt judge sent to prison, ends them on a happy note. In between, Irene, as *Ann Vickers*, has many ups and downs, including loss of her job when her conduct becomes known. The acting is a delight; but it's slow.



**THE WORLD
CHANGES—
First National**



ATYPICAL American life story, superbly done by Paul Muni, from a beginning in the Dakota wheat fields, to a tragic finale in a Wall Street market crash. In addition to Paul's great work, fine performances are contributed by Aline MacMahon as his mother, and Mary Astor as his wife. The others are good, too, and it's a gripping, true-to-life story throughout.

**THE WAY
TO LOVE—
Paramount**



YOU'LL see a different Chevalier here! He's the happy-go-lucky assistant to Edward Everett Horton, who straightens out "heart problems," and he wants to be a Paris guide. When he rescues gypsy Ann Dvorak from a carnival and installs her in his roof-top home, the fun begins—and there's plenty of it. It's a thoroughly enjoyable show, in spite of some technical defects; and Mutt, the dog, is fine.

**ESKIMO—
M-G-M**



WS. VAN DYKE spent more than a year in the Arctic getting this saga of Eskimo life, and the result proves well worth the effort. Native actors, speaking Eskimo, enact a stirring tale of conflict with the white man's law, enforced by the mounted police. The hunting scenes and a chase through an ice field alone are worth an evening of time. English captions translate the Eskimo speech.

**THE
EMPEROR
JONES—
United Artists**



THE great Negro singer, Paul Robeson, repeats his famous stage performance about a hot-tempered Pullman porter who's out to make good for himself, and does so as emperor of a Negro country. There's no romance—just the story of an over-cocky man who meets his death in the jungle at last, haunted by creepy voodoo drums—but it's a delight to all lovers of superb acting. Almost an all-Negro cast that's good.

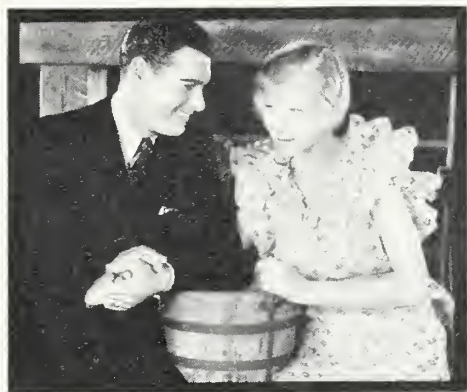
**MAN'S
CASTLE—
Columbia**



"BINDLE STIFF" Spencer Tracy gives stranded Loretta Young shelter in a vagabond's shack under Brooklyn Bridge—and then finds himself torn between love of the road and love of Loretta. Frank Borzage's deft direction gets both delightful humor and stirring pathos from this situation, which ends happily with a "blessed event." Marjorie Rambeau, Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly and Arthur Hohl are fine, too.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

GOLDEN HARVEST
Paramount



A GRANDLY done and exciting story about two brothers and wheat. Farmer Dick Arlen grows it; brother Chester Morris gets rich as Chicago Board of Trade broker. The crisis comes when Dick calls a strike, and Chester, rather than break the strike, bucks the market and goes broke himself. The trading scenes in the pit are new and thrilling, and the whole story is rich in human appeal.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—
RKO-Radio



CHARLIE FARRELL returns after his self-inflicted screen vacation in this first-rate comedy drama. It's all about tough lady Wynne Gibson's method of transforming up-state mama's boy Charlie into a tough mug, and reversing the process on pugnacious Bill Gargan. Good situations in which Wynne, Charlie and Bill do themselves proud. ZaSu Pitts is also in top form. You'll laugh and like it.

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—
RKO-Radio



IT'S a case of gas-station operator Joel McCrea overlooking the virtues of poor girl Ginger Rogers, who adores him, for the smiles of rich girl Marian Nixon (who never looked so pretty in her life). This sounds pretty much like formula; but the human quality of the Vina Delmar story, and appealing acting, make it a "virtue triumphant" story that you'll love. Yes, virtue does triumph; Ginger gets Joel.



AFTER TONIGHT—
RKO-Radio

SUCH intrigue and counter intrigue! It just goes to prove that you can't trust anyone when there's a war around. Connie Bennett is at her best as the little Russian spy whose heart gives her away. It looks like Austrian officer Gilbert Roland is going to have to execute his sweetheart—but then—oh, it's all too exciting to give away! If you aren't strongly against war pictures, here's a good one.



BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—
20th Century-United Artists

WALTER WINCHELL'S much-heralded screen peep behind Broadway's bright lights provides an entertaining eye-ful, even if the story drags a little. Racketeer Paul Kelly and crooner Russ Columbo both love Constance Cummings, Broadway night club entertainer. Yes, the crooner wins. But the biggest corsage of Mr. Winchell's orchids goes to the dance numbers and the ditties sung by Russ and Frances Williams.



FROM HEAD-QUARTERS—
Warners

CRACKING good mystery about the murder of a black-mailing playboy. George Brent, Eugene Pallette and Detective Headquarters suspect Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Robert Barrat, and practically everyone else, in a whirl involving Oriental rugs, rare firearms, butlers and brothers. It maintains bullet-like speed and suspense right to the end.

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]

MORE than anyone else he deserves to be called Hollywood's perfect actor.

That does not exclude the other aces of the screen—the Barrymores, Huston, Laughton, Garbo, Harding, Shearer, Crawford or Hayes.

For years—eighteen, to be exact—he has maintained his perfection while traveling with the fastest acting company the screen has had to offer.

Not once has he missed. Not once has he failed to give not only a perfect, but a pluperfect, performance. Not once has anyone even faintly breathed the word "ham," or hinted the accusation of overacting.

No other screen artist approaches his record. None ever will. He has too much of a headstart, and he doesn't fancy waiting for the crowd to catch up.

You know him; you acknowledge him—Hollywood's perennially perfect acting machine. The man who can do no wrong. The star who is not a star.

Lewis Stone.

Of him says Clarence Brown, who has directed practically every great star for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"To me, Lewis Stone is one hundred per cent."

BBROWN is a taciturn man, wary of rash statements. His compliments can safely be multiplied by ten. That's why his enthusiasm over the ability of Lewis Stone is all the more a professional tribute to one whom he knows, if anyone does, professionally.

The director continues,

"He is the master motion picture technician today, as he was in the silent days. He can get more out of a glance, or a twist of his head, than many actors can with a whole bag full of dramatic gestures.

"He is always letting the audience know what he is thinking about. That is genuine art. Yet he retains his restraint better than any actor I have ever known. He is one player whom I would not hesitate to place with his back to the camera, because he can frequently get more out of a scene from the back of his neck than some actors can from a full face shot.

"As a director, I'll ask for nothing better than Lewis Stone."

And that (to repeat) from Mr. Brown is certain to be no overstatement.

Eighteen years ago, Lewis Stone played his first part before the camera in "Honor's Altar" with Bessie Barris-

They Call Him "Perfect"



Here's the man behind more than 250 perfectly played screen rôles. Lewis Stone has yet to "miss" in any film

All Hollywood hails
Lewis Stone as the
most finished artist
there is in pictures

By Kirtley Baskette

cale. He was as competent then as he is today. Since that time, in over 250 outstanding screen rôles, he constantly turned in what critics term a "flawless performance." Since that time, he has continually kept Hollywood's current stars on their histrionic toes, by walking away with scenes and, frequently, whole pictures.

And yet, in all that time, Lewis Stone has never set about deliberately to "steal" a picture, or even a scene. He has simply made a serious business of his acting career, and gone about turning in his usual perfect job. He has planned every performance with the precision of an architect drafting a building plan, and has constructed his characters to millimetric accuracy.

THERE have never been any "upstage" tricks to Lewis Stone's performances. Can you remember Theodore Roberts' tilted cigar, George Fawcett's cocking eye and shuffling feet, Raymond Hatton's swaying stance and pulled-down mouth, Tully Marshall's squinting glance or Theodore Kosloff's flicking handkerchief? These were deliberate scene-stealing maneuvers.

Lewis Stone has none. He has never needed them. Possessing a "stage presence" consciously and deliberately developed to grace the features God gave him, he has always dominated through the sincerity and genuineness of his characterization, through the perfection of his acting technique—not showmanship.

CALL him the "key-stone" of a picture instead of the star, and you will approximate Lewis Stone's importance to every drama in which he plays.

"Grand Hotel" tossed the critics into a sustained squabble about the relative superiority of Garbo and Crawford; they differed about Barrymore's *Kringelein*; but about Lewis Stone all chorused in essence, "his characterization left nothing to be desired."

In this star-studded film, he had less than 200 feet of acting, and not over forty lines of dialogue. Yet he traveled through the picture fairly bumping into dramatic incidents; and he crystallized the theme of the play at the start and at the finish with his plaint, "nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel."

Going back to "The Trial of Mary Dugan," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Hollywood Gittings



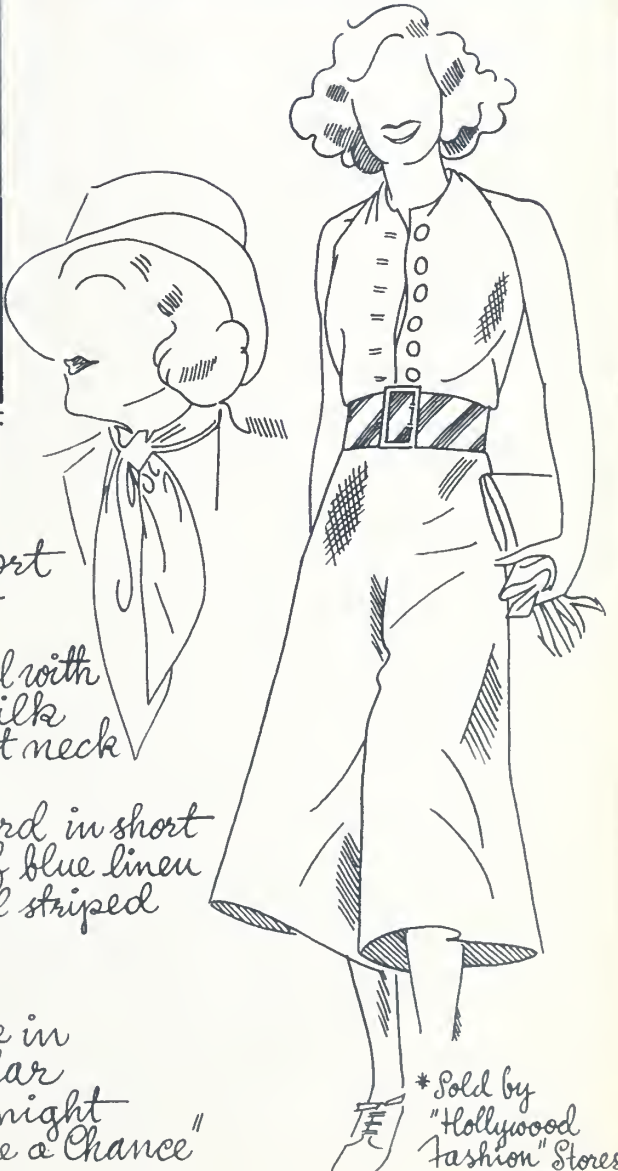
Mae West
revives the picture hat
and huge muff

* June, again, in
rhinestone tongue clip
and new shell earring



Wide black
chiffon evening
scarf tied in
new way by
Carole
Lombard

* June Knight in silk
scarf of Chinese colorings
and Molyneux's suede belt
with trick metal buckle



Two winter resort
forecasts —

Carole Lombard with
knotted white silk
'kerchief about neck

— Joan Crawford in short
pajamas of blue linen
with top and striped
belt

* Chinese influence in
plaid taffeta collar
worn by June Knight
appearing in "Take a Chance"

* Sold by
"Hollywood
Fashion" Stores



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

heresponsored 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 those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 115



IT'S a new idea in sleeve detail that Gwen Wakeling suggests for an ensemble worn by Constance Cummings in "Broadway Thru A Keyhole." On the coat, golden brown dyed mole epaulets have the puff at the top caught under, and the sleeves on the striped wool dress beneath have the same treatment. A small mole collar is the only other coat trimming—the dress has a trick belt

SUEDE with wool is one of the nicest combinations this season. Royer has designed this charming outfit for Claire Trevor to wear in "The Mad Game." The dress is a hairy plaid wool in green and beige with collar and cuffs of green suede edged with ruffles of the wool. The trim sleeveless suede jacket fastens with brass buttons. A smart Tyrolean-like suede topper is a new head note

Designers Put Clever Ideas Into Newest Screen Styles

— Seymour —



KALLOCH gives the tunic dress a stunning send-off in this model designed for Fay Wray to wear in "Master of Men." A wide ruffled collar of white bengaline circles the neckline and follows the diagonal closing. Wide belt of black suedewith jeweled buckle of onyx and crystal. The sleeve fullness comes below the shoulder

YOU'LL need help to button yourself into the duplicate of this green woolen dress worn by Dorothy Tree, for it buttons down the back! That's an Ascot tie of leopard with the collar points pulled out over it. Dorothy wears it in "East of Fifth Avenue." Her hat has the popular visor brim with draped crown



From Five On—



DOROTHY TREE has this perfect five 'til midnight frock in her personal wardrobe. At cocktail hour she wears it like a formal suit with the velvet jacket topping the dress. The white yoke of the jacket is also of velvet with clever tucks at the shoulders. Then later in the evening Dorothy removes the jacket and her small velvet hat—and lo, she is formally gowned! Note reversed sailor collar of satin with silver and black braid



AT tea hour at home, in "Walls of Gold," Sally Eilers wears this garnet velvet gown with deep dolman sleeves in metallic fabric. It is a stunning costume design by Royer—the sleeves have a medieval look and the boyish collar of metal cloth is an amusing idea

'Til Midnight

- Seymour



EMBROIDERED satin makes a youthful evening gown for Dorothy Tree to wear to an anniversary party in "East of Fifth Avenue." The high neckline in front dips to a deep "U" at the back. Soft bows of the satin make effective shoulder detailing. The bodice is cut high and the skirt fullness is concentrated smartly at back

TRAVIS BANTON has brought a daytime fashion into the evening picture in this dress worn by Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer." He uses a shirtwaist detail for the top, high in back with deep front décolletage. The whole gown and wide belt is in silver sequins, although we have copied it for you in metal striped crepe



- Seymour

STILL another Banton design for Miriam Hopkins in "Design for Living," is this trim daytime dress of beige wool. Aren't the collar and cuffs of starched linen a flattering detail? The wooden buttons are fastened to the dress but pull through the collar and are tied with soutache braid. The button detail is repeated on the belt, too



GAY, youthful clothes have been designed for Miriam Hopkins' rôle of *Gilda* in that sparkling comedy, "Design for Living." Travis Banton is responsible for the knowing details of this sheer gray-blue woolen. The collar is linen and the linen lacings pass through unusual square eyelets of silver. Three tiers of the fabric give a widened shoulder line. Very smart



WONDER what Richard Arlen is telling his dog Pete, that has Pete peering so intently from his perch on that waterside pile? Perhaps Dick's saying what a pleasure it is to rescue Judith Allen in the film we'll all be seeing soon—"Hell and High Water." Of course, if there's any big rescuing to be done, Pete is all attention



SHE wears orchids, this dainty miss from Iowa, but she played a mighty fine Irish rose in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." That's been Margaret Lindsay's way, though, during her year and a half in pictures, and they're keeping her exceedingly busy these days. We'll be seeing her soon in "The World Changes," and in several other stories, too

When CONNIE was Down and Out

The strange story of
the heartbreak that
established Constance
Cummings in pictures

By *Rosalind Keating*

IT'S the sort of thing one would never expect to happen, if we take the people concerned at the superficial appraisal Hollywood places on them. Here are the main characters in the episode:

Constance Cummings—the girl who flashed brilliantly to film fame while working with Walter Huston in "Criminal Code," and with Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy"—the girl who, after a session in British films and being married in London last summer, is expected to do fine things for the new Twentieth Century company.

Ronald Colman—the aloof, finished actor, who declines completely to "go Hollywood," but who exercises magic at the box-office. Colman, the quiet, reserved gentleman, who is the despair of gossip hounds; who walked out of Hollywood last spring, simply because he was fed up—and who may come back this winter.

Now hearken back to the buzz-buzz that went around Hollywood, about two weeks after Constance made her first attempt in pictures — playing opposite Ronald in "The Devil to Pay," a show which, in production, certainly lived up to its name.

Irving Cummings, the director, resigned. Parts were changed. Sam Goldwyn went into an earthquake each night when the rushes were shown. There was tension on all sides, though Colman was unvaryingly kind and pleasant to Miss Cummings, starting off with sending a large basket of flowers to her dressing-room the day the picture began.

Constance's clothes



The inside friend every budding star requires proved to be the man other stars feared. It was Ronald Colman, the "devil" who turned "angel" and saw Constance Cummings through her most trying picture ordeal after Hollywood had turned her down

were wrong. They had been selected by the wife of a company executive, and they were not for her type.

Though no word of criticism had been spoken, Constance realized that things were not going well. Then, one day, when she was to rehearse her lines with David Torrence, she never got the call to come to the studio. When she went to inquire, the axe fell. She was out. She came home in a daze. She had failed.

And what a buzz!

"Ronald Colman was simply a devil. No leading lady could ever get along with him." "Wilma Banky had fought with him continually." "Lili Damita had had such an unpleasant time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Ladies LOVE Villains



"He knows how to be mysterious. You would never catch that man telling a woman about any of his former flames!"

THE cast flashed on the screen. . . . "Ah! C. Henry Gordon. There's the man for *me!*" breathed the lovely young Pasadena society matron, on my right. "Why?" (I'm curious about things like that.) She handed me a "for-heaven's-sake-don't-you-know?" look.

So we present the smoothest of them all —C. Henry Gordon

By Ruth Rankin

"Because he knows how to be mysterious, that's why. You would never catch that man telling a woman about any of his former flames!" She favored her husband, on the other side of me, with an enigmatic wifely glance. He promptly withered.

There was a handsome young leading man in that picture—there always is—but you couldn't help noticing how Gordon dominated every scene in which the two appeared.

You've probably noticed it frequently. C. Henry is the most consistent hard-working heavy in Hollywood. But I have yet to hear anyone, man or woman, say "Oh dear. *That* man again." He always leaves you wanting to see just a little bit more. And that, my friends, takes Art.

I did some more polite probing in the direction of my Pasadena companion. . . . "Well, if you must know," said she, with a dim, remote dream before her eyes, "he looks just like the first man I ever loved—the so-and-so!" she added, affectionately.

AND that is one of the explanations of C. Henry. Several other girls have, very surprisingly, confessed the very same thing. It would appear that Henry Gordon resembles the universal First Man—so-and-so's, every one of 'em, a fact always added with affection. He's the man they can't forget—and he's the man who *always* forgets!

Henry (strange how he can even make that homely name seem a trifle sinister) says, "Villains should be mysterious."

So the C. in front of his name is part of the mystery. He tells you so in a velvety, caressing baritone that is enough, alone, to make any girl curl all up inside—tingling, anticipating defeat—like an anchovy on a cracker.

Next time you see him on the screen, listen closely to that voice. He plays with it, experimenting on your emotions. It has identically the same quality as Jack Barrymore's, pitched a little lower. Henry knows all the possibilities of that voice—he has made it his slave. Just as he has the piano, which he plays divinely.

C. Henry has had a grand life. Never a dull moment. All you have to do is look at him to know that. What you might not sense immediately is a fabulous sense of humor, restrained and grand. It applies the finishing touch to his enchantment.

The real name is Henry Racke, the ancestry Bavarian. His grandfather was a violinist, his uncle, Charles (could that be where the "C." is derived?) Meyer was one of the first of the fine wig-makers in this country. His father was a wine merchant, who officially introduced a famous champagne to New York.

The young Henry went [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck



GLORIA STUART, in costume from "Roman Scandals," is shown with a flacon of that precious perfume about which Eddie Cantor and chorus sing "Keep Young and Beautiful." A perfume romantic, mysterious, unforgettable

A LIPSTICK in three gorgeous shades, designed especially for evening and electric lights, pictured by Toby Wing. Evening lights have a definite effect on make-up, so study carefully evening shades of powder, rouge, lipstick

LONA ANDRE, while on location for "Take a Chance," paused long enough to show us a few beauty tricks. Lona blends a light shade of cream rouge from that third finger almost to the eyelids and outward toward temples



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

Presenting Eight Ideas On Lovely



HERE is the surprise. Miss Teasdale says her coiffure goes north, east, south and west. And indeed it does, in a most charming and interesting manner. That lateral sweep is quite original and very smart

THIS is the new "Teasdale Bob," created by Verree Teasdale. The front view is very chic and gracious and the back is a big surprise. From a side part the hair is swept smoothly across the head and banked in soft curled rolls. A style that tends to slenderize the face and add height, and that flatters



AN attractive evening coiffure that will add at least an inch to the height of the small girl is illustrated by Mary Carlisle. Mary will wear this in "East of Fifth Avenue"



L YDA ROBERTI shows you the way Hollywood stars use brilliantine to give their hair a glorious sheen and to accent its color. Always spray it on for rich lustre

Hair From The Cinema City



A STUDY in contrast. Dorothy Wilson, with her recently bobbed hair, looks quite different from the long-haired Dorothy at right. Perhaps a change in make-up plays a part, too. Which do you prefer?



CHARMINGLY serious, intently alert, Dorothy Wilson presents an interesting character study in this pose. These two pictures are worth consideration from the girl confronted with the problem of to bob or not to bob. As a rule, long hair is more attractive on the young girl than on the older woman



JEAN PARKER is ready to immerse her hair for a thorough cleansing with a new soapless shampoo, fragrant with pine. It leaves hair clean, lustrous, soft, and rinses out easily

LONA ANDRE shows the technique of beauty brushing. Separate hair into strands, brush up and away from scalp. Lona's new brush is designed to touch each single hair

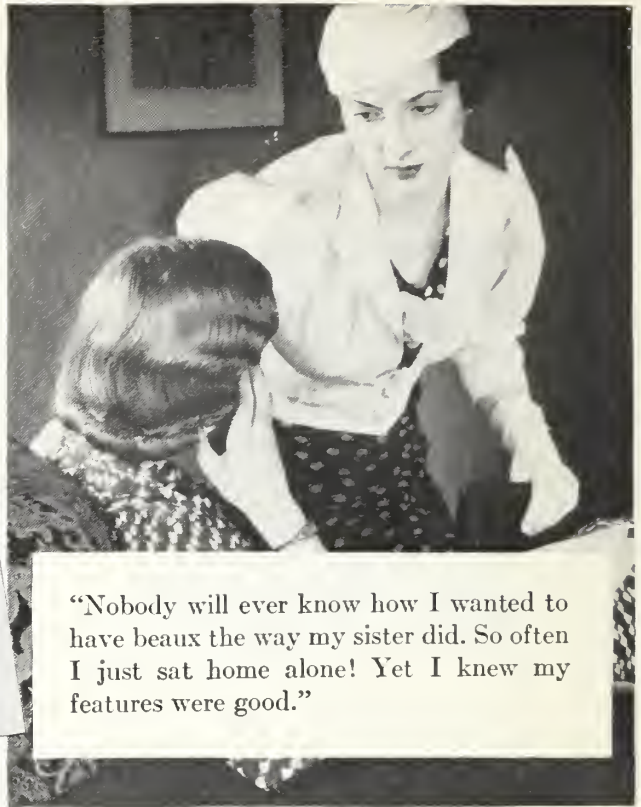


(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 80)

"I was cheating myself of loveliness

till I learned about Sally Eilers' beauty soap"

says Cynthia Wills, of New York



"Nobody will ever know how I wanted to have beaux the way my sister did. So often I just sat home alone! Yet I knew my features were good."



"Now I'm using Lux Toilet Soap every single day and now my skin looks positively radiant."



"I've *proved* what a difference a nice complexion makes! I get compliments on my lovely skin all the time. Parties, telephone calls, dates galore! No more blues—now that I've found this wonderful complexion care!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap. You see a few of them here. Left to right: the popular Fox star, Sally Eilers; lovely Lola Lane; Leila Hyams, Universal star; Minna Gombell.

Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements nature puts in skin to keep it *youthful*. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin. For every type of skin . . . dry, oily, "in-between."





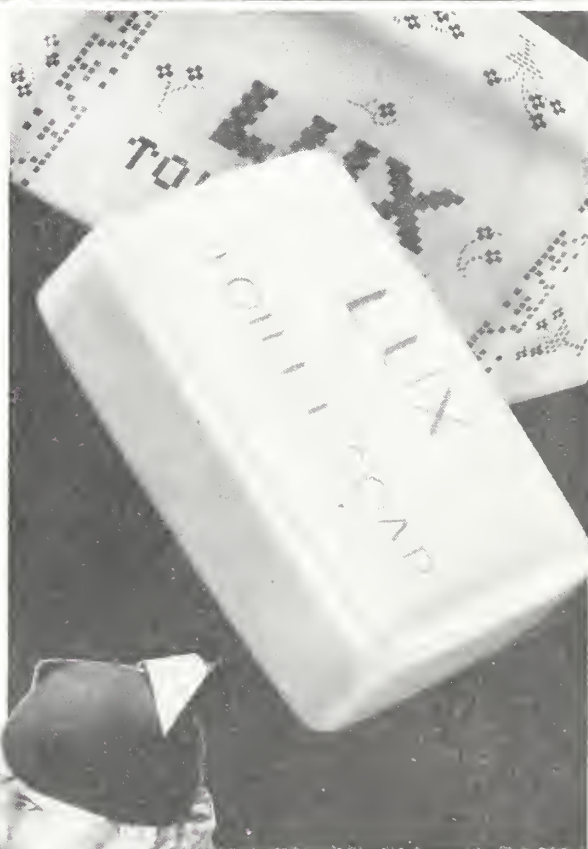
"Then one night I was in the movies, alone. A close-up of Sally Eilers came on the screen. How very lovely she was! It's really her exquisite skin that makes her so enchanting, so irresistible, I realized all of a sudden."



"Think how delighted I was to discover in a newspaper the secret of Sally Eilers' lovely skin! She uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly, I learned."

Screen Stars depend on this soap for greater loveliness ..
 Now Scientists tell you *WHY*

SKIN GROWS OLD-LOOKING THROUGH THE GRADUAL LOSS OF CERTAIN ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN TO KEEP IT **YOUTHFUL**. GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP, SO READILY SOLUBLE, **ACTUALLY CONTAINS** SUCH PRECIOUS ELEMENTS — CHECKS THEIR LOSS FROM THE SKIN .



Ask The Answer Man

RICHARD CROMWELL'S grand acting in "This Day and Age" has brought him into the limelight this month. Readers are asking why they haven't seen more of this lad in recent months. Well, they won't be disappointed in the future, because they'll be seeing him in "Above the Clouds" with Dorothy Wilson, and in "Hoopla" with Clara Bow.

Dick, whose real name is Roy Radabaugh, is one of sunny California's own sons. He was born in Los Angeles, January 8, 1910. After graduating from high school he started out as an artist. He opened a small art shop in Los Angeles and made personality masks of many of Hollywood's famous actors and actresses. When Columbia was casting for a lad to play the lead in the talkie version of "Tol'able David," Dick applied for the job. And got it. He had no previous stage or screen experience. After his success in that picture he appeared in "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Maker of Men," "Emma," "Tom Brown of Culver," "That's My Boy" and others.

Dick is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 148 pounds and has light brown hair and grayish-blue eyes. He is fond of tennis, swimming and painting. He did some of the murals in the Pantages Theater in Hollywood. Doesn't care for clothes and seldom wears a hat or tie. He has two sisters and one brother. Lives in a cute white house which he helped design and build.

ARTHUR OKMANN, ST. PAUL, MINN.—You win, Art, old fellow. It was Wally Beery who played the rôle of *Butch* in "The Big House." And his name is spelled Beery, not Berry.

L. HALE, CINCINNATI, O.—The birthdates of the members of the royal house of Barrymore are—Lionel, April 28, 1878; Ethel, August 15, 1879, and John, February 15, 1883.

YOLA FRANKOVSKA, LODI, POLAND.—Don't worry about your English and your handwriting, Yola, they are both very excellent. In fact, I know many a lad and lassie who would like to own such interesting handwriting. Your compatriot, Jan Kiepura, is not yet thirty and has been on the concert and operatic stage for seven years. He speaks and sings fluently in German, English, French, Italian and Spanish. His first public appearance was in Warsaw, where he sang the title rôle in "Faust." Maurice Chevalier's latest picture is "Love Me Tonight."

RUTH BRENT, CHICAGO, ILL.—The feminine winners of the Motion Picture Academy Awards prior to Helen Hayes and Marie Dressler, were Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor.

THE WOODEN SOLDIER, FORT KINLY, ME.—"Tention, soldier! Your friend Chester Morris has been turning out pictures aplenty. His most recent are "Blondie Johnson," "The Infernal Machine" and "Tomorrow at Seven." Watch for him in his coming new pictures "Kid Gloves," and "Golden Harvest."

MARION LAMBERT, SEQUIM, WASH.—Walt Disney is the creator of little Mickey Mouse. You can reach him at the Disney Studios, 2719 Hyperion Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

ELISE CURRY, BETHESDA, MD.—Ralph and Frank Morgan are brothers. Ralph's most recent pictures are "Rasputin and the Empress," "The Power and the Glory," "Shanghai Madness" and "Doctor Bull." Brian Aherne deserted Hollywood after his first pic-



Creating masks of his favorite stars is Richard Cromwell's chief pastime. Here you see one which he made of Garbo

ture "The Song of Songs." Brian was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, on May 2, 1902. He stands 6 feet, 2½ inches in height; weighs 174 and has fair hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage and appeared in British pictures before he made his Holly-

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.

wood bow. The other fellow you described answers to the name of Luis Alberni.

HELEN HICKS, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Always glad to be of assistance to music lovers, Helen. The name of the song that Joan Crawford rendered in "Possessed" was "How Long Will It Last?"

HELEN DETERS, NEW YORK CITY.—The picture in which John Barrymore appeared as a school master, is "Topaz." Sally Blane's real name is Betty Jane Young. She was born in Salida, Colo. Sister Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille LeSueur. Blanche Friderici played the rôle of *Mrs. Hume* in "The Barbarian."

R. S., TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Toby Wing was the cute little eye-ful you saw in "42nd Street." She is considered Hollywood's most perfect chorus girl. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Has blue eyes and blonde hair. She was born on her grandfather's plantation, "Right Oaks," Richmond, Va., July 14, 1915, and christened Martha Virginia Wing. Toby made her movie début in "The Kid From Spain." This was followed by parts in "42nd Street," "College Humor," "This Day and Age" and "Torch Singer." Her favorite recreations are tennis and swimming. In high school she was tennis champion.

MARIE DOBBS, CALEXICO, CALIF.—No, Marie, Cary Grant did not play in "So Big" with Barbara Stanwyck. George Brent played the rôle of *Rolf* and Hardie Albright played *Dirk*.

V. L. HUSTON, KANSAS CITY, MO.—The cute pup by the name of Michael, that appeared with Marion Davies in "Peg O' My Heart," is, I believe, a Sealyham, and a fine actor, too.

SONDRA STRONG, CLEVELAND, O.—If you read my page regularly you would have found Robert Montgomery's history long before this. Since you do not know the particulars concerning his life, here they are. Bob first saw light in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. In 1928 he was married to Elizabeth Allen. They have one daughter, born last March. Bob spent five years on the stage prior to his movie début in 1929. His latest pictures are "When Ladies Meet," "Another Language" and "Night Flight." Don't miss any of them, if you're a real Montgomery fan.



Now smile . . . *we dare you!*

Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

YOUR hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched to perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick—it couldn't be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile—and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

Stains spoil teeth's beauty

Your teeth are *stained*—discolored by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth.

And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these dis-

colorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with *two* cleansing actions.

Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate's Dental Cream has *two* actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and *washes* away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it *polishes* the stains that are left.

No more "dull" teeth

You *can* do something about it. To your waves and manicures—to your powders and lotions—add one final beauty aid. Buy a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Smile and see the difference!

For a limited time, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.



The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth: 1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke . . . Colgate's removes all 7 stains . . . Use it after every meal . . . See your dentist regularly.



Accessories for Your Good Looks



By Carolyn
Van Wyck



SALLY EILERS swears this charmingly refreshing coiffure in "Walls of Gold." Soft curls are piled high at the back of her head, and the front is parted, flatly waved



A MAGNIFYING mirror is an important part of make-up equipment and a good idea for Christmas giving. Betty Furness studies her lips critically to avoid any blurred unevenness

FOR a long time we have discussed make-up only in terms of tone and how to apply it. Now it is high time we paused to consider the dozen and one little gadgets and aids that work wonders in the actual application.

The two most important of all aids are cleansing tissues and absorbent cotton. I don't believe anyone can get along without these. Although it may be a great temptation to grab Mother's best linen towel to remove cream and make-up, I don't believe it ever works half so well as two or three tissues. Aside from their cream removal use, tissues are perfect for blotting up excess face lotion or foundation, for smoothing or removing cream rouge and also for lip paste. And when you have a cold, what handkerchief is so comforting as a good soft tissue that you may immediately discard?

Absorbent cotton is perfect for applying any liquid to the face, liquid cleansing lotion, thin or creamy, all lotions and astringents, and liquid powder. Absorbent cotton steeped in your favorite eye lotion or even water will refresh the eyes, and when skin is very sensitive and you wish to use soap and water, a pad of cotton is softer for washing than any cloth or your fingers.

I know how we all adore powder puffs. Sometimes they become old friends—too old. However, if we can discard the puffs, especially in our purses, and substitute fresh cotton daily, we find it not only powders much better, softer, more thoroughly, but is a splendid hygienic means of keeping pores unclogged and skin uncontaminated. Cotton that comes already cut in small pads is especially convenient for this and, indeed, all cotton purposes. It is splendid, also, for applying deodorants that are not equipped with a sponge, and a small pad with a

YOU will soon be seeing Texas Guinan, nightclub queen, in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." Here is a studio make-up expert rouging her lips with a Chinese brush, an aid for any girl who uses paste

ALREADY we feel sure many brows are wrinkled in the matter of Christmas giving. We have compiled a list of small things that make adorable gifts, for yourself or others. It is yours on request, as well as information on all beauty. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

drop of perfume tucked in your hat band permeates the hair with fragrance.

Above, you will see Texas Guinan having her lips rouged with a Chinese brush. You can buy such a brush in any art shop, and it is a good way of applying soft lip paste, because it permits you to get a perfectly even line.

The small eyebrow brushes that may be bought in the five-and-ten-cent stores do wonders for brows and lashes. If both brows and lashes are good without any accent, this brush will free them of powder, smooth them into an even line. Or if you wish to encourage growth, smooth on a bit of grower or vaseline, and then brush. If you do not need pencil or mascara, you will find that a touch of grower or vaseline brushed through brows and lashes is a perfect day or evening touch. It will accent the color slightly, give them a slight lustre, and meanwhile improve their growth.

Betty Furness is shown above with a magnifying mirror. No girl should be without one. It is the most perfect means of discovering the true condition of your skin. In other words, it turns the eye of truth directly upon you. It will tell whether the pores of your skin are small and perfectly clean; will show up any tiny flaking of skin that may bespeak dryness, will show where little lines are beginning to form.

In the matter of make-up, your magnifying mirror is perfect. Any blurred line, any unevenness of color, immediately screams at you. If you shape your own eyebrows, this type of mirror permits you to see every little vagrant hair.

Aside from perfume uses, an extra inexpensive atomizer or two will serve many purposes most effectively and economically. They are perfect for applying face and hair lotions.

LOVE IS *not* BLIND



EVERY CLOSE-UP IS A COMPLEXION TEST!

When the perfect moment comes, will a shiny, oily nose mar your beauty and your romance? You need worry no longer! Gone at last is the embarrassment and the heartbreak caused by Half-Hour Nose. Pompeian has created a new powder that really *clings*. You can powder once and enjoy yourself all evening, confident of your lasting loveliness.

Pompeian is far more than a clinging powder. Smooth and fine, it gives the skin a soft new beauty with that youthful, natural under-powdered look. Its ingredients are as high in

quality and as intricate of blend as any powder sold. It has an intriguing fragrance of fine French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges, famous aids to lovely complexions, are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 65c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

THE POMPEIAN CO., Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., New York City



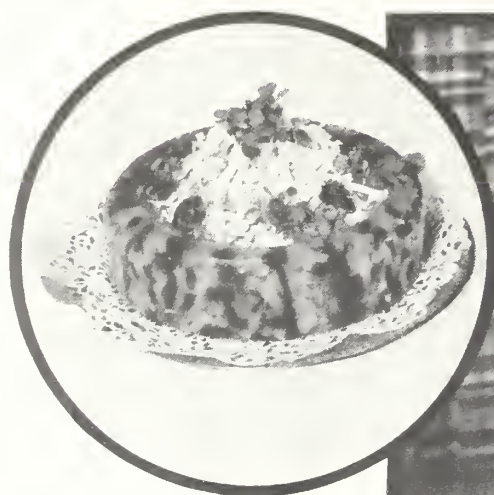
Pompeian

BEAUTY
POWDER

Windblown through Silk

Robert Young and Leila Hyams featured
in "Saturday's Millions," a Universal Picture

Palatable Holiday Dishes



Above, illustrated for you, the Vegetable Aspic Salad which Lilian feels is an important part of her dinner

BESIDES the Christmas turkey and the other accepted holiday dishes, it is nice to serve an additional something that is a bit out of the ordinary. Though we may not have a large dinner party, I believe we all feel that the occasion demands special attention to the menu.

For just a little extra work we may have a dish that is delicious and an asset to our table decoration.

VEGETABLE ASPIC SALAD

- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 1 tablespoon onion juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery seed
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- Pepper and paprika

Into this gelatin aspic, place whatever cooked vegetables you prefer—peas, string beans, beets and asparagus is a good mixture. Mark the serving divisions with strips of pimento. Place in a ring mold to harden. Turn out on a large round plate, and fill the center with a cole-slaw mixed with thin mayonnaise. Decorate with green watercress and ripe olives.

This is a colorful departure from the usual Christmas salad.

Sweet Potatoes, Southern style, is a nice variation from mashed potatoes. Lilian's cook prepares them in this manner: Partially boil sweet potatoes, remove the skins, and place in a casserole to bake. Pour over a syrup made from molasses, sugar and water. Dot the top with



Our hostess, Lilian Harvey, charming Fox player, is about to carve the festive bird. Looks good, doesn't it?



Plum Pudding—a perfect dessert, well worth the effort in making. Best served hot with hard sauce

butter, and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in covered casserole for fifteen minutes.

Plum Pudding a la Harvey is a masterpiece. She prefers it to mince pie. The recipe looks rather elaborate, but is really quite simple:

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of stale breadcrumbs in 1 cup scalded milk. When cool, add $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of sugar, beaten yolks of 4 eggs, and stir. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of seeded raisins, cut in pieces and floured. Also, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of finely chopped figs, and 2 ounces of chopped citron. Chop $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of suet and cream by using the hand.

Combine these mixtures, and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ grated nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon clove, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt.

Beat whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in this mixture. Turn into a buttered mold and steam for six hours. Serve hot with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 tablespoons brandy
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then brandy, very slowly. Then the well-beaten yolks and the cream. Cook over hot water till thick, and beat in the egg whites.

Perhaps you would like to serve as a starter on Christmas morning Jack Holt's concoction—

DIXIE EGGNOG

Separate whites from yolks of 12 eggs. Beat yolks until very light, adding gradually 16 tablespoons sugar. When mixed, pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint brandy and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Bacardi Rum. Bourbon may be substituted if brandy and Bacardi are not available.

When liquor has been added, fold in whites of eggs beaten to stiff froth. Lastly, pour in a pint of cream and a quart of rich milk. Two helpings of this, and you're sure to have a Merry Christmas!

Invite Romance

by keeping that schoolgirl complexion



This is the approved way, with Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils

BIRTHDAYS may be forgotten when skin retains the radiant bloom of youth. And daily care with Palmolive—the soap of youth—helps to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Palmolive is made from a blend of youth-giving oils, the oils of olive and palm. That blend accounts for Palmolive's supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

To beautify, use beauty oils

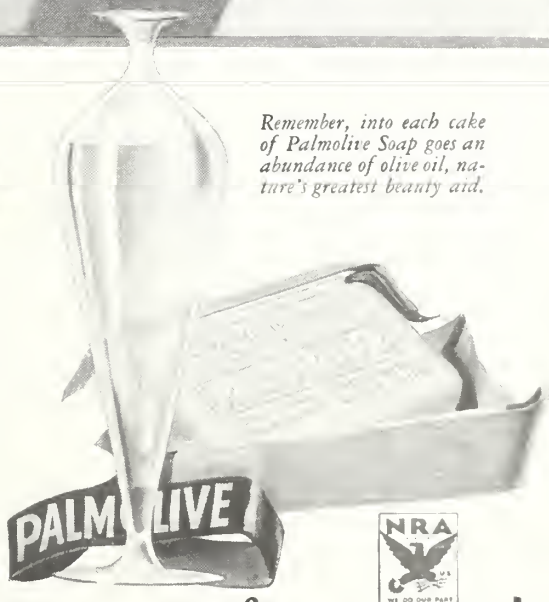
Palmolive's mild lather is made rich and velvety by olive oil. That soothing lather penetrates

the tiny pores, freeing them of impurities, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Olive oil gives that soft, rich green color, too—a color that assures you of natural purity and safety.

Use this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then, start this 2-minute beauty treatment: twice daily, massage a rich lather of Palmolive into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after a month, your mirror will give you the confidence of youth—youth that is charming, lovely—youth that invites romance.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.



PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth



Sylvia gave ZaSu Pitts Renewed Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

whispered, "Oh, Sylvia, please don't mind. I'm having fun now and when these people come all the way out here to see me I couldn't turn them away without making them sandwiches and things."

ZaSu is one of the best hearted girls in Hollywood. In fact, she's too good hearted. She uses up her strength being that way. ZaSu thinks she's the Salvation Army, and anybody with a sob story can win her over. Taking the La Marr baby proves it.

Now my problem with ZaSu was to build her up, relax her nerves, and take down that abdomen. But as the nerves were relaxing, the spine had to be stimulated.

Here's how I did that—and any girl can do the same.

In the morning step under a lukewarm shower (hot baths are absolutely out), and with a good stiff, soapy brush start rubbing your spine. Go at it as hard as you can. Rub and rub with the brush up and down the spine. Don't tell me you can't reach. You thin girls can! Do this for at least five minutes, or until you feel the blood surging to your spine. Then let the water get colder and finally dry yourself with a rough bath towel. With this towel rub and rub and rub your spine—for five minutes more.

This is very important! Don't fail to do it if you want extra weight!

Now the reason your stomach sticks out like that is because you don't walk properly. When your spine is stimulated and the blood running through your body correctly you will have the energy to walk properly. Walk for twenty minutes a day with your shoulders up and your stomach in. Make an effort to hold that stomach in. By so doing you strengthen

the muscles until pretty soon you do it without thinking. You thin girls with big stomachs haven't got fat stomachs. Nothing has to come off. You just have no control of the stomach muscles. And that you've got to get. You get that by walking, walking, walking with your stomach held in!

Get nine hours' sleep a night. In the morning stand in front of an open window and breathe, raising the arms straight in front of you at right angles to your body as you count six. Then bring them straight out to the side—spreading them like opening a fan as you count another six. This is all done as you breathe in. Exhale as you lower the arms to the side and then repeat ten or fifteen times. Then, still breathing properly, take vigorous swimming strokes. This will develop the chest.

Now here's the diet I gave ZaSu, and it's fine for building up:

BREAKFAST

Hot or cold water with a few drops of lemon juice
Dish of brown rice flakes with four steamed prunes
One coddled egg
Whole wheat toast with unsalted butter, honey or jam
Glass of half milk, half cream
Coffee with cream and sugar
A glass of tomato juice at eleven

LUNCH

Vegetable soup
Broiled calves' liver
Two vegetables

Small boiled or baked potato—skin and all
Choice of cup custard with caramel sauce; rice pudding with raisins, or apple; tapioca pudding with vanilla sauce; fruit jello with cream

A large glass of orange juice at four

DINNER

All the celery you can eat
Broiled or baked meat
Two vegetables and small baked potato
Lettuce, tomato salad or grated apple and almond salad or avocados (salad eaten with meat course)

Vanilla ice cream with crushed fresh fruit
Demi tasse

That will put weight on your bones, girls, and will not give you the indigestion to which so many nervous, thin girls are subject.

In a very few weeks ZaSu gained ten pounds and looked wonderful. The only thing I had to fight after that was her nervousness, for she was none too happily married then (a divorce finally settled that), and the household kept her excited.

But she's one of the grandest girls I know. She never tells about her private unhappiness and her heart is as big as a bass drum. But what I kept telling ZaSu, and what I want all you girls like her to know, is that when you make the most of your best points you can be as lovely as anybody. ZaSu looked fine after my treatments and when she was all dressed up. This knowledge that she was okay gave her confidence, too.

It was her business to make herself ridiculous on the screen. But away from it she held her head up and looked stunning!

Answers by Sylvia

DON'T HEED FOOLISH FRIENDS

Dear Sylvia:

Perhaps this problem is too personal, but it worries me and you say that we're not to worry. My friends all say that now that I'm a wife and mother I'm a fool to try to diet and keep nice and slim and dress up. They laugh at me for trying to look nice. I don't know how to cope with them.

Mrs. R. H., Salt Lake City, Utah

Oh, boy, would I like to give those friends of yours a two hour lecture! Listen, they're just jealous of you, that's all, and because they've lost their ambition and don't want to make the most of themselves they want you to be as bad as they.

Don't listen to them. Laugh right back at them. Tell them you're thankful you still have the courage to keep slender. I don't care if you're the mother of a hundred children, it is still your duty for your children and for your husband to look well. You're right and they're wrong.

Hold your head up, keep your chin out and your stomach in, and don't let those stupid friends of yours get your goat. And your friends will respect you for it.

REDUCING A FAT STOMACH

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I am quite thin but I have a large stomach. Is there anything I can do about it?

M. T., Mobile, Ala.

Well, I guess I'm psychic, that's all. I'm glad your question came this month. Do

MY, you girls are flooding me with letters—but the more there are, the happier Aunt Sylvia is. I know, you see, what these treatments will do—and the more you girls ask me what to do, the more happy, attractive girls there will be. So don't hesitate. Just write me what your trouble is, addressing Sylvia, care of PHOTO PLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. No obligation, of course—it's my pleasure to help.

SYLVIA

exactly what I told ZaSu Pitts to do. Read this month's article and follow all instructions.

WHEN TO EAT APPLES

Dear Sylvia:

Are apples fattening? I'm very fond of them, but don't know whether to eat them.

P. K. L., Santa Ana, Calif.

All fresh fruits are good for you. Don't eat between meals except orange or tomato juice. Don't just munch on apples all day long, but it's perfectly okay to include them in your diet as part of your regular meal.

USING THE ANEMIA DIET

Dear Madame Sylvia:

In taking the anemia diet should one be very cautious as to the quantity of liver and turnip-top juice used?

R. T., El Paso, Texas

No, indeed. Both of those foods are exactly what you need. You can eat liver twice a day and take liver extract besides. And five glasses of turnip-top juice a day is not too much. Of course, when the anemia is cured, you don't need to go on with so much of these foods.

FATTENING THIN LEGS

Dear Sylvia:

Can you tell me a way to fatten the calves of my legs?

W. H. R., Little Rock, Ark.

You'll have to build yourself up generally. I'll bet that if your legs are thin so are your arms. It won't hurt you a bit to put on a few extra pounds and if you build yourself up with my diets and exercises the extra weight will go where you need it most. If you get a few fat spots while you're building up, you can squeeze and pound these off.

THIS TREATMENT WORKED

Dear Sylvia:

I just want to tell you that I've been using your exercise for taking off that "desk chair spread" for three weeks and I've reduced two inches already. Isn't that wonderful?

B. W., New York City

Sure, it's wonderful. But I'm not surprised. It absolutely works if you've got the courage to stick at it, and I hope that every girl sees this letter and knows what can be done if one does it. Good for you, keep at it. Or is two inches enough?

LORETTA YOUNG * RALPH FORBES RALPH BELLAMY

in a Mobiloil Movie.. "TOWING NELLIE HOME"

* Loretta Young, now starring in Twentieth Century's "Born to Be Bad"



1 LORETTA: "Tonight? Too bad! Ralph Bellamy has dated me up. Do come as a stag anyway!"



2 FORBES: "What a swell evening this has been—our sixth dance together—even if Bellamy did bring you."



3 FORBES: "Car won't start? Better let me tow you down to the Mobiloil filling station."



4 LORETTA: "Oh, let's! Otherwise we may be stuck here in the cold, heaven knows how long!"



5 FORBES: "While you're getting fixed up with Mobiloil and Mobilgas, suppose I drive Loretta home in my car."



6 LORETTA: "You always seem to know just what to do, with balky cars ... and rivals, too!"

Only Double-Range Gas and Oil are WINTERPROOF! Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control are both double-range . . . You get a quick start . . . When your engine warms up, Mobiloil Arctic gives you full engine protection . . . Mobilgas, with climatic control, gives you full mileage . . . Change today to the world's favorite winter oil and gasoline.

Mobiloil Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



Hoot takes June Gale to the theater and whom do you suppose he spots in the crowd? Why, Sally Eilers—Mr. Gibson's ex-wife—and Sally's with her new husband, Harry Joe Brown. But they're all good friends at that

THE one and only marquis of Hollywood, just before sailing for his periodical visit to France, expressed much joy over a loving telegram he received from Connie.

The Marquis Henri le Bailly de la Falaise de la Coudraye also confessed he wasn't very fond of Hollywood's nickname for him, "Hank."

IF a top notch star breaks down and sobs on seeing a picture, wouldn't you say it was great? That's what Katharine Hepburn did. Oh, incidentally, the film was "Little Women," and Katharine is starring in that, you know. Looks as though there will be a big sale of ladies' handkerchiefs when this picture is screened at your theater.

KEEN-EARED newspaper man Harrison Carroll picked up this one: Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper discovered themselves in adjacent ringside seats at the prize fights. They turned their backs to each other. Groucho Marx, a row behind, leaned over and said to Lupe: "Pardon me, but have you met Mr. Cooper?"

PANCHO VILLA is with us again. Do you remember the rip-snorting days of 1916 when the Mexican revolutionist, bandit, or outlaw, as he was variously called, terrified the New Mexico border with his raids and President Wilson sent an army into Mexico to try to capture him?

Well, Pancho is now in the movies. This is not the same Pancho, of course, but his son. The lad will play his father as a youth in "Viva

Villa," under Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's banner. The film will be shot in Mexico under Howard Hawks' direction. Wally Beery will play the grown-up rôle of Villa. The money the lad earns from this film will be spent on his education.

THEY'RE calling Charles Laughton "Curly" over at Paramount now. Charlie had his tresses frizzed for his "Nero" rôle, and ever since then has managed somehow to snag a rôle where he could keep up the wave length. You'd never know him with the mass of ringlets and minus about fifteen pounds of avoirdupois.

CROSSING the Atlantic to play in the New York stage production, "A Trip To Pressburg," Pola Negri emphatically denies that she is going to marry Harold F. McCormick, the multi-millionaire harvester and reaper manufacturer of Chicago.

THAT persistent rumor that Greta Garbo may actually desert our shores is given substance by the fact that she has purchased a

large estate not far from Stockholm. Furthermore, she has already made arrangements with an architect to build a house on the premises.

BABY GARBO, as they're calling little Cora Sue Collins, because she plays Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina," has a mind of her own. Her mother and some of her friends were discussing hospitals.

"I've been in the hospital twice!" piped Cora Sue.

"Why," reproved her mother, "you've only been there once—when you broke your arm."

"But I was born there," insisted Cora.

IT'S dangerous to trifle with the affections of Primo Carnera, the heavyweight fighting fellow.

Primo has one feminine ideal in this life—Norma Shearer. He asked an M-G-M studio official to get him an autographed portrait of his secret screen passion.

Norma obligingly autographed two pictures



The famous red-head is back on the set again—with all her pep and the old portable phonograph. Clara Bow entertains Richard Cromwell between scenes of "Hoopla." Clara's latest movie is the screen version of the famous stage play, "The Barker." Dick plays in the picture, too

and sent them to the gigantic Italian. The messenger returned, panting.

"He darn near killed me," he confided to Norma. "When he saw the pictures, he threw his arms around me and gave me a hug. I think there's some ribs busted."

WE couldn't help comparing the maids' severely simple white uniforms—like a nurse's—at Pickfair, with the regalia they doll up picture maids in—usually a little black satin number, just reaching the knees, and looking very much as if the girl would have to be blasted out of it. The two we saw are healthy, rosy-cheeked girls, with an accent that sounded Swiss, but it may have been Austrian.

Albert, the same butler who has been with Mary for many years, still holds the fort.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S "Scarlet P.azant," from the story of Catharine the Great of Russia, will be the most important and lavish production on the Paramount schedule. All of the costumes have been authentically copied from photographs and portraits, and *everything* has been made in duplicate, even the sables. (Now Marlene, after *all*—we'll bet even Katie the Great never mislaid her sables!)

CHICK CHANDLER ran across this sign on the California-Nevada state line. The height of public insult, says Chick.

"You are now leaving California," and—"Thanks!"

WE understand that Patsy Ruth Miller will stage a picture comeback, after her Budapest divorce from Director Tay Garnett.

THE Fox still photographer made a trip to Malibu to make some studies of Norman Foster in his home. But he soon discovered that it was impossible to shoot Norman without publicizing Claudette Colbert as well—because every wall space, table and chest in the place is decorated with a likeness of Claudette, and so she's in *every* shot!

WHO are the real male menaces of Hollywood? Cameramen! Figure it out for yourself. Joan Blondell succumbed to the lens charm of George Barnes, and now Jean Harlow is sure of proper lighting after espousing Hal Rosson. George has photographed Joan in her last four pictures, by the way, and Hal has worked on Jean a couple of times himself.

Heart Throb

After thirty-eight years of happy married life, my wife died two months ago. The only avenue of escape from my grief and loneliness is the movies, which enable me, for an hour or so at a time, to forget myself in a world of make-believe where lives often end happily. In romantic scenes she lives again in my memory of those beautiful years.

Formerly, pictures held little attraction for me. But I have now developed a genuine liking for the better type entertainment offered by our most capable players.

M. D. Gass, Washington, D. C.

Something to get excited about!

This So-Much-Better NAIL POLISH!

50% LONGER WEAR
NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE
6 SHADES...COLOR CHART ON EACH PACKAGE...NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER...LARGER BOTTLES AND A NEW LOW PRICE...

25¢

FOR years and years smart women have gladly paid Glazo's higher price, because its superior quality is worth it. And, quite naturally, Glazo has always been the largest-selling polish of its price.

So its welcome news indeed that Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes. But more important still are Glazo's unique improvements that will change your whole conception of lovely, well-groomed nails.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer, sturdier in lustre, and wear 50% longer.

The six authentic shades are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. And you select the ones you wish right from the Color Chart package.

An exclusive metal-shaft brush, far easier to control, with bristles that can't

come loose. And Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle that lasts as long as your polish.

Surely you've been hoping for a finer nail polisher like this; and surely you'll be glad for the money you save.

GLAZO—for Lovelier Nails

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red and Colorless. 25c. each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. Easily removes even deepest polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A gentle and improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-12-3
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, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

GLAZO

The Smart MANICURE

Only 25¢



5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

in preferring

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER



because it is

- ... absolutely harmless,
- ... non-smarting,
- ... tear-proof, and
- ... instantly effective

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanting, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that genuine Maybelline is necessary to genuinely alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely natural effect.

In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! Maybelline—Black or Brown—a year's supply—75c at Drug and Department stores.



The Perfect Mascara

YOU can hardly go into a house for rent in Beverly Hills, that the agent doesn't pop out with, "This was once the home of Greta Garbo—and here is the bed she slept in!" Surprising how often it works and how many persons are sleeping serenely in beds they fondly imagine were once occupied by the Great One.

IT happened on the set of "King for a Night," where Chester Morris, as a box-fighter, was supposed to sock Alice White in the jaw.

Chester was gallant. "Is there any particular spot you would like punched?" he asked.

"Yes," said Alice, seriously, "Jimmy Cagney smashed in the right side in 'Picture Snatcher.' Why don't you take a crack at the left to even up my face?"

"BOOGIE" is dead.

Mae West's pet monkey and favorite companion expired with indigestion just on the eve of his triumph.

"Boogie," you know, made his screen debut in "I'm No Angel."

His demise so upset Mae that she was forced to remain at home from the long-awaited preview of her picture at Paramount studios. He was buried in the pet cemetery near Los Angeles.

The Countess di Frasso's fourteen year old dog, which died about the same time as "Boogie," was buried in this cemetery, also. The canine rated a white casket.

MY word! Twentieth Century is making so many pictures they have to spread out, already. They have leased space out at Pathe, in Culver City, practically next door to M-G-M.

IF you think Gary Evan Crosby (Bing's new heir) doesn't rate in the Crosby family, hearken to the new Crosby plantation house in Toluca Lake. The Manse of Marse Crosby is built around a nursery suite, which is the main feature of the place. There's a bed room, with a miniature replica of Bing's four poster, canopied bed, and tiny furniture, a playroom, a diet kitchen, and a tiny bath—all exclusively for the use of Gary Evan, and everything in proportion to his size.

SOMEONE slapped comedian Clark, the zany of Clark and McCullough, on the back in the RKO-Radio commissary.

"Coward!" sneered Clark. "Strike me with my glasses on—eh?"

They're painted on him, you know.

MAY ROBSON celebrated her fiftieth anniversary on the stage and screen while she was in production with Polly Moran, in a picture titled "Comin' Round the Mountain." This was slated to be a Marie Dressler-Polly Moran, until Marie's health forbade her doing another picture for some time.

EVERYBODY out at M-G-M who works with her, goes into a rave at the mere mention of Jean Harlow's name. Even when



Kenneth Alexander

Constance Cummings talks it over with her husband Benn Levy at their Brentwood home. Benn's given Connie some good advice and she's slated for new stellar honors in this country after her work in London films

she was married to a producer, it never went to her head—which is something to be carefully considered.

The other day, a member of the publicity department took some guests out to her set—to find it absolutely closed to all visitors. They wanted so much to see her. "Well, that's easy," said Jean, "I'll go outside and see them!"

Which she promptly did. And were they thrilled!

THE Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg Santa Monica beach home was the scene of festive doings.

A big electric train, all shining, stood ready to delight the eyes of Irving, Jr.

Christmas? Birthday? Nothing of the sort. That afternoon had witnessed the successful crossing of the swimming pool, and Papa Irving had promised a reward for the aquatic feat.

GINGER ROGERS appeared on the "Flying Down to Rio" set, all done up in a golden flying suit. "Just a bird in a gilded case," cracked li'l Ginger.

THAT'S Hollywood Department:

On an RKO-Radio set reposed a chair, on the back of which faded letters announced importantly:

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

It lolled a fat negro, chauffeur to some star busy before the cameras. Fast asleep completely oblivious of the throne he had usurped.

DID you ever wonder how Ann Harding developed that miraculous speaking voice? You can do it yourself, if you happen to have a dictaphone in the family. When Ann was a business woman, working in an insurance office, she had to do a lot of dictating into a dictaphone. When she saw her words typed, there were so many mistakes, that she began to wonder how come. Then she went to work, pronouncing every word slowly and clearly, and listening carefully to her voice as she did so. Ann says you don't need lessons in diction, if you will only listen to your own words and voice carefully, and correct your own mistakes.

W. S. VAN DYKE can be sure his swimming party to dedicate his new pool won't be forgotten for some time. (Sure we swim in the winter time in Hollywood.)

It was literally just "too ducky!" Everyone was soaked.

Writer Edgar Allan Woolf was called a "sissy" when he ran home to keep from being ducked, but he had a good alibi.

"I've got a \$500 check in my pocket," he called back, "and I don't want to get it wet!"

They're All Queening It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

love life. Pathetic at times in her strength, she was always wise, original, a firm ruler and a "better man" than any in her kingdom.

The capricious Hepburn rocketed to fame and conquered a nation with two pictures. Ambitious and dominating, she found herself at the top, looking for new worlds to conquer

Hosiery discomforts
few women escape



**-now ended for
good and all!**

● It's true! Even perfect legs have suffered some time or other from badly fitting stocking tops. But that's all ended now! The new Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix, never gags your thighs. Never drifts around on your knees. It's never too annoyingly short nor too bulkily long. It stretches both ways and fits every leg as though it had been made especially for it, with perfect comfort! And that, just that, is one of the reasons why Phoenix Hose with Custom-Fit Top is such a popular stocking in America today. Another is the famous Phoenix "long mileage" service foot. Try a pair! They're priced from \$1 to \$1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tolly-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.



HER FROCK—a custom made by Kallach, Columbia Pictures' clever designer.

HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP. LILLIAN BOND (above) wears this costume in "When Strangers Marry."



PHOENIX HOSIERY

with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**



Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative



THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them *harm* by giving them laxatives intended for adult use... laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children
No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is *not* thorough. *Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.*

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made *especially* for children... Contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is gentle. It does not gripe. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be *sure* that the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING—eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening. Columbia network—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

for

constipation

in children

from babyhood to 11 years

and wanting more spectacular fame than she had found. What could be more splendid and awe-inspiring than royal robes and the throne of a queen?

AND then comes exquisite little Marie Antoinette, brought to France as the child bride of boorish Louis XVI.

Plunged into the extravagant corruption of the French court, extremely young and beautiful, she became pleasure-mad, a vain little queen living for gaiety and flattery—until the birth of her son, the unhappy "Lost Dauphin."

And when she woke up, at last, to the magnitude of her offense, then it was she rose to meet the situation and really become a queen worthy of the name. But it was too late.

All through her last terrible days before the march to the guillotine, her bearing was dignified and marvelously courageous. She commanded the respect of even her bitterest enemies in those last days. And as she rode to her fate in a tumbrel, her head high, she was every inch a queen.

Though Shearer is, in certain respects, the antithesis of the tragic Antoinette, she must still feel a kind of glory in becoming the beautiful French queen who was famous for her loyalty to her family, and her courage in the face of death.

OH yes, they will all enjoy ascending the throne, these stars who have earned the glorification of the multitudes. And the queenly rôles they have chosen will provide the ceremony of coronation.

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

THE CHIEF—M-G-M

GANGWAY—here comes Ed Wynn! He's the whole show, however, as the story is pretty slim. "The Perfect Fool" falls into a Bowery hero's shoes, gets mixed up with crooked politicians, and winds up as a dim-wit alderman in love with a burlesque queen. Plenty of screaming scenes, and some not so good.

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M

JACK PEARL, Jimmy Durante, ZaSu Pitts and Edna May Oliver introduce Jack's radio nonsense to the screen. Pearl and Durante, servants of *Baron Munchausen*, explorer, are deserted in the jungle. When found Pearl is mistaken for the *Baron*, and the two impostors stage some hilarious adventures in New York. But Ted Healy and his stooges are the hit of the show.

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal

A POLAR expedition trapped on a moving iceberg slowly drifts into open sea, while the glacier cracks up behind. If you have never seen an iceberg born, here's your chance. The radio and miraculous flying by Ernst Udet bring rescue; but we hand the palm to Sepp Rist, who swam the icy waters for help. A remarkable picture of human fortitude in the face of incredible hardship.

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M

A HYBRID backstage and mother-knows-best picture notable chiefly for the splendid performance of Alice Brady. She is a mother who repeatedly upsets Maureen O'Sullivan's love affairs in order to make Maureen a grea-

dancer. Franchot Tone and Phillips Holmes are the hapless suitors. Ineffective drama saved by a great actress.

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?—
Fox

THIS is the old story about the wicked woman (Benita Hume) whose reputation is worse than she is. Leaving Paris for America, she meets Professor Harvey Stephens in a train wreck. Convalescing in his home, she falls in love, but sacrifices herself for her impoverished Parisian lover, Adolphe Menjou. There's far too little of Menjou's subtle acting.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE—
Warners

HURRAH! No more baffling, unsolved murders! *Philo Vance* is back on the job. Bill Powell is his suave best as the gentleman detective of this well-done tale, while Helen Vinson and Mary Astor are lovely suspects. If you like mysteries, don't miss this.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio

AGAIN Annapolis provides a colorful setting, with martial music, flags, and flashing drills, for a formula story of a careless cadet's regeneration. Bruce Cabot, the careless one, loves Betty Furness, the commandant's daughter; but it looks rather hopeless until another's mistake snaps Bruce out of it. Frank Albertson is great, Florence and Arthur Lake screaming.

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal

IF you're cur-razy over hosses, don't miss this Western. If not, you will be after seeing this. They really didn't need the actors. The fight between the wild "strawberry roan" and Ken Maynard's "Tarzan" is *something*, as is the stampede. Ruth Hall is a refreshing heroine, who actually knows her way around horses. Ken sings and rides. An exceptionally stirring Western.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal

BRIGHT fast-moving story of football hero Robert Young, who believes the game a racket. He learns that it isn't, when he loses the big game and finds he is still a hero. Grant Mitchell does a grand job as Bob's "old grad" father; Leila Hyams is pretty, and Andy Devine and Mary Carlisle win laughs.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—
First National

FRANKIE DARRO, Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan join up with other youthful "depression outcasts" to roam the country. Frankie is arrested and accused of a robbery; the big climax comes in the trial, where his plea wins acquittal and a job. A strong and timely drama, excellently acted.

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount

A HEALTHY portion of strong drama and an epic quality lift this Zane Grey story out of the ordinary Western class. Two Kentucky feuding families carry their arguments West and fight it out until only Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston survive for the merger. Top-notch acting, with Jack LaRue, Buster Crabbe and Noah Beery.

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio

POOOR Charlie Ruggles—what have they done to our quaint, droll Charlie? Charlie is a gentleman's-gentleman to Sidney Blackmer; both are in alimony trouble. And it's all a very messy business about divorces and alimony rackets and ladies getting complicated unbecomingly, without enough laughs to redeem it.

**YOUR HANDS, TOO,
PLAY A LEADING ROLE!**

...but how much more vital is your romance! Do your hands play their role with exquisite grace and beauty? Give them a lovely complexion and they will! Keep them alluringly soft and smooth with **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream** . . . after exposure, after they've been in water, and all ways at night. Hinds isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying "varnish" merely coating the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form, that penetrates deep into the pores, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs a song!



JUDITH ALLEN'S hands are always lovely. With Richard Arlen in Paramount's "Hell and High Water."

TRY THIS! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the same makers. Delicate and light, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.



*"Yes, I'll go!
I FEEL BETTER
NOW"*

● Isn't it maddening to have to miss a wonderful party because of periodic pains? Embarrassing, too, when you can't tell friends the reason. But now you can dress up and go, with the aid of Kalms.

Call up the drug store for a box of Kalms, the quick-acting tablets developed by Johnson & Johnson especially for the relief of periodic pains, such as headache, backache, neuralgia and other customary disturbances.

One Kalms tablet is enough for most cases. Kalms are safe. They do not affect digestion or heart action, and are not habit-forming. Your druggist has them in convenient, purse-size boxes of 12 tablets. If you would like a free sample, use coupon below.



Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me a FREE Sample of Kalms.

Name _____ P-2

Address _____

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners

EVEN Barbara Stanwyck's most devoted admirers may have trouble taking this morbid story. Barbara and her German-American husband, Otto Kruger, are persecuted by hyper-patriotic townfolk; so Otto turns German spy, and Barbara goes into canteen work. They meet in France, but rather than give Otto away, Barbara gives him poison and takes a nip herself. This ends the misery.

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio

THIS doesn't stack up so well with the good air pictures. Richard Dix is a pacifistic sculptor, whose girl, Elizabeth Allan, goads him into joining the war. Dix turns, without very clear motivation, into a blood-thirsty killer of German aviators. Elizabeth is sorry when she meets her hero in Paris and finds him all changed and embittered. Not so hot.

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox

WALLS of gold make a girl very uncomfortable, Sally Eilers learns, when she marries the wealthy uncle, Ralph Morgan, of her young man, Norman Foster, on hearing of his marriage to her sister. Apparently in revenge, she and the whole cast give a dull performance of a dull script.

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount

SEMI-SLAPSTICK comedy distinguished only by the presence of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth. It's a trite story of two married youngsters about to lose their ferry, when W. C. and Alison, old gambling sharks posing as missionaries, arrive to save the day for them—and for the audience, too—by some chuckle-inducing chicanery that's funny enough.

THE DAY OF RECKONING—M-G-M

REVERSE English on the usual plot order makes this different, anyway, even if it is unduly depressing. Richard Dix and Madge Evans start out happily married, but before the picture ends, nearly everyone is either dead or in prison. Story demands are pretty tough on Madge and Conway Tearle; Dix is below par. Stuart Erwin, Una Merkel and Isabel Jewell get the breaks. Not for kiddies.

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram

A SLIGHTLY hokey picture of how a little child (Buster Phelps) shall lead them. Buster patches up the marital troubles of Martha Sleeper and Randolph Scott and, incidentally, walks off with the film.

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British

A DULL, draggy story retards the delightful musical score of this picture opera. The humor is outmoded and what is supposed to be fun resembles a burlesque on Jack Dalton. Evelyn Laye looks pretty and sings well.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI—Monogram

A DULL story of co-ed college life. Buster Crabbe's athletic body helps out, as does Mary Carlisle's blonde prettiness. Ted Fio-Rito and his orchestra supply snappy music, but all too seldom. A grand boat race with camera shots from airplane and shore.

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied

IF you like tropical atmosphere and scenery, you'll find plenty here. But the story is improbable, and the acting so-so. Dorothy Mackaill and four other scarlet sisters take jobs as brides to tropical diamond miners, thereby starting all kinds of trouble. Regis Toomey and Alan Hale struggle through all the confusion. Only fair entertainment.

THE AVENGER—Monogram

SO poorly constructed is this story that it seems a pity to waste such fine talent as Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes on its hopeless plot. It's a crook story that drags in everything, but simply cannot click. Adrienne Ames looks pretty but proves dull as the heroine.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS—Fox-Gaumont-British

A MILDLY pleasing tale, done from J. B. Priestley's novel about an English troupe of barnstormers playing small towns. The troupe's star (Jessie Matthews) and the young composer and piano player (John Gielgud) finally make good in London. It has some pleasing music; but only the unusually good work of Jessie Matthews saves it from being dull and draggy.

Hollywood Good Fun

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

bring everyone and anyone who happens to be passing by at the moment.

That the host hasn't the least idea who these extra people are makes no difference. They haven't the least idea who they are themselves. So everything is comfy. So, don't be at all bashful about attending any Hollywood function, classification "a," "b" or "c," without an invitation. Be more skeptical if one arrives. The chances are ten to one you'll never get in. Or once in, you'll never get out. Or the Marx Brothers, usually Chico and Harpo, will chase you up and down until you're so tired of the whole scheme of things you'll wish you were dead instead of just half. And where and why you got the black eye will be one of those things you'll never figure out. Never.

So beware, especially if you're a wide-eyed blonde, of formal Hollywood invitations and the Marx Brothers. Fortunately, little good comes from either.

Hosts and hostesses in Pittsburgh or Boston, say, usually go fuming about for days after a

party wondering if the affair had really been the success they suspected it wasn't. They're never quite sure. In Hollywood they're always sure. The success of any party is measured wholly and solely by the number of times Gertie Tailspin falls flat on her face. Let Gertie (Gert to her friends) fall flat on her face three times during the course of the evening and the party's a wow. A knockout. "Oh, it was simply divine," people go about saying for days. "Heifetz played and Gertie fell flat on her face three times." If Gertie falls but once, it was still a nice friendly little evening. Of course, if Gertie merely slumps sideways (and there's one thing Hollywood hostesses can always count on: Gertie will never remain upright), the party was more or less of a bust. So there's always Gertie, the face-faller-on, to gauge the success of any local affair. Which makes it easy for any host or hostess to know exactly how his party went over. Or under. As the case may be.

Cocktail parties, or teas as some put it, are something else again. They begin anywhere

from five o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, say in November, and end at 7 A. M. or P. M. the following February. From 5 to 7 may mean from 5 to 7 in the afternoon of the same day to the hostess, but it may mean anywhere from five to seven hours, the fifth to the seventh month, or from five to seven years to the guests. None of whom she knows. And try putting them out. So always have your little overnight bag packed and waiting and all arrangements made to have the old trunk sent on at a moment's notice. There's no telling when a cocktail party will turn up.

ANOTHER startling contrast in "parties Hollywood" and parties elsewhere is that instead of the guests eating the food provided by the host, the host eats the food prepared by the guests and likes it. For instance, at a rather formal gathering, classification "b," the butler (hired by the hour) came haughtily into the drawing-room with a tray of delectable sandwiches. "What," screamed a famous screen lover, pawing over the sandwiches, "no peanut butter?" And, whamming the butler over the head with the tray, repaired to the kitchen where he made thousands of peanut butter sandwiches which everyone ate. Including the butler. Cracked skull, regardless.

Then there's that impromptu surprise thing that happens nowhere else but Hollywood. Couldn't possibly, in fact. For example, a famous hostess from the Continent threw what she hoped would be an eye-opener to the local Hollywood yokel. A famous, but constantly bewildered star, used to the slender streamline figures of movie queens, spotted his rather large hostess standing majestically at port, as it were, and was immediately seized with the fixed idea that he was there for the sole purpose of christening a battleship and nothing could stop him. Seizing a bottle of something very rare and special, he banged it over the hostess' head and very solemnly said, "I hereby christen thee Crusader." And made for the window under the delusion he was now sailing the high seas and was appallingly ill in the petunia bed under the window.

And there he stood. Refusing to budge or be budged. "Go way, go way," he motioned feebly. "I should never have started on this voyage in the first place." He grew greener and greener as he thought the waves dashed higher. Outside, the lawn spray was at that moment turned on full blast and nothing would make the boy believe he wasn't in the midst of the Atlantic, for there was the spray to prove it.

"THE Crusader" by this time had been led screaming from the room. This only added to the boy's belief that the ship was sinking and women and children were screaming for help. Finally one bright director conceived the brilliant idea of phoning the sound and prop departments of the studio and having a ship's whistle and a gang plank sent over. With the aid of the ship's whistle they pretended the ship was about to dock, and rolling the gang plank up to the window they managed to get the lad ashore. And just in time, at that. For "The Crusader" had come to sufficiently to be good and peevish and such a storm as she threatened to plow through would have no doubt ended in the boy leaping into the briny deep of a lawn spray and drowning himself by breaking his neck.

You see, it's situations like that, that Hollywood expects and is constantly prepared to cope with. Elsewhere, without the marvelous facilities of a movie studio, the situation would be hopeless.

The little matter of formal announcements is another point of contrast between the customs of far-flung Hollywood and the more stable habits of Eastern civilization. In some places, for instance, the announcement of a baby's coming (if it must be announced at all) follows immediately after the baby's arrival. Or so I'm told. But in Hollywood we go way beyond that point. There's the announcement, you remember, of that certain actress (married to an actor), who announced one fine day that

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**500 TEST PATIENTS
 CUT TIME LOST FROM
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Average cold lasted 5 d...
**Pepsodent Antiseptic cut the
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 for avoiding colds.**

Recently an interesting test was made...
 brought to light new facts about the common co...
 Scientists found that the antiseptic you use to g...
 gle and to spray with makes an amazing differen...
 as to how many colds you... antiseptic als...
 makes a difference as... will last...
 These scientists... an being...
 and observed... month...
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Make \$1 do the work of \$3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.
 Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with other leading mouth antiseptics — one group used only Pepsodent. Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.
 What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time.

What convincing evidence — what remarkable testimony.
 Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.
Know this about antiseptics
 Take note! When mixed with water many leading mouth antiseptics cannot kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.
 That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

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Night and Day Swank Sets the Style

SWANK EVENING SET

New Bit Cuff Links (so easily inserted) smoked ball pearl; Studs to match and SWANK Key Chain with Bit End — \$5.00. Other sets up to \$25.00.

The name SWANK is your guarantee of quality — of correct style.

SWANK DAYTIME SETS

The Klip and Collar Holder; Cabochon stone-set. In box. \$2.00.

Bit Links with Collar Holder and Tie Klip. \$3.50. Other sets — up to \$10.00.

AT JEWELERS AND SMART MEN'S SHOPS.



SWANK
Jewelry Accessories for Men

in three years she would become a mother. Not two years, mind you, or four. But in three years and some odd days, she intended (not hoped, either, but intended) becoming a mother. I mean you couldn't do better than that. Or could you?

A LITTLE item to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So are planning a divorce could appear in almost any paper in the country. Except Hollywood. Here, the local trade paper recently carried the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star are not planning a divorce. Which is news, even if neither of them ever bit a dog in their lives.

The matter of removing one's clothes and donning bathing suits before plunging into swimming pools is an old established custom in saner parts of the world, I'm also told. In Hollywood, not only do famous stars plunge into strange pools ("Whose pool is this anyway?" they go about screaming) clad in satin evening gowns, but some hostesses even go so far as to provide lovely little mink coat outfits with bag, hat, gloves and galoshes, solely for pool plunging.

In other cities people are wont to arrive late at the theater and trample everyone silly getting into their seats. But in Hollywood, people get to the theater on time and do their trampling afterwards. Several stars, in fact, have been known to trample as high as six people three hours after the show was over. Which only goes to show how trampling customs differ in different climates. In Hollywood, you always do your best trampling the last time.

Recently in the East I was amazed to discover young men sent their lady fairs an orchid. One orchid. Or, at the most, two. The sight of that one orchid, lone and serene in its tissue box, is one of the sights never to be forgotten. For in Hollywood, especially if it's Marion Davies' birthday, the moving van calmly backs up to the front door of the florist shop and off goes a load of roses and astounded maiden fern to Marion's.

The gardenia craze has grown beyond all limits. The Hollywood male (and there's a story in itself) sends his lady not a box of gardenias, mind you. Or even some gardenias. He sends garlands, chains, boas, tons of gardenias put up in fantastic shapes like "The Spirit of the N. R. A." or "Washington at Valley Forge." All made of gardenias. Often as not he'll phone the florist to send over six yards of gardenias to Flossy King. "No, wait," he'll add, "put a few more inches to it. Flossy's put on some weight."

The climax was reached recently when a popular star ordered a huge muff made entirely of gardenias for his lady to carry to a premiere. A certain executive was furious that he hadn't thought of it first. And thought and thought how to go one better. Finally he conceived a bright (bright, for him) idea. "It's new," he screamed at the florist; "it'll knock 'em cold. Get a load of this. Daffodil step-ins. How's that? Ain't that somethin'?"

"My Gawd," moaned the florist, "she won't wear daffodil step-ins. She couldn't sit down."

"Why not?" asked the producer. "You can lie in a bed of roses, can't you?"

"Yeah, but you can't sit down in daffodil step-ins. Besides, hardly anyone would see them. It's a waste of money, pretty near."

SO they compromised on an entire gardenia wrap. With scarf and bag to match.

Hollywood, Hollywood. Where all is so insanely and gorgeously different. The land, indeed, of strange misbehaviors. In any normal, sane place, the waiters pour soup down the customer's neck, and the customer in turn, tips the waiter. In Hollywood, the customer solemnly arises and pours the soup over the waiter's head. Who, in turn, tips the customer. Two dollars not to come back for a week. Ten dollars never to come back.

Did someone tell you when in Hollywood, do as the Hollywoodians do? Well, go on. And see where it gets you for the first time in your life. Maybe.



Will Rogers may not "know nuthin' only what he reads in the 'papers," but he's mighty interested in this game. "Dr. Bull" is his latest release, and "Mr. Skitch" is nearing completion—neither is related to Mr. Zilch!

Star News from London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

Whether it comes under the heading of American diplomacy or English humor, I'll leave it for you to decide—but young Fairbanks' side-stepping two leading questions put to him while he was broadcasting for the benefit of British listeners made *me* smile, anyhow.

"Who, in your opinion," asked the interviewer for all to hear, "is the world's greatest star?"

You could almost see Fairbanks' face go red, and you could hear him stammer while he was fishing for an answer.

Then, haltingly:

"Why, er, er, er, why—Mickey Mouse!"

And he selected as the world's greatest director—Walt Disney!

And that—as they say in Mayfair—is that!

HILDA VAUGHN has just turned up in London, direct from Hollywood. She isn't looking for a job, and doesn't expect to work while she's on this side. Just a holiday. After five weeks here she is going on for a tour of the Continent.

A darned nice woman is Hilda Vaughn—and a swell actress.

COMING back to that Fairbanks broadcast, I was at a party in Chelsea that night. Among the guests were Raquel Torres and Greta Nissen, who are working with Bickford in "The Red Wagon." When Joan's Ex pulled that Mickey Mouse line black-haired Raquel let out a yell.

"Whoops, my dear!" she ejaculated.

Our host's very English butler stepped quickly to Raquel's side, and looked down at her with anxiety registered in his expression.

"Are you quite all right, miss?" he asked earnestly.

Of course, that made the little Mexican laugh more than ever. And the rest of us had to laugh, too.

They Call Him "Perfect"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

playing one of his rare "heavy" rôles with Norma Shearer, remember how you were called upon to like him until the final climactic scene when he had to make you hate him? In "Madame X" where his dramatic struggle was every bit as impressive as that of Ruth Chatterton. In "Letty Lynton" where he never arrived until the last reel, but in spite of all that had gone before, dominated the final sequence. In "The Son-Daughter" where his terrific effort for the happiness of Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro supplied the heart of the drama.

Perhaps all this explains why he is not a star. Someone has to play these "backbone rôles." They have always gone to Lewis Stone when he has been available.

Consider his art in "The White Sister." He was sent to his death early in the plot, but so forcible an impression did he make as the old Italian aristocrat that his screen ghost, as it were, hung over all the rest of the picture, influencing every later action of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable.

After "Looking Forward" the world realized gain the power of Lewis Stone when by per- t acting he placed an inferior part even with t of Lionel Barrymore and won equal honors w1 the star.

KOOL

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NO DRY THROATS NOW

To prove how KOOLS soothe your throat, try them sometime when a head-cold has parched your mouth, or when overheated rooms in winter make your throat dry. Note how the mild menthol refreshes you and cools your throat. The smoke actually IS cooler (KOOLS are a better cigarette for you *any* time) but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. **FREE** Bridge coupon in each pack. 50 bring an initialed deck of Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards . . . other premiums. Offer good in U. S. A. only.

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REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR it won't cost you one cent!

I HAVE REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the Perfolastic Girdle... writes Miss Healy... "It massages like magic" writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

● Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

In TEN Short Days You Can Be Your Slimmer Self... without Dieting.. Drugs or Exercise.

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You would think the stars would shy from this invulnerable, matchless menace who always extends them to their supreme efforts.

On the contrary, practically every star has deliberately asked for this most dangerous competition!

EMIL JANNINGS waited weeks to get him for "The Patriot," and thereby forfeited a big share of the acting honors. Ramon Novarro, with typical Latin gallantry, calls it a privilege to lose occasionally at the master's hands, and pleads for Stone at the start of every picture. Garbo has insisted that he play with her from time immemorial.

When "Queen Christina" was cast recently, she had but two requests—Lewis Stone and John Gilbert.

At one time not long ago no less than four top-notch stars at M-G-M besieged the casting office for this man, whom they knew would probably dominate every scene he walked into!

Why? Because although Lewis Stone exacts his due in the inevitable tributes to his acting, he is certain to enrich the starring rôle with his complementary excellence.

That's the professional reason.

The other is that Lewis Stone has carved a lasting niche in the hearts of every person with whom he has played. He is one of the best loved, and certainly the most respected actor in Hollywood, and while the stars faintly fear him—they know he's good for them!

To understand the why and wherefore of this flawless actor, it is necessary to know the actual character of Lewis Stone himself.

He is undoubtedly the most self-disciplined man in Hollywood.

A military friend of his puts it pithily when he says, "Lewis Stone is always ready to stand inspection."

ARMY trained (he was an officer in the Spanish-American and World Wars, instructed at Plattsburg, and today holds a major's commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps), he thinks directly, accurately and seriously. He is smart with a military smartness, poised with an army polish, dignified with the authority of command. He has that something about him which makes his audiences "snap to attention"—and hold it.

Acting is his business. He sees to it that

every character he portrays is thoroughly and coolly analyzed. He maps out his part in a picture, as he would plan a campaign. He knows what to do about it and he does it. His directors agree that there is no waste motion when Lewis Stone plays a part.

He believes in preparedness to the *nth* degree. He has lived and traveled. He has done many things and known many people. From the wealth of his experience, education and culture, he draws his characters. If he does not know all about what he is to represent on the screen, he finds out. When he is not actually acting, he is devoting himself to study in his library at home, to riding, hunting, fencing, keeping himself in the best of physical as well as mental trim.

He is meticulous about his appearance, on the screen and off. In all his years as a contract player at M-G-M, he has used their great wardrobe facilities but once or twice. Lewis Stone maintains his own wardrobe of accurate, correct clothes.

"I would rather buy my own clothes," he has explained, "and have them belong to me." That "belong" does not express acquisitiveness, but accuracy.

WHEN he arrives on the set, he arrives on time, for he believes that punctuality is the virtue of kings. If the call is for six o'clock, he is there not ten, five or two minutes past six, but at six sharp, impeccable, cool and ready to work.

He is "Mr. Stone" always—even to many of his close friends. You will hear "Hello, Clark" and "Hi, Jean" frequently when Gable or Harlow arrive for work, but it's always "Good morning, Mr. Stone," from actors, technicians, directors. No one would dream of addressing him as "Lew." It simply is not done. An innate, aristocratic dignity forbids it.

Such is the man whose presence, precise dramatic excellence and definite magnetism command your attention and admiration for lo, these many years. And Ramon Novarro expresses well what Hollywood thinks of Lewis Stone when he says,

"Lewis Stone is not only a great actor and artist. He is the greatest friend and the noblest gentleman in Hollywood."

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk TG-55 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

The Best GRAY HAIR 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, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.




Wide World

Carole Lombard and William Powell were so interested in each other, they forgot to watch the tennis match! Well, Carole said that recent Reno divorce was a friendly one, and we believe it! Friends of the couple are predicting that Carole and Bill will merge again, but they won't say when



Mrs. Harry Brown to him—but Sally Eilers to her host of screen admirers. Snapped at dinner Ben Lyon gave the bride and groom at the Lyon's home

The New Charles Farrell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

He was late because he had just come from a long, hard day on the set of "The Shake-down." Only a few days before, he had finished "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," his first rôle since the self-inflicted panic.

He was tired, but not even fatigue could dull his enthusiasm about his new lease on life, about the vindication of his action.

"Was it worth it?" he repeated the question. "Why, it's the best thing I ever did in my life! Do I think I've changed? Of course I have! I've almost *felt* myself change. I'm really more like my old self than in years. You know, when I first came out to Hollywood, I was a pretty cocky youngster. Assistant directors were always having to put me in my place.

"But I lost it. I played so many sweet boy lover parts that I actually discovered myself becoming more juvenile, naive and downright dumb every day! I stopped thinking for myself, battling for myself. Life just ambled along serenely. I was a perfect vegetable."

He held up a beet to illustrate.

"DO you know, not long before I made the break I wasn't interested in seeing myself on the screen. I quit looking at the rushes. They hurt my digestion. I just didn't care. I took on weight—got up to around 185—I was dreadfully dull, I'm afraid."

It was pretty hard to imagine this entertaining host, fairly flashing wit, charming, personable and electric, ever having been a bore about anything. But—

"I don't think it was entirely my fault, except that I didn't do something about it long before I did. But there's no use reviewing all that. Let me tell you about those eight months when I was 'out of a job.'"

While he paused for some necessary nourishment, there was occasion to get in a quick once-over of a trim 172-pounder, who certainly didn't resemble the Charlie Farrell of some months ago, and to reflect hastily that those eight months "out of a job" must have had their headaches as well as their rejuvenating effects.

"The third month was the hardest," continued Charlie. "The first two were purely vacation. Spent on the boat and loafing around. But the third was tedious futility all the way through.

"Here's My Way to keep a Lovely Figure Perfect" said Sylvia to Helen Twelvetrees



Sylvia of Hollywood

World's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure



HELEN TWELVETREES, petite star now playing in Columbia's film "MY WOMAN"

TUNE IN ON SYLVIA
NBC Red Network Coast to Coast
Tuesdays, 10:30 p.m., E. S. T.

Hear Sylvia herself telling her personal experiences in Hollywood giving valuable beauty advice.

"NOT all the movie stars need to reduce," says Sylvia. "Many of them come to me for help in keeping their lovely figures youthful. Then I tell them that my rule for *staying* slim is simply this:—*Choose Food Carefully, Exercise Faithfully, and Eat Ry-Krisp With Every Meal.* In fact, I call Ry-Krisp my Stay Slim Secret, for I know that these crisp wafers which tempt your appetite also *protect* your figure. They're filling but not fattening—they satisfy your hunger *safely* and keep you from wanting starchy, fattening foods.

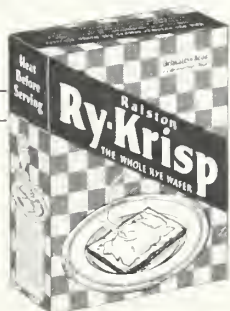
I'll Help You Get Slim; or Stay Slim!

I promise that you can make yourself lovelier—if you'll follow the advice I give you in my personal Consultation Chart. It includes exactly the same diets and exercises I've given the stars in Hollywood—and you can have it FREE!*

Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers taste so good—you'd never suspect them of being good for you! Because they're made sim-

ply of flaked whole rye, salt and water—they've a "different" flavor that's equally interesting with morning coffee—or tinkling midnight beverages. Children love them—husbands find excuses to munch them—and *you'll* find them irresistible with soups and salads. So if you're eating Ry-Krisp to grow lovelier, Sylvia's way, you'd better order one package for yourself—another for the family.

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages. And don't forget to save the valuable package top!*



*SYLVIA'S CONSULTATION CHART—FREE! USE THIS COUPON



Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company, 622 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo. Enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart from which I can get the information I need to help me solve my own beauty problems. (Offer good only in U.S.A. and Can.)

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Address _____



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Now any girl can have such lashes. For Winx—the NEW type mascara—transforms even pale, skimpy lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness.

Winx is made with a special French formula. Therefore it cannot smudge or flake as ordinary mascaras so often do. Never stiffens into coarse, ugly beads. Always keeps completely *natural*.

Two forms—**Liquid Winx**, waterproof . . . **Cake Winx**, tear-proof.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use the new **Winx Eye Shadow**. It is not greasy.

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Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed hairless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat “dyed” look. Cannot affect waving of hair. No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.

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LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure. . . \$2.25
REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measure. . . \$3.75

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



“I read stories and stories, scripts, synopses, ideas and what not—because, you see, I really did have lots of offers for parts. But it was no use. They were all the same sort of thing I had been doing. No one could see me in any rôle with anything to it. And here’s another peculiar thing: other feminine stars didn’t want to work with me. They were afraid audiences would resent them, and keep looking for Janet!”

“WELL, I became pretty discouraged and low. I wanted to drop the whole business. I didn’t want to even hear about pictures.

“So I took up polo—”

It seems that Charlie took up polo. It seems that he *really* took up polo—every afternoon for months and months. Polo converted superfluous pounds into solid flesh and wiry muscles; and Charlie didn’t stop there.

He learned to fly, took singing lessons, studied French—did a thousand things he had always wanted to do. He forgot all about motion pictures and effected a mental house cleaning. He found time for reflection, time to take inventory of himself, time to mold a new character.

That’s why a changed Charlie Farrell exists today.

A Farrell who has changed his attitude, parts of his personality, his physique.

But he hasn’t changed his ambition.

“What do I want? I want to be a darn good, dependable actor. I want to put something of my own into every picture I make. I didn’t rebel against sympathetic parts. I like to do them. As a matter of fact, I think I’m best in them.

“I enjoyed ‘7th Heaven’ and ‘Street Angel.’ But please, dear Lord, not every one the same,

without a faint chance to be anything but just myself in a sugar coating. If I had kept that up, I would have been all through now, instead of just starting.

“Stardom? That really doesn’t matter. If the part is an authentic starring part and the character is one to which I can do justice, of course I’d like to star, but I’d rather have a smaller part with an opportunity to act than a starring rôle which doesn’t measure up.”

For a while it looked as if such a part would never arrive. But it did, finally, in “Aggie Appleby.”

Charlie jumped to his feet and enthusiastically went through several scenes. It’s a semi-comedy rôle, that of a painfully innocent youth who is made into a “tough guy” by a worldly wise *demi-mondaine*.

“Like that it goes,” he explained. “It’s a real character—gives me something to do. ‘The Shakedown’ has the same kind of part, with something to it. I’m crazy about them both, and don’t you think I don’t work. I haven’t been out three working-day nights since I started ‘Aggie Appleby.’ Before, I seldom stayed in that many!”

The subject of Janet Gaynor just had to enter into the conversation.

“HASN’T Janet been great lately?” Charlie burst out in response to the familiar syllables. “‘State Fair,’ ‘Adorable,’ and ‘Paddy, the Next Best Thing.’ You don’t know how fine that makes me feel!

“She’s making good on her own. She’s bigger than ever, and she’s better, too.

“When I make good on my own . . . after we’ve both made good on our own . . .”

He looked up, startled perhaps at his own thoughts.

But it wasn’t hard to read them.

A Tornado? No! Lupe and Jimmy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

dive, see, an’ lands flat on my indignation. Sinks to de bottom wit’ my schnozzle protrudin’ up above. Just den, see, dis Jap gardener fella she has messin’ around, comes along an’ gives one yell.

“RUN!” he yells, ‘de war, she come. Dere’s a submarine in de swimmin’ pool wid its periscope comin’ up.’

“How mortifyin’. Was I boined at de activity of it all?

“Anyway, de nex’ day when me an’ Loop hears dat dis still cameraman goes back to de studio, see, an’ says, ‘No guy livin’ could take a still of two jumpin’ jacks,’ why we was both boined, see, an’ starts after de guy. Us wit’ our repose an’ everythin’. Our serenity on every occasion. De agnosity of such a crack! Anyhow, we finds out he’d lef’ for China. Geeze, he needn’ have been so scared.

“We wuz only goin’ trow him off de top of de water tower.

“Rehearsin’ our dance steps for dis picture, Loop keeps trampin’ on me dogs. ‘Keep off me feet,’ I yells at her, an’ she only keeps trampin’ ‘em more, see. So I fixes her. I put a tack through me hip pocket wit de point stickin’ out, see, and over hot-chas Loop, hits de point and, for tree weeks, dey hides me in Clark Gable’s dressin’ room, see, an’ slips things through de window to me at night.

“De fourt’ week, she forgets all about it, so it’s safe to come out. ‘Allo, heeg boy,’ she cries when she sees me, givin’ my schnozzle a twit. ‘Where you been, darlin’? Lupe miss her Jecmy.’

“Dat’s what I like about her. She don’ harbor no grudges. In a couple years it’s all over wit’ Loop. Wotta gal.”

After weeks of nerve-racking screaming, yelling, chasing in and out of the publicity

department, through the commissary, hopping from table to table, in and out the dressing-rooms, with Jimmy hollering for help with Lupe after her, or Lupe squealing with Jimmy after her, the studio at last breathed a sigh of relief. Actual shooting had started on their picture now and everyone said, throwing their aspirin bottles and ether sponges out the window, all would be calm on the old movie front. Jimmy and Lupe would have no more time for their constant threats of schnozzle pinching, tack sticking and downright murder. No more practical jokes with the inevitable chase. Now they’d have to get down to business.

All the nervous wreck cases were brought back from the hospitals and put back at their jobs. Sweetness and even light prevailed. A lull after a storm. A stillness after a volcanic eruption.

Nine o’clock of a Monday morning, Lupe and Jimmy reported for work on sound stage number nine. And Lupe took one look at Jimmy, who stood there in brown oxfords, green socks, red garters, a tiger skin breechcloth and a ten cent cigar.

“My Got,” screamed Lupe. “What is it? What are you going to be, Jecmy?”

“I’M Tarzan, baby,” Jimmy strutted, slapping himself on the chest and nearly knocking himself out. “How do you like the vivaciousness of me curves, baby? Some class, eh? Some physical specimen, eh what?”

There was a moment of tense silence. Even Jimmy felt the deadly potency of that stillness. Slowly, Lupe walked over to her pal. With hands on hips, she surveyed him.

“What you say you going to be in this movie, Jecmy?” she hissed between clenched teeth.

"Why, I'm *Tarzan*," Jimmy said in surprise. "Can't you see by me constitutional attributes? What's eatin' ya, baby?"

"So. You would take my Johnny's place, eh? You would be *Tarzan*, you hear? My Johnny is the only *Tarzan*, you hear. I'll tear off that tiger skin do-funny, you—"

But Jimmy was gone. The chase was on. Cameramen, extras, script girl ran screaming for their lives. Down the studio lot tore Jimmy with Lupe after him.

"What's the matter?" a friend called to Jimmy as he tore past.

"She's gonna tear off this leopard skin diaper," Jimmy moaned. "I've gotta keep goin'."

"I'll keel heem, sure," Lupe panted. "He wants to take my Johnny's place."

"WAIT, I'll help you," the friend grinned, grabbing the tail end of Jimmy as he whizzed past.

"Hey, you," Lupe whirled about, "take your hands off my Jeemy! I'll pull out your hair, you hear, eef you touch heem, you bum. Don' you touch my fren'!" And like a whirlwind, she was at the poor, bewildered friend. Scratching, biting, kicking, while Jimmy, completely worn out, staggered over to a step and sat down.

When it was over, Lupe staggered over and sat down beside him.

"Well, we sure did run, didn't we, Jeemy?"

"Yea, and when I gets me breath, I'm goin' some more."

And like a shot the two were at it again.

Up the dressing-room steps Jimmy tore. With Lupe after him. Down he raced. With Lupe still after him. As the commotion grew louder, a door at the end of dressing-room row opened. A tall Swede stepped out and gazed at the sight of a man in brown oxfords, green socks, red garters and most amazing of all, a leopard skin breechcloth. A cigar still clenched in his teeth and a wild woman in full pursuit.

Garbo stood calmly by the railing and gazed. Fascinated.

"Vot iss diss?" she muttered to herself.

Doors were opened all along the line. Out popped Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler and Madge Evans. Lee Tracy came racing up, waving his hands. Yelling instructions to Jimmy, to take to the roof. Gable came flying over with a fire extinguisher in one hand and a bath towel for Jimmy in the other. In case worse came to worse.

"Vot game iss diss?" Garbo kept muttering as the entire studio took up the chase that now centered on the roof of Marion Davies' bungalow.

Somewhere in the distance a fire engine was racing, its siren blowing, hunting the riot.

From the roof of the bungalow, Jimmy made one *Tarzan*-like leap that would have brought a blush of envy to Johnny Weissmuller's tan—to the huge coconut palm he swung, and back to the ladies' dressing-room row. Alice Brady stood in the doorway, her blonde wig in hand. Like a shot, Jimmy had it on his head.

AN executive, alarmed at the commotion, thrust his head out of a window and caught one look at Jimmy and the wig. "*Mein Gott*," he screamed, "is Flora Finch back in the movies?"

And then at the bottom of the steps, Lupe was waiting for him.

"Jeemy, darling," she cried, "look, Lupe has a beeg idea. Come down, beeg boy. It's all right. Lupe won't tear off the leopard skin. Leesen, you can be *Tarzan*, see, and I'll be the monkey that pushes you in the water. Jeemy, it's wonderfool."

And arm in arm, the two pals stole back to the sound stage while an entire studio lay prostrate. All but Greta. Who still stood on the dressing-room balcony looking with bewildered, puzzled eyes, at the departing Jimmy and Lupe, arm in arm.

"Gott, such craziness," she murmured to herself. "Such craziness!"

Mrs. John Nixon

HAS A EUGENE WINTER WAVE

SAYS MRS. NIXON, socially prominent in New York and Atlanta:

"There is no 'season' for permanent waves, abroad. I have frequently noticed that English and Continental Society women keep their hair permanently waved in winter, as well as summer, by the Eugene Method. For, obviously, one's hair should be even more perfect in the formal social season than in care-free summer!"



ENJOY A PERMANENT...all the time!

The notion that permanent waves are for summer only is...provincial! Your smart Londoner, your chic Parisienne keeps her hair permanently waved — autumn, winter, spring and summer. *Why not?* If a Eugene permanent wave keeps your hair beautifully waved and groomed all summer... why not enjoy the same comfort and convenience all winter? The gentle Eugene Method, repeated as needed through the year, is far kinder to the hair than the only alternative — the weekly hot iron. And it will give you permanent waves and permanent curls...permanently.

Your hairdresser has certain new Eugene technical advantages at his command that make permanent waving an almost perfected art: The new Eugene Reverse-spiral machine and its accompanying Reverse-spiral Sachets — for waving and curling your shortest hair. The standard Eugene Spiral and its Sachets — for utmost naturalness of wave in your longer strands of hair. A new and incredibly quick and comfortable Eugene Dryer.

Make it a point to go to a genuine Eugene Waver. Look for the famous Eugene trade-mark, "the Goddess of The Wave," on each Sachet, and be sure . . . Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris, Barcelona and Sydney.

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Live in an apartment lifted high over Central Park . . . decorated in exquisite private-home taste. Entire floors, with 4 exposures . . . also smaller suites. With boudoir dressing-rooms, and refrigerated serving pantries.



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NETHERLAND**

on Central Park . . . New York



Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

When Connie Was Down and Out

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

with him." "And now this poor kid, tossed out, without even a chance to show what she could do."

That was the story, as told by people who knew nothing about it. Now for the real story—not of why Constance was out, for with clothes not designed as they should have been to make her broad shoulders look well opposite the dapper Colman, that was inevitable—but of how much of a "devil" Colman proved to be.

Best let Constance's mother tell it—she knows the facts well.

"There was almost no money, for in New York Constance had been supporting me and her sick younger brother, and her salary was pitifully small. Now we had to decide at once whether to go back to New York or whether we would gamble on Constance's chances in Hollywood.

"In my heart, I knew Constance would come through this, the biggest disappointment of her life, but for the time being she seemed stunned. I couldn't reach through to her.

"Then Ronald Colman called on the phone. He asked her to his house to tea, to talk things over. When she came back after a long talk with him, things seemed different. She had found herself, she had made up her mind. We stayed in Hollywood. I'll never forget what Ronald Colman's help and encouragement did to us both that day."

Colman had all the answers ready. He got a friend on the telephone at once, a man who was deeply obligated to him. He secured an agent for Miss Cummings at once. Then he

arranged for her to get whatever was necessary. Being well dressed—and knowing it—is half the battle in restoring self-confidence to a girl in Hollywood, or any place else in the world, for that matter. The sun shone again.

Very shortly came the chance to play "Criminal Code." Constance could not believe that the part would really be hers. The agent was to call at ten A.M., and at four P.M. Constance was still sitting beside the phone, waiting for the call that never seemed to come. At five, it came. The part was all set.

Relieved of worry, and backed by the never flagging encouragement and kindness of Ronald Colman, Constance did a fine job of acting. She got a contract with Columbia. Through the rush and push of work in an independent studio, with nerves at hairtrigger tension, with the sharp jockeying for advantage that an actress encounters on such lots, Colman continued to advise and encourage her. When the picture was finished and Constance Cummings, arrived, could walk forth free to better things, Colman staged a hilarious celebration party for her, inviting his friends and their wives.

While it is something Constance does not speak of, a check for five hundred dollars went to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, with her name on it, just out of gratitude for the start Ronald Colman had so unselfishly given her in pictures.

That's the kind of girl Constance Cummings is. I believe this story indicates, also, the kind of man that "aloof sphinx," Ronald Colman, is.

Ladies Love Villains

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

to Germany with his father on a buying expedition, and was placed in school there. Later, he went to school in Switzerland, completing his education in the United States.

He became an accomplished linguist, speaking French and German as fluently as a native. He considered the career of an interpreter. And then, says Gordon, with a wry smile, "I discovered you could get an interpreter who speaks twenty-one languages for about twelve dollars a week. So that was out."

His father died. Henry went to work for a railroad company, as "official soft-soaper," whatever that is.

DURING a vacation, he visited a sister in New York. She was an actress, in a small way. Comstock and Gest were organizing some road companies, and Henry accompanied his sister to their offices one day. She went to apply for a part—an idea which had not remotely occurred to Gordon until the director regarded him with sudden interest. "Where have you been?" he inquired.

Henry replied, truthfully, "on the road."

With a poker face, he took the sizable part handed him and read it, to their complete approval—and forthwith became an actor!

That started several years of road-company and stock experience. In those days, road companies went out regularly. "It was as sure as the Bank of England," says Gordon.

In between seasons, he was in New York, usually cooped up in some little hotel room, chained to the telephone. "Because you never knew when some agent would ring you up and casually remark, 'How would you like to go to Australia?'"

That happened once, and Gordon went with a "Tiger Rose" company. They later played the musical comedy, "Irene."

And, believe it or not, our Henry sang and danced in that one! Yes, sir! Now he's worried for fear the studio will find it out and cast him in a musical! He's been in everything else out here . . . recently finished work on the Ed Wynn comedy.

Those were the ripe and lusty days of Broadway, when old Kid McCoy's place, and a lot of others, did a flourishing business. That interesting scar across Gordon's left cheek is a souvenir of Kid McCoy's.

It seems a little argument arose between the friend with Henry and another person, who wasn't invited to the party at all. "And where were you during the scrimmage?" I wanted to know.

"For a few brief moments," smiled Gordon. "I was with my friend. The next person I was with was an awfully pretty nurse in a hospital."

IN 1913, C. Henry's career officially began. He played his first part on Broadway—thanks to a chambermaid!

It happened this way. After a long day doing the rounds of the agencies—he was tired of the road—Henry went up to his hotel room. The bed was unmade. He was disgusted. Muttering, "Life is just an unmade bed," he banged the door and went over to the Lambs Club.

A manager named Reginald Barlow (he is now an actor in Hollywood) was casting a New York play, "Experience."

Most of the Broadway casting in those halcyon days was done around the Lambs Club bar.

"And," amplifies Henry, "I gave them plenty of opportunity to cast me!"

Gordon got the part—and his Broadway career was assured from then on. He supported Ina Claire, Walter Huston, Florence

Reed, Fredric March, Mary Duncan, and many others in a number of very successful plays.

Gordon drifted around Hollywood for three years before he had a break.

His first real part was with Warner Baxter in "Renegades."

But the biggest thrill was the part in "Mata Hari," with Garbo. Henry was the spy who sent her to her death.

"What a woman she is," the mystery man pays homage to the mystery woman of all time. "When she strides onto the set with that long crouching pace of hers—your head swims. And when she looks at you with that slow, measured, indifferent look—good godfrey, no other woman alive can look at a man like that—my knees turn to water. There's a woman a man could spend his life speculating about—what she does, and what she thinks."

SO. Another mystery revealed. That's how he feels about Garbo.

C. Henry has been married four times. "I served three apprenticeships—the last marriage is always the best, and mine is ideal. I make the money. Veronica runs the house. She has never been on the stage or in pictures, knows nothing of either. We have been married two years."

So there's one mystery cleared.

Gordon's mother is visiting him at the present time. She is eighty-three years old, in spite of which Henry says:

"I can't keep her home. She's always going places."

Gordon is a man of vigorous physical energy. He spends his leisure time playing golf or galloping along the less frequented bridle paths.

He wears faultless tweeds with great distinction. His dog is a Scottie.

There must be a reason why ladies love villains.

C. Henry Gordon is one of the very best reasons we have ever encountered.



MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Georgie Porgie flipping a coin
Smacked the goils and made them loin
That when the goils come out to play
Georgie DOESN'T run away

One hand takes the cream, the other takes KLEENEX!

Kleenex's patented pull-out carton feeds tissues as you need them, convenient—economical

ONE of the things you will like about Kleenex tissues is the unique patented box they come in.

Kleenex tissues are fed out, one double sheet at a time! You do not have to hold the box with one hand while taking tissues with the other.

And your hand cannot contaminate or mess up the other sheets. It cannot accidentally take more than is needed. The Kleenex carton saves you money.

Kleenex—the one safe way

Kleenex cleanses by *absorption*. It soaks up cleansing cream like a sponge in water—leaving pores clean, healthy, rid of the load that enlarges and coarsens them.

Kleenex, downy soft and silky, will

not scratch or irritate. Kleenex tissues, dainty, disposable, used but once and then thrown away, are far more sanitary than other methods.

Kleenex for handkerchiefs

Especially recommended for use with cosmetics is large-size Kleenex, three times the regular size; also useful as a sanitary guest towel, for dusting, etc.

Regular-size Kleenex should be used for handkerchiefs to prevent the spread of colds and self-reinfection. It saves washing dirty handkerchiefs—costs less than having handkerchiefs laundered.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

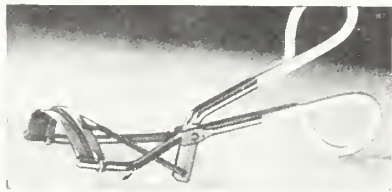


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Consider your Lashes

It's a conceded beauty fact that curling lashes make the eyes seem larger and infinitely enticing. Did you know that with no trouble at all you can make your lashes curl? The secret lies in a gadget that looks innocent enough. You slip your lashes in it. Squeeze the handles, and presto, they curl divinely! No heat. No cosmetics. And the effect is as ravishing as any you've ever wished for! At toilet goods counters everywhere. \$1.



KURLASH

Would you like our booklet on lovely eyes, and how to have them? Write us for it. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York.

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Guaranteed by **REMINGTON**
Sensationally new low price and easy terms. Standard 4-row keyboard—fully guaranteed by Remington Co. Send no money.
10 Day Trial—then 10c a Day
Send for new literature and easy pay plan—only \$1.00 down, then 10c a day. Also bargains in Standard Size refinished office models, sent free. Write for details and special money-making opportunities. **International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1262, Chicago**

GRAY FADED HAIR

Men, women, girls with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "Shampo-Kolor," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. Free Booklet. **Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 43, 23 W. 30th St., N. Y.**

FOR A GOOD XMAS GIFT
SUGGESTION SEE PAGE 16

It's the Caveman Within Us Calling for Mae

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

As Mr. Fielding puts it, the Mae West picture fits in exactly with what some of us are pleased to call the "wild youth" phase of life since the World War. There is nothing particularly "wild," to his mind, about "wild youth."

The present generation of youngsters, he believes, will mature and grow old normally, and in due course will be lecturing its grandchildren about the evils of their ways, just as grandma has been telling the world today how the young folks are going to the dogs.

What really has happened is a breaking through of the taboo which lay upon the half-world of sex in the 1890's.

We have it in the open now, and are not ashamed to enjoy shows about it. And this, says Mr. Fielding, is a much better way of dealing with our "inner caveman" than trying to repress him altogether.

"If we allow him to dominate us," is his view, "he will plunge us into a vicious or criminal existence. If we attempt to suppress him altogether, he will rebel with all his primitive might and throw us into physical or mental illness, thus adding another victim to the neurotic hosts."

"But when reasonably disciplined, he can be kept healthily in place by catering to his love of amusement and fun, of adventure, and of diversions that conform to the social properties."

"The problem of making this adjustment is the most serious one in every individual's life. It decides his fate and happiness. This dual nature within all of us has been sensed from remote antiquity.

It is a constant theme of folklore—the good little fairy versus the bad.

"The group of healthy emotional outlets coming under the head of diversions, that gratify the primitive side of our personality in a socially approved manner, includes amusements of all kinds—of which motion pictures are, in present-day life, by far the greatest single factor—sports, play, games, travel, adventure, humor, jokes, etc.

"Every one of these forms of diversion is an emotional outlet for primitive energy and offers the cultured personality wholesome relief from the rigorous restrictions, repressions and inhibitions that are part and parcel of our highly organized civilized life. Those who fail to obtain this desirable relaxation from concentrated effort are apt to obtain 'relief' in an abnormal manner, when the 'caveman' breaks loose in the form of a nervous breakdown or other harmful condition.

"That is why a screen character who stimulates the audience to let down its repressions is bound to be popular, especially in this age of highly systematized social organization."

SO that's the secret of why we like Mae West. Most of us didn't know we housed this bold, bad, wicked cave creature within us. But now that we've been enlightened, we know why he calls aloud for her. Let's hope that when our curvaceous Mae steps forth in her newest, "I'm No Angel," she won't be an angel—because our "caveman" wouldn't like her at all if she were.

And remember, we've got to please our "caveman" now and then if we're going to remain normal.



The in-laws are introduced. Jean Harlow and her husband, Hal Rosson, with Mr. and Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother and step-father. Harlow's latest picture is "Bombshell"—and the cameraman is Jean's new husband

Three Was a Crowd!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"I should be affected by a mechanical ape!" he snorted. "I'll admit I've been reading philosophical works. But if I've changed in any way, if I've calmed down as you say, it comes from the influence of Adrienne Ames."

In order to appreciate the change, one must know something of Bruce's past achievements.

HIS career started back in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he soon gave indications of developing into a hard-hitting, hard-playing, hard-working he-man, handy with his dukes, quick on the trigger and death to the ladies.

As a child he was entered in New Mexico Military Institute. He managed to stay three weeks; then ran away to a ranch, and at the ripe age of fifteen, he gave up ranching in favor of becoming second to a prizefighter, whom he inadvertently knocked out. This made it expedient to seek other employment.

From then he skyrocketed through prep schools and colleges, drove a bone wagon (hauling in bleached bones of cattle that had perished on the plains), worked for the State Highway Commission swinging a sledge hammer, did odd jobs with surveying parties and in the oil fields, and tried his hand at the wholesale paper business, as well as in printing, real estate and cotton.

He served in the National Guard and was all but murdered while working his way to France on a tramp steamer. In France he wrecked a hotel because one of the guests objected to the way his pal, "Duke" Estey, recited Shakespeare. Returning to New Mexico, he immediately fell in love with a Chicago girl, followed her home and married her: the newspapers hailing the event as of "almost international importance."

As a wedding gift he received fifty thousand ducats, which he proceeded to lose in the wheat pit, to his wife's displeasure. "I thought I was another Jesse Livermore," says Bruce. "But my wife didn't. So we quarreled and separated." After considering the matter, he wrote a twenty page letter of apology and, regrettably enough, forgot to mail it. Hence his divorce.

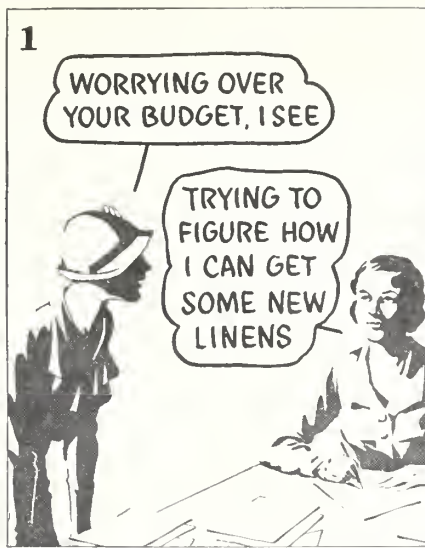
After deciding to conquer New York as a broker, he came within an ace of conquering the Sixth Avenue Elevated by crashing into it with a brand-new car. He left the car for junk and took a screen test from Bernie Fine-man, film executive. "The test was punk," Bruce admits. "So I went to Hollywood and caught a job as bouncer in a café." While in Hollywood he also rented houses, and promoted anything he could, including the Embassy Night Club Roof.

EVENTUALLY he met David Selznick, was given another screen test, and won a contract at RKO-Radio. No doubt you remember him in "King Kong." As a result of his performance in this picture his screen success seems assured. But, as I say, up until three months or so ago he still was our favorite wild man from New Mexico: a lad who had been dubbed TNT while working in the oil fields.

Then slowly, insidiously, the change came about. He began leading a quiet life—and reading! And the blame, says he, rests on the shoulders of Adrienne Ames.

It seems inevitable that sooner or later Bruce and Adrienne should have become friends. On the one hand we have Adrienne's glamour, beauty and poise. Many consider her the most fascinating woman in Hollywood. While Bruce is the sort of chap who seems to charm nine-tenths of the women with whom he comes in contact. Tall, dark, husky, handsome and impetuous: an unbeatable formula.

Up to this time Bruce had roamed the world vainly seeking some niche in which he fitted.



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- Ginger Rogers
- Dorothy Mackaill
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Name
Address

In spite of his screen success, his dissatisfaction with life seemed to have left him bewildered. He needed a woman like Adrienne to teach him the finer points of living, to curb the restless tendencies induced by his super-sensitive nature.

And it so happens Adrienne Ames is the type who derives joy from doing just that. Furthermore, her loneliness had developed to a point where she was on the verge of giving up her career. "Business keeps my husband in New York," she pointed out. "My career keeps me out here. As a result I see him but two or three times a year. And you've no idea how the lonely hours keep piling up—morning, noon and night! Especially when things are inactive at the studio. I'm gradually discovering that perhaps a transcontinental marriage isn't such a good idea after all."

Briefly, she wanted the companionship of someone whose tastes were similar to hers. Then along came Cabot.

THEIR friendship progressed: and so did the Hollywood gossip. On several occasions I had wanted to ask Bruce about it, yet I seemed to skip it. Finally one day, Bruce broached the subject, when we were lounging in his West Hollywood apartment. Since the place was beautifully arranged I asked whom he had hired to do the decorating job.

"No one," he said. "Just sort of knocked it off yourself, eh?"

"You know better than that!" was his indignant explosion. "I haven't the foggiest idea about interior decorating, and besides that, I haven't the patience. Adrienne did it for me. Every bit of it." After a moment of thought he added: "There's been rather a lot of talk about us, hasn't there?"

"Yeh," said I.

"I bet," Bruce grunted. "Well, anyway, Adrienne and I talked it over last night and decided the truth might as well be told. So here it is." Whereupon he began by explaining their friendship had begun while both were working on the same picture at Paramount. "One morning," he said, "I met Adrienne on the set. I invited her to luncheon. She accepted."

"During the meal we discovered that both of us were rabid fight fans. That night we attended the fights together. During the evening we had plenty of time to talk. We got to know each other. And from then on we've been together frequently.

"AS I look at it," he continued, "our friendship is the most natural thing in the world. We have so darned many things in common! Adrienne loves to go out and dance; so do I. She gets a wallop out of tennis and ping pong, and I go for both games, too. I enjoy driving to the beach for a swim or just to lie on the sand and cook until I'm burned to a crisp—and does Adrienne? Dotes on it!"

"Then, too, she has a grand sense of humor, and she's restful and helpful. Just consider this apartment. She arranged everything. She even taught my house-boy how to serve a decent dinner. I'm telling you I don't see how I possibly could have gotten along without the friendship of a girl like her!"

And then Bruce went on to explain this business of his calming down so miraculously. "While I still go out a bit, I'm not in such a frenzy over everything I do," he said. "I used to seem unable to settle down for any length of time. I roamed around the world, trying different jobs, attempting to find something I actually liked. I worked too hard. Played too hard. There was no happy medium."

"As a result I became in some vague way dissatisfied with existence. Then Adrienne came along and taught me new values. She sort of toned me down, taught me to take it easy. Hence I feel a hundred per cent better, physically, mentally and spiritually. All this Adrienne has done for me. Now do you understand how lucky it was for me to have met Adrienne and been admitted to her friendship?"

At which point I inquired if Adrienne and her husband Stephen Ames, wealthy New Yorker, were planning a divorce.

"I don't know," he replied. "I honestly don't know. If I did I'd tell you. There'd be no point in holding it back. Stephen is out here now. But insofar as I know he just came out to spend a week or so with his wife. The three of us go around together occasionally and have a swell time of it. Stephen's a grand fellow. I like him a lot."

IN a few days it began to appear like the process of being taught to take it easy was accompanied by a certain excitement. Things began to pop. At a party Stephen confided to a friend that he was getting "fed up." Apparently he had about come to the conclusion that his wedding wasn't producing all that could be desired in the way of marital bliss. Then one morning my newspaper held three interesting, if conflicting, news items.

In the Hollywood section of the society page I noticed that "Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ames (Adrienne Ames) will entertain at a garden tea party on Sunday next, during the afternoon and evening to celebrate the opening of the new playroom in their Beverly Hills home."

There followed a list of a hundred or so invited guests. Bruce Cabot's name was conspicuous by its absence—a typographical error, no doubt.

On another page I read: "Following a farewell luncheon at the mansion at 716 Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, which Stephen Ames bought for his wife shortly after she entered motion pictures, he left for Honolulu aboard the S.S. Malolo. His wife accompanied him to the pier to wish him bon voyage."

On yet another page I read headlines announcing the separation between Adrienne and her husband. Bruce Cabot was prominently mentioned.

Said Stephen Ames on the subject: "When Adrienne and I are divorced, or I will say if we are divorced, I think that's time enough for Bruce Cabot or any other man to be brought into a discussion concerning us." He added, "If we find our separation leads to divorce, Adrienne is surely free to choose her own companions. Naturally I wish circumstances would have allowed our married life to continue, but Hollywood is one thing and New York another. And Adrienne feels she wants to continue in the picture profession.

"We have decided to separate for the time being. Perhaps the thought that we have given each other a certain sense of freedom in going our separate ways, will eventually bring us together again, and divorce will not enter into the scheme of things."

"I think my husband has stated our plans perfectly," Adrienne pointed out, "when he says that an amicable agreement to separate for a time may solve our problem. It seems much wiser than rushing into the divorce courts. And as my husband says, Bruce is a family friend. If I like to ride and have him as my escort when my husband is in the East, that certainly should not be taken, in this day and age, as an indication that there is anything serious in the friendship. My husband," she adds, "likes Bruce and we have lots of fun together."

IN the meantime the party was held, and life went on. So did Stephen Ames—on his trip. He returned, however, and paid a sudden visit to Adrienne, then departed for New York—while Adrienne hid herself to Reno.

And after Reno, what? Will Bruce and Adrienne go ding-dong-bell to the altar? Well, the latest word is they will. It is understood that after Nevada courts have severed the nuptial knot that binds Adrienne and Stephen, Bruce and Adrienne will lie to the old home town, Carlsbad, New Mexico, and say their "I do's."

And so all's well that ends well for everybody concerned, except perhaps Mr. Ames. But isn't life like that?

Lone Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

"oh." And do the ladies love it! But when he heard the nasal drawl, he uttered a sharp "Mmm." You knew things were happening. They were. The saddle was finished.

It occurred to Mr. Cooper that he needed a horse to go with it. "I get a day off tomorrow, don't I?" he demanded of Ernst Lubitsch, that past master of the art of sparkling innuendo. Lubitsch shrugged. "You do."

STARTLING to see all the sophistication Gary had assumed for "Design for Living" drop from him like a cloak. The wicked, worldly little devil in his eye had fled; the gay banter was gone. He was a Westerner looking for a horse.

"Here's a thoroughbred Arab mount, Mr. Cooper. He's a beauty." Gary nodded, and drove on to another stable.

There he discovered what he wanted: a four-year-old gray mare. Not a blue ribbon winner perhaps, but . . . she was pretty similar to that other gray mare he had had. The one he had ridden at the ranch when he was a kid. Do everything but talk, that horse. Knew his footsteps a mile away and start whinnying. She had broken loose and a train had caught her. Gary found her an hour later, and had been forced to shoot her to end her agony.

He didn't say anything. Cooper wouldn't. He just sort of went off by himself. But twenty years later he bought a horse that looked as much like her as possible.

"She's kinda used to the name of Winnie," the stableman remarked apologetically. "Better keep callin' her that." Gary protested, "That's a terrible handle for a nag. *Winnie!*" The mare gave an answering neigh and pawed violently. "Oh, well," said Gary feebly, "maybe I'd better."

That afternoon he built a corral for her out at the "place." A six-acre "ranch" in the vicinity of Van Nuys that's as hard to locate as a millionaire without a Wall Street grudge. It's where civilization meets the sage-spotted mesas—pleasant large house with adjoining swimming pool, and at night the deer come down from the hills in back of it to drink.

The Beverly Hills mansion with all its elaborate trimmings that Gary took for a year was merely a "prop" so far as he was concerned.

A lady, the wife of a friend of his, had practically saved his life over in Europe. He had a debt to pay. He paid it in the only way he thought she'd enjoy—lavish entertainment. And when it was over he moved to the "ranch."

That corral looked lonely to Gary. So the very next morning he bought a mate for "Winnie." Then he took Biff Grimes out to pass official inspection.

Queer about Biff. He's probably the homeliest pit bull-dog that ever existed. Both ears are chewed off and he's scarred from nose to tail. But he has a way of wheedling into your affections and staying there. He and Gary got together rather dramatically.

It happened one night when Coop stopped at a gas station on his way home. There was plenty of traffic on the road and a crazy dog was staggering around in the middle of it. "That fool pup is going to get killed in a minute," he told Jack Moss, his pal and manager, who was on the seat beside him. The two of them got out. Gary whistled. Seventy pounds of mud-stained, bloody pit bull lumbered in their direction. "He's been in a fight. He's punch drunk." There was no tag on him. Nothing. They put him in the car and headed for the "ranch."

AND now Biff runs it. Right from the start Coop called him after the character he played in "One Sunday Afternoon." Dog and master are a lot alike in a good many ways. Biff doesn't bark and Gary doesn't talk. Not in the ordinary manner. But when they do give utterance, it means something!

If you dropped in of a quiet evening you'd hear a strange duet in progress, an obligato of short yelps accompanying a pleasant baritone voice. What you might call close harmony on "Bury Me On a Lone Prairie," followed up with some song like "Croonin' Low."

Yes, Biff takes his singing with Gary very seriously. Almost as seriously as he does snake hunting.

He wasn't taught to do it. It's just one of those duties a fellow assumes when he takes over a place like the "ranch." He sniffed out a rattler the first day he was there. A number of them were in the habit of rambling down from those hills. They know better now. Biff calmly



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grabs them by the throat, shakes them until they're dead, and drops them in the incinerator. None of this show-off "look-what-I've-done-for-you" stuff for Mr. Grimes. Another little trait in which he resembles Mr. Cooper. They're capable of terrific devotion, those two, but there's no demonstration.

Frequently, along about four o'clock in the morning, shadows emerge from the house. A very tall, lean one stalked by, another of low square proportions. Noiselessly they work their way to the edge of the six acres where a chicken-wire fence helps to keep out intruders. A sudden glare from a flashlight on a dozen or more coyotes trying to get to the pool for water, a wild scamper of fleet paws off into the darkness, and an eager boy-like laugh: "Oh, you here too, Biff? Grand sight to see those critters run that way." And later in the morning Mr. Cooper will be putting that scene on paper with charcoal or pastel chalks.

SURPRISING, the boyishness that crops out in this taciturn lad of the West. As when he hikes up on the mesas in the rear of his "place" and stands for hours shooting milk bottles and tin cans. Then shifts swiftly for a trick shot at a bull's eye.

The studio will be calling madly for him—and he'll be off on his bicycle talking to the filling station boys down the road. And dressed in his favorite togs. Not those impeccable Bond Street clothes but an old pair of pants, the beloved army shirt he stole from the wardrobe department during the filming of "A Farewell to Arms," and a decrepit hat that's a cross between the ten gallon variety and the regular felt. You couldn't buy that hat for any amount of money. He wore it in "The Virginian" and it has a sort of sentiment attached to it.

Gary's like that. You couldn't pry him loose from those Indian vests and headdresses, for example. Nor from that five year old automobile known as the "Yellow Peril." A concern offered him a \$10,000 car, the last word in motor comfort, absolutely free if only he'd drive it. Said Gary: "No thanks"—and he went out and ordered a new \$3,000 body for the "old boat."

The truth is, in the midst of the most fantastic success and fame possible for a man, Coop has reverted to type. All the dreams he had as a kid he's fulfilling. All the things he's missed in this Hollywood hullabaloo, he is finding gradually. Even to toothless old Henry.

A Chinese cook simply wasn't compatible with that prop mansion out Beverly way. But can you imagine a ranch without one? So Coop got Henry. He knows only one phrase, "Eberyting okay?" Gary has to draw designs of what he wants for dinner, but if you ever tasted Henry's seven minute bread you wouldn't mind using deaf and dumb language!

The one person lacking for "atmosphere" was an Indian. And then Coop managed to get him. He's wooden, of course. And leans against a saddle all day and night smoking an eternal cigarette. Gary let out a whoop that could be heard in Texarkana when his father first saw the carved figure. For the old judge had stopped in amazement: "Good Lord, Gary, I thought Tamale Joe was dead!" He was the Indian they'd had for thirty years up in Montana.

AND Coop explained. Day after day as he drove along Ventura Boulevard he had seen a fellow sitting in the sun whittling a stick. Gary and Jack Moss used to make bets as to whether he'd moved or not every time they passed. One time they pulled up—and discovered he was of wood. A cowboy leaning against the door, chucked as they poked the figure. "Can you make me one as natural as that?" demanded Coop.

"Sure."
Gary made a rough sketch and Tamale Joe lived once more.
Cosmopolite? Sophisticate? Not Gary Cooper! He has broken those social shackles. He is—and always will be—lone cowboy.

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Walter Abel	Percy Kilbride
Brian Aherne	Jack La Rue
Lona Andre	Charles Laughton
Richard Arlen	Baby LeRoy
George Barbier	Carole Lombard
Mary Boland	Barton MacLane
Grace Bradley	Fredric March
Kathleen Burke	Herbert Marshall
Burns and Allen	Four Marx Brothers
Claudette Colbert	Jack Oakie
Gary Cooper	Gail Patrick
Ricardo Cortez	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Lyda Roberti
Bing Crosby	Lanny Ross
Dorothy Dell	Charlie Ruggles
Marlene Dietrich	Randolph Scott
Frances Drake	Sylvia Sidney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
William Frawley	Sir Guy Standing
Frances Fuller	Kent Taylor
Cary Grant	Evelyn Venable
Shirley Grey	Mae West
Verna Hillie	Dorothea Wieck
Miriam Hopkins	Toby Wing
Roscoe Karns	Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel	Roger Imhoff
Lew Ayres	Suzanne Kaaren
Jane Barnes	Miriam Jordan
Warner Baxter	Victor Jory
Irene Bentley	Howard Lally
John Boles	William Lawrence
Clara Bow	Eleanor Lynn
El Brendel	Philip Merivale
Nigel Bruce	Ralph Morgan
Henrietta Crosman	Herbert Mundin
Frances Dee	George O'Brien
Florence Desmond	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Wini Shaw
Stepin Fetchit	Sid Silvers
Norman Foster	Harvey Stephens
Preston Foster	Spencer Tracy
Dixie Frances	Claire Trevor
Henry Garat	Helen Vinson
Janet Gaynor	Blanca Vischer
Lilian Harvey	June Vladek
Rochelle Hudson	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire	Ann Harding
Nils Asther	Katharine Hepburn
Constance Bennett	Dorothy Jordan
Gloria Blondell	Pert Kelton
June Brewster	Edgar Kennedy
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Dorothy Lee
William Cagney	Eric Linden
Mowita Castanada	Helen Mack
Chick Chandler	Sari Maritza
Alden Chase	Joel McCrea
Jean Connor	Colleen Moore
Dolores Del Rio	Ginger Rogers
Richard Dix	Robert Shayne
Irene Dunne	Adele Thomas
Charles Farrell	Nydia Westman
Betty Furness	Bert Wheeler
Skeets Gallagher	Thelma White
William Gargan	Howard Wilson
Wynne Gibson	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor	Douglas Fairbanks
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Ronald Colman	Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson	Arline Judge
George Arliss	Paul Kelly
George Bancroft	Blossom Seeley
Sally Blane	Fay Wray
Constance Cummings	Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly	Toshia Mori
Donald Cook	Jessie Ralph
Richard Cromwell	Joseph Schildkraut
Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree
Tim McCoy	

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Lillian Moore
Billy Gilbert	Billy Nelson
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Patsy Kelly	Nena Quartaro
Stan Laurel	Thelma Todd
Dorothy Layton	Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander	Isabel Jewel
Elizabeth Allan	Otto Kruger
Agnes Anderson	Myrna Loy
Max Baer	Ben Lyon
John Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Lionel Barrymore	Margaret McConnell
Wallace Beery	Florine McKinney
Alice Brady	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Polly Moran
Ruth Channing	Frank Morgan
Mae Clarke	Karen Morley
Jackie Cooper	Ramon Novarro
Joan Crawford	Maureen O'Sullivan
Marion Davies	Earl Oxford
Marie Dressler	Jean Parker
Jimmy Durante	Jack Pearl
Nelson Eddy	Esther Ralston
Stuart Erwin	Marcia Raiston
Madge Evans	May Robson
Muriel Evans	Ruth Selwyn
Clark Gable	Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo	Martha Sleeper
C. Henry Gordon	Mona Smith
Lawrence Grant	Lewis Stone
Russell Hardie	Conway Tearle
Jean Harlow	Franchot Tone
Helen Hayes	Lee Tracy
Ted Healy	Lupe Velez
Jean Hersholt	Johnny Weissmuller
Irene Hervey	Ed Wynn
Phillips Holmes	Diana Wynyard
Jean Howard	Robert Young
Walter Huston	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky	Chester Morris
Vince Barnett	Charlie Murray
Andy Devine	ZaSu Pitts
Hugh Enfield	Roger Pryor
Louise Fazenda	Claude Rains
Sterling Holloway	George Sidney
Leila Hyams	Onslow Stevens
Buck Jones	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullavan
June Knight	Slim Summerville
Paul Lukas	Luis Trenker
Mabel Marden	Alice White
Ken Maynard	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews	Ruby Keeler
Mary Astor	Guy Kibbee
Robert Barrat	Margaret LaMarr
Richard Barthelmess	Lorena Layson
George Blackwood	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Marjorie Lytell
George Brent	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
Lynn Browning	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Adolphe Menjou
Maxine Cantway	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Dorothy Coonan	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Pat O'Brien
Claire Dodd	Henry O'Neill
Ruth Donnelly	Edwin Phillips
Ann Dvorak	Dick Powell
Patricia Ellis	William Powell
Glenda Farrell	Edward G. Robinson
Philip Faversham	Barbara Rogers
Helen Foster	Jayne Shaddock
Kay Francis	Barbara Stanwyck
Geraine Gear	Lyle Talbot
Hugh Herbert	Sheila Terry
Arthur Hohl	Genevieve Tobin
Ann Hovey	Juliette Ware
Leslie Howard	Gordon Westcott
Alice Jans	Kenee Whitney
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Pat Wing
Paul Kay	Donald Woods

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Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

OUR issue of December, 1918, showed plainly that the movies, which had entered the war period not far ahead of their nickelodeon standards, were coming out "grown up." We told about the new "super theaters" now appearing in many cities, and how they were taking business from the stage.

Increased care was being taken, too, with costuming. We told about Sam Levy, a tailor, who found Hollywood filled with actors who dressed like rubes at a circus for their films. He taught them how to dress. To do this, he had to work out the art of getting fabrics and colors that would photograph well.

Among new stars, the stage had yielded comedians Fred Stone and Will Rogers—and we said that their first films gave Will a far better start and indicated that he would go farther and last longer. Sylvia Breamer was the outstanding new woman, having achieved



Sylvia
Breamer

stardom in "Missing," following a year of experience with Bill Hart. We said, however, that the new ingénue, Lila Lee, had a brilliant future.

Griffith, now acknowledged peer of directors, told how he picked leading women. "It isn't what you do with your face and hands. It's the light within," was his idea. To prove it, he discussed Mary Pickford, the Gishes, the Talmadges, Seena Owen, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet and Miriam Cooper.

Leading articles told about Ernest Truex, "the boy who wouldn't grow up" (he was 25, then), Tom Moore, and Alice Lake, brunette Mack Sennett beauty; and we told the story of Norma Talmadge's "The Forbidden City."

No "best films" were named then, but we waxed enthusiastic over Maurice Tourneur's direction of the melodrama, "Sporting Life," and Frank Keenan's work in "The Bells." On the cover: Sylvia Breamer.

10 Years Ago

IN our issue of December, 1923, unwittingly we were recording the close of an epoch in motion pictures—the eventful post-war years which saw the art of modern picture-making come into full flower.

We told how that colorful hero, Rudolph Valentino, was setting his home town in Italy wild with excitement by his visit. Dorothy Davenport Reid now was touring the country with her anti-narcotics film, "Human Wreckage," following the tragic death of her husband, Wally Reid. Three pages of pictures showed the splendors of Barbara La Marr's new wardrobe—Barbara was not to have much more time in films.

Among the newer players, great excitement was caused by Conrad Nagel, cast as Paul in "Three Weeks," and not liked at all by Elinor Glyn, for the rôle. Director Eric Von Stroheim had his company in the desert, making "Greed," and Ernst Lubitsch was finishing



Rudolph
Valentino

his first year in Hollywood. One novelty in pictures reviewed for the month was "Columbus," the first one in an intended series of thirty being made by Yale University Press to depict American history.

The police dog Rin-Tin-Tin covered himself with glory by rescuing a child trapped in a quagmire. While Gloria Swanson was said to be giving up her gorgeous Western mansion before returning to New York, Pola Negri was busy buying real estate in Hollywood for investment. Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen were planning a comeback in "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

The six best pictures of the month: "Scaramouche," with Ramon Novarro; Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," which made Adolphe Menjou; "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri; Gloria Swanson's "Zaza"; "The Bad Man," with Holbrook Blinn; and "Cameo Kirby." The cover—Constance Talmadge.

5 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD had a sensation five years ago, according to our issue of December, 1928! A British fleet had arrived in California waters, with Prince George of England. The Prince had been invited to Pickfair—but after duly appearing, had excused himself and gone night-clubbing with Gloria Swanson!

Perhaps this was lucky for Hollywood. It diverted talk from that eternal subject—"what the talkies were doing to the movies." By December, this new menace, started in August, was mowing down old-time favorites right and left. Jack Gilbert was having contract trouble, and Nils Asther was being groomed to replace Jack—only to be set aside for several years, until he acquired English that would register into the microphone. And as though the talkie trouble were not enough, we told that death had taken two old-time favorites—George Beban, beloved for his impersonations of Italians, and poor Larry Semon,



Ruth
Chatterton

poverty stricken for several years, now that "custard pie" comedies were "out."

Ruth Chatterton led the contingent of stage actors being drawn in for talkies. Her work in Emil Jannings' "Sins of the Fathers" won a regular contract. Helen Twelvetrees was signed, and Lupe Velez and Madge Bellamy, each just finishing her first year of work, were among the lucky ones doing well before the microphone.

Janet Gaynor's "7th Heaven" with Charlie Farrell was announced winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the year.

The six best pictures for the month were: "Four Devils," with Janet Gaynor; "The Divine Lady," starring Corinne Griffith; "The Home Towners," with Richard Bennett, Robert McWade, Doris Kenyon; "Manhattan Cocktail," with Nancy Carroll; "Interference," with Doris Kenyon, and "The Spieler," with Renee Adoree. The cover: Janet Gaynor.



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War Clouds in the West?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Then came the corrected version of the Manhattan reportorial confusion. It seems that Marlene, slim, in trim curveless feminine attire, was queried regarding the effect of Mae West fashions on Paris.

"I never heard of Mae West fashions," quoth Dietrich blandly, according to the later version—and Marlene must have swallowed that last word, because none of the reporters caught it.

Did that explanation please Mae? Well—not exactly, to judge from *La West's* somewhat testy printed rejoinder. Where the first report had failed to get a "rise" out of her, the second drew return fire.

"WHAT, she never heard of Mae West fashions? Why, she wore them herself in her last picture, 'Song of Songs'! I even heard that she wore my corset so she could show the Mae West curves. But, of course, you'd have to verify that from the wardrobe department."

So the newspaper gossip ran, dragging the issue into the "retort courteous" stage, which as everyone knows, just precedes the "quip quarrelsome"—and that's right next door to open hostility!

Paramount's wardrobe department scoffs at the far-fetched idea of Dietrich's making use of one of West's binders, explaining that Marlene did wear a corset in peasant scenes of "Song of Songs," but that it was especially made for her slim figure.

The studio itself has taken a "much ado about nothing" attitude toward the whole rumpus, but Hollywood is sitting back, wondering if there might not be just a little fire behind those tiny puffs of smoke, just a little fire which might eventually warm up the Paramount lot as it has not been heated since those torrid days some ten or so years ago when Gloria Swanson, then the undisputed queen of the studio, found her throne challenged by a foreign invader, known as Pola Negri.

You see, Hollywood still vividly recalls the battle of the titans which plunged Paramount into almost factional warfare for three years, which practically divided it into two armed camps, which provided Hollywood history with some of its most amazing and amusing anecdotes of big time star struggles, jealousies and counter jealousies—all within the walls of the same Paramount Studio which Mae West and Marlene Dietrich now call their professional home.

It all was built up from just as inconsequential a source, and in many other ways it paralleled the present West-Dietrich set-up. Pola Negri came from Germany, as did Dietrich, although she followed Swanson, where Mae West, the present domestic star, has followed Marlene, to Hollywood.

Both were then queenly and self-determined persons, as indeed are both Dietrich and West. Both represented different types of sex-appeal; both possessed different and clashing temperaments.

IT was in the hey-day of Swanson, when she was the undisputed feminine dictatress of the Paramount lot—when, believe it or not, she was more in the news than is Garbo today, because she did more.

Into the Swanson domain, with an unprecedented fanfare of cinema trumpets, came Pola, queen of foreign films, after her German-made "Passion" had swept this nation as well as Europe. From then on things began to happen and kept happening—how they kept happening!

Gloria Swanson dressed in an elaborate bungalow at the far north end of the studio lot; so



SISTERS? *it's her Mother!*

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

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Pola Negri must have one equally as ornate at the south end.

From each bungalow a clear view down wide "Peacock Alley" was afforded of the other, and this very fact resulted in a dramatic incident.

The studio, entertaining a convention of its salesmen and representatives with a mammoth banquet on one of the stages, had requested the presence of both its queens to top the ultra-Hollywood program of orchestras, dancing girls and endless coursed dinner. Both had agreed to come.

EIGHT o'clock, the appointed hour, passed; neither has shown up. Nine o'clock. Ten. The guests fidgeted; messengers were dispatched, but to no avail. Neither was "quite ready." Eleven o'clock; still no Swanson, no Negri.

Finally in walked Gloria. Then, and only then, did Pola regally make the Grand Entrance!

Old timers at Paramount still chuckle about the famous "skirmish of the cats." The old Paramount lot, which had grown out of a barn, was at one time infested with mice which threatened to eat up the wardrobe, the commissary and even the stars; so a horde of alley cats had been assembled to rat the place. For years, these cats had gathered daily for food near the commissary in an e-e-yowling mob, and often Gloria, who was fond of them, had paused in her regal rounds to pet them. The cats were a time-honored tradition.

Pola arrived, glimpsed the cats, shuddered. She couldn't stand cats! She wouldn't work with cats on the lot! But the cats remained.

Gloria returned to Hollywood from her triumphant tour of Europe sporting a brand new husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Cour-dray, and a brand new title (when titles in Hollywood were very, very scarce) of "Marquise."

By a curious coincidence Pola went out and married Serge Mdivani, and garnered the impressive title of "Princess."

Paramount itself inadvertently fanned the flame of rivalry when, by one of those inexplicable production plans, it placed Pola in a picture with almost identically the same plot and character as that of Swanson's "The Humming Bird." Both stars portrayed apaches in a Parisian setting, and the pictures were released not too far apart and at a time when Gloria was becoming dissatisfied with her Paramount status, and anxious to produce her own pictures.

Such were the incidents that peppered the history of the Swanson-Negri episode for three feverish years—and it is just such a "battle of the queens" that gossip insists is in the making now.

IF there actually exists an undercurrent of hostility engendered by the West-Dietrich complications, and it develops into something of the sort, it could easily be "colossal."

Admittedly "no angel," Mae's caustic wit if directed at Marlene could certainly "do her wrong." On the other hand, that stubborn Teutonic will of Marlene's, revealed more than once during the recent criticism of her masculine attire, would prove a formidable defense.

What a clash of temperaments could be stirred up—what a battle royal!

And what a Roman holiday it would make for Hollywood!

But what a headache for poor Paramount—to face another civil war, another exhausting battle of stars with Mae and Marlene—its two queens—going to it!

Yes, yes, Hollywood gossip has promised itself a merry winter!

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ACE OF ACES"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by John Monk Saunders and H. W. Hancmann. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *L. Rex Thorne*, Richard Dix; *Nancy Adams*, Elizabeth Allan; *Major Blake*, Ralph Bellamy; *Lt. Foster Kelly*, Theodore Newton; *Capt. Daly*, Joseph Sauer; *Flight Commander*, Frank Conroy; *Lt. Meeker*, Bill Cagney; *Lt. Tim Terry*, Howard Wilson; *German Cadet*, Helmuth Gorin; *Lt. James "Jenny" Lind*, Art Jarrett; *Lt. Red Cahill*, Anderson Lawlor; *Lt. Billy Winstead*, Clarence Stroud; *Lt. Phil Parker*, Frank Melton; *Lt. Tommy Gray*, Claude Gillingwater, Jr.; *Lt. Nicholas Healy*, Carl Eric Hansen; *Lt. Ralph (Rudderbar) Smith*, George Lollier.

"AFTER TONIGHT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Jane Murnin. Screen play by Jane Murnin and Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by George Archinbaud. The cast: *Carla*, Constance Bennett; *Rudi*, Gilbert Roland; *Cd. Lieber*, Edward Ellis; *Frans*, Sam Godfrey; *Ertlich*, Lucien Prival; *Mitika*, Mischa Auer; *Probert*, Ben Hendricks; *Private Muller*, Leonid Snegoff; *Frau Stengel*, Evelyn Carter Carrington.

"AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Joseph O. Kesselring. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Adoniram Schlump*, Charles Farrell; *Aggie Appleby*, Wynne Gibson; *Red Branahan*, William Gargan; *Sybbly*, ZaSu Pitts; *Evangelme*, Betty Furness; *Katharine*, Blanche Friderici.

"ANN VICKERS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Screen play by Jane Murnin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Ann Vickers*, Irene Dunne; *Barney Dolphin*, Walter Huston; *Lindsay Arwell*, Conrad Nagel; *Capt. Resnick*, Bruce Cabot; *Melvin Wormser*, Edna May Oliver; *Russell Spaulding*, Sam Hardy; *Dr. Slenk*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Felderman*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Capt. Waldo*, Mitchell Lewis; *Kitty Cognac*, Helen Eby-Rock; *Mona Dolphin*, Gertrude Michael.

"AVENGER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by John Goodwin. Directed by Edward L. Marin. The cast: *Norman Craig*, Ralph Forbes; *Ruth Knowles*, Adrienne Ames; *James Gordon*, Arthur Vinton; *Will*, Claude Gillingwater; *Sally*, Charlotte Merriam; *Hawley*, J. Carroll Nash; *Forster*, Berton Churchill; *Cormak*, Murray Kinnell; *McCall*, Thomas Jackson; *Vickers*, Paul Fix; *Durant*, James Donlan; *Talbot*, Leonard Carey; *Ames*, Boothie Howard.

"BOMBSHELL"—M-G-M.—From the play by Caroline Francke and Mark Crane. Screen play by Jules Furthman and John Lee Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Lola*, Jean Harlow; *Space*, Lee Tracy; *Pops*, Frank Morgan; *Gifford Middleton*, Franchot Tone; *Brogan*, Pat O'Brien; *Mac*, Una Merkel; *Junior*, Ted Healy; *Margie*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Junior's Girl*, Isabel Jewell; *Loretta*, Louise Beavers; *Winters*, Leonard Carey; *Mrs. Middleton*, Mary Forbes; *Mr. Middleton*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Alice Cole*, June Brewster.

"BOWERY, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Michael L. Simmons and Bessie R. Solomon. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and James Gleason. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Chuck Connors*, Wallace Beery; *Steve Brodie*, George Raft; *Swipes*, Jackie Cooper; *Lucy Calhoun*, Fay Wray; *Trixie*, Pert Kelton; *John L. Sullivan*, George Walsh; *Mr. Rummel*, Oscar Apfel; *Jumbo*, Ferdinand Munier; *Mr. Herman*, Herman Bing; *Slick*, Harold Huber; *Googy*, Fletcher Norton; *Carrie Nation*, Elsie Harmer; *Tammany Young*, Tammany Young; *"The Tart"*, Esther Muir; *"The Mule"*, John Bleifer; *Lumpy Hogan*, John Kelly.

"BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Walter Winchell. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Jean Whelan*, Constance Cummings; *Clark Brian*, Russ Columbo; *Frank Rocci*, Paul Kelly; *Sybil Smith*, Blossom Seeley; *Max Mefoofsky*, Gregory Ratoff; *Tex Kaley*, Texas Guinn; *Chuck Haskins*, Hugh O'Connell; *Peanuts Durwiddie*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Tim Crowley*, C. Henry Gordon; *Thomas Barnum*, William Burress; *Esher*, Helen Jerome Eddy. Also: *Abe Lyman* and *His Band*; *Frances Williams*; *Eddie Foy, Jr.*; *Barto* and *Mann*.

"BROKEN DREAMS"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Olga Prinlzau. Directed by Robert Vignola. The cast: *Dr. Robert Morley*, Randolph Scott; *Martha Morley*, Martha Mearns; *Pop*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Mom*, Beryl Mercer; *Billy Morley*, Buster Phelps; *Grace*, Charlotte Merriam.

"CHANCE AT HEAVEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by Julian Josephson and Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Blucky Gorman*, Joel McCrea; *Marje Harris*, Ginger Rogers; *Glory Franklyn*, Marian Nixon; *Al*, Andy Devine; *Mrs. Franklyn*, Virginia Hammond; *Mr. Harris*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Harris*, Ann Shoemaker; *Larrick*, George Meeker.

"CHIEF, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Arthur Caesar and Robert E. Hopkins. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Henry Summers*, Ed Wynn; *Dixie*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Uncle Joe*, Charles "Chic" Sale; *O'Rourke*, William Boyd; *Ma Summers*, Effie Ellsler; *Clayton*, C. Henry Gordon; *Willie*, Mickey Rooney; *Dapper Dan*, Bradley Page; *Morgan*, Purnell Pratt; *Clothing Merchant*, George Givot; *Blink*, Tom Wilson; *Mike*, Nat Pendleton; *Frank*, Bob Perry.

"DAY OF RECKONING, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Morris Lavine. Screen play by Zelda Sears and Eve Green. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *John Day*, Richard Dix; *Dorothy Day*, Madge Evans; *Hollins*, Conway Tearle; *Mamie*, Una Merkel; *Jerry*, Stuart Erwin; *Johnny*, Spanky McFarland; *Kate Lovett*, Isabel Jewell; *Slim*, James Bell; *Hart*, Raymond Hatton; *Harry*, Paul Hurst; *Abraham*, John Larkin; *Guard*, Wilfred Lucas; *O'Farrell*, Samuel Hinds.

"EMPEROR JONES, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by DuBose Heyward. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Brutus Jones*, Paul Robeson; *Smithers*, Dudley Digges; *Jeff*, Frank Wilson; *Undine*, Fredi Washington; *Dolly*, Ruby Elzy; *Lem*, George Haymid Stampfer; *Marcella*, Jackie Mayble; *Treasurer*, Blueboy O'Connor; *Carrington*, Brandon Evans; *Stick-Man*, Taylor Gordon.

"ESKIMO"—M-G-M.—From the books "Der Eskimo" and "Die Flucht Ins Weisse Land" by Peter Freuchen. Screen translation by John Lee Mahin. Photographed by Clyde DeVinna, Josiah Roberts and George Nogle. Cast: All Native.

"EVER IN MY HEART"—WARNERS.—From the story by Bertram Milhauser and Beulah Marie Dix. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Mary*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Hugo*, Otto Kruger; *Jeff*, Ralph Bellamy; *Lizzie*, Ruth Donnelly; *Sam*, Frank Albertson; *Lefty*, George Cooper; *Enoch Sewell*, Wallis Clark; *Martha Sewell*, Nella Walker; *Eunice*, Florence Roberts; *Grandma*, Laura Hope Crews; *Anna*, Clara Blandick; *Teddy*, Ronnie Cosby; *Dr. Hoffman*, Frank Reicher; *Eli*, Harry Berstord; *Serena*, Virginia Howell; *Clara*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Storekeeper*, Donald Meek.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"—WARNERS.—From the screen play by Manuel Seff and James Seymour. Directed by Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley. The cast: *Chester Kent*, James Cagney; *Nan*, Joan Blondell; *Bea*, Ruby Keeler; *Scotly*, Dick Powell; *Gould*, Guy Kibbee; *Mrs. Gould*, Ruth Donnelly; *Vivian*, Claire Dodd; *Bowers*, Hugh Herbert; *Francis*, Frank McHugh; *Frazier*, Arthur Hohl; *Thompson*, Gordon Westcott; *Cynthia*, Renee Whitney; *Joe Grant*, Philip Faversham; *Miss Smythe*, Juliet Ware; *Fralick*, Herman Bing; *Agacie*, Barbara Rogers; *Appolinaris*, Paul Porcasi; *Doorman*, William Granger; *Specialty*, Billy Taft.

"FROM HEADQUARTERS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert N. Lee. Screen play by William N. Lee and Peter Milne. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Lieut. J. Stevens*, George Brent; *Low Ann Winton*, Margaret Lindsay; *Sergeant Boggs*, Eugene Pallette; *Manny*, Hugh Herbert; *Dolby White*, Dorothy Burgess; *Jack Winton*, Theodore Newton; *Muggs*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Anderson*, Robert Barrat; *Inspector Donnelly*, Henry O'Neill; *Mac*, Ken Murray; *Waters*, Murray Kinnell; *Dr. Van de Water*, Edward Ellis; *Dates*, Kenneth Thomson; *Sergeant-Orderly*, Robert Homans; *Manley*, Frank Darien.

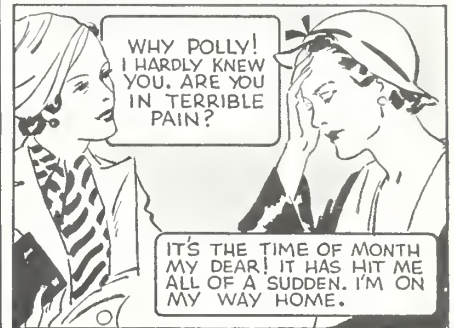
"GOLDEN HARVEST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Wall Martin*, Richard Arlen; *Chris Martin*, Chester Morris; *Cynthia Flint*, Genevieve Tobin; *Looney Lou*, Rosco Ates; *Ellen*, Julie Haydon; *Eben Martin*, Berton Churchill; *Lydia*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Jason*, Charles Sellon; *Judge Goodhue*, Frederick Burton; *Hugh*, Lawrence Gray; *Doctor*, Richard Carle; *Henry Flint*, Henry Kolker.

"GOOD COMPANIONS, THE"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the novel by J. B. Priestley. Screen play by W. A. Lipscomb. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Susie Dean*, Jessie Matthews; *Joe Brundil*, Dennis Hoey; *Jess Oakroyd*, Edmund Gwenn; *Mrs. Joe Brundil*, Viola Compton; *Inigo Jollifant*, John Gielgud; *Jerry Jenningsham*, Richard Dolman; *Miss Trant*, Mary Glynn; *Elsie*, Margery Binner; *Morton Mitcham*, Percy Parsons; *Mr. Riders*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Jimmy Nunn*, A. W. Baskcomb; *Dr. MacFarlane*, Alex Fraser; *Mrs. Oakroyd*, Florence Gregson; *Monte Mortimer*, Findlay Currie; *Sam Oglethorpe*, Frank Pettingell; *Albert*, Jack Hawkins.

"GOODBYE LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Hampton Del Ruth. Screen play by George Rosener and Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Groggs*, Charlie Ruggles; *Phyllis*, Verree Teasdale; *Sandra*, Mayo Methot; *Chester Hamilton*, Sidney Blackmer; *Dorothy*, Phyllis Barry; *Brooks*, Ray Walker; *Dugan*, John Kelly; *Lura*, Grace Hale; *Tony*, Luis Alberni.

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"I'M NO ANGEL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Mae West. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Tiva*, Mae West; *Jack Clayton*, Cary Grant; *Bill Barton*, Edward Arnold; *Slick*, Ralf Harold; *Barker*, Russell Hopton; *Alicia Hutton*, Gertrude Michael; *Kirk*, Kent Taylor; *Thelma*, Dorothy Peterson; *Bonny Pinkowitz*, Gregory Ratoff; *Beulah*, Gertrude Howard; *The Champ*, William Davidson; *Rajah*, Nigel de Brulicr; *Bob*, the Attorney, Irving Pichel; *Omes*, George Bruggeman; *Harry*, Nat Pendleton; *Chaufeur*, Morrie Cohen; *Judge*, Walter Walker.

"KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "The Return of Philo Vance" by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Robert N. Lee and Peter Milne. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Philo Vance*, William Powell; *Hilda Lake*, Mary Astor; *Huah*, Eugene Pallette; *Raymond Wyde*, Ralph Morgan; *Domenus*, Etienne Girardot; *Bruce MacDonald*, Paul Cavanagh; *Doris Delefeld*, Helen Vinson; *Gambie*, Arthur Hohl; *Acher*, Coe, Robert Barrat; *Dubois*, Henry O'Neill; *Brisbane Coe*, Frank Conroy; *Markham*, Robert McWade; *Eduardo Grassi*, Jack LaRue; *Ouackenbush*, Don Brody; *Sutkin*, Spencer Charters; *Hennessey*, Charles Wilson; *Liang*, James Lee.

"MAN'S CASTLE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lawrence Hazard. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Bill*, Spencer Tracy; *Trina*, Loretta Young; *Fay La Rue*, Glenda Farrell; *Ira*, Walter Connolly; *Bragg*, Arthur Hohl; *Flossie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Crippled Boy*, Dickie Moore; *His Mother*, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"MEET THE BARON"—M-G-M.—From the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Norman Krasna. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Baron*, Jack Pearl; *Joe McGoo*, Jimmy Durante; *ZaSu*, ZaSu Pitts; *Ted*, Ted Healy; *Mrs. Primrose*, Edna May Oliver; *Sharley*, Ben Bard; *Real Baron*, Henry Kolker; *Radio Man*, William B. Davidson; *Stooge*, Moe Howard; *Stooge*, Jerry Howard; *Stooge*, Larry Fine.

"MIDSHIPMAN JACK"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Frank Wead and McGrew Willis. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Jack Austin*, Bruce Cabot; *Ruth Rogers*, Betty Furness; *Russell Burns*, Frank Albertson; *Allan*, Arthur Lake; *Capt. Rogers*, Purnell Pratt; *Sally*, Florence Lake; *Clark*, John Darrow; *Mrs. Burns*, Margaret Seddon.

"MY WEAKNESS"—FOX.—From the story by B. G. DeSiva. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Looloo Blake*, Lillian Harvey; *Ronnie Gregory*, Lew Ayres; *Gerald Gregory*, Charles Butterworth; *Cupid*, Harry Langdon; *Maxie*, Sid Silvers; *Jane Holman*, Irene Bentley; *Ellery Gregory*, Henry Travers; *Baptiste*, Adrian Rosley; *Diana*, Mary Howard; *Eve*, Irene Ware; *Lois*, Barbara Weeks; *Jacqueline*, Susan Fleming; *Marion*, Marcelle Edwards; *Lillian*, Marjorie King; *Consuello*, Jean Allen; *Mizi*, Gladys Blake; *Dixie*, Dixie Frances.

"PICTURE BRIDES"—ALLIED.—From the story by Charles E. Blaney and Harry Clay Blaney. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Mame*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Dave Hart*, Regis Toomey; *Mary Lee*, Dorothy Libaire; *Von Luden*, Alan Hale; *Brownie*, Will Ahern; *Dr. Rogers*, Harvey Clark; *Mataco*, Mary Kornman; *Flo*, Esther Muir; *Laoma*, Gladys Ahern; *Portega*, Fred Malatesta; *Gwen*, Mae Busch; *Lena*, Viva Tattersall; *Steve*, Al Hill; *Pete*, Michael Visaroff; *Joe*, Brooks Benedict; *Bill*, Franklin Parker; *Tom*, Larry McGrath; *Skipper*, Jimmy Aubrey.

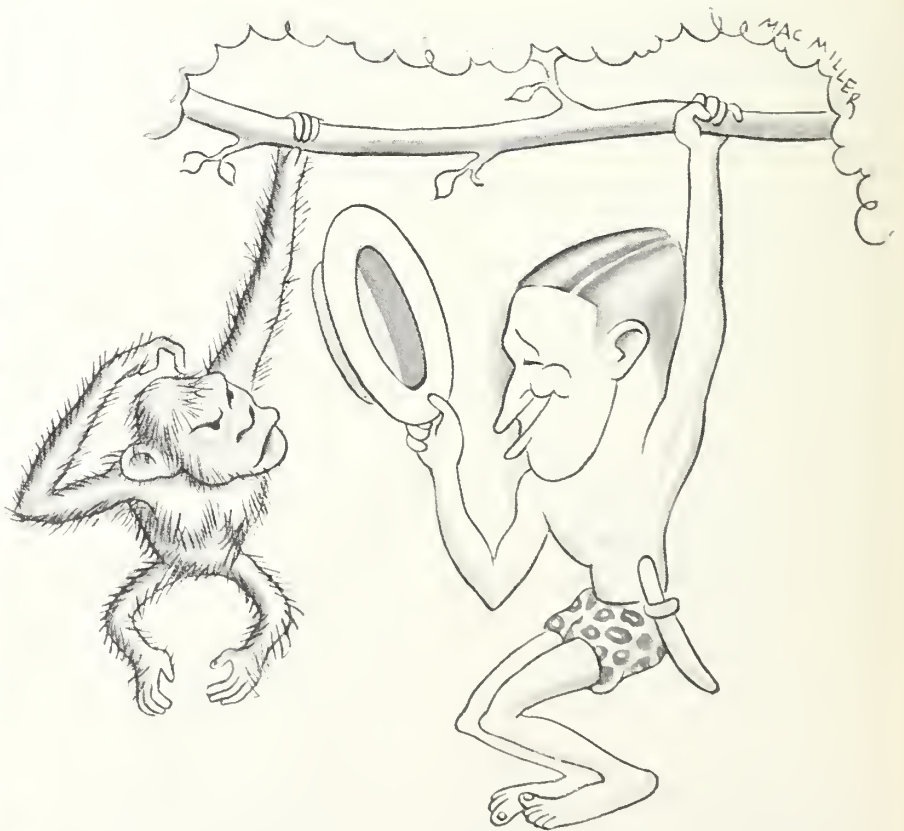
"PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE"—LONDON FILM-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Henry VIII*, Charles Laughton; *Culpeper*, Robert Donat; *Henry's Old Nurse*, Lady Tree; *Kathryn Howard*, Binnie Barnes; *Ann of Cleves*, Elsa Lanchester; *Anne Boleyn*, Merle Oberon; *Cromwell*, Franklin Dyall; *Wriothesly*, Miles Mander; *Jane Seymour*, Wendy Barrie; *Cornell*, Claud Allister; *Thomas*, Feynell; *John Loder*; *Katherine Parr*, Everley Gregg; *Cranmer*, Laurence Hanray; *Duke of Cleves*, William Asutin; *Holbein*, John Turnbull; *Duke of Norfolk*, Frederick Cully; *French Executioner*, Gibb McLaughlin; *English Executioner*, Sam Livesey.

"SATURDAY'S MILLIONS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lucian Cary. Screen play by Dale Van Every. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Jim Fowler*, Robert Young; *Joan Chandler*, Leila Hyams; *Alan*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Ezra Foster*, Grant Mitchell; *Thelma*, Mary Carlisle; *Coach*, Joseph Sauer; *Marie*, Mary Doran; *Felix*, Paul Porcasi; *Society Reporter*, Lucille Lund; *Mr. Chandler*, Richard Tucker; *Trainer*, Paul Hurst; *Baldy*, Herbert Corthell; *Sam*, William Kent.

"S. O. S. ICEBERG"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dr. Arnold Fanck. Screen play by Tom Reed and Edwin H. Knopf. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Dr. Carl Lawrence*, Rod La Rocque; *Ellen Lawrence*, Leni Riefenstahl; *Dr. Johannes Brand*, Sepp Rist; *John Dragoon*, Gibson Gowland; *Dr. Jan Matusek*, Dr. Max Holboer; *Frits Kuemmel*, Walter Riml; *Ernst Udet*, Major Ernst Udet; *Nakinak*, Nakinak.

"STAGE MOTHER"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bradford Ropes. Screen play by John Meehan and Bradford Ropes. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Kitty Lorraine*, Alice Brady; *Shirley Lorraine*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Warren Foster*, Franchot Tone; *Lord Aylesworth*, Phillips Holmes; *Ralph Martin*, Ted Healy; *Fred Lorraine*, Russell Hardie; *Ricco*, C. Henry Gordon; *Dexter*, Alan Edwards; *Francis Nolan*, Ben Alexander.

"STRAWBERRY ROAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Masters*, Ken Maynard; *Alice Edwards*, Ruth Hall; *Bart Hawkins*, Harold Goodwin; *Shanty*, Frank Yaconelli; *Curley*, Charles King;



If Chevalier were cast in a Tarzan rôle

Colonel Bronlee, William Desmond; Beef, Jack Rockwell; Bat, Bob Walker; Slim, Ben Corbett; Tarzan, Tarzan.

"SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, TIE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by George Wagner. Screen play by Luther Reed and Albert E. DeLond. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Vivian*, Mary Carlisle; *Bob North*, Buster Crabbe; *Morley*, Charles Starrett; *Dizzy*, Florence Lake; *Harry*, Eddie Tamblin; *Madge*, Sally Starr; *Bunny*, Burr Blackford; *Trainer*, Tom Dugan; *Professor*, Burr McIntosh; *Coach*, Major Goodsell; *Pledge*, Grady Sutton; *Doctor*, Purnell Pratt; *House Prexy*, Franklin Parker. Also: Ted Fio-Rito and his orchestra including Lief Ericksen, Betty Grable, Bill Carey, Muzzy Marcelino, The Three Midshipmen and The Blue Keys.

"TILLIE AND GUS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Directed by Francis Martin. The cast: *Augustus Winterbottom*, W. C. Fields; *Tillie Winterbottom*, Alison Skipworth; *The "King"*, Baby LeRoy; *Mary Sheridan*, Jacqueline Wells; *Tom Sheridan*, Clifford Jones; *Phineas Pratt*, Clarence Wilson; *Captain Fogg*, George Barbier; *Commissioner McLennon*, Barton MacLane; *Judge*, Edgar Kennedy; *Defense Attorney*, Robert McKenzie; *Harrington*, Maston Williams.

"TO THE LAST MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Lynn Hayden*, Randolph Scott; *Ellen Colby*, Esther Kalston; *Bill Hayden*, Buster Crabbe; *Jim Daggs*, Jack LaRue; *Jed Colby*, Noah Beery; *Neil Standing*, Barton MacLane; *Ann Hayden Standing*, Gail Patrick; *Mark Hayden*, Egon Brecher; *Jeff Morley*, Fuzzy Knight; *Ely Bruce*, James Eagles; *Molly Hayden*, Muriel Kirkland; *Granny Spelvin*, Eugenie Besserer; *Grandpa Spelvin*, Harlan Knight; *Pete Garon*, John Peter Richmond; *Harry Malone*, Harry Cording; *Judge*, Erville Alderson; *Sheriff*, James Burke; *Lynn Hayden (child)*, Jay Ward; *Bill Hayden (child)*, Cullen Johnson; *Ann Hayden (child)*, Rosita Butler; *Tad Standing*, Delmar Watson; *Mary Standing*, Shirley Jane Temple; *Greaves*, Russell Powell.

"WALLS OF GOLD"—FOX.—From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Wallace Sullivan and Edmond Seward. Screen play by Lester Cole. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Jeanie Satterlee*, Sally Eilers; *Barnes Ritchie*, Norman Foster; *J. Gordon Ritchie*, Ralph Morgan; *Cyrla Montez*, Rosita Moreno; *Joan Street*, Rochelle Hudson; *Tony Van Raale*, Fredric Santley; *Cassie Street*, Marjorie Gateson; *"Honey" Satterlee*, Mary Mason; *Mrs. Satterlee*, Margaret Seddon.

"WALTZ TIME"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the operetta "Die Fledermaus" by Johann Strauss. Adapted by A. P. Herbert. Directed by William Thiele. The cast: *Rosalinde*, Evelyn Laye; *Eisenstein*, Fritz Schultz; *Adele*, Gina Malo; *Frosch*, Jay Laurier; *Alfred*, Parry Jones; *Falke*, Ivor Barnard; *Meyer*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Judge Bauer*, Edmond Breon; *Orlofsky*, George Baker; *Cab Driver*, Frank Titterton.

"WAY TO LOVE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Gene Fowler and Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Francois*, Maurice Chevalier; *Madeleine*, Ann Dvorak; *Gaston Bibi*, Edward Everett Horton; *Monsieur Joe*, Arthur Pierson; *Suzanne*, Minna Gombell; *Rosalie*, Blanche Friderici; *Anna Marie*, Nydia Westman; *Pedro*, George Rigas; *Agent Chapuyard*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Pierre*, Sidney Toler; *Wladek*, The Mighty George Hagen; *A Sunburned Lady*, Grace Bradley; *Marco*, John Miljan; *Drunk*, Arthur Housman.

"WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Daniel Ahearn. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Eddie Smith*, Frankie Darro; *Sally*, Dorothy Coonan; *Tommy*, Edwin Phillips; *Grace*, Rochelle Hudson; *Lola*, Ann Hovey; *Dr. Heckel*, Arthur Hohl; *Mr. Smith*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Smith*, Claire McDowell; *Ollie*, Sterling Holloway; *Mr. Cadmus*, Charles Grapewin; *Judge White*, Robert Barrat; *Red*, Ward Bond; *Buggie Maylin*, Adrian Morris; *Harriet*, Shirley Dunsted; *Aunt Carrie*, Minna Gombell; *Detective Captain*, Willard Robertson.

"WORLD CHANGES, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "America Kneels" by Sheridan Gibney. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Orin Nordholm, Jr.*, Paul Muni; *Anna Nordholm*, Aline MacMahon; *Virginia*, Mary Astor; *Richard*, Donald Cook; *Natalie*, Patricia Ellis; *Selma II*, Jean Muir; *Jennifer*, Margaret Lindsay; *Clafin*, Guy Kibbee; *Paul*, Theodore Newton; *John*, Gordon Westcott; *Ogden Jarrett*, Alan Dinehart; *Orin Nordholm, Sr.*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Peterson*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Patten*, Arthur Hohl; *Orin Nordholm, III*, William Janney; *Clerk*, Philip Faversham; *Ilodgens*, Sidney Toler; *Paul*, George Meeker; *Otto*, Mickey Rooney; *Buffalo Bill*, Douglas Dumbrille; *John (boy)*, Jackie Searl; *Mrs. Clinton*, Marjorie Gateson; *Morley*, Oscar Apfel; *Sir Phillip*, Alan Mowbray; *Kraus*, William Burress; *McCord*, Wallis Clark; *Capt. Custer*, Clay Clement; *Mr. Peterson*, Willard Robertson; *Orin (Aged 10)*, David Durand; *Selma (Aged 10)*, Marilyn Knowlden.

"WORST WOMAN IN PARIS, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Monta Bell. Adapted by Marion Dix and Monta Bell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Peggy Vane*, Benita Hume; *Adolphe Ballou*, Adolphe Menjou; *John Strong*, Harvey Stephens; *Mary Dunbar*, Helen Chandler; *Mrs. Strong*, Margaret Seddon; *Jeanine*, Adele St. Maur; *Chumley*, Leonard Carey; *Mrs. Jensen*, Mabel Turner; *Doctor*, George Irving.



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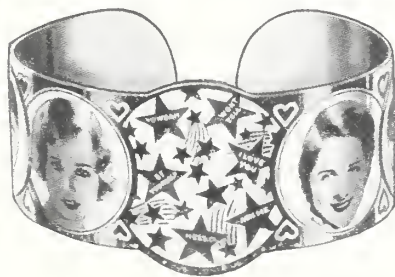


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Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (Aug.)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (June)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (July)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (June)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as Louis XV. (Sept.)

W AFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE**—Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (July)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombel, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (Sept.)

★ **WIEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (Aug.)

WIEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lillian Bond. (Aug.)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (Sept.)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (June)

WORLD GONEMAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (July)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (June)

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J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
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THE PARISIAN, INC.,
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BLOOMINGDALE'S,
NEW YORK CITY.
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COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC.,
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Photo by Charmante Studio

A trim, slender figure, new energy, glorious health, youthful activity, clear skin, bright eyes—freedom from indigestion, gas, acidity, headaches, fatigue and shortness of breath so often caused by excess fat—all these splendid results come while losing surplus fat with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts first thing in the morning in a glass of hot water—the SAFE way to reduce.

One jar lasts 4 weeks and costs but a trifle at any drugstore the world over. But protect your health—make sure you get Kruschen—prescribed by physicians and the one method we know to be safe and effective.

Freida Parks of New Haven, Vt., writes: "At the end of the 2nd bottle of Kruschen I'm happy to say I'm minus my superfluous 20 lbs. I never had a hungry moment and I felt better all the time I was taking it—much more peppy and I lost that loggy, sluggish feeling in the morning."

FREE: Write E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Dept. P.M., Rochester, N. Y., for complete details of Kruschen Treatment—also precious little aids to youth and beauty.

JUNE CLYDE
POPULAR STAR

**Her
little
secret!**



(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just *what* she does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair.)

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample!

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 630 Rainier Ave., Dept. M
Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____



**Cosmetics Can Never
Hide the Truth**

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

The Solution to the Problem—
"WHAT TO GIVE
FOR CHRISTMAS"

Is to be found on Page 16, This Issue

Busy Season Ahead For Fan Clubs

MOVIE fan clubs are growing in number and popularity. Groups of movie-minded young people in every locality are busy organizing clubs to sponsor their favorite screen stars, or general fan clubs to increase their knowledge and enjoyment of the movies.

So many requests for information telling how to start one of these clubs have been received by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs that in the September issue rules and regulations for forming three different types were given.

Letters from those wishing to join clubs already established have been forwarded to the proper clubs. Word regarding membership in these will come direct from the officers of each organization.

THE Association is happy to welcome four new members this month. Charters for the following clubs have been issued:

James Fidler Fan Club, Lorraine Mason, Pres., 112 N. 6th Street, Vineland, N. J.

Buddy Rogers Club, Jacqueline Lee, Pres., 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, N. Y.

Moving Picture Club of America, Inc., Gotty J. Benthall, Pres., 28 Lexington Avenue, W. Somerville, Mass.

Gloria Stuart Fan Club, Estelle Nowak, Pres., 3223 No. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The approaching winter has brought increased activity to practically all clubs. Club bulletins are being received in greater number. Each month brings many new contributions. These newsy little publications of the various clubs are sincere proof of the enthusiastic work and growth of such memberships. Every bulletin shows that its editor and the club members are spending considerable time and effort in preparing something worth while.

ANY questions concerning movie fan clubs and their activities may be addressed to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CLUB NOTES

THE Joan Crawford Club, Gertrude Perkel, President, has just issued an extra edition of the "Crawford Chatter." It is an interesting edition, full of late news.

ETHELINE THORNBURG, president of the Foto-Fans, advises that her new address is 809 East 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

AN interesting bulletin was received from the Norma Shearer Club. Hans Faxdahl is president. With every issue of the bulletin the members receive two photographs.

FROM Lillian Musgrave, president of the John Boles Music Club, we learn that Mr. Boles was recently visited by a sixty-year-old fan who had corresponded with him since his first work in films. Mrs. A. P. Wagner of South Norwalk, Conn., wrote Mr. Boles that she was coming to California and wondered if he would be gracious enough to see her. The result was that Mrs. Wagner was the guest of her favorite and his wife for several days.

HERE'S interesting news for every club. There is a certain club which is following a very ambitious and well-planned course; a

good example for other clubs to follow. It is the Herald Cinema Critics Club, Syracuse, N. Y. The president is J. H. Bloss.

The Tri-C club, as it is known, was founded in 1927 by Chester B. Bahn to provide a common meeting place for motion picture enthusiasts.

With the advent of the talkies and radio plays, they added dramatic and radio work to their activities.

Their first accomplishment was the production of a picture in 1928, shooting 1,200 feet of standard film in a day and a half, which at that time was supposed to have eclipsed all other amateur production records. The film was shown at one of the local theaters.

The second picture was produced and contained 4,000 feet of film. This played for a week in one of the prominent theaters and later was booked in second run and suburban houses.

At one of their stunt parties, pictures were shot of the gathering, rushed to a laboratory, developed, printed, titled and rushed back to the party and shown to the guests before the evening closed.

A partial list of the film celebrities who have made personal appearances before the club are:

Leatrice Joy, Charlie King, Olsen and Johnson, Esther Ralston, Belle Baker, Viola Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, Irene Rich and Conrad Nagel.

Well, clubs, that's quite a record, isn't it? It shows what setting a mark, and working hard, will do for an enthusiastic club.

THE new address of Ruth Keast, president of the Johnny Downs Fan Club, is 3506 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Keast has just returned from a vacation in the East, where she was the guest of her favorite and his partners, in New York. Mrs. Keast has mapped out a very busy winter for the club, and has plans for issuing a new club journal.

WHEN the honorary president of a club visits a town, there is plenty of excitement. The "H. P.," you know, is the favorite, in person.

It meant two full days of enjoyment for Lillian Conrad, president of the Ruth Roland Club, when Miss Roland stopped over in Chicago recently. Miss Roland was returning from a four months personal appearance tour in Europe.

SPEAKING of fan clubs, an inquiry was received a few days ago asking if the recent deluge of "fan dancers" in Chicago had caused such an interest in "fan" clubs throughout the country. What a joke!

CLUB members are welcomed to send in any notes that are of general interest. They will be used as far as space permits.

THE Joan Crawford Club, of which Miss Gertrude Perkel is president, will be known hereafter as the "official" club sponsoring this star. A note from Miss Crawford to this effect has been received.

SEVERAL requests for samples of fan club bulletins have been received by the Photo-play Association. No preference was stated and inquiry is made as to whether any club cares to send samples to prospective members. The names will be forwarded to those clubs desiring to render this service.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

The idea of saying this is the end of Garbo, after she plays Queen Christina of Sweden!

A coupl'a poohs, bahs, 'n' screams! We don't have to say, "Keep your crown on your head, Garbo."

Just leave it to her—she will!

SARAH OWEN, Montgomery, Ala.

QUEEN CHRISTINA

Helen Dale writes in October PHOTOPLAY that Greta Garbo might easily be the reincarnation of Queen Christina of Sweden, so closely related, emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually are the two women. She says, "No one can read the history of the great Queen's life and not be struck with the resemblance between the two."

I enjoy Garbo's pictures, and do not believe Garbo resembles this character that she is to portray any more than Fredric March resembled *Mr. Hyde*.

No one expects a star to assume the characteristics of the person she portrays. Movies would prove more beneficial if press-agents would not try to make the actresses over into a living example of the rôle. I personally do not think Greta Garbo is anything like Queen Christina.

AMY C. HARRIS, Russell, Ky.

AND HOW!

Haven't you heard certain movie-going ladies gush in undertones . . . "Jean Harlow? Oh, she's too obvious about filling eyes with her sex. Her hair isn't really a natural shade—too pronounced. And her rhythm when she walks—rather lionish for a woman, don't you think?"

These same critics dash home after ogling one of Jean's pictures, dip their locks in a coloring preparation . . . and grunt when hair isn't Jean's shade.

Haven't you seen them wear clothes more off than on, and desperately try to imitate Jean's walk?

ANTOINETTE DE CAHA, Cicero, Ill.

TRY IT SOMETIME!

Of the many household duties I have to perform, washing dishes is the most tiresome to me. (How about it, housewives?) Once I tried the radio to enliven this time of my day, but changing to suitable programs meant too much time wasted.

One day a bright idea—and for the past four years I have been thankful for it. While my hands are moving, I make my mind work, too, going over the picture I saw last night or a week ago.

If I see an actor whose ability I admire, I try to remember all the films in which I have seen him.

EDNA VINLET, New Orleans, La.

CAST YOUR VOTE

Who will inherit Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' title as Hollywood's "ideal couple"?

Let's have someone who has children this time, and let's make it a couple who will hold the title for a lifetime.

Whom do you nominate?

WALTER E. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

FOR MANY A DAY

I have recently seen May Robson in "Lady For a Day."

My eyes are still dripping with tears of happiness for *Apple Annie*, and her lovely daughter (Jean Parker). The devotion *Annie* displayed for her daughter was too wonderful to describe. It is the most gripping film I have ever seen.

I can remember but one other picture that made my hard-boiled husband sob. That was "Sorell and Son." When you make my husband laugh and cry in one film, you've really achieved something, for he is a most severe critic.

MRS. FRED HODGSON, Memphis, Tenn.

WILD OVER WILL

This week Will Rogers is gracing our screens in "Doctor Bull." And never have I seen such loyalty. Believe me when I say these Oklahomans certainly love their fellow man. Yes sir! They go wild over Will in this wild and woolly Western town!

MAE F. GLOSS, Tulsa, Okla.

STEP UP, OAKIE

Music, dancing and good jokes—that's what we like. Just saw "Too Much Harmony." Amusing story, with Bing Crosby's voice as enjoyable as ever. But boy! Is that peppy kid, Jack Oakie, a wow! He was the whole show.

MRS. K. L. PARKER, Glendora, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Be As Beautiful As Your Favorite Star!

The Secret: A Skilful Make-up

Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular. A skilful make-up will do wonders for you. Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new



HOLLYWOOD Make-up Mirror

A modern beauty aid. Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge (swings out of sight when not in use) for true line work—eye shadow—eyebrow plucking, and removing facial blemishes. Size 5 1/2"x8". Compact and portable. Doeskin finish. Colors: Black (Silver Striped), Sea Green and Biege. Complete with bulb and cord. Only \$2.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is not stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.,
508 Throop Street., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me Hollywood Make-up Mirrors.
Enclosed find \$ Black. . . Green. . . Biege.
Name
Address
Town State
Dealer's Name

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PATENTED WAVE PROTECTOR

FORM FITTING

A "fresh wave" for every occasion

Keep your wave lovely for days longer with the original, superior DONA Wave-Protector. Medium and large sizes in pastel colors. Also brown and black. If not found at Beauty Shop or Store, use coupon.

FOR NIGHT WEAR 25c
This snugly fitting cap ties comfortably under the chin. Skillfully shaped to give utmost protection to your wave. Order No. 300.

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A smart wave-protecting turban for home wear or at sports and motoring. Order No. 500.

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Number _____ Color _____ Med. _____ Large _____
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DONA MANUFACTURING COMPANY San Diego, California



MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Hey Diddle Diddle
These four are a riddle
Of them we are all very fond;

This quartet of wags
Keeps Groucho in gags
While Harpo runs 'way with a blonde

Winners of the \$1,500 in Cash Prizes in the MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST IN THE JANUARY PHOTOPLAY

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]



"Lady for a Day" was a heart throb drama that brought scores of letters of approval from PHOTOPLAY readers. This scene shows *Apple Annie's* (May Robson) day of triumph at the reception for her daughter (Jean Parker)

AN INVALID'S THEATER

PHOTOPLAY has brought many hours of enjoyment to one of my friends who is an invalid. A while ago I took her a copy of the magazine. Now she can hardly wait for the next issue.

She does not get a chance to go to the movies, as she is compelled by her illness to stay in bed all of the time. Now she says she doesn't have to go to keep up with them.

She calls PHOTOPLAY "her theater," and she is as up-to-date on Hollywood news as I, and I seldom miss a picture.

MARION COX, Winter Haven, Fla.

PRO AND CON

Whoever is responsible for casting Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman" certainly ought to be strung up by the heels.

Hitherto the name, Edward G. Robinson, has been our guarantee of an evening of real enjoyment. Why put him in "soup and fish" when he belongs in a shabby suit. Leave the sentimental rôles to Colman, Gable and Howard.

Please give us back our fisherman of "Tiger Shark" and our gangster of "Little Giant."

J. H. SWENSON, Rowe, Mass.

A word of praise for that grand actor Edward G. Robinson. I just saw him in "I Loved a Woman" and his performance was fine and sincere. He certainly is the biggest little man in pictures.

MRS. CHARLES TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

GUESS THEY MEAN "TONE"!

Where, oh where, did they find this man Tone?

Last night I attended a bridge party—four tables of young business girls—and this is how the conversation ran:

"Two hearts." *Franchot Tone*. "Two spades," in a weak voice. *Tone*. "Three

hearts." . . . *Good looking devil*. "Double three hearts." *Tone*. "Redouble." *Could I go for him!* "Here's where we make about six hundred." . . . *Crawford, drat her hide!* "Guess I'll trump that just for fun." *Wonder if he could use another secretary?* "There's our book." *Tone*. "Think we'll make it?" *I love that one-sided smile of his*. "Won't be long now." *Franchot Tone*. "Just made our bid." *Good actor, too*.

More power to Franchot!

_____, Beatrice, Nebr.

KEEP FIT, AND SMILE

My place in a large Dallas food store is just the bakery girl. But even a bakery girl must wear that million dollar smile.

I have a great imagination, and after I've seen a sweet picture like Janet Gaynor plays in, I feel I am the same lovable character myself.

Customers ask how I keep such a sweet smile, and so happy. It really isn't hard, with movies as my inspiration.

CRYSTAL NEWMAN, Dallas, Texas

MODERN INSTRUCTION

I had occasion to see Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs," in the early summer. For some reason it remained in my mind for days and without knowing it, I would find myself humming the lilting air, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," which accompanied the picture.

Now the film has made a big hit in New York and this same lilting accompaniment has been featured on the air at least four times in one week by leading radio artists. Needless to say, I was enthused all over again. This led me to tell the story exactly as seen in the picture to my kindergarten class of school children.

They howled in glee and I have never seen such enjoyment expressed over the "Three Little Pigs" before.

FLORENCE CAMERA, Trenton, N. J.

THE NAÏVE GANGSTER

After seeing "Penthouse" with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter, I found myself with conflicting emotions. First, I enjoyed it; secondly, I condemned it for many reasons. Does it seem the clever thing to carry on the very necessary propaganda against gangsters, racketeers, and the like, and yet in a film such as this make *Tony*, one of the gangsters, a likable, humorous chap? The thought of having someone "rubbed out" does not appeal to the majority of us, yet when this nice (?) gangster suggests it, we laugh at his naïve way. Behind all his joking, he is as cruel and ruthless as his enemy, *Crelliman*.

I also wonder doesn't it seem like a wonderful fairy tale for young girls to see Myrna Loy supposedly going straight, but with such a background of ease and luxury? With very questionable members of society as her friends?

CATHERINE WHITTAKER, Oakland, Calif.

WE MODERNS

"Where are the yokels of yesteryear?" Ah, they are no more!

If only those head-ducking, tongue-tied youths of thirty years ago had been able to witness on the screen a John Barrymore bow, or listen for an hour to the cultured accents of a Leslie Howard, what a priceless boon it would have been for them.

The movies are polishing modern youth.

IRMA NICHOLS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

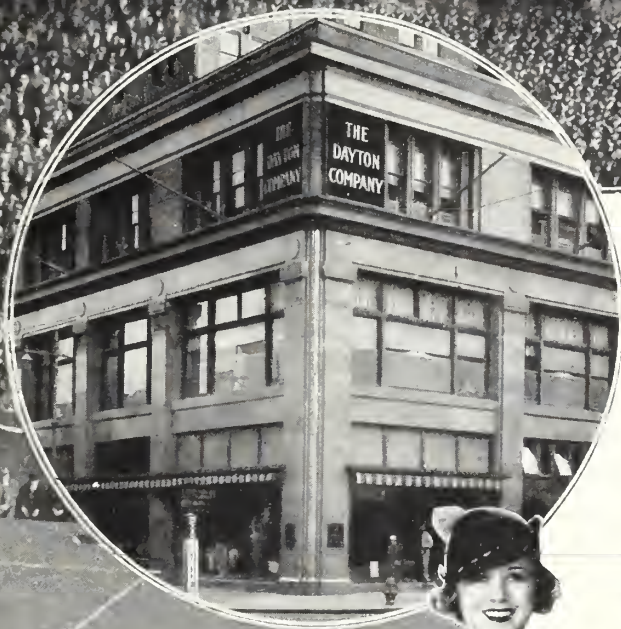


Your platinum loveliness has all femininity aflutter, Jean Harlow, whether they will admit it or not

In Minneapolis...

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Are Sold Exclusively by THE DAYTON COMPANY



At Minnesota, smartly dressed coeds look first to "Dayton's" for sportswear... for only "Dayton's" sell Hollywood Fashions! Exact copies of the new sportsuit worn by Claire Trevor in the Fox picture, "The Mad Game," are on display in stores known for their style leadership in many other cities (see Page 115)... Claire's clever suit is only one of PHOTOPLAY'S new Hollywood Fashions for November (Pages 63-68); costumes styled for stars!



PHOTOPLAY *Magazine*

919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago

In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

◆
If Hollywood Fashions are not sold in your city, write Photoplay Magazine

"I DO ENJOY
SMOKING A CAMEL —"

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.



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

"My débutante daughter really taught me to smoke—and I do thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel with her," Mrs. Fish says. "The flavor is so smooth and rich and they are very mild without being flat. I don't tire of their taste. When my two younger children grow up and start to smoke, Camels will probably be their cigarette, too."

The choicer tobaccos in Camels do give you that milder, cooler smoke people enjoy so. And even if you smoke a great deal, Camels never get on your nerves. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

■ Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. is as popular in New York as in Washington. For generations the Fish family have had their beautiful estates at Garrison, New York. In Washington, while Congress is in session, her lovely house, with its ancestral portraits, is full of brilliant and astute conversation. Dinner at her table, with its exquisite Early American amber glass, her asparagus with eggs Hollandaise, lives in the memory of many a foreign diplomat. Camels are always served. In the summer she goes to Murray Bay, Canada and plays golf.



*Camel's costlier
tobaccos are Milder*







